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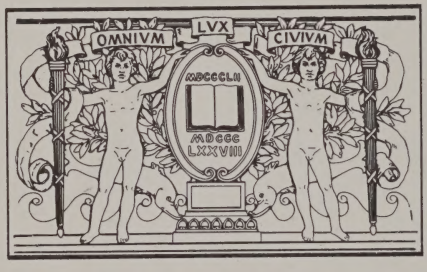

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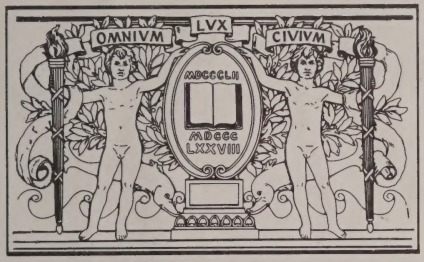

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THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XCIII

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THE

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A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

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ON CATERING FOR THE PUBLIC.

In that brief catalogue of New Year's resolutions which the good American is periodically tempted to construct, the resolve not to talk shop deserves a place of honor. To be silent about one's trade is the beginning of virtue; but it is difficult for most of us to maintain such reticence for long. That an editor of a magazine should presume to the possession of qualities beyond the compass of his readers is not to be thought of, and the present writer proposes, even before the New Year has fairly begun, to break that fragile resolution of discretion, and to turn his yearly greetings to the Atlantic's company into a discourse upon one aspect of his own profession. May the Toastmaster, before the real entertainment for 1904 begins, chat for a moment upon the perilous art of catering for the public?

The best that may be said for Thoreau's regimen of beans is, not that that immortal diet was merely wholesome or cheap, or even that it was transmuted into delightful literature, — but that Thoreau liked it. He was catering for himself and to himself. When Byron came of age, he provided the conventional roast ox and ale for his tenants in honor of his majority, and then dined alone upon his favorite delicacy, eggs and bacon. He catered for his public first, and to himself afterwards. But the only editors who permit themselves such solitary luxury of personal indulgence are the young men who own, write, and print the queer little 5×7 magazines with still queerer names. They give no hostages to fortune except paper, printer's ink, and time. If you would seek a better analogy to the real editorial function, follow some excellent citizen of Baltimore, or of a foreign city where marketing bears as yet no social stigma, as he journeys to the public market, with basket upon his careful arm, intent upon selecting a dinner for his family.

Observe him. For all his apparent leisureliness of manner, the good gentleman is carrying the burden of a theory. He has certain convictions, more or less definite, about desirable combinations of food and drink. Convention, which is only common sense deposited for long periods upon the reluctant mind of our species, has dictated to him some rude outline of a bill of fare. He has individual partialities of taste, but he has also tolerably distinct ideas of what is possible for his purse. Terrapin and champagne must be for high days only. And our worthy householder has also some fixed notions as to what is best for his family. They will thrive better, he knows, upon honest soups and roasts than upon cocktails and *éclairs*. Thus, as he makes his way from stall to stall, does he select, from the countless appetizing things displayed, the material for a foreordained dinner. He buys it, precisely as he would gather harmoniously colored flowers for a bouquet, and tucking it into that ample basket, takes it home in all innocence of heart. It is his affair, after all. If he and his family like what is

purchased, well and good, provided their tastes do not become a public scandal, or their cookery grow too menacing to their neighbors' peace of mind. It is a simple matter, this catering for a family table, though not quite so simple as Thoreau's beans or Byron's eggs and bacon. But where is the analogy to editing a magazine? Is it so cunningly hidden away in this image of the householder that one cannot find it at all?

"Patience a moment," — to quote the most impatient of poets. We are getting "warm," as the children say, and in a minute more we shall discover our complete and archetypal editor. He is foreshadowed in the market-haunting householder, but he *is* — the being who keeps boarders.

Is it not so? The boarding-house keeper is no vulgar caterer to the public in general. He leaves that art to the yellow journal and the corner saloon. But he does cater for that portion of the public who have done him the honor to become his guests. Individual dietary theory may still lurk in his imagination, but it must not be over-indulged. His own favorite beans or eggs and bacon will be too monotonous for his boarders. The family responsibilities of the householder linger in him, too; he must not poison his boarders, or subtly undermine their faith in human nature. Yet he has his weekly or monthly bills to meet, and he can meet them only by pleasing his patrons. Not what his boarders ought to like, if they would grow truly fat and wise and good, but what they do like, gradually comes to affect the policy of even the most stubborn-souled Provider.

The Toastmaster wonders if any readers of the Atlantic recall the once famous *pension* in Paris, kept by M. Alphonse Doucette, "formerly professor at Lyons?" It was known in the Anglo-American colonies, from one end of Europe to the other, as the *pension des violettes*, — spoken with a smile. Yes, one smiled at M. Doucette's amiable vagaries, but one kept on going there, and paying a whole franc more a day than was charged at any pension of its class in Paris. For, as every one hastened to explain, it was really an admirably kept establishment, — and then there were the violets! Every night at dinner, in season or out of season, there was a tiny boutonnière of them for each gentleman, and a corsage bouquet of violets was laid by each lady's plate. And Monsieur himself, "formerly professor at Lyons," if you please, always sat at the head of the table and addressed his variegated company with the most incessant and exquisite drollery. Only a franc more than was charged at the commonplace pensions, and all those violets thrown in!

It happened that the Toastmaster returned to the Pension Doucette very late one night, after witnessing a most dreary seven-act tragedy at the Français. In the little office off the dining-room sat M. Doucette in his shirt-sleeves, drinking sugared water, and looking more tragic than Mounet-Sully at his worst. Something had gone wrong. It was a trivial matter enough, but the former professor at Lyons opened his whole heart. Never before or since — save once in a Vermont woodshed on a Sunday morning, when my host was morosely freezing the ice cream for dinner and imparting with each slow turn of the crank some darkly pessimistic generalization on the subject of summer boarders — has the Toastmaster seen deeper into the Caterer's professional soul. Oh, the sorrows of trying to hold the fickle taste of English and American visitors in Paris!

"But there are the violets," I ventured.

"The violets!" M. Doucette spread his palms.

A ghastly suspicion dawned upon me. Was his love for violets only a pretense?

"I loathe violets!" he broke out. "*À bas les violettes!* The odor and the sight of them are nauseating to me. But it is too late. If I were to give up the

violets, I should lose my trademark, my prestige, my *clientèle*. My pensionnaires *expect* violets!"

I saw the trap he had laid for himself. And, oddly enough, my thoughts wandered to the veteran editor of a famous magazine, who was once discussing two sonnets by the same poet. He had accepted one and rejected the other; and now he was praising the one he had returned.

"But it was the other which you printed!" exclaimed his puzzled auditor.

"Oh, that was my choice for the magazine, certainly; but personally" — And he waved his cigar stub in a parabola that opened up infinite distances of perspective into the editorial consciousness. Was it possible that he, too, loathed his violets?

And yet, why not? Not to speak it profanely, does anybody suppose that Mr. Munsey's favorite reading is the Munsey Storiettes? Does "the sound of the swashbuckler swashing on his buckler" seem less humorous to the editors who encourage it than it does to Mr. Howells, who has laid aside his editorial armor and can smile at the weaknesses of his former fellow warriors? Do the peaceful editors of The Outlook really thrill with those stern praises of fighting men and fighting machines which adorn its secularized pages? Or does the talented conductor of The Ladies' Home Journal really . . . No, he cannot. As the Toastmaster makes these too daring interrogations, it seems to him that he perceives a faint odor of violets, — not the shy flower of the woodside, but the brazen-faced, tightly laced boutonnière of the pavement, — in a word, the violet of commerce.

That single glimpse of M. Doucette in his shirt-sleeves and in his despondency ought not to obliterate the memory of a hundred nights when, clothed in proper evening attire, he reigned gloriously over his long table-full of guests, giving and receiving pleasure. When all is going well, catering has its innocent delights and its honest satisfactions. To invent a new dish, or to serve an old one with recognized skill, is to share at once the artist's joy and the bourgeois's complacency. Yet having once beheld the confidential shirt-sleeves, one is thenceforward subtly aware of them, hidden though they be for another hundred nights by the dress coat. They are there, those shirt-sleeves of the Caterer, and his workaday responsibilities are inescapable. In vain does Sir Leslie Stephen, in one of those papers which have lately charmed the Atlantic's readers, blithely assert that an editor "only vouches for the readability of the article, not for the correctness of the opinions expressed." It is a millennial dream. It asks too much of human nature. Shall the Toastmaster, except in a New Year's confidence, dare to say, "My dear guests, I am no mycologist. This dish may be toadstool or mushroom for all I know, but I assure you that the odor is appetizing"?

Alas, it is true that he is no mycologist; he prints every month a dozen articles on topics concerning which he knows nothing, as well as a half dozen more whose views of politics and society and criticism are the very opposite of his own. He vouches for their readability, that is all; — and sometimes this is quite enough to take upon his conscience. But the public is shrewdly suspicious of this happy impartiality of ignorance. It keeps reminding the Toastmaster that he is Caterer too; that he has the responsibility of buying the provisions in the open market as well as merely arranging them upon the table and announcing the bill of fare.

In one sense, the public is quite right. Some one must take the responsibility of decision. But the public sometimes forgets how the Caterer must make up in faith what he lacks in special knowledge. He depends upon the honesty of the mar-

ketmen, the producers. This confidence is rarely betrayed. M. Doucette would have died of shame, no doubt, if he had really served toadstools to his trusting company. Yet it never happened. His mushrooms were always mushrooms. It is the contributors to a magazine like the Atlantic who maintain, after all, the fine traditions of the institution. For purposes of convenience, it is assumed that the editor knows what he is purchasing. In reality, he is only exercising faith in writers who know what they are writing and whose views — strange as it may seem! — may be worth consideration even if they do not harmonize with his own. The monthly table of contents is neither more nor less than such a confession of faith. It cannot be made without a certain hardihood. In camp, when it is your week to cook, you can always enjoy the luxury of finding fault with the man who laid in the supplies: he should have bought more bacon or a different brand of coffee, and why did he forget the onions? Even the suave conductor of the dining-car, who presents you with a menu which requests explicit criticism of meals and service, can shrug his shoulders and explain that he did not buy that steak himself. But here in the magazine world there is no shuffling. Month by month what is in the larder comes on to the table, and if it is mouldy or tough or raw the Toastmaster cannot blame the Caterer, for he is both in one: Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the red slayer and the slain.

Who is there that can tell, after all, precisely how to please even the most indulgent of publics? The editors of the Atlantic have always been drafted from the ranks of its contributors; mere contributors, who once inclosed stamps for the return of manuscript and waited and wondered if it would prove "magazinable." How can such a one, drawn in a moment, like Browning's conscript,

"From the safe glad rear to the dreadful van"

pretend that he has been invested with infallibility? "I am fain to think it vivacious," wrote Lowell of a certain Contributor's Club which he was submitting to the editor in 1890, nearly thirty years after his own editorship closed, "but if your judgment verify my fears, don't scruple to return it. I can easily make other disposition of it, or at worst there is always the waste-basket." His Club was accepted, in spite of Lowell's fears, — and, as it happened, it was his last contribution to the magazine. But whenever an author's manuscript carries the bunker of the editor's judgment, there remains a far more formidable hazard still, namely, the unknown taste of the public.

Who really understands it? Did not Emerson, that most unmercenary of editors, accept for The Dial, *pro honoris causa* and with a sinking heart, that article of Theodore Parker's on the Reverend John Pierpont, which nevertheless, to Emerson's astonishment, sold out the entire edition? Did not Coleridge, an equally unworldly member of the guild, lose five hundred subscribers to the ill-starred Watchman on the publication of the very second number, by "a censurable application of a text from Isaiah as its motto"?

Of one thing only may the editor be sure. No matter what dish be served, some one at the table will be positive that it either ought not to have been brought on at all, or that it should have been cooked differently. If the Atlantic has dispatched a representative to Borrioboola Gha to report upon the condition of blankets-and-top-boots in that unhappy country, some correspondent will turn up, as soon as the article is printed, to prove that he himself was the sole originator of the blankets-and-top-boots idea, and that the Atlantic has misrepresented the blessed work now going forward there. May he not have ample space in the next number to reply? Well, very likely he ought to have it. But the unlucky editor, puzzling at that moment

over the problem of finding space in the issue three months hence, thinks with a sigh of M. Doucette's pension. For at those long table-d'hôte dinners no one was expected to care for every course; if you allowed a dish to pass or left it barely tasted, you must for that very reason talk the more agreeably with your neighbor; and if individual clamor over some unfortunate concoction reached the quick ear of M. Doucette, with what infinite ease and wit did he offer the critic the honor of planning and preparing the next meal in person, — an invitation which was somehow never accepted. Besides, as M. Doucette used sometimes to hint, when flushed with his success, if one did not like the pension des violettes, there were plenty of other pensions across the way, eager for patronage.

Is all this too intimate a survey of the editorial pantry and kitchen? Pray consider it nothing more than the shirt-sleeved conversation of that garrulous M. Doucette, provoked into real confidence by an unusual hour. The New Year's greetings come but once a twelvemonth, after all. And the Caterer's sorrows are very few in comparison with the pleasure of spreading the Atlantic's table and seeing the still increasing guests appear. May every one find in the courses now presented something to his taste! Not to like Colonel Higginson's new essays will indeed be to betray a fantastic appetite. If articles upon Advertising and the Ethics of Business savor too much of the very shop which you take up the Atlantic to forget, turn back to the sixteenth century, and follow Mr. Andrew D. White's account of the singular career of Father Paul. If you love that cheerful sound of the swashbuckler in fiction, you must wait a little longer, for Mr. Herrick's The Common Lot is only about Chicago, and concerns itself with men and women who are uncommonly like ourselves. There will be some contributions from writers who long since laid down their pens: from Emerson, whose Journals begin in a few months; from Timrod, and the elder Henry James; and from Walt Whitman, who appeared in these pages twice or thrice in his early manhood, and now comes back as a lusty ghost. But many of the contributors are young; provokingly young, indeed, to know so much and to write so well. There will be variety enough, at least, with some dishes of the fine old substantial sort, and wine that needs no praise, and coffee and cigars for those who like them, or gossip about men and women and books, if that be more to your after-dinner fancy. And perhaps there will be a few violets, purchased with secret anxiety of heart, but laid by each plate with such grace as Park Street may afford.

At any rate, here is a clean cloth for 1904 and an unfeigned welcome. Forget, if you will, the unskilled service, and remember that market-place and kitchen are as yet imperfect places in an imperfect, although improvable and improving world. And here is a boy's appetite to every guest, and a Happy New Year!

B. P.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE TRANSCENDENTAL PERIOD.

It happened to me once to be summoned on short notice to the house of a most agreeable neighbor, then Dean of the Episcopal Theological School at Cambridge, to assist in entertaining two English guests unexpectedly arrived. These guests were a husband and wife, both authors, and visiting this country for the first time. They proved to belong to that class of British travelers who, as the genial Longfellow used to say, come hither, not so much to obtain information about America, as to communicate it. We were scarcely seated at table when the little lady — for they were both very small in person — looked up at me confidingly and said, "Don't you think it rather a pity that all the really interesting Americans seem to be dead?" It was difficult for a living man to maintain any resistance against a conclusion so decisive, and all I remember is that our talk became a series of obituaries. To those might now be added, were it needful, similar memorials of my fair questioner, of her husband, and of our gracious host himself, since these also have passed away. And why should such remembrances be sad, one may well ask, if they are brought together in a sunny spirit, and have for their motto, not the mournfulness of old-time epitaphs, but rather the fine outburst of Whitman's brief song of parting, "Joy, Shipmate, Joy." Even the gloomy Carlyle had to admit that "there is no life of a man faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed."

Those who followed the chorus of affectionate praise which surrounded the celebration of Emerson's hundredth birthday must have felt very keenly its unlikeness to the ever renewing tumult of discussion around the grave of Carlyle. The difference was in great measure the penalty of temperament, or in Emerson's case, its reward. No one recognized this more fully than Carlyle himself when he said sadly to me, "Ah! the dear Emerson! He thinks that everybody in the world is as good as himself;" just as he had said to Longfellow, years before, that Emerson's first visit to him was "like the visit of an angel." It is clear that the whole atmosphere of Emerson's memory is that of sunshine, but it gradually appears, in tracing it farther, that much of this traditional atmosphere extends — at least for those who lived through it and perhaps for their children also — over the whole intellectual period of which Emerson was the best representative. This period is now usually and doubtless vaguely known in America as the period of Transcendentalism. Unsatisfying as the word, when thus applied, must be, it may yet be employed for want of a better, without entering too profoundly into its source or its services. Originally a philosophic term, it can be used for the present to indicate a period.

The word "Transcendentalism" was apparently first employed by the leader among modern German philosophers, Immanuel Kant, to designate the intuitive method of reaching truth, as apart from the experimental or sensational method of Locke, which had held its own so stoutly. Kant died in 1804, but the word was handed on, so modified and, we might perhaps say, battered by

later German thinkers, that it would now be useless to attempt to employ it further than as a landmark or guidepost, as it will be used here. If we wish to fix the birth-time of the American period bearing that name, we may place it somewhere near the publication of Emerson's Nature (1836), or the appearance of the first number of The Dial (July, 1840), or the formation of the "Brook Farm Institute" or "Community" as it was oftenest called, near Boston (1841). The special interest of this household for the world was not so much because it gave a new roof-tree for a little domestic experiment, — the Moravians and Shakers had long before done that, — but rather because it offered also an atmosphere of freedom.

It visibly relaxed restraint, suggested a substitute for the strict Puritan tradition, brought together the most open and hopeful minds of the community, sometimes uniting with them the fanatics, still oftener the do-nothings; giving conservatives and radicals alike something to talk about. Those whose names are now oftenest associated with the Brook Farm enterprise, as Emerson, Alcott, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and William Henry Channing, never actually belonged to it; while its most noted members, as Hawthorne and George William Curtis, were there only during the first year. The only narrator who has written his personal remembrances of it was but a second-year member; and its more systematic historian, Mr. Lindsay Swift, says justly of it, "There was a distinct beginning, a fairly coherent progress, but a vague termination." He also touches the keynote of the whole history when he says in his preface, "It is more than fifty years since the last dweller in that pleasant domain turned his reluctant steps away from its noble illusions, and toward the stress of realities; but from no one of this gracious company has ever come the admission that Brook Farm was a failure." Surely this is much to say.

In going still farther back for the historic origins of American transcendentalism, we must recognize the earlier influence of Burns, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, as laying the foundations for all this new atmosphere of thought and living. This is a fact of much interest as compared with the first reception of all these poets in their own country. The London Monthly Review — the leading critical magazine in England before the Edinburgh Review appeared — pronounced Burns's first volume to be "disgusting," and "written in an unknown tongue," the editor adding his own partial version of The Cotter's Saturday Night translated into the English language! The same editor pronounced Coleridge's Ancient Mariner "the strangest story of a cock and bull that we ever saw on paper . . . a rhapsody of unintelligible wildness and incoherence, of which we do not perceive the drift," while Christabel was described by him as "rude, unfeatured stuff." Even of Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey the same critic complains that it is "tinctured with gloomy, narrow, and unsociable ideas of seclusion from the commerce of the world;" and yet on turning the pages of Dennie's Portfolio published in Philadelphia simultaneously with the English periodical just quoted (1786), we find these very poets and, indeed, these identical poems hailed as the opening of a new intellectual era. Such, indeed, it was, but an era heralded in America with an eagerness, cordiality, and, above all, a cheerfulness such as might well belong to a fresher and more youthful life.

Then followed Carlyle's great influence through his Sartor Resartus, whose American editor, Charles Stearns Wheeler, I can well remember to have watched with timid reverence at the Boston Athenæum Library as he transcribed that exciting work from the pages of Fraser's Magazine, for its first reprinting in book form. Still more must be recalled the influence of Kant and Fichte, Hegel and Schleiermacher, with the more transient

eclectic philosophy of the Frenchmen Cousin and Jouffroy, whose books were translated from the French and used for a time as text-books in Harvard College and elsewhere, as early as 1839. The German poets also were just being translated, though of course in a fragmentary way, in America, especially Goethe, Schiller, and even Heine; and the poetic writings of Hoffmann, Novalis, Jean Paul Richter, and others lent their influence, first under the lead of Carlyle, and afterwards through direct American translators, the Rev. Charles T. Brooks and Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee. Many of these poetic translations appeared in The Dial, and the prose versions in the series of volumes, fourteen in all, entitled Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, planned and edited by George Ripley. To him especial attention should be given, since if the sunny atmosphere of the period was personally incarnated in any one, it was undoubtedly in him.

George Ripley was the single consummate type, during that period, of that rarest of combinations, the natural scholar and the cheery good fellow. Evidence of the former quality might be found in the catalogue, had it only been preserved, of his library sold in aid of the organization of Brook Farm, and universally recognized as the best German library then to be found in America; while the best tribute to the other trait was the universal regret said to have been felt among his clerical brethren at the loss of the gayest companion and best story-teller in their ranks. He it was who with Emerson, Hedge, and George Putnam called together the first meeting of "what was named in derision the Transcendental Club," as Hedge writes; and he it was who resigned his clerical charge in 1840, with a view to applying to some form of action the newer and ampler views of life.

Even Dr. Channing, then the intellectual leader of Boston, had some conference with Ripley as to whether it would be possible to bring cultivated and thoughtful people together and make a society that deserved the name. Mr. Swift in his admirable book on Brook Farm reminds us that there was a consultation on this subject at the house of Dr. John C. Warren, then the leading physician of Boston, which ended "with an oyster supper, crowned by excellent wines." Undoubtedly, on that occasion, George Ripley told his best stories and laughed his heartiest laugh. But we may be sure that his jubilant cheeriness was no less when he turned his back on all this and left the flesh-pots of Egypt for a dinner of herbs at Brook Farm.

There is something very interesting and not wholly accidental in the way in which a German influence was thus early making itself felt in this country and contributing, as a matter of course, to its sunshine. This clearly came from a double influence, the appearance in America of a number of highly educated Germans, of whom Lieber, Follen, and Beck were types, who were driven from their country by political uproar about 1825; and, on the other hand, the return of a small number of highly educated Americans, at a period a little earlier, who had studied at the German universities. The most conspicuous among these men were Edward Everett, George Ticknor, George Bancroft, and Joseph Green Cogswell, the latter being the organizer of our first great American library, the Astor. Their experience and influence had a value quite inestimable, and the process of their training is shown unmistakably in a remarkable series of letters from them to my father, then steward of Harvard College, and in some respects their sponsor; letters published by myself in the Harvard Graduates' Magazine for September, 1897. In one of these letters, the cool and clear-headed Everett, going from the Continent to inspect the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, expressed the opinion that America had at that date (1819) "nothing to

learn from England [in regard to university methods], but everything to learn from Germany," and I have been more than once assured by English scholars, on quoting to them the passage, that the remark was, at the period indicated, absolutely true. It is, however, also true that Mr. Everett himself practically recognized a subsequent change in conditions, when he sent his own son, forty years later, to an English and not to a German university.

It must not be supposed that the "Disciples of the Newness," as they liked to call themselves, were allowed to go on their way unchecked. Professor Bowen of Harvard, always pungent and often tart, followed them up vigorously in the North American, as did Professor Felton more mildly. Yet there was always something behind the cloud, an influence which revived these victims like some cloud-concealed goddess in Homer, and however severe the attacks may have been they were usually the fruit of narrowness, not of mere malice. They were rarely mixed with merely personal bitterness, as were the contests of the same period, under Poe's influence, among New York men of letters; nor were they so much entangled with money-quarrels as those, since money was a thing with which New England students had little to do. No one among them, however, fared so miserably, in financial negotiations, as did poor Cornelius Mathews in New York, who, after his Big Abel and the Little Manhattan had been announced as a forthcoming volume of a series, was offered by the repentant publishers $100 to allow them to withdraw the offer and leave the book unpublished, but who refused the request. The North American Review — then a Boston periodical — settled the case of this unfortunate author tersely by saying, "Mr. Mathews has shown a marvelous skill in failing, each failure being more complete than the last." Horace Greeley hit his merely political opponents as hard as this, but the New York Tribune under Margaret Fuller's influence kept clear of bitter personalities in literature, something which she had not always quite done in The Dial.

It must be remembered that the Transcendentalists never, in the early days, called themselves by that name. Their most ambitious title was, as has been said, that of Disciples of the Newness. It must also be remembered that this Newness itself was in some degree a reversion to the old, as in Margaret Fuller's case it came from a learned father who brought her up in direct inheritance of whatever was ancient. She was, by her own statement, early "placed in a garden with a great pile of books before her." She began to read Latin before she read English. The Greek and Roman deities were absolutely real to her, and she prayed, "O God, if thou art Jupiter;" or else to Bacchus for a bunch of grapes. When she was old enough to think about Christianity, she cried out for her dear old Greek and Roman gods. It was a long time, her friend Mrs. Dall tells us, "before she could see the deeper spirituality of the Christian tradition." Hence it is, perhaps, that we see rather less of sunshine in her than in the other Transcendentalists.

For the unbelieving world outside, it must be remembered, the Transcendental movement at least contributed some such sunshine through the very sarcasms it excited; as when Mrs. Russell, Father Taylor's brilliant daughter, did not flinch from defining the Transcendentalists as "a race who dove into the infinite, soared into the illimitable, and never paid cash;" or when Carlyle described Ripley, who had called on him in England, as "a Socinian minister, who had left the pulpit to reform the world by cultivating onions." Emerson compared Brook Farm to "a French Revolution in small," and a certain meeting of the Transcendental Club to "going to heaven in a swing." All the peculiarities of Brook Farm, we may be sure, were reported without diminu-

tion in the gossip of Boston society, even the jokes of the young people made upon themselves being taken seriously in the world outside; as when they asked at the dinner-table, "Is the butter within the sphere of your influence?" or proposed that a pie should be cut "from the centre to the periphery." There being more young men than young women, at first, an unusual share of household duties, moreover, fell upon the stronger sex. They helped in the laundry, brought water from the pump, prepared vegetables in the barn. The graceful George William Curtis trimmed lamps, and the manly and eminently practical Charles Dana organized a band of "griddle-cake servitors," composed of "four of the most elegant youths of the community."

There was also a Brook Farm legend that one of the younger members or pupils confessed his passion while helping his sweetheart to wash dishes; and Emerson is the authority for stating that as the men danced in the evening, clothespins sometimes dropped from their pockets. Hawthorne wrote to his sister, not without sarcasm, "The whole fraternity eat together, and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine." An element of moral protest also entered into the actual work of the more serious members. Thus Mr. Ripley said to Theodore Parker of John Dwight, afterwards eminent as a musical critic, "There is your accomplished friend; he would hoe corn all Sunday if I would let him, but all Massachusetts could not make him do it on Monday." Rumor adds that Parker replied, "It is good to know that he wants to hoe corn any day in the week." The question is not how far these details were based on fact or were the fruit of fancy, but the immediate point is that they materially aided in keeping up the spirits of the unbelieving world outside.

It is possible that those seemingly vague and dreamy times might have communicated to those reared in them too passive and negative a character but for the perpetual tonic of the anti-slavery movement, which was constantly entangling itself with all merely socialistic discussion. At every crisis brought on by this last problem it turned out that mere moral purpose might impart to these pacific social reformers a placid courage which rose on occasion to daring. Thus it took years to appreciate the most typical of these men, Bronson Alcott. The quality that was, at first, rather exasperating in him became ultimately his greatest charm: the manner in which this idealist threw himself on the Universal Powers and left his life to be assigned by them. That life had seemed at first as helpless and unpromising as the attitude of the little Italian child who, having stopped at a certain door near Boston and received breakfast for sweet charity's sake, was found sitting placidly on the doorstep, two hours later, and being asked why she had not gone away replied serenely, "What for go away? Plenty time go away!" The wide universe was to Alcott a similarly vast and tranquil scene. He had, as was said of his English friend Greaves, "a copious peacefulness." It was easy enough to see this in a humorous light, but when in later years, after those who had broken down the Boston Court House door for the rescue of Anthony Burns had been driven out, and the open doorway was left bare, it was Alcott who walked unarmed up the empty steps, calmly asking, "Why are we not within?" and on finding himself unsupported turned back slowly, then walked placidly down again, he and his familiar cane, without visible disturbance of mind. It has lately come to light, since the publication of the memoirs of Daniel Ricketson, that Alcott afterwards offered to be one of a party for the rescue of Captain John Brown. It was still the same Alcott, only that he watched the slowly forming lines of his horoscope, and found

them in Emerson's phrase, "come full circle." In a similar way, Thoreau, after all his seeming theories of self-absorption, ranged himself on the side of Brown as placidly as if he were going for huckleberries.

Yet the effect of Transcendentalism on certain characters, a minority of its adherents, was seemingly disastrous; though the older we grow, the harder it is to be sure that we know all the keys to individual character. The freedom that belonged to the period, the sunny atmosphere of existence, doubtless made some men indolent, like children of the tropics. Some went abroad and lived in Europe, and were rarely heard from; others dwelt at home, and achieved nothing; while others, on the contrary, had the most laborious and exacting careers. Others led lives morally wasted, whether by the mere letting loose of a surge of passion ill restrained, or by that terrible impulse of curiosity which causes more than half the sins of each growing generation, and yet is so hard to distinguish from the heroic search after knowledge. I can think of men among those bred in that period, and seemingly under its full influence, who longed to know the worst of life and knew it, and paid dearly for their knowledge; and their kindred paid more dearly still. Others might be named who, without ever yielding, so far as I know or guess, to a single sensual or worldly sin, yet developed temperaments so absolutely wayward that it became necessary, in the judgment of all who knew the facts, for their wives and children to leave them and stay apart, so that these men died in old age without seeing the faces of their own grandchildren. Others vanished, and are to this day untraced; and yet all these were but a handful compared with that majority which remained true to early dreams while the world called them erratic, and the church pronounced them unredeemed or, in Shakespeare's phrase, "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled."

It must be remembered also that, in that period of general seething, all other reformatory movements alternated with efforts of the socialists and joined with them to keep up the spirits of the Community. The anti-slavery meetings, for instance, mingled sorrow with joy and sometimes even with levity. Nowhere in all the modern world could have been seen more strikingly grouped the various dramatis personæ of a great impending social change than on the platform of some large hall, filled with Abolitionists. There sat Garrison in the centre, his very attitude showing the serene immovableness of his mind, and around him usually two or three venerable Quaker Vice Presidents, always speechless, while in themselves constituting an inexorable though unwearied audience. Grouped among them were "devout women, not a few," as the Scripture has it, and fiery orators brought together from different fields of action, where they had been alternately starved, frozen, or mobbed, according to the various methods adopted by unbelieving rural scoffers. Mingled with these were a few city delegates, the most high-bred men and women in appearance to be found in Boston, like Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, and Mrs. Chapman. Among these, strangest of all, were the living texts for all the impending eloquence of the platform: the fugitive slaves, black or mulatto or sometimes indistinguishably white, perhaps just landed from their concealment on Southern packet ships, or in covert corners of freight cars. There might be Henry Box Brown, so named from the box in which he had been nailed up and been borne, occasionally on his head, from slavery to freedom; or Harriet Tubman, who after making her own escape from the land of slavery had made eight or ten covert visits thither, each time bringing back by the underground railroad her little band of fugitives; or William and Ellen Craft, she going from city to city northward as a white woman, and he as

her attendant slave. These, and such as these, passed across the stage in successive years. And no one who early saw Frederick Douglass just rescued from slavery could possibly have foreseen in him the princely and commanding aspect with which he was to tread in later years those same boards and prove himself, as the veteran reporter Yerrington used to say, the only orator on the platform, except Wendell Phillips, whose speeches needed absolutely no revision before printing.

These gave the tragic, the Shakespearean aspect of the anti-slavery movement, to be relieved by another side of the screen when Wendell Phillips and some other hero of the platform led beyond the door the shrieking Abby Folsom, with her unfailing cry, "It 's the capitalists!" or Mellen was silenced by more subtle persuasions, and tempted away to continue his interminable harangue to some single auditor in the side scenes. Once take Garrison himself away from the convention and no man better loved his placid joke. He could go to prison without flinching, but could not forego his pun, we may be sure, after he got there, and would no more have denied himself that innocent relaxation in jail than a typical French nobleman in Revolutionary days would have laid aside his snuff-box in the presence of the guillotine. A similar cheerful and unwavering tone pervaded those leaders generally, and I remember when Mrs. Chapman established the first outdoor anti-slavery festival, on the avowed ground that there was no reason why the children of this world should enjoy themselves better than the Children of Light.

It is needless to say that the tropical race in whose interest all this anti-slavery work was carried on took their share of levity, when opportunity came, the instances of habitual gloom being usually found, not among those who had escaped from slavery, but rather in those born free, bred at the North, having some worldly prosperity, and yet feeling that a modified subjugation still socially rested upon them. The inexhaustible sense of humor in Frederick Douglass, on the other hand, kept him clear of this, as was never better seen than on the once famous occasion when the notorious Isaiah Rynders of New York at the head of a mob had interrupted an anti-slavery meeting, captured the platform, placed himself in the chair, and bade the meeting proceed. Douglass was speaking and, nothing loath, made his speech only keener and keener for the interference, weaving around the would-be chairman's head a wreath of delicate sarcasm which carried the audience with it, while the duller wits of the burly despot could hardly follow him. Knowing only, in a general way, that he was being dissected, Rynders at last exclaimed, "What you Abolitionists want to do is to cut all our throats!" "Oh, no!" replied Douglass in his most dulcet tones. "We would only cut your hair;" and bending over the shaggy and frowzy head of the Bowery tyrant he gave a suggestive motion as of scissors, to his thumb and forefinger, with a professional politeness that instantly brought down the house, friend and foe, while Rynders quitted the chair in wrath, and the meeting dissolved itself amid general laughter. It was a more cheerful conclusion, perhaps, than that stormier one — not unknown in reformatory conventions — with which Shakespeare so often ends his scenes: "Exeunt fighting."

One of the most curious circumstances connected with the whole Transcendental period, and one tending, whether in seriousness or through satire, to bring out its sunny side, was its connection with Horace Greeley. He himself was a strange mixture of the dreamy and the practical, and his very appearance and costume, his walk and conversation, combined these inconsistent attributes. The one great advertising medium possessed by the whole Brook Farm movement was the New York Tribune, and it is a part

of the quaintness of the whole affair at Brook Farm that an enterprise so physically insignificant should have for its organ a journal then rapidly on its way to becoming the most widely circulated in the nation. Yet Greeley's own externals, when he first stood at the door at Brook Farm, might have suggested a visitor from any part of the land rather than New York city, and a delegate from any other sphere rather than that of metropolitan journalism. Miss Amelia Russell, a member of Brook Farm, thus describes his appearance at first glance: "His hair was so light that it was almost white; he wore a white hat, his face was entirely colorless, even the eyes not adding much to save it from its ghostly hue. His coat was a very light drab, almost white, and his nether garments the same." No better samples could, perhaps, be given of the mirth-making aspects of that period than might be done by a series of extracts from Greeley's letters as published in the volume called Passages from the Correspondence of Rufus W. Griswold, in which you find Greeley alternately moving heaven and earth to get for the then unknown Thoreau the publication of his maiden essay on Carlyle in Graham's Magazine and himself giving $75 to pay for it in advance; and about the same time writing to Griswold, "Gris. make up for me a brief collection of the best Epigrams in the Language — say three folio sheets of MSS.;" then cheerfully adding, "A page may be given to epitaphs, if you please, though I don't care!"

This suggests how much of the sunshine at that period came also to many from Thoreau himself, whose talk and letters, like his books, were full of delicate humor; and who gave to outdoor hours such an atmosphere of serene delight as made one feel that a wood-thrush was always soliloquizing somewhere in the background. Walks with him were singularly unlike those taken with Alcott, for instance, who only strolled serenely to some hospitable fence at the entrance to some wood, and sat down there, oblivious whether frogs or wood-thrushes filled the air, so long as they did not withdraw attention from his own discourses. As Alcott carried his indoor meditations out of doors, so Thoreau brought his outward observations indoors, and I remember well the delightful mornings when his favorite correspondent, Harry Blake, my neighbor in Worcester, Mass., used to send round to a few of us to come in and hear extracts from Thoreau's last letter at the breakfast table; these extracts being the very materials that were afterwards to make up his choicest volume, Walden; letters that combined with breakfast and with sunrise to fill the day for us auditors with inexhaustible delight.

That period is long passed, and these few stray memories can at best give but a few glimpses of its sunnier side. The fact that it did pass and that it can never be reproduced is the very thing that makes its memories worth recalling. The great flood-tide of the civil war bore this all away, followed by the stupendous growth of a changed nation. Every age has its own point of interest; and the longest personal life, if lived wholesomely, can offer but a succession of these. But one question still remains, and will perhaps always remain, unanswered. Considering the part originally done by the English Lake Poets in bringing about this period of sunshine in America, why is it that the leaders of English literature on its native soil for the last half century have had a mournful and clouded tone? From Carlyle and Ruskin through Froude and Arnold to Meredith, Hardy, Stevenson, and Henley, all have had a prevailing air of sadness, and sometimes even of frightful gloom. Even Tennyson, during at least a portion of his reactionary later life, and Browning, toward the end of his, showed the same tendency. In America, on the other hand, during the same

general period, the leading literary figures, with the solitary exception of Poe, — who was wont to be an exception to all rules, — were sunshiny and hopeful, not gloomy. This is certainly true of Emerson, Alcott, Thoreau, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Whitman. Even if Hawthorne may have seemed to the world an exception from his reticence and sombre bearing, we must remember how he laid aside those traits within his own household. "Never was there such a playmate," said to me once his noble and stately daughter Una, describing her happy childhood. These and all the rest, save Poe, found joy, predominant joy, in life. Why this difference? It is not yet time, perhaps, to fathom the mystery and give a clear answer to the question.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

I.

From time to time the door opened to admit some tardy person. Then the May sunlight without flooded the dim, long hall with a sudden radiance, even to the arched recess in the rear, where the coffin was placed. The late-comers sank into the crowd of black-coated men, who filled the hall to the broad stairs. Most of these were plainly dressed, with thick, grizzled beards and lined faces: they were old hands from the Bridge Works on the West Side, where they had worked many years for Powers Jackson. In the parlors at the left of the hall there were more women than men, and more fashionable clothes than in the hall. But the faces were scarcely less rugged and lined. These friends of the old man who lay in the coffin were mostly life-worn and gnarled, like himself. Their luxuries had not sufficed to hide the scars of the battles they had waged with fortune.

When the minister ceased praying, the men and the women in the warm, flower-scented rooms moved gratefully, trying to get easier positions for their cramped bodies. Some members of the church choir, stationed at the landing on the stairs, began to sing. Once more the door opened silently in the stealthy hands of the undertaker, and this time it remained open for several seconds. A woman entered, dressed in fashionable widow's mourning. She moved deliberately, as if she realized exactly the full effect of her entrance at that hour among all these heated, tired people. The men crowded in the hall made way for her instinctively, so that she might enter the dining-room, to the right of the coffin, where the family and the nearest friends of the dead man were seated. Here, a young man, one of Powers Jackson's nephews, rose and surrendered his chair to the pretty widow, whispering: —

"Take this, Mrs. Phillips! I am afraid there is nothing better."

She took his place by the door with a little deprecatory smile, which said many things at the same time: "I am very late, I know; but I really could n't help it! You will understand, won't you?"

And also: "You have come to be a handsome young man! When I saw you last you were only a raw boy, just out of college. Now we must reckon with you, as the old man's heir, — the heir of so much money!"

Then again: "I have had my sorrows, too, since we met over there across the sea."

All this her face seemed to speak

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swiftly, especially to the young man, whose attention she had quite distracted, as indeed she had disturbed every one in the other rooms by her progress through the hall. By the time she had settled herself, and made a first survey of the scene, the hymn had come to an end, and the minister's deep voice broke forth in the words of ancient promise, "I am the Resurrection and the Life" . . .

At these words of triumph the pretty widow's interruption was forgotten. Something new stirred in the weary faces of those standing in the hall, touching each one according to his soul, vibrating in his heart with a meaning personal to him, to her, quite apart from any feeling that they might have for their old friend, in the hope for whose immortality it had been spoken. . . .

"I am the Resurrection and the Life" . . . "yet in my flesh shall I see God" . . .

The words fell fatefully into the close rooms. The young man who had given his chair to Mrs. Phillips unconsciously threw back his head and raised his eyes from the floor, as though he were following some point of light which had burst into sight above his head. His gaze swept over his mother's large, inexpressive countenance, his cousin Everett's sharp features, the solemn, blank faces of the other mourners in the room. It rested on the face of a young woman, who was seated on the other side of the little room, almost hidden by the roses and the lilies that were banked on the table between them. She, too, had raised her face at the triumphant note, and was seeing something beyond the man's eyes, beyond the walls of the room. Her lips had parted in a little sigh of wonder; her blue eyes were filled with unwept tears. The man's attention was arrested by those eyes and trembling lips, and he forgot the feeling that the minister's words had roused, in sudden apprehension of the girl's beauty and tenderness. He had discovered the face in a moment of its finest illumination, excited by a vague yet pure emotion, so that it became all at once more than it had ever promised. The tears trembled at the eyelids, then dropped unnoticed to the face. The young man looked away hastily, with an uncomfortable feeling at beholding all this emotion. He could not see why Helen Spellman should take his uncle's death so much to heart. The old man had always been kind to her and to her mother. She had been at the house a great deal, for her mother and his uncle were old friends, and the old man loved to have the girl about the house. Yet he did not feel his uncle's death that way; he wondered whether he ought to be affected by it as Helen was. He was certainly much nearer to the dead man than she, — his nephew, the son of his sister Amelia, who had kept his house all the many years of her widowhood. And, — he was aware that people were in the habit of saying it, — he was his favorite nephew, the one who would inherit the better part of the property. This last reflection set his mind to speculating on the impending change in his own world. The new future, which he pleasantly dreamed, would bring him nearer to *her*. For the last few days, ever since the doctors had given up all hope of the old man's recovery, he had not been able to keep his imagination from wandering in the fields of this strange, delightful future which was so near at hand. . . .

"There is a natural body," so the minister was saying solemnly, "and there is a spiritual body. . . . For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

The young man tried to curb his imagination, to feel the significance of the fact before him in some other way than as it might affect his own material fate. . . .

When the clergyman began his remarks about the dead man's personality, he roused the tired people and brought them back to their common earth. What could he say? The subject was full of thorns. Powers Jackson had not been a bad man, take his life all in all, but he

had been accused, justly, of some ruthless, selfish acts. His morality had never quite satisfied the ideals of his neighbors, and he could not be called, in any sense of the word known to the officiating minister, a religious man.

Yet there was scarcely a person present to whom Powers Jackson had not done some kind and generous act. Each one in his heart knew the dead man to have been good and human, and forgave him his sins, public and private. What did it matter to old Jim Ryan, the office porter, who was standing in the corner with his son and grandson, whether Powers Jackson had or had not conspired with certain other men to capture illegally a great grant of Texas land! He and his family had lived in the sun of the dead man's kindness.

While the minister was saying what every one agreed to in his heart, — that their dead friend was a man of large stature, big in heart as in deed, strong for good, as for evil, — his nephew's thoughts kept returning to that glowing, personal matter, — what did it all mean to *him?* Of course, his uncle had been good to him, had given him the best kind of an education and training in his profession; but now he was about to give him the largest gift of all, — freedom for his whole lifetime, freedom to do with himself what he pleased, freedom first of all to leave this dull, dirty city, to flee to those other parts of the earth which he knew so well how to enjoy! . . . The pretty widow beside him fidgeted. She was exceedingly uncomfortable in the close, stuffy room, and the minister's skillful words only roused a wicked sense of irony in her. She could have told the reverend doctor a thing or two about old Powers! She threw back her jacket, revealing an attractive neck and bust. She had scanned the faces of most of those in the rooms, and, with great rapidity, had cast up mentally their score with the dead. This handsome young nephew was the only one that counted in her own estimation. What was he going to do with the old fellow's money? She threw a speculative, admiring look at him. . . .

Across the room the girl's face had settled into sober thought, the tears drying on her cheeks where they had fallen. In that glorious promise of Life Everlasting, which was still reverberating in her soul, she felt that the only real Life which poor human beings might know was that life of the "spiritual body," the life of the good, which is all one and alike! To her, Powers Jackson was simply a good man, the best of men. For she had known him all her life, and had seen nothing but good in him. She loved him, and she knew that he could not be dead!

Finally, the minister rounded out his thought and came to the end of his remarks. The singers on the stairs began to chant softly, "Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!" And the tired faces relaxed from their tense seriousness. Somehow, the crisis of their emotion had been reached and passed. Comforted and reassured, the men and women were leaving this house of mourning. An old man, childless, a widower of many years, who had done his work successfully in this world, and reaped the rewards of it, — what can one feel for his death but a solemn sense of mystery and peace! Perhaps to one only, the girl hidden behind the lilies and the roses in the dining-room, was it a matter of keen, personal grief. He had left her world, who had stroked her head and kissed her, who had loved her as a father might love her, who had always smiled when she had touched him.

On the sidewalk outside the people gathered in little knots, speaking in subdued tones to one another, luxuriating in the riotous spring air. Then they moved away. After the house was pretty well emptied, those mourners who had been in the dining-room appeared, to take carriages for the cemetery. Mrs. Phillips came first, talking to young Jackson Hart. She was saying: —

"It was all quite what the dear old gentleman would have liked and such good taste, — that was your part, I know!"

As he handed her into her carriage, she leaned toward him, with a very personal air: —

"It is so different from the last time we met! Do you remember? You must come and see me, now that I am back in this place for good."

As the young man turned away from her, he met Helen Spellman descending the long flight of steps. She was carrying in her arms a great mass of loose flowers, and his cousin Everett was similarly burdened.

"Are you going on ahead of us?" Jackson asked anxiously.

"Yes. I want to put these flowers there first; so that it won't seem so bare and lonely when he comes. See! I have taken those he liked to have in his library, and yours and your mother's, too!"

She smiled, but her eyes were still dull with tears. Again she brought his thoughts back from self, from his futile, worldly preoccupations, back to her love for the dead man, which seemed so much greater, so much purer than his.

"That will be very nice," he said, taking the flowers from her hands and placing them in a carriage that had driven up to the curb. "I am sure he would have liked your thought for him. He was always so fond of what you did, of you."

"Dear uncle," she murmured to herself. Although the dead man was not connected with her by any ties of blood, she had grown into the habit of calling him uncle, first as a joke, then in affection.

"He always had me get the flowers when he wanted to give a really truly dinner!" she added, a smile coming to her face. "I know he will like to have me take these out to him there now."

She spoke of the dead in the present tense, with a strong feeling for the still living part of the one gone.

"I should like to drive out there with you!" the young man exclaimed impulsively. "May I?"

"Oh no! You must n't," she replied quickly. "There 's your mother, who is expecting you to be with her, and then," — she blushed and stepped away from him a little space, — "I had rather be alone, please!"

When the heavy gates of the vault in Rose Hill had closed upon Powers Jackson forever, the little group of intimate friends, who had come with him to his grave, descended silently the granite steps to their carriages. Insensibly a wave of relief stole over the spirit of the young nephew, as he turned his back upon the ugly tomb, in the American-Greek style, with heavy capitals and false pillars. It was not a selfish or heartless desire to get away from the dead man, to forget him now that he no longer counted in this world; it was merely the reaction from a day of gloom and sober thought. He felt stifled in his tall silk hat, long frock coat, patent-leather shoes, and black gloves. His spirit shrank from the chill of the tomb, to which the day had brought him near.

"Let 's send all the women back together, Everett," he suggested to his cousin, "and have a smoke. I am pretty nearly dead!"

As the three men in the party got into their carriage, Jackson took out his cigarette-case and offered it to his cousin; but Everett shook his head rather contemptuously and drew a cigar from his breast pocket.

"I never got in the habit of smoking those things," he remarked slowly. There was an implication in his cool tone that no grown man indulged himself in that boyish habit.

"*He* never liked cigarettes either, — would n't have one in the house," Jackson commented lightly.

The other man, Hollister, had taken a cigar, and the three men smoked in

silence while the carriage bumped at a rapid pace over the uneven streets of Chicago. Hollister, so Hart reflected, must know what was in the will. He had been the old man's confidential business man for a good many years, and was one of the executors. Everett Wheeler, who was a lawyer with a large and very highly paid practice, was another.

Perhaps this cousin was to get the bulk of the property after all, though their uncle had never displayed any great fondness for Everett. The lawyer had always done the best that was expected of him. He had entered a law office from the high school, preferring to skip the intermediate years of college training, which Powers Jackson had offered him, and he never ceased referring to his success in his profession as partly due to the fact he had "fooled no time away at college." So far as his business went, which was to patch together crazy corporations, he had no particular use for a liberal education. He had no tastes whatsoever outside of this business and a certain mild interest in politics. His dull white features, sharpened to a vulpine point, and his large nose betrayed his temperament. He was a silent, cool-blooded, unpassionate American man of affairs, and it would be safe to say that he would die rich. Thus far he had not had enough emotion to get married. No! his cousin reflected, Everett was not a man after old Powers Jackson's heart! Their uncle was not a cold, passionless man. . . .

Those two men opposite him knew what was the fact in this matter so momentous to him. They smoked, wrapped in their own thoughts.

"I wonder who was the joker who put up that monstrous Greek temple out there in the cemetery!" Jackson finally observed, in a nervous desire to say something.

"You mean the family mausoleum?" Everett asked severely, removing his cigar from his lips, and spitting carefully out of the half-opened window. "That was done by a fellow named Roly, and it was considered a very fine piece of work. It was built the time aunt Frankie died."

"It 's a spooky sort of place to put a man into!"

"I think the funeral was what your uncle would have liked," Hollister remarked. "He hated to be eccentric, and yet he despised pretentious ceremonies. Everything was simple and dignified. The parson was good, too, in what he said. And the old men turned out in great numbers. I was glad of that! But I was surprised. It 's nearly two years since he gave up the Works, and memories are short between master and man."

"That 's a fact. But he knew every man-jack about the place in the old days," Everett observed, removing his silk hat as if it were an ornamental incumbrance.

"Yes," said Hollister, taking up the theme. "I remember how he would come into the front office on pay days, and stand behind the grating while the men were signing off. He could call every one by a first name. It was Pete and Dave and Jerry and Steve, — there were n't so many of those Hungarians and Slavs, the European garbage, then."

"But he was stiff with 'em in the strike, though," the lawyer put in, a smile wrinkling his thin, pallid lips. "He fired every one who went with the union, — never 'd let 'em back, no matter what they did. Those there to-day were mostly old ones."

The two older men began to exchange stories about the dead man, of things they had seen while they were working for him, — his tricks of temper, whims of mind. The older man spoke gently, almost tenderly, of the one he had worked with, as of one whose faults were flaws in a great stone. The lawyer spoke literally, impassively, as of some phenomenon of nature which he had seen often and had thoroughly observed.

Young Hart lit another cigarette, and

he thought of the girl's face as he had seen it that day, utterly moved and transfixed with a strange emotion of tender sorrow that was half happiness. She was religious, he believed, meaning by that word that she was moved by certain feelings other than those which affected him or Everett or Hollister, even. And this new thought of her made her more precious in his eyes. He looked for her when they reached the sombre old house on Ohio Street, but she had already driven home.

As Hollister was leaving, he said to the young man : —

" Can you come over to Everett's office to-morrow about four? Judge Phillips will be there, the other executor. We are to open the will. They have suggested that I ask you to join us," he added hastily, with an effort to be matter-of-fact.

" All right, Hollister," the young man answered, with an equal effort to appear unconcerned. " I 'll be over ! "

But his heart thumped strangely.

II.

" Get all ready before you start," Powers Jackson had said, when his nephew, after four years at Cornell and three years at a famous technical school in the East, had suggested the propriety of finishing his training in architecture by study in Paris. " Get all ready, — then let us have results."

He had been getting ready. He had chosen to go to Cornell rather than to a larger university, because some of the boys of his high school class were going there. With us in America such matters are often settled in this childish way. The reason why he chose the profession of architecture was, in the first place, scarcely less frivolous. A " fraternity brother " at Cornell, just home from Paris, fired the college boy's imagination for " the Quarter." But, once started in the course of architecture at the technical school, he found that he had stumbled into something which really interested him. For the first time in his life he worked.

At the Beaux Arts he worked, also, though he did not forget the amenities of life. The two years, first talked of, expanded into two and a half, then rounded to three. Meanwhile the generous cheques from the office of the Bridge Works came with pleasant regularity. His mother wrote, " Powers hopes that you are deriving benefit from your studies in Paris." What the old man had said was, " How 's Jackie doing these days, Amelia? " And young Hart was " doing " well. There were many benefits, not always orthodox, which the young American, established cosily on the Rue de l'Université, derived from Paris.

The day of preparation came to an end, however. Those last weeks of his stay in Europe he was joined by his mother and Helen Spellman. Powers Jackson had taken this occasion to send them both abroad. Mrs. Spellman being too much of an invalid to take the journey, Mrs. Amelia Hart had been very glad to have the girl's companionship. Jackson met them in Naples. After he had kissed his mother and taken her handbag, to which she was clinging in miserable suspicion of the entire foreign world, he turned to the girl, whose presence he had been conscious of all the time. Helen was not noticeably pretty or well dressed ; but she had an air of race, a fineness of feature, a certain personal delicacy, to which the young man had long been unaccustomed. Perhaps three years of student life in Paris had prepared him to think very well of a young American woman.

So their six weeks in Italy had been very happy ones for all three, — six golden weeks of May and early June. The beautiful land smiled at them from every field and wall. Each fresh landscape in the panorama of their little journeys was another joy, a new excite-

ment that burned in a flush of heightened color on the girl's face. One of their last days they spent at the little village of Ravello, on a hilltop above Amalfi, and there in the clear twilight of a warm June day, with gold-tipped clouds brooding over the Bay of Salerno, they came for the first time upon the personal note. They were leaning over the railing of the terrace in the Palumbo, listening to the bells in the churches of Vetri beneath them.

"Would n't this be good for always?" he murmured.

He was touched with sentimental self-pity at the thought of leaving all this, — the beauty, the wonder, the joy of Europe! In another short month instead of this there would be Chicago, whose harsh picture three years had not softened.

"I don't know," the girl replied, with a long sigh for remembered joy. "One could not be as happy as this for months and years."

"I 'd like to try!" he said lightly.

"No! Not you," she retorted with sudden warmth. "What could a man do here?"

"There are a lot of fellows in Europe who manage to answer that question somehow. Most of the men I knew in Paris don't expect to go back yet, and not to Chicago anyway."

Her lips compressed quickly. Evidently they were not the kind of men she thought well of.

"Why!" she stammered, words crowding tempestuously to her tongue. "How could you stay, and not work out your own life, not make your way in the world like uncle Powers? How it would trouble him to hear you say that!"

He was a trifle ashamed of his desire to keep out of the fight any longer. Hers, he judged, was a militant, ambitious nature, and he was quick to feel what she expected of him.

After they had sat there a long time without speaking, she said gently, as if she wished to be just to him: —

"It might be different, if one were an artist; but even then I should think a man would want to carry back what he had received here to the place he was born in, — should n't you?"

"Well, perhaps," he admitted, "if it were n't just — Chicago!"

And these simple words of the girl spoken in the garden of Ravello were a tonic for other moments of regret.

They made the long voyage homewards through the Mediterranean, touching at Gibraltar for a last, faint glimpse of romance. It was a placid journey in a slow steamer, with a small company of dull, middle-aged Americans, and the two were left much to themselves. In the isolation of the sunny, windless sea, their acquaintance took on imperceptibly a personal character. After the fashion of the egotistic male, he told her, bit by bit, all that he knew about himself, — his college days, his friends, and his work at the Beaux Arts. From the past, — his past, — they slid to the future that lay before him on the other shore of the Atlantic. He sketched for her in colored words the ideals of his majestic art. Tucked up on deck those long, cloudless nights, they touched the higher themes, — what a man could do, as Richardson and Atwood had shown the glorious way, toward expressing the character and spirit of his race in brick and stone and steel!

Such thoughts as these touched the girl's imagination, just as the sweet fragments of a civilization finer than ours had stirred her heart in Italy. All these ideas she took to be the architect's original possessions, not being familiar with the froth of Paris studios, the wisdom of long *déjeuners*. And she was eager over his plans for the future. For something earnest and large was the first craving of her soul, something that had in it service and beauty in life. . . .

At the time of the great exposition in Chicago she had had these matters brought to her attention. Powers Jackson, as one of the directors of the enter-

prise, had entertained many of the artists and distinguished men who came to the city, and at his dinner-table she had heard men talk whose vital ideals were being worked into the beautiful buildings beside the lake. Their words she had hoarded in her schoolgirl's memory, and now in her sympathy for the young architect she began to see what could be done with an awakened feeling for art, for social life, to make our strong young cities memorable. This, she dreamed shyly, would be the work of the man beside her!

He was handsome and strong, vigorously built, though inclined to heaviness of body. His brown hair waved under his straw hat, and a thick mustache turned stiffly upwards in the style of the German Emperor, which was then just coming into fashion. This method of wearing the mustache, and also a habit of dressing rather too well, troubled the girl; for she knew that uncle Powers would at once note such trivial aspects of his nephew. The keen old man might say nothing, but he would think contemptuous thoughts. The young architect's complexion was ruddy, healthily bronzed; his features were regular and large, as a man's should be. Altogether he was a handsome, alert, modern American. Too handsome! She thought apprehensively of the rough-looking, rude old man at home, his face tanned and beaten, knobby and hard like the gnarled stump of an oak!

She was very anxious that the architect should make a good impression on his uncle, not simply for his own sake, but for the lonely old man's comfort. She felt that she knew Powers Jackson better than his nephew did; knew what he liked and what he despised. She wanted him to love this nephew. Several times she talked to Jackson about his uncle. The young man listened with an amused smile, as if he had already a good formula for the old man.

"Mother can't get him out of that Mansard brick menagerie on Ohio Street, where he has lived since the fire. All his friends have moved away from the neighborhood. But he thinks the black-walnut rooms, the stamped leather on the walls, and the rest of it, is the best going yet. That buffet, as he calls it! It's early Victorian, a regular *chef-d'œuvre* of ugliness. That house!"

"It 's always been his home," she protested, finding something trivial in putting this comic emphasis on sideboards and bookcases. "He cares about good things too. Lately he 's taken to buying engravings. Mr. Hollister interested him in them. And I think he would like to buy pictures, if he was n't afraid of being cheated, of making a fool of himself."

"You 'll make him out a patron of the fine arts."

Jackson laughed long at the picture of his uncle as a connoisseur in art.

"Perhaps he will be yet!" she retorted stoutly. "At any rate, he is a very dear old man."

He would not have described his uncle Powers in the same simple words. Still he had the kindest feelings toward him, mixed with a latent anxiety over what the old man would do about his allowance, now that his schooldays had come definitely to a close. . . .

Thus in the long hours of that voyage, with the sound of the gurgling, dripping water all about them, soothed with the rhythm of pounding engines, the man and the woman came to a sort of knowledge of each other. There was created in the heart of each a vision of the other. The girl's vision was glorified by the warmth of her imagination, which transformed all her simple experiences. In her heart, if she had looked there, she would have seen an image of youth and power, very handsome, with great masculine hopes, and aspirations after unwrought deeds. Unconsciously she had given to that image something which she could never take back all the years of her life, let her marry whom she might!

And he could remember her, if hereafter he should come to love her, as she was these last days. The shadow of the end of the romance was upon her, and it left her subdued. To the artist in the architect her head was too large, the brow not smooth enough, the hair two shades too dark, the full face too broad. The blue eyes and the trembling, small mouth gave a certain childishness to her expression that the young man could not understand. It was only when she spoke that he was much moved; for her voice was very sweet, uncertain in its accents, tremulous. She seemed to breathe into commonplace words some revelation of herself. . . .

In the morning of their arrival the lofty buildings of the great city loomed through the mist. The architect said: —

"There are the hills of the New World! Here endeth the first chapter."

"I cannot believe it has ended," she replied slowly. "Nothing ends!"

Powers Jackson and Mrs. Spellman met the travelers in New York. It was just at the time that Jackson was negotiating with the promoters of a large trust for the sale of his Bridge Works. This fact his nephew did not learn for some months, for the old man made it a rule to tell nothing about his deeds and intentions. At any rate, he did sell the Works one morning in the lobby of his hotel and for his own price, which was an outrageous one as the stockholders of the new trust came to know to their chagrin.

He shook hands with his sister, kissed Helen on the forehead, and nodded to his nephew.

"How 's the Pope, Amelia?" he asked gravely.

"You need n't ask me! Did you think, Powers, I 'd be one to go over to the Vatican and kiss that old man's hand? I hope I 'm too good a Christian to do that!"

"Oh, don't be too hard on the feller," Jackson said, continuing his joke. "I hoped you 'd pay your respects to the Pope. Why, he 's the smartest one of the whole bunch over there, I guess."

He looked to Helen for sympathy. It should be said that Powers Jackson regarded his sister Amelia as a fool, but that he never allowed himself to take advantage of the fact except in such trifling ways as this.

When the two men were alone in the private parlor at the hotel, the uncle said: —

"So you 've finished up now? You 're all through over there?"

"Yes, sir," Hart answered, not feeling at all at his ease with this calm old man. "I guess I am ready to begin building, as soon as any one will have me!"

"I see there 's plenty doing in your line, all over."

The architect fidgeted before he could think what to say. Then he expressed his sense of gratitude for the great opportunities his uncle had given him in Paris. Jackson listened but said nothing. The architect was conscious that the old man had taken in with one sweep of his sharp little eyes his complete appearance. He suspected that the part in the middle of his brown hair, the pert lift to the ends of his mustache, the soft stock about his neck, the lavender colored silk shirt in which he had prepared to meet the pitiless glare of the June sun in the city, — that all these items had been noted and disapproved. He reflected somewhat resentfully that he was not obliged to make a guy of himself to please his uncle. He found his uncle's clothes very bad. Powers Jackson was a large man, and his clothes, though made by one of the best tailors in Chicago, had a draggled appearance, as if he had forgotten to take them off when he went to bed. However, when the old man next spoke, he made no reference to his nephew's attire.

"I was talking to Wright about you the other day. Ever heard of him?"

"Of Walker, Post & Wright?" Hart asked, naming one of the best known firms of architects in the country.

"Yes. They 've been doing something for me in Chicago. If you have n't made any plans, you might start in their office. That 'll teach you the ropes over here."

Nothing was said about an allowance or a continuation of those generous and gratefully acknowledged cheques which had made life at Cornell and at Paris so joyous.

And nothing more was ever said about them! Jackson Hart had taken the position that Wright had made for him in his Chicago office, and within a fortnight of the day he landed at New York he was making his daily pilgrimage to the twelfth floor of the Maramanoc Building, where under the bulkheads worked a company of young gentlemen in their shirt-sleeves.

That was two years ago, and by this time he was ready for almost any kind of change.

III.

The morning after the funeral Francis Jackson Hart was working on the elevation of a large hotel that Walker, Post & Wright were to build in Denver. This was in all probability the last piece of work that he should be called upon to do for that firm, and the thought was pleasant to him. He had not spent an altogether happy two years in that office. It was a large firm, with other offices in St. Paul and New York, and work under construction in a dozen different states. Wright was the only member of the firm who ever thought of coming to Chicago; he dropped into the office nearly every month, coming from somewhere north or east and bound for somewhere south or west, with only a few days to spare. He was a tall, thin man, with harassed, near-sighted eyes, — a gentleman, and well trained in his profession according to the standards of a generation ago. But he had fallen upon a commercial age, and had not been large enough to sway it. He made decent compromises between his taste and that of his clients, and prided himself on the honesty of construction in his buildings.

Wright had hurt Hart's susceptibilities almost at the start, when he remarked about a sketch that the young architect had made for a new telephone exchange:

"All you want, my boy, is the figure of a good fat woman flopping around above the third story to make the *Prix de Rome*."

For the next few months Hart had been kept busy drawing spandrels. From this he was promoted to designing stables for rich clients. He resented the implied criticism of his judgment, and he put Wright down as a mere Philistine, who had got his training in an American office.

Now, he said to himself, as he took down his street coat and adjusted his cuffs before going over to his cousin's office to hear the will, he should leave Wright's "department store," and show "the old man" what he thought of the kind of building the firm was putting up for rich and common people. He, at least, would not be obliged to be mercenary. His two years' experience in Chicago had taught him something about the fierceness of the struggle to exist in one of the professions, especially in a profession where there is an element of fine art. And his appetite to succeed, to be some one in the hurly-burly of Chicago, had grown very fast. For he had found himself less of a person in his native city than he had thought it possible over in Paris, — even with the help of his rich uncle, with whom he had continued to live.

So, as the elevator of the Dearborn Building bore him upwards that afternoon, his heart beat exultantly: he was to hear in a few moments what advantage he had been given over all the toiling, sweating fraternity here in the ele-

vator, out there on the street! By the right of fortunate birth he was to be spared the common lot of man, to be placed high up on the long, long ladder of human fate. . . .

When he entered Everett Wheeler's private office, Hollister was talking with Judge Phillips. The latter nodded pleasantly to the young man, and gave him his hand.

"How do you *do*, sir?" he asked, with great emphasis.

The judge, who had not sat in a court for more than a generation, was a vigorous, elderly man, with a sweeping gray mustache. He was an old resident of Chicago, and had made much money, most of it in Powers Jackson's enterprises.

Hollister nodded briskly to the architect, and motioned him to a seat. Presently Everett came in from the safe where he had gone to get some papers, and Hollister, who seemed to be spokesman for the executors, clearing his throat, began: —

"Well, gentlemen, we all know what we are here for, I presume."

The young architect never remembered clearly how it all came about. At first he wondered why old Hollister should open the proceedings with such elaborate eulogies of the dead man. Hollister kept saying that few men had understood the real man in Powers Jackson, the warm, man's heart that beat beneath the rude and silent manner.

"I want to say," Hollister exclaimed in a burst of unwonted emotion, "that it was more than mutual interest which allied the judge and me to Mr. Jackson. It was admiration! Admiration for the man!"

The judge punctuated this opinion with a grave nod.

"Especially these latter years, when your uncle was searching for a way in which he might most benefit the world with the fortune that he had earned by his ability and hard work."

The gray-bearded man ceased talking for a moment and looked at the two younger men. Everett was paring his nails, very neatly, with the air of attention he wore when he was engaged in taking a deposition. The architect looked blankly mystified.

"He wanted to help men," Hollister resumed less demonstratively. "Especially workingmen, the kind he had known all his life. He never forgot that he worked at the forge the first five years he lived in Chicago. And no matter what the labor unions say, or the cheap newspaper writers, there was n't a man in this city who cared for the best interests of laboring men more than Powers Jackson."

Across the judge's handsome face flitted the glimmer of a smile, as if other memories, slightly contradictory, would intrude themselves on this eulogy. Everett, having finished cutting his nails, was examining his shoes. He might be thinking of the price of steel billets in Liverpool, or he might be thinking that Hollister was an ass, — no one could tell.

"He took advice; he consulted many men, among them the president of a great Eastern university. And here in this document" — Hollister took up the will —"he embodied the results, — his purposes."

In the architect's confused memory of the fateful scene there was at this point a red spot of consciousness. The man of affairs, looking straight at him, seemingly, announced: —

"Powers Jackson left the bulk of his large fortune in trust with the purpose of founding a great school for the children of workingmen!"

There ensued a brief pause. Hart did not comprehend at once the full significance of what had been said. But the others made no remark, and so Hollister asked the lawyer to read the will, clause by clause.

It was a very brief document. There was an item, Jackson recalled afterward,

leaving the old family farm at Vernon Falls in Vermont to "my dear young friend, Helen Powers Spellman, because she will love it for my sake as well as for itself." And to this bequest was added a few thousand dollars as a maintenance fund.

He might have treated her more generously, it occurred to the architect vaguely, valuing in his own mind the old place as naught.

"And to my nephews, Everett Wheeler and Francis Jackson Hart, ten thousand dollars each in the following securities."

This he understood immediately. So, *that* was his figure! He scarcely noted the next clause, which gave to his mother the Ohio Street house and a liberal income for her life. He did not fully recover himself until Hollister remarked with a little upward inflection of satisfaction:

"Now we come to the core of the apple!"

Slowly, deliberately, Everett read on: —

"Being desirous that the larger part of whatever wealth I may die possessed of may be made of immediate and wide benefit to mankind, I do give and bequeath the residue of my estate to Judge Harrison Phillips, Everett Wheeler, and Mark Kingsford Hollister, in trust, for the following described purposes. . . . Said fund and its accumulations to be devoted to the founding and maintenance of a school or institution for the purpose of providing an education, industrial and technical, for the children of workingmen, of the city of Chicago."

"That," exclaimed Hollister triumphantly, "is to be Powers Jackson's gift to mankind!"

There were a few more sentences to the will, elaborating slightly the donor's design and providing for a partition of the estate into building and endowment funds. Yet, as a whole, the document was singularly simple, almost bare in its disposition of a very large amount of money. It reposed a great trust in the men selected to carry out the design, in their will and intelligence. Doubtless the old man had taken Hollister, at least, into his confidence, and had contented himself with leaving verbal and general directions, knowing full well the fate of elaborately conceived bequests. The wise old man seemed to have contented himself with outlining broadly and plainly his large intention.

"That's a pretty bad piece of work, that instrument," Everett observed, narrowing his eyes to a thin slit. "He didn't get me to draw it up. I can't see how the old man could trust his stuff to such a loosely worded document."

"Fortunately," Hollister hastened to say, "in this case we may hope that will make no difference."

There was an awkward pause, and then the lawyer replied drawlingly: —

"No, I don't suppose there'll be any trouble. I don't see why there should be."

Jackson felt dimly that here was his chance to protest, to object to Everett's calm acceptance of the will. But a certain shame, or diffidence, restrained him at the moment from showing these men that he felt injured by his uncle's will. He said nothing, and Hollister began to talk of the projected school. It was to be something new, not exactly like any other attempt in education in our country, and it would take time to perfect the details of the plan. There was no need for haste.

"We must build for generations when we do start," Hollister said. "And the other trustees agree with me that this is not the most opportune time for converting the estate into ready money."

"It will pretty nearly double the next five years," the judge observed authoritatively.

"At the present, as closely as we can estimate it, there is available for the purposes of the trust a little over three millions of dollars."

Over three millions! Jackson Hart

started in his chair. He had had no idea that his uncle was worth anything like that amount. And these shrewd men thought it would probably double during the next five years! Well, so far as he was concerned it might be three cents. Possibly Everett would get a few dollars out of it as trustee. He had already shared in some of the old man's plums, Hart reflected bitterly. While the trustees were discussing some detail among themselves, the young architect made an excuse of a business engagement and slipped away. Just as he reached the door, Everett called out: —

"We 'll send the will over for probate to-morrow. If there 's no hitch, the legacies will be paid at once. I 'll be over to see your mother very soon and arrange for the payment of her annuity."

Jackson nodded. He did not like to try his voice. He knew that it was very dry. Somehow he found himself in the elevator herded in a cage of office boys and clerks, sweating and dirty from a long day's work. At the street level he bought a newspaper, and the first thing that caught his eye in its damp folds were the headlines: —

JACKSON'S MILLIONS GO TO EDUCATION

THE STEEL MAGNATE'S MONEY WILL FOUND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

Hart crumpled up the sheet and threw it into the gutter. The first intelligible feeling that he had over his situation was a sort of shame that his uncle should have held him so cheap. For so he interpreted the gift of ten thousand dollars! And he began to try in his mind the case between himself and his uncle. He had always been led to believe that he was the most favored of all the old man's dependents. Surely he had been treated like a son, and he was not conscious that he had ever been ungrateful or unworthy. Now, without having committed any public folly, he was made a thing of pity and contempt before his friends!

He resented the old man's kindness, now that he knew where it led. Very swiftly he began to realize what it would mean to be without fortune. He had intended to move to New York, where some of his friends had started prosperously, and had invited him to join them. And there was Helen, whom he had come to love! Marriage was now out of the question. For Helen no more than he had been favored by his uncle. Even Helen, whom he had pretended to love, had been left with only a stony farm....

Thus he ploughed his way down the murky street in the direction of the North Side Bridge. The gloom of a foggy spring evening was added to the smoke and grime of the careless city. The architect felt dirty and uncomfortable, and he knew now that he was condemned to struggle on in this unlovely metropolis, where even the baked meats of life were flung at one ungarnished.

When the architect entered the house, his uncle's old home, his mother was sitting by the library table reading, just as she had sat and read for the past twenty years. Powers Jackson had seen to it that she could continue this habit as long as she might live. She called to her son: —

"You 're late, son. Supper 's on the table."

"Don't wait for me. I must wash up," he answered dully.

When he joined his mother at the supper-table, his mustache was brushed upwards in a confident wave, and his face, though serious, was not blackened by soot and care.

"Did you see Everett?" Mrs. Hart asked suggestively.

Jackson told her in a few words the chief provisions of the will as he remembered them. For some moments she said nothing. Then she remarked, with a note of annoyance in her voice: —

"Powers was always bound I sh'd never leave this house except to follow him to Rose Hill. He 's fixed it so now I can't! I could never make him see how sooty it was here. We have to wash the curtains and things once a fortnight, and then they ain't fit to be seen."

Her son, who thought that he had his own grievances against his uncle, made no reply to this complaint. Before they had finished their meal, Mrs. Hart added: —

"He might have done more for you, too, seeing what a sight of money he left."

"Yes, he might have done it, but you see he did n't choose to. And I guess the best thing we can do is to say as little as possible about the money. That is, unless we decide to fight the will."

He threw this out tentatively. It had not occurred to him to contest the will until he began to wash for supper. Then he had thought suddenly: —

"Why should I stand it?"

But Mrs. Hart, who had never opposed her brother in all her life, exclaimed: —

"You would n't do that, Jackson! I am sure Powers would n't like it."

"Perhaps not," the young man replied ironically. "It is n't his money, now, though."

It occurred to him soon, however, that by this act he would endanger his mother's comfortable inheritance, besides estranging his cousin Everett and all the old man's friends. To contest the will would be a risk. It was a matter upon which he should have to take advice at once. When he spoke again at the end of their supper, he said judicially: —

"I am glad you are comfortably looked out for, though I hope I should always be able to give you a home anyway. And we must remember that uncle gave me my education and my three years in Paris, and I suppose that after that he thought ten thousand dollars was all that I was worth, — or could take care of!"

He said this, standing in front of the heavy black-walnut bookcases, which he abhorred, while he lit a cigarette, one of those vices despised by the old man. He felt that he was taking his injury in a manly way, although he still reserved to himself the right to seek relief from the courts. And in the deeper reaches of his being there was a bitter sense of resentment, a desire to make the world pay him in some manner for his disappointment. If he had to, he would show people that he could make his own way; that he was more than the weakling his uncle had contemptuously overlooked in the disposal of his property. He should rise in his profession, make money, and show the world how he could swim without Powers Jackson's millions.

"What kind of a school are they going to start with all that money?" Mrs. Hart asked, as she seated herself for the evening.

"Oh, something technical. For sons of mechanics, a kind of mechanics' institute."

He thought of some of the old man's caustic remarks about charities.

"Wanted to make good before he quit, I suppose," he mused.

"Will you stay on with that firm?" Mrs. Hart asked, taking up Lanciani's Pagan and Christian Rome.

"I suppose I 'll have to," her son answered after a time. . . .

Thus these two accepted the dead man's will. Powers Jackson had come to his decision after long deliberation, judging that toward all who might have claims of any kind upon him he had acted justly and generously. He had studied these people about him for a long time. With Everett he had acquitted himself years before, when he had put it in the young man's way to make money in his profession, to kill his prey for himself. Jackson, he deemed, would get most out of the fight of life by making the struggle, as he had made it himself, unaided. As for Helen, he had given the girl what was most intimately his, and what would do her the least harm by attracting to her

the attention of the unscrupulous world. There remained what might be called his general account with the world, and at the end he had sought to settle this, the largest of all.

Powers Jackson had not been a good man, as has been hinted, but that he took his responsibilities to heart and struggled to meet them there can be no doubt. Whether or not he had chosen the best way to settle this account with the world, by trying to help those unfavored by birth, cannot be easily answered. Conceiving it to be his inalienable right to do with his money what he would, after death as in life, he had tried to do a large thing with it. Thus far, he had succeeded in embittering his nephew.

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

RELIANCE.

NOT to the swift, the race:
Not to the strong, the fight:
Not to the righteous, perfect grace:
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above:
Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

Henry van Dyke.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ADVERTISING.

[This article, the first of a series of studies of Modern Advertising, has been written by Walter D. Scott, Assistant Professor of Psychology in Northwestern University. — THE EDITORS.]

THE only method of advertising known to the ancients was the word of mouth. The merchant who had wares to offer brought them to the gate of a city and there cried aloud, making the worth of his goods known to those who were entering the city, and who might be induced to turn aside and purchase them. We are not more amused by the simplicity of the ancients than we are amazed at the magnitude of the modern systems of advertising. From the day when Boaz took his stand by the gate to advertise Naomi's parcel of land by crying, "Ho, . . . turn aside," to the day when Barnum billed the towns for his three-ringed circus, the evolution in advertising had been gradual, but it had been as great as that from the anthropoid ape to P. T. Barnum himself.

As soon as printed symbols were invented the advertising man made use of them to give publicity to his merchandise. We find advertisements engraved on walls and tombs, written on parchment and papyrus, and printed by the first printing presses. Although these various forms of advertising were employed, but little thought and care seem to have been expended upon them. Posters, painted signs, street-car placards, booklets, calendars, almanacs, handbills, magazine and newspaper advertising have now become forms of advertising so well established that we look upon them as a necessity, and are surprised to learn that most of them are modern innovations.

The first advertisement printed in English appeared in the Imperial Intelligencer in March, 1648. Advertising in magazines was not begun until comparatively recent times. For instance, the first advertisement appeared in Harper's Magazine in 1864. In this magazine more space has been devoted to advertising during the past year than the sum total of space for the twenty-four years from 1864 to 1887, inclusive. Indeed, advertising may be said to have been in its swaddling clothes until about the year 1887. The most rapid development has taken place during the last fifteen years. The change has been so great that the leading advertisers say that in comparison with to-day there was in existence fifteen years ago no advertising worthy of the name.

The gain in the quantity of advertising can be seen by observing the increase in the number of pages devoted to advertisements in any of our publications. The month of October is regarded as the typical month, therefore we present the number of pages devoted to advertisements for the month of October in Harper's Magazine for each year from the first appearance of advertisements in that magazine to the present time, — 1864, $3\frac{1}{4}$; '65, 2; '66, 3; '67, 6; '68, $7\frac{1}{3}$; '69, $5\frac{1}{3}$; '70, $4\frac{1}{2}$; '71, $3\frac{1}{2}$; '72, 2; '73, 1; '74, 0; '75, 0; '76, 0; '77, 0; '78, 0; '79, 0; '80, 0; '81, 0; '82, $1\frac{1}{4}$; '83, $8\frac{1}{2}$; '84, 8; '85, $11\frac{1}{2}$; '86, 20; '87, 37; '88, 54; '89, 48; '90, 73; '91, $80\frac{1}{2}$; '92, 87; '93, $77\frac{1}{2}$; '94, $75\frac{3}{4}$; '95, $78\frac{1}{4}$; '96, 73; '97, $80\frac{3}{4}$; '98, $81\frac{3}{4}$; '99, $106\frac{3}{4}$; 1900, $97\frac{1}{2}$; '01, $93\frac{1}{2}$; '02, 128; '03, 141.

It will be noticed in the data as given above that during the years of special prosperity there was a very great increase in the volume of advertising while there was but a slight falling off following a financial depression. The increase was not pronounced until about 1887, but from that time on it has been very marked, not only in Harper's, but in almost all of our publications.

There has not only been an increase in the number of advertising pages in the individual publications, but the number of publications has increased enormously of recent years. The increase of population in the United States has been rapid during the last fifty years, but the increase in the total number of copies of the different publications has been many fold greater. Thus the distribution of the copies of these periodicals to each individual was as follows : —

In 1850 each individual received on the average 18 copies from one or more of these periodicals ; in 1860, 29 ; in 1870, 39 ; in 1880, 41 ; in 1890, 74 ; in 1900, 107.

A significant cause of this increase is the reduction in the subscription price which is made possible because of the profit accruing to such publications from their advertisements. The total income secured from subscriptions for all these publications last year was less than the amount paid for the advertising pages. We have this current year about 20,000 periodicals carrying advertisements, each with a constantly increasing number of pages devoted to them, and with a rapidly advancing rate secured for each advertisement. In addition to this, the increase is phenomenal in the use of booklets, posters, painted signs, street-car placards, almanacs, and many other forms of advertising. One firm is supposed to have distributed 25,000,000 almanacs in a single year.

The expense connected with these various forms of printed advertising reaches far into the millions. One authority puts the total annual expense of printed forms of advertising at six hundred million dollars. This sum does not seem to be an exaggeration. Mr. Post spends as much as six hundred thousand dollars annually in advertising his food products. One million dollars was spent last year in advertising Force. Over six hundred thousand dollars is spent annually in advertising Ayer's remedies ; and over one million dollars in advertising Peruna.

The advertising rate has been advanced repeatedly in many magazines during the last few years. Firms which formerly paid but one hundred dollars for a full-page advertisement in the Century Magazine now pay two hundred and fifty dollars for the same amount of space. The Ladies' Home Journal has increased its advertising rate to six dollars for a single agate line (there are fourteen agate lines to the inch), the width of one column, for a single insertion. The cost of a full page for a single issue is four thousand dollars. The Procter & Gamble Co. have made a three years' contract for a single page in each issue, to be devoted to the advertisement of Ivory Soap. For this space they pay four thousand dollars a month, forty-eight thousand dollars a year, and one hundred and forty-four thousand dollars for the term of three years. Think of the risk a firm runs in investing four thousand dollars in a single page advertisement ! How can they expect to get back the equivalent of such a sum of money from a single advertisement ?

There are very many advertisements that do not pay. One man has roughly estimated that seventy-five per cent of all advertisements do not pay ; yet the other twenty-five per cent pay so well that there is scarcely a business man who is willing to stand idly by and allow his competitors to do the advertising. The expense connected with advertising has increased ; the competition between rival firms has become keener ; and consequently the demand for good advertising has become imperative. The number of unsuccessful advertisements are many, and yet the loss incurred in an unsuccessful advertising campaign is so great that many firms stand aghast at the thought of such an undertaking. Many merchants see the necessity of advertising their business, but feel unable to enter the arena and compete with successful rivals.

The day of reckless, sporadic, haphazard advertising is rapidly coming to an end so far as magazine advertising is concerned. Although the number of pages devoted to advertising in our best magazines has increased during the last ten years, the number of firms advertising in these same magazines has decreased. The struggle has been too fierce for any but the strongest. The inefficient advertisers are gradually being eliminated, and the survival of the fittest seems to be a law of advertising as it is of everything else that develops.

The leaders of the profession feel that their work has grown till it is beyond their control and comprehension. They have been successful, and hardly know how it has all come about. The men who have been the most successful are often the ones who feel most deeply their inability to meet new emergencies. They believe that there should be some underlying principles which could help them in analyzing what they have already accomplished, and assist them in their further efforts. As their entire object is to produce certain effects on the minds of possible customers, it is not strange that they have turned to psychology in search of such principles. Traditionally the practical business man scouts at theory. Psychology, to the popular mind, is something devoid of all practical application, related to metaphysics, and suited only to the recluse and the hermit. If ever there was ground to expect sarcastic and pessimistic prophecies from the hard-headed business man, it was when it was proposed to establish advertising on a theoretical basis deduced from psychology. Such adverse criticism has, however, been the exception. The American business man is not afraid of theories. He wants them, and the more the better.

The best thought of the advertising world finds expression in the advertising journals and in the addresses delivered by various experts at gatherings of professional advertisers. In 1895 in one of the leading advertising journals appeared the following editorial: "Probably when we are a little more enlightened, the advertisement writer, like the teacher, will study psychology. For, however diverse their occupations may at first sight appear, the advertisement writer and the teacher have one great object in common — to influence the human mind. The teacher has a scientific foundation for his work in that direction, but the advertisement writer is really also a psychologist. Human nature is a great factor in advertising success; and he who writes advertisements without reference to it is apt to find that he has reckoned without his host." The man who penned this editorial was a practical advertiser, but he admitted of no incongruity between the practical and the theoretical.

In Publicity, for March, 1901, appeared a leading article on psychology and advertising. The following is a quotation from it: —

"The time is not far away when the advertising writer will find out the inestimable benefits of a knowledge of psychology. The preparation of copy has usually followed the instincts rather than the analytical functions. An advertisement has been written to describe the articles which it was wished to place before the reader; a bit of cleverness, an attractive cut, or some other catchy device has been used, with the hope that the hit or miss ratio could be made as favorable as possible. But the future must needs be full of better methods than these to make advertising advance with the same rapidity as it has during the latter part of the last century. And this will come through a closer knowledge of the psychological composition of the mind. The so-called 'students of human nature' will then be called successful psychologists, and the successful advertisers will be likewise termed psychological advertisers. The mere mention of psychological terms, habit, self,

conception, discrimination, association, memory, imagination and perception, reason, emotion, instinct and will, should create a flood of new thought that should appeal to every advanced consumer of advertising space."

In an address before the Agate Club of Chicago the speaker said: "As advertisers, all your efforts have been to produce certain effects on the minds of possible customers. Psychology is, broadly speaking, the science of the mind. Art is the doing and science is the understanding how to do, or the explanation of what has been done. If we are able to find and to express the psychological laws upon which the art of advertising is based, we shall have made a distinct advance, for we shall have added the science to the art of advertising."

In a recent address before the Atlas Club of Chicago the speaker said: "In passing to the psychological aspect of our subject, advertising might properly be defined as the art of determining the will of possible customers. . . . Our acts are the resultants of our motives, and it is your function in commercial life to create the motives that will effect the sale of the producer's wares."

In response to this felt need on the part of the advertiser, several students of psychology have tried to select those principles of psychology which might be of benefit to the advertiser, and to present them to the advertising world through pamphlets,[1] magazine articles,[2] public addresses,[3] and, in one case at least, by means of a book.[4]

The method employed by the psychologist in attempting to give advertising a theoretical basis has been quite uniform. He has first analyzed the human mind into its various activities, then analyzed advertisements to discover what there is in them that may or may not awaken the activity desired. This method can best be understood from an example. For an illustration we shall consider Mental Imagery as understood by the psychologist and in its application to advertising.

The man who is born blind is not only unable to see objects, but he is equally unable to imagine how they look. After we have looked at objects we can see them in our mind's eye with more or less distinctness, even if our eyes are closed or the object is far removed from us. When we imagine how an absent object looks we are said to have a *visual image* of it. We cannot imagine how a thing looks unless we have actually seen it in our previous experience. The imagination can take the data of former experience and unite them into new forms, but all the details of the new formation must be taken from the former experience of the individual.

The man who is born deaf can neither hear nor imagine what sounds are like. Whatever we have heard, we can live over again in imagination, — we can form *auditory images* of it. We cannot imagine any sound which we have not actually heard, although we can unite into new combinations the sounds and tones which we have experienced.

I can imagine how beefsteak tastes, but I cannot imagine the taste of hashish, for in all my past experience I never have tasted it, and do not even know which one of my former experiences it is like. If I knew that it tasted like pepper, or like pepper and vinegar mixed, I could form some sort of an image of its taste; but as it is I am perfectly helpless when I try to imagine it. I can, with more or less success, imagine how

[1] *On the Psychology of Advertising.* Professor HARLOW GALE, author and publisher: Minneapolis, Minn. 1900.

[2] *Mahin's Magazine*, Chicago. This magazine contains monthly articles on The Psychology of Advertising.

[3] Found in the published proceedings of the various advertising clubs.

[4] *The Theory of Advertising.* By WALTER DILL SCOTT. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1903.

everything tastes which I have eaten, but I cannot imagine the taste of a thing which I have not touched to my tongue. Analogous descriptions could be given of images of movements, of smell, of touch, of heat, of cold, of pressure, and of pain.

We have no direct knowledge of the minds of our neighbors; we assume that their thinking is very much like ours, for their actions — outward expressions of thought — are so similar to ours. It was formerly assumed that, given any particular object of thought, all normal minds would reach the same conclusion concerning it, and, furthermore, the different stages in the line of thought and the "mind stuff" would be the same throughout. Such a conception is wholly false. Normal minds reach different conclusions under apparently identical outward circumstances, but there is a greater difference in the terms of thought, or the mind stuff with which the thinking is done. One man thinks in terms of sight. He is said to be "eye-minded." His thinking is a rapid succession of pictures. When he thinks of a violin he thinks rather how it looks than how it sounds.

Another man thinks in terms of sound. He is "ear-minded." His thinking is a succession of sounds. When he thinks of his friends he hears their voices, but cannot possibly imagine how they look. He does not know that there are other possible forms of thought, and so assumes that all people think in terms of sound as he does. If he should describe a battle his description would be full of the roar and tumult of the strife. Another man is "motor-minded." He thinks in terms of movements. Even when he looks at a painting he whispers inaudibly to himself a description of the painting. Later when he describes the picture to a friend he may do it in the terms which he whispered to himself when he was looking at the picture.

Thus it has been found that there are great personal differences in normal individuals in their ability to form certain classes of mental images.

All persons seem to be able to form at least unclear and indistinct visual images; most persons seem to have some ability in forming auditory images; very many can imagine movements with some degree of satisfaction. There are many who cannot imagine how pickles taste; others cannot imagine the odor of a flower. There are persons who have a limited ability to form all sorts of images, but most persons have a very decided ability for one class and a corresponding weakness for others. This difference in the ease with which certain classes of images can be formed, as well as the difference in individuals in imagining different classes of sensations, is followed with practical consequences.

In a former age the seller, the buyer, and the commodity were brought together. The seller described and exhibited his wares. The buyer saw the goods, heard of them, tasted them, smelt them, felt, and lifted them. He tested them by means of every sense organ to which they could appeal. In this way the buyer became acquainted with the goods. His perception of them was as complete as it could be made. In these latter days the market-place has given way to the office. The consequent separation of buyer, seller, and commodity made the commercial traveler with his sample case seem a necessity. But, with the growing volume of business, and with the increased need for more economical forms of transacting business, the printed page, as a form of advertisement, has superseded the market-place, and is, in many cases, displacing the commercial traveler. In this transition from the market-place and the commercial traveler to the printed page, the advertiser must be on his guard to preserve as many as possible of the good features of the older institutions. In the two older forms of barter all the senses of the purchaser were appealed to, if possible, and in addition to this the

word of mouth of the seller was added to increase the impressions, and to call special attention to the strong features of the commodity. In the printed page the word of mouth is the only feature which is of necessity entirely absent. Indeed, the printed page cannot appeal directly to any of the senses except the eye, but the argument may be of such a nature that the reader's senses are appealed to indirectly through his imagination.

The function of our nervous system is to make us aware of the sights, sounds, feelings, tastes, etc., of the objects in our environment, and the more sensations we receive from an object the better we know it. The nervous system which does not respond to sound or to any other of the sensible qualities is a defective nervous system. Advertisements are sometimes spoken of as the nervous system of the business world. That advertisement of musical instruments which contains nothing to awaken images of sound is a defective advertisement. That advertisement of foods which contains nothing to awaken images of taste is a defective advertisement. As our nervous system is constructed to give us all the possible sensations from objects, so the advertisement which is comparable to the nervous system must awaken in the reader as many different kinds of images as the object itself can excite.

A person can be appealed to most easily and most effectively through his dominating imagery. Thus one who has visual images that are very clear and distinct appreciates descriptions of scenes. The one who has strong auditory imagery delights in having auditory images awakened. It is in general best to awaken as many different classes of images as possible, for in this way variety is given, and each reader is appealed to in the sort of imagery which is the most pleasing to him, in which he thinks most readily, and by means of which he is most easily influenced.

One of the great weaknesses of the present day advertising is found in the fact that the writer of the advertisement fails to appeal thus indirectly to the senses. How many advertisers describe a piano so vividly that the reader can *hear* it? How many food products are so described that the reader can *taste* the food? How many advertisements describe a perfume so that the reader can *smell* it? How many describe an undergarment so that the reader can *feel* the pleasant contact with his body? Many advertisers seem never to have thought of this, and make no attempt at such descriptions.

The cause of this deficiency is twofold. In the first place, it is not easy in type to appeal to any other sense than that of sight. Other than visual images are difficult to awaken when the means employed is the printed page. In the second place, the individual writers are deficient in certain forms of mental imagery, and therefore are not adepts in describing articles in terms which to themselves are not significant. This second ground for failure in writing effective advertisements will be made clear by the examples taken from current advertisements which are quoted below.

A piano is primarily not a thing to look at or an object for profitable investment, but it is a *musical* instrument. It might be beautiful and cheap, but still be very undesirable. The chief thing about a piano is the quality of its tone. Many advertisers of pianos do not seem to have the slightest appreciation of this fact.

When they attempt to describe a piano they seem as men groping in the dark. Their statements are general and meaningless. As an example of such a failure the advertisement of the Knabe Piano is typical: —

The KNABE

Its successful growth and experience of nearly seventy years guarantees to new friends the greatest

degree to tried and tested ***excellence,*** *judged from any standpoint of criticism or comparison.*

WM. KNABE & CO.

NEW YORK BALTIMORE WASHINGTON

This is a half-page advertisement, but it contains no illustration, makes no reference to tone or to any other quality of music, and does not even suggest that the Knabe is a musical instrument at all. Many advertisers describe the appearance and durability of the case or the cost of the entire instrument, but ordinarily their statements are so general that the advertisement could be applied equally well to perfumes, fountain pens, bicycles, automobiles, snuff, or sausages, but would be equally inefficient if used to advertise any of them. They do not describe or refer in any way to the essential characteristics of a piano. They awaken no images of sound; they do not make us hear a piano in our imagination.

The following is a quotation in full of an advertisement of the Vose Piano, but with the words "sewing machine" substituted for "piano." This advertisement, like the one quoted above, contains no illustration, and it will be noted that there is nothing in the text which does not apply equally well to a sewing machine.

VOSE

SEWING MACHINES

Have been Established over 51 Years

They are perfect examples of sewing machine strength. The Construction of the *Vose* is the result of fifty years of development and the application of the highest mechanical skill to the production of each separate part.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine sewing machine. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the sewing machine in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. *Send for our descriptive catalogue H, which gives full information.*

VOSE & SONS SEWING MACHINE CO.

161 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Many of the advertisements of the Emerson, Weber, Everett, and of a few other piano firms are equally poor attempts to present the desirable features of pianos.

In recent advertisements of the Blasius piano an attempt is made to present a piano as a *musical* instrument. A music score is used as the background of the advertisement; there is a cut of a young lady playing the piano; and in the text appear these expressions: "Excellent tone," "the sweetest tone I ever heard," "sweet and melodious in tone," "like a grand church organ for power and volume: and a brilliant, sweet-toned piano in one." Thus the background, the illustration, and the text all unite to awaken images of sound, and to suggest that about a piano which is the real ground for desiring such an instrument.

In determining which foods I shall eat it is a matter of some importance to know how the goods are manufactured, what the prices are, how they are prepared for the table, and whether they are nourishing or harmful to my system. The one essential element, however, is the *taste.* When I look over a bill of fare I choose what I think will taste good. When I order groceries I order what pleases and tickles my palate. I want the food that makes me smack my lips, that makes my mouth water. Under these circumstances all other considerations are minimized to the extreme.

In advertisements of food products it is surprising to note that many foods are advertised as if they had no taste at all. One would suppose that the food was to be taken by means of a hypodermic injection, and not by the ordinary process of taking the food into the mouth and hence into contact with the organ of taste. The advertisers seem to be at a loss to know what to say about their foods, and so have, in many cases, expressed themselves in such general terms that their advertisements could be applied to any product whatever.

The following is the complete text of a full-page advertisement which appeared in recent magazines. The only change is that here we have substituted "scouring soap" for the name of the commodity:

"The grocer's smile. The smile that wont come off.
More scouring soap the grocer said,
No other brand will do instead;
And o'er his kindly features spread
The smile that won't come off.
Look for the coupon in the package."

The illustration was that of a grocer looking at a package which might as well have been scouring soap as Quaker Oats. There is nothing to suggest taste.

Some advertisers of food are evidently chronic dyspeptics, and take it for granted that all others are in the same condition. They have nothing to say about their foods except that they have wonderful medicinal properties. To me a food which is only healthful savors of hospitals and sickrooms, and is something which a well man would not want.

There are other advertisers who appreciate the epicurean tendency of the ordinary man and woman. They describe food in such a way that we immediately want what they describe. The man who wrote the following advertisement belongs to this class: "That very old proverb about reaching the heart of a man is best exemplified with Nabisco sugar wafers. A fairy sandwich with an upper and a lower crust of indescribable delicacy, separated with a creamy flavor of lemon, orange, chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, raspberry, or mint. Ask for your favorite flavor." The picture represents a beautiful young lady presenting a gentleman with the commodity described.

This advertisement has character and individuality. Its statements could not be applied to anything but foods, and, indeed, to nothing but Nabisco. They do not say that Nabisco is healthy, but when I read them I feel sure that Nabisco would agree with me.

This illustration of the way in which one chapter of psychology (Mental Imagery) can be applied to advertising is but one of a score of illustrations which could be given. Psychology has come to be one of the most fascinating of all the sciences, and bids fair to become of as great practical benefit as physics and chemistry. As these latter form the theoretical basis for all forms of industry which have to do with matter, so psychology must form the theoretical basis for all forms of endeavor which deal with mind.

The householder in glancing through his morning paper has his attention caught by the more attractive advertisements. The mechanic in going to and from his place of employment whiles away his time in looking at the display cards in the trolley or the elevated cars. The business man can scarcely pass a day without being forced to look at the advertisements which stare at him from the bill boards. The members of the family turn over the advertising pages in their favorite magazine, not because they are forced to, but because they find the advertisements so interesting and instructive. These persons are oblivious to the enormous expense which the merchant has incurred in securing these results. They are unconscious of the fact that the results secured are the ones sought for, and that in planning the advertising campaign the merchant has made a study of the minds of these same householders, mechanics, business men, and members of the family. Advertising is an essential factor in modern business methods, and to advertise wisely the business man must understand the workings of the minds of his customers, and must know how to influence them effectively, — he must know how to apply psychology to advertising.

Walter D. Scott.

BACHELOR'S FANCY.

CYNTHIA GALE sat by the window in the long shed chamber, her hands at momentary ease. She was a slight, sweet creature, with a delicate skin, and hair etherealized by ashen coverts. Her eyes were dark, and beauty throbbed into them with drifting thoughts. Cynthia was tired. She had been at work at the loom since the first light of day, and now she had given up to the languor of completed effort, her head thrown back, her arms along the arms of the chair, in an attitude of calm. Her hair had slipped from its coil, and fallen on either side of her face in gentle disarray. She was very lovely.

The room, the scene of her toil and resting, was dark with age and significant in tokens of a disused art. The loom stood well in the centre, its great upright beams obstructing the light from window to window. All about were the lesser implements of a weaver's trade: the linen wheel, the reels and swifts. On a chest were skeins of indigo-blue yarn Cynthia had dyed, and near by, the flaxen thread she had unearthed from an ancient hoard under the rafters. At last, she knew how to weave. She had walked a weary way in the pursuit of her trade, and now she had reached the first of many goals.

The stillness of the autumn day made a great world about her where everything was happy because everything was busy. A woodpecker settled on the locust outside, and began drumming. She looked out at him from the idleness of a well-earned rest, and smiled. It seemed to her a wonderful earth where there was so much to do. From first to last, she saw, creation moved and toiled, and she moved with it. Without conscious thought, she felt the strength and beauty of the twisting chain.

Cynthia had come to happiness by a long road. Her first memories were of the poorhouse near the sea, where her mother, a sad waif out of the drift of life, had been swept, to die. Cynthia knew nothing about her father, except that he drank and played the violin. People said he invented things, what things she never heard. He was clever with his hands and brain; but nothing he had was used to his own advantage. He was one of life's pensioners. Cynthia, growing up at the poorhouse, seemed to have no more to do with life as it is than he. She did the housework set her as her portion with an absent care, and then escaped into the open for some mysterious sustenance that she understood as little as the people who watched her ways. There were hours when, tramping inland, she lay prone under the pines in the pasture, smelling at life and very happy. There were more when she sat looking at a great island of fern, entranced by something she could not apprehend, and had no need to, because feeling was enough. Though she did her tasks, she was called lazy, and she lived, in a sense, apart from people until one day Andrew Gale, driving about to buy cattle, met her in the country road as she was coming home like Ruth from her gleaning, only that Cynthia's arms were piled with golden-rod instead of grain. Her eyes were brimming with still happiness. Her cheeks had a bloom over their summer tan. Andrew caught his breath and stared again. The next day, after patient watching, he found her by the sea, and again he met her when she went to gather grapes. In a month he married her and took her home to the great house where he had lived alone since his mother's death, with only old Hannah to do the work in a perfect fashion that left him lonelier than before, in the solitude made by her deaf ears.

Cynthia blossomed like a flower, and from some inner secret of being she felt like one. This was like growing in a garden with fructifying soil, the sun upon her and gentle rains, and one great tree to shade her from too strong effulgence. Andrew was the tree. He was a silent creature, the emotion in him hidden by a fine reserve; but he tended and protected her until she grew worshipful of him in a way neither of them quite realized. All Cynthia's capacity for love bloomed out in a fervor that made her vivid, with a charm added to her beauty. When they had been married a few months, old Hannah died, and then Cynthia, shrinking from a new presence in their intimate solitude, did the work alone. She threw it off easily enough, without heart or fancy, and very swiftly, to give her time to be with Andrew in the fields or during his trips over the countryside. Housework, to her mind, was a dull means to life, only made tolerable because Andrew was satisfied with everything she did. It was devoid of grace, not, like weaving, a road to happy fantasy. In spite of it, she kept the purely untrammeled habit of life which lies in a perfect freedom, with love at the end of each day's work. Again her estate seemed to her like that of the flowers of the field. She had nothing to do but live and bloom.

When she had been married a year, her own individual passion came upon her. One day she went up into the shed chamber in search of an old saddle Andrew remembered as one of the family holdings, and found herself in a mysterious workshop. This was the weaving room. It had a strange look of waiting, of holding secrets it was ready to divulge, of keeping a strange silence it might some time break. Instant recognition laid hold on her. At first it seemed curiosity; then it grew into something more piquing. Thrown upon a bench, as if the last weaver had left it there, was a book written in a delicate yet unformed hand, in faded ink upon a yellowed page. She turned it swiftly. There were the patterns for weaving the old blue coverlets of which the house already had a store. The names made her breathless with their sound of homely poesy: Bachelor's Fancy, Girl's Love, Primrose and Diamonds, Chariot Wheels and Church Windows, Pansies and Roses in the Wilderness. There were full directions in the faded hand, and the patterns had been made in the careful drawing of one who rules her lines and works from a pathetic ignorance. Cynthia ran downstairs tumultuously, and unfurled the book before Andrew where he sat mending the harness.

"See here!" she cried. "See what I 've found."

Andrew looked up with an abstracted interest.

"Oh," said he, "that 's Argentine's book."

"Who was Argentine?"

"She was great-grandmother Pyncheon's sister. She was a great weaver. She stuck to it when everybody else had give it up. She was goin' to be married, but he was lost at sea, an' after that she never did much but weave. Them coverlets you set such store by were all hers."

Cynthia had treasured the coverlets with an unreasoning love. Their pattern pleased her. The close firm weave awoke respect, beside more modern fabrics. New passion stirred in her from that first interest.

"O Andrew!" she breathed, "do you s'pose I could weave coverlets?"

It was not Andrew's custom to deny anything in their little world.

"I guess so," said he indulgently. "I guess you could do anything you set out to. Mebbe old Foss could put you on the road."

Old Foss lived a mile away, in a little house filled with treasures of ancient usage which he seemed to prize only because collectors came at intervals and fixed a market value in his mind. Next

day Andrew hitched up and went down to borrow him; but Foss clung to his hearthstone. He could weave, he said, but weaving had gone out. He guessed with cotton cloth as cheap as it was now, there 's no need of wastin' anybody's time over a loom. Next day, Cynthia herself went down with her book of patterns, and he gave her a few grudging rules. Then she started on her ignorant way, and to-day was the culmination of long desire. Bachelor's Fancy was in process of growth. It was only a question of time when she should have a coverlet of her own to hoard with Argentine's.

The silence in the shed chamber grew more drowsy with the mounting day. Suddenly Cynthia was aware that she was more than half asleep, nodding over the verge of something almost tangible, it was so deep and still. She was hungry, too, but that she scarcely knew. A slice of bread and a cup of milk had made her early breakfast, and since then this breathless achievement had lifted her outside the pale of daily needs. But now she rose and went swaying down the stairs, her eyelids heavy. The house below was still. Andrew had been away a week with the threshing machine, leaving the next neighbor to milk and "feed the critters." Cynthia had half promised to go over to the neighbor's house to sleep, but the passion for weaving had so engrossed her that now she scarcely knew light from darkness, and the short intervals in her work it seemed foolish to spend away from home. Besides, she missed Andrew less if she stayed in their familiar places, where the walls were reminiscent of him. In the bottom of her heart was always a crying hunger for him, an aching loneliness. But she could bear it. She had the weaving and a child's eager hope to bring him the work of her own hands.

Down there in the kitchen she looked about and smiled a sleepy smile at its disorder. Her plate and cup were on the table, and there was a pile of dishes in the sink. Even the milk pails were unwashed, and she did shrink momentarily under the guilt of that.

"O my soul!" said she.

Ashes had blown across the hearth, and the kitten had rolled an egg from the table to the rug. Through the open bedroom door her unmade bed was yawning. It was sweet and clean. The sun lay brightly on the tick, and the autumn breeze blew on snowy sheets. Yet it was disorder, and Cynthia knew it, as any housewife would know, or any man used to the rigor of routine. She was a slattern. Her house tattled the tale even to her own eyes. Nevertheless, she had achieved Bachelor's Fancy, and her mouth curled in a smile that widened to a pretty yawn. She stretched herself out on the lounge and went to sleep.

There was a step on the threshold, impatient, swift. Cynthia opened her eyes from deep beatitude to a flood of noon sunlight in the disordered room, and a figure standing in the midst of it. She rose to her elbow, pushing back her hair. Then she gave a cry: —

"Andrew! Andrew! O Andrew!" She was on her feet, on tiptoe to fly to him, but his face arrested her. "Andrew!" she called, "what is it?"

He had had a hard week. A man had failed them, and he had been doing double work, feeding the machine in dust and heat and for two days with a beard of barley in his eye. They had taken the threshing by the job, and he had put it through madly, to get home to Cynthia, spurred always by the certainty of her loneliness, and half ashamed of his childish worry over her. He was dead tired, he was hungry, dirty, hot. Even his face was blackened from the dust, and little moist runnels had streaked and whitened it. The sight of him amazed her, and she stood there a-wing, ready to go to him, her child's cheeks creased with drowsiness and her great eyes dark. But something about his set

mouth and glowing eyes forbade her nearer greeting.

"O Andrew!" she breathed again, "I did n't think you 'd come."

"You did n't think I 'd come? Why did n't you?"

Instantly there flashed into her mind a story she had heard about the Gale temper. Andrew was a slow man, the neighbors said, "till you got him roused. Then you better stan' from under." Andrew had owned it to her once, with a shamefaced grin. But after his confession they had both laughed, and she had felt his arms about her in that mutual understanding which was more than human trust, but a something ineffable neither could define. Now for the first time in her life there was a barrier between them, invisible but potent. She did not dare approach him.

"Why did n t you think so?" he repeated.

She faltered in her answer. "You said 't would be a week."

"It 's been a week. I said I 'd be here Thursday noon."

"Yes" — she opened her mouth in futile protest and then closed it. But the truth came to her, and she told it with a childlike confidence that it would be the same to Andrew as to her. "I got weaving. I forgot."

"You got weaving!" he repeated. Then he looked about the room, and its disorder made satirical commentary on her words. But Cynthia had gained courage. The mention of her new triumph reminded her that she had a joy to bring him.

"O Andrew!" she breathed, "I 've learned it. I 've learned Bachelor's Fancy. Mine 's as good as Argentine's."

Andrew stood looking at her for a moment, her distended eyes, her pretty mouth where the smile was just beginning, and would come if he invited it. But at that moment the smile was not for him. It meant a child's absorption in a foolish game, and oblivion of him for whom there was hard work and barley beards. He turned abruptly.

"Well," he announced, "I 've got no more to say."

He had taken a step toward the open door, but her voice followed him. It was sharp with quick alarm.

"Andrew, where you goin'?"

He turned upon her.

"I 'll tell you where I 'm goin'. I 'm goin' on to Trumbull's with the thrashers, an' get a meal o' victuals."

"But, Andrew, I 'll get dinner. I can, in no time. There 's eggs. You like eggs, Andrew."

"Mebbe you don't remember what we said that last mornin' I set off. I told ye I 'd bring Miles an' t'other men to dinner. It ain't been out o' my mind a minute. For two days I 've been houndin' 'em to finish up, so 's we could git here this noon. What do you s'pose I wanted to do it for? I wanted to show off. I wanted to let 'em see how well we were fixed. An' this kitchen don't look as if there 'd been a meal o' victuals cooked in it sence the time o' Noah. It ain't a kitchen; it 's a hurrah's nest."

"O Andrew!" She backed piteously away from him, with a sudden, alien sense of a house not her own. She seemed to herself in that instant to be not his wife, but a guest by whom his hospitality had been abused. Then again she trembled into speech. "Maybe you 've done with me, Andrew. Maybe you don't want me to stay here any more."

"I don't care what ye do nor where ye go," said Andrew blindly. "I 'm goin' to Trumbull's." He strode out and away down the path, and she heard him hailing the threshers at the gate. They answered jovially, and then the heavy team went grinding on.

She sat down upon the couch and looked about her. The sun came cruelly in at the window, and showed the room in all its dusty disarray. The

dazed spot in her brain cleared, like a lifting sedative, and left her vulnerable to pain. She saw his house as he had seen it, and for the instant felt how he had hated it and her. With that certainty she met also the ultimate pang of youth which knows when its hour is spoiled, and says, "This is the end." There was but one thing to do. She must take herself away. She went to the cupboard and reached to the upper shelf where old Hannah used to keep her toothache drops. There was laudanum enough in them, Andrew had said, to kill an army. It would kill her. But as she stood there in the stillness with the bottle in her hand, distaste came upon her for the ugliness of such a death, and that moment, sounding in her ears, she heard the sea. Whether it was because she had begun her life by it or through some quickness of the mind, running over the possibilities of a decent death, she remembered a little mate of hers who had been playing in a dory when the anchor slipped, and had drifted out, never to be seen again. And now the sea was calling her.

"You gimme a match, won't ye?" called old Nancy Hutchens from the door. "I won't come in. I 'm all over muck from the swamp down there. I crossed by the willers, to save steps."

Cynthia tucked the bottle back in its place and crossed the kitchen swiftly, taking a card of matches as she went. Old Nancy stood there on the doorstone, a squat figure with one shoulder higher than the other. She had the imposing equipment of an aquiline nose and sound white teeth at seventy. Her thick gray hair was drawn back into a knot, and the lines in her brown face were crisp and deep. A life solitary in itself, and yet spent among people in a drifting way, had touched her face with little quizzical shades of meaning. Her cold pipe was in her hand, waiting to be filled.

"Here 's the matches," said Cynthia.

Nancy took them with a mechanical touch, and remained looking at her.

"Law!" said she, "'t ain't wuth it."

"What ain't?" repeated Cynthia.

"What you 've got on your mind, whatever 't is. Wait a day an' it 'll be a thing o' the past. If 't ain't in a day, 't will be in a year, or ten year, or a lifetime. Wait long enough, an' the whole on us 'll be underground."

"Yes," said Cynthia, "we shall be underground." But her mind was not with the old woman, but on her own preparations for flight. The tawdry room still troubled her, the slatternly picture he must find when he came home. She would leave his house in order for him. "Look here, Nancy," said she suddenly, "you stay the rest o' the day an' help me clean."

Nancy smiled satirically. She looked up at the blue sky, sown with flying white, and then over the line of upland where her fate, every day renewed, was waiting for her.

"I don't clean for myself," she said. "My bed ain't been made nor slep' in for a fortnight. I been trampin' the countryside."

"I 'll give you a dollar!"

"I ain't got much use for dollars till winter time, an' then I guess I shall be provided for. I got a passel o' herbs to sell this fall." But she was searching Cynthia's face with her impersonal glance, and her mind altered. "Law, yes!" said she. "It 's as good a way o' passin' time as any other. You let me pull off these muddy boots. You got a pair o' rubbers I can scuff round in? Where you goin' to begin?"

With the word, she had caught up an old pair of Andrew's shoes beside the shed door, and slipped her feet into them. Cynthia left her, and went flying upstairs with an unregarding haste. She went first to the shed chamber, and, without a glance at her precious handiwork, closed the door upon it. Then, running to the other rooms in turn, she breathed dull satisfaction at finding

them in comfortable array. There was the west chamber; she had put that in order when aunt Patten had been expected, a week before, to spend the night, and the other rooms had to match it because aunt Patten would go mousing round. Cynthia had laughed with Andrew, in the doing, over so patently setting her scene for a meddler. But aunt Patten had diverged, on her visiting way, and Cynthia's pains had seemed unnecessary.

At the foot of the stairs Nancy was awaiting her. She had an air of large leisure; yet in some subtle fashion her man's attitude showed the reserve strength in her and inspired content.

"What be I goin' to fly at fust?" she asked indulgently, as at a madness not her own.

"You sweep the sittin'-room," returned Cynthia. "When the dust is settled, you can do the winders. I 'll begin on the bedroom."

Cynthia did not, it seemed to her, think at all as she went about her work, doing it swiftly and still with the far-off sound of the sea in her ears. She was simply a different creature from that other happy woman who had been weaving coverlets that morning. She had brought upon herself a colossal punishment. She never stopped to wonder whether the punishment were just. It was simply there.

At one she and Nancy had some eggs and tea, and in mid afternoon they met in the kitchen, each about her task. Cynthia was baking now, cream o' tartar biscuits and custard pie, and Nancy was cleaning the woodwork with great sweeps of her lean arm.

"I did n't know you was such a driver," she said at length, as she sat on the top of the step-ladder, taking a pull at her pipe.

"I guess I ain't been," said Cynthia, her pretty brows in a painstaking frown over the scalloped edges of the pie. "I ain't done much housework."

"You like it?" asked Nancy.

A swift terror fled across Cynthia's face, like a beating wing. At that moment she liked housework better than anything on earth. It was not a cold routine. It had at last a poignant meaning. It meant Andrew and her home. But she answered stolidly, "I guess so."

"If you 've took it on yourself, you 've got to like it," said Nancy philosophically, rising and knocking the ashes from her pipe. "You hand me up that bar soap. That 's the wust o' menfolks. Once you 've got 'em, you got to slave for 'em. Lug 'em or leave 'em! But don't git 'em, I say. Look here, now! Fifty year ago come November, I said I 'd marry a man down Sudleigh way. I went to stay a spell with his mother. Well, sir! I come home an' I broke it off. 'I ain't a-goin' to spend my days makin' sugar gingerbread,' says I. 'No, sir! Nor cuttin' it out in an oak-leaf pattern, — not by a long chalk!' "

"He likes sugar gingerbread," said Cynthia to herself. "I guess I got time to make some."

"I warrant ye the colored pop'lation never felt freer 'n I did when I see him walkin' away down the path arter I told him 't was broke off," chuckled Nancy, moving the step-ladder along. "I never had a minute's sorrer over it, — not a second."

"I guess I 'll put in a mite o' ginger," said Cynthia, stirring breathlessly. "Do you use ginger, Nancy?"

"Law! I dunno what ye do, it 's so long sence I 've tried any. I don't concern myself with sweet trade. I can make as good a meal as I want out o' crackers an' cheese an' wash it down with a drink o' water out o' the well. Look here! did it ever come into your head that everybody ain't called to preach, an' everybody ain't called to marry?"

"Some ain't fit," said Cynthia bitterly, her passionate mind on her own defects, "they ain't fit to marry."

"'T ain't only that, — they 're like a bird in a cage. You look here! menfolks think they 're dull sometimes, settled down in a pint measure with one woman. Lordymighty! the women 's dull, too, on'y they don't let on. Pious little devils! they go round washin' dishes an' moppin' up under the sto', and half on 'em wants to be trampin' like me, an' t'other half dunno what they want. Keep out on 't, I say! keep out on 't! "

Nancy lifted her voice in a tuneful stave, the words satirically fit, but Cynthia was not listening. The notes fell upon her like a patter of unregarded rain, as she creased her gingerbread and beat her mind back from futile wonderment over her own plight when Andrew should be here alone.

"The house has got to be jes' so," pursued Nancy. "The woman 's got to be jes' so. They can come home all over gurry, but she 's got to have on a clean apron an' her hair slicked up to the nines. They can set all the evenin' huskin' together an' hootin' over old stories, an' come stumblin' in when they git ready, an' find doughnuts an' pie set out complete. What 's fair for one 's fair for another, I say."

"No, it ain't! " cried Cynthia, suddenly awakened. She stood straight and slender in the middle of her kitchen. Defensive fires burned hotly in her eyes. "Nancy, I ain't goin' to have such talk in here. I can't stand it. You think of him gettin' all over dust an' dirt workin' like a dog. You think of it, Nancy! It 's his house. It 's no more 'n right he should have it the way he wants it. I should like to know if he ain't goin' to have anything the way he wants it? " Her voice choked in passionate championship of the man whose pride was hurt.

But Nancy only gave a derisive chuckle. "Law! " said she. "You need n't worry. I guess they 'll look out for themselves. I never see a man yet but had time enough for that."

At five o'clock the house was in order and Nancy had started on her homeward way, a dollar in her pocket, and, despite some ruthless indifference on her part, a basket of food in her hand. Cynthia dismissed her with an unwitting solemnity.

"Good-by, Nancy," said she. "You 've been a real help to me. I don't know how I should have got through it if it had n't been for you."

"It 's clean as a ribbin," Nancy called back cheerfully. "But land! cleanin' up 's nothin'. Trouble is to keep it so. Well, I 'll be pokin' along."

Cynthia stood and watched her well-knit figure swinging on between the willows that marked the road. Then she turned back to her clean house for a last look and the renewed certainty of its perfect state. She walked delicately about the kitchen, lest a grain of dust should be tracked upon the speckless floor. The food not yet cooled from the oven was in the pantry. All through the lower rooms there was the fragrance of cake and bread. It was a house set in order, and finding it perfect, she made herself sweet and clean, and changed her working dress for a crisper calico. In the doing, she thought solemnly how she had once helped bathe a child that had died at the poorhouse, and prepare it for burial. This body of hers was also being prepared, and though she had no words to say so, it seemed to her the body of her love. And all the time the sea kept calling her, with its assurances of manifold and solemn refuge.

Presently she was ready to go. She had made the clothing she had slipped off into a little bundle, to leave none but fresh things behind her, and now she took it in her hand and stepped out at the front door. That she closed, but the windows were still open. It was better that storms should invade the house than that he should find it inhospitably shut. Day and night could be trusted with their welcome to him.

But turning from the door, she smelled her garden, and its autumn bitterness of breath awoke in her a final pang of homesickness. She laid down her bundle and hurried round to the well, to draw bucket after bucket of water and drench the roots she had kept tended since the spring. It was a separate good-by to every one. Here were the delicate firstlings whose day had long been over, and the hollyhocks that had made the summer gay. Dahlias and asters were the ones to keep this later watch, but she sprinkled them impartially, whether they were to bloom again or wither till the winter's spell. The moon was rising behind the wooded hill, and there was suddenly a prophetic touch of frost in the air. She stood for a moment listening to the stillness, recognizing life as if it all came flooding in on her at once, only to retreat like a giant wave and wash some farther shore. Her brain apprehended what her tongue could never say. She understood the meaning of service and harmonious living. It was no more dull to her now than daily sunrise. She looked at Andrew's house, builded by another Gale over a hundred years ago. It meant more than a shelter. It was the roof of love, the nest of springing hopes. Yet being a child at heart, she could not stay after he had found her for one day unworthy, and she was too young to know how storms may pass.

The man came heavily along the darkened road and reached the gate as she did. She saw him and dropped her bundle in the shade of the lilac at the fence. Andrew did not speak. He threw open the gate, stepped in, and put his arms about her. He held her to him as we hold what is almost lost us through our own lax grasp; but when he spoke to her, she did not hear, and when he loosed his clasp to look at her, she sank down and would have fallen.

"Cynthy, for God's sake!" he cried, and his voice recalled her. Then she gained her feet, he helping her. "What is it, dear? what is it, dear?" he kept saying, and she answered him with her tremulous breath upon his cheek. Presently they went up the path together, and in at the closed door. "By George, don't it smell good!" said Andrew. His voice, in nervous joviality, was shaking, like his hands. "Le' me git a light, honey. I 've got to look at you. Got to make sure you 're here!"

The blaze from the shining lamp struck full on her, and Andrew caught his breath. Cynthia looked like the angel of herself. Her tired face, overlaid by joy, was like that of a child awakened from sleep to unexpected welcome. She seemed an adoring handmaid, incredulous of the beauty of her task. Andrew felt the wistfulness of her air, the presence of things unknown to him. He went over to her and drew her nearer.

"You knew I 'd come," he said. "You knew I could n't stan' it after I 'd been ugly to you. Look at this house! You fixed all up, an' made it neat as wax. I started just as they set down to supper, an' put for home. I 've been scairt 'most to death all the afternoon. I dunno what I thought would happen to you, but I had to come."

"I 've cleaned the house," said Cynthia, like a child. "I got old Nancy."

"Yes, dear, yes," he soothed her. "You knew I 'd come. You knew I would n't stay away a night after I broke your heart. You tell about your weavin', dear. I want to hear it now."

"My weavin'?" repeated Cynthia vaguely. The words roused her a little from her happy dream, and for one luminous instant she felt the significance of all the threads that make the web of life. She laughed. "'T was only Bachelor's Fancy," she said. "I learned it, that 's all. There 's lots o' things I 'd ruther do. You go in the pantry, dear, an' look."

Andrew left her with a kiss that was like meeting, not good-by. But as

he took the lamp from the table, Cynthia slipped out at the front door.

"Where you goin'?" he called.

"Only out to the lilac," she answered throbbingly. "I dropped somethin' there."

While he lingered for her, she came back and, as she ran, tossed her little bundle into the closet under the stairs. The hues of youth were on her face. Her eyes were wet and glad.

"I 'm terrible hungry, too," she told him. "Come! there 's sugar gingerbread."

Alice Brown.

FRA PAOLO SARPI.

I.

A THOUGHTFUL historian tells us that, between the fourteenth century and the nineteenth, Italy produced three great men. As the first of these, he names Machiavelli, who, he says, "taught the world to understand political despotism and to hate it;" as the second, he names Sarpi, who "taught the world after what manner the Holy Spirit guides the Councils of the Church;" and as the third, Galileo, who "taught the world what dogmatic theology is worth when it can be tested by science."

I purpose now to present the second of these. As a *man*, he was by far the greatest of the three and, in various respects, the most interesting; for he not only threw a bright light into the most important general council of the Church and revealed to Christendom the methods which there prevailed, — in a book which remains one of the half-dozen classic histories of the world, — but he fought the most bitter fight for humanity against the papacy ever known in any Latin nation, and won a victory by which the whole world has profited ever since. Moreover, he was one of the two foremost Italian statesmen since the Middle Ages, the other being Cavour.

He was born at Venice in 1552, and it may concern those who care to note the subtle interweaving of the warp and woof of history that the birth year of this most resourceful foe that Jesuitism ever had was the death year of St. Francis Xavier, the noblest of Jesuit apostles.

It may also interest those who study the more evident evolution of cause and effect in human affairs to note that, like most strong men, he had a strong mother; that while his father was a poor shopkeeper who did little and died young, his mother was wise and serene.

From his earliest boyhood, he showed striking gifts and characteristics. He never forgot a face once seen, could take in the main contents of a page at a glance, spoke little, rarely ate meat, and, until his last years, never drank wine.

Brought up, after the death of his father, first by his uncle, a priest, and then by Capella, a Servite monk, in something better than the usual priestly fashion, he became known, while yet in his boyhood, as a theological prodigy. Disputations in his youth, especially one at Mantua, where, after the manner of the time, he successfully defended several hundred theses against all comers, attracted wide attention, so that the Bishop gave him a professorship, and the Duke, who, like some other crowned heads of those days, — notably Henry VIII. and James I., — liked to dabble in theology, made him a court theologian. But the duties of this position were uncongenial: a flippant duke, fond of putting questions which the wisest theo-

logian could not answer, and laying out work which the young scholar evidently thought futile, apparently wearied him. He returned to the convent of the Servites at Venice, and became, after a few years' novitiate, a friar, changing, at the same time, his name; so that, having been baptized Peter, he now became Paul.

His career soon seemed to reveal another and underlying cause of his return: he evidently felt the same impulse which stirred his contemporaries, Lord Bacon and Galileo; for he began devoting himself to the whole range of scientific and philosophical studies, especially to mathematics, physics, astronomy, anatomy, and physiology. In these he became known as an authority, and before long was recognized as such throughout Europe. It is claimed, and it is not improbable, that he anticipated Harvey in discovering the circulation of the blood, and that he was the forerunner of noted discoveries in magnetism. Unfortunately the loss of the great mass of his papers by the fire which destroyed his convent in 1769 forbids any full estimate of his work; but it is certain that among those who sought his opinion and advice were such great discoverers as Acquapendente, Galileo, Torricelli, and Gilbert of Colchester, and that every one of these referred to him as an equal, and indeed as a master. It seems also established that it was he who first discovered the valves of the veins, that he made known the most beautiful function of the iris, — its contractility, — and that various surmises of his regarding heat, light, and sound have since been developed into scientific truths. It is altogether likely that, had he not been drawn from scientific pursuits by his duties as a statesman, he would have ranked among the greater investigators and discoverers, not only of Italy, but of the world.

He also studied political and social problems, and he arrived at one conclusion which, though now trite, was then novel, — the opinion that the aim of punishment should not be vengeance, but reformation. In these days and in this country, where one of the most serious of evils is undue lenity to crime, this opinion may be imputed to him as a fault; but in those days, when torture was the main method in procedure and in penalty, his declaration was honorable both to his head and heart.

With all his devotion to books, he found time to study men. Even at school, he had seemed to discern those who would win control. They discerned something in him also; so that close relations were formed between him and such leaders as Contarini and Morosini, with whom he afterwards stood side by side in great emergencies.

Important missions were entrusted to him. Five times he visited Rome to adjust perplexing differences between the papal power and various interests at Venice. He was rapidly advanced through most of the higher offices in his order, and in these he gave a series of decisions which won the respect of all entitled to form an opinion.

Naturally he was thought of for high place in the Church, and was twice presented for a bishopric; but each time he was rejected at Rome, — partly from family claims of less worthy candidates, partly from suspicions regarding his orthodoxy. It was objected that he did not find the whole doctrine of the Trinity in the first verse of Genesis, that he corresponded with eminent heretics of England and Germany, that he was not averse to reforms, that, in short, he was not inclined to wallow in the slime from which had crawled forth such huge incarnations of evil as John XXIII., Julius II., Sixtus IV., and Alexander VI.

His orthodox detractors have been wont to represent him as seeking vengeance for his non-promotion; but his after career showed amply that personal grievances had little effect upon him. It is indeed not unlikely that when he saw bishoprics for which he knew himself

well fitted given as sops to poor creatures utterly unfit in morals or intellect, he may have had doubts regarding the part taken by the Almighty in selecting them; but he was reticent, and kept on with his work. In his cell at Santa Fosca, he quietly and steadily devoted himself to his cherished studies; but he continued to study more than books or inanimate nature. He was neither a bookworm nor a pedant. On his various missions he met and discoursed with churchmen and statesmen concerned in the greatest transactions of his time, notably at Mantua with Oliva, secretary of one of the greatest ecclesiastics at the Council of Trent; at Milan with Cardinal Borromeo, by far the noblest of all who sat in that assemblage during its eighteen years; in Rome and elsewhere with Arnauld Ferrier, who had been French Ambassador at the Council, Cardinal Severina, head of the Inquisition, Castagna, afterward Pope Urban VII., and Cardinal Bellarmine, afterward Sarpi's strongest and noblest opponent.

Nor was this all. He was not content with books or conversations; steadily he went on collecting, collating, and testing original documents bearing upon the great events of his time. The result of all this the world was to see later.

He had arrived at middle life and won wide recognition as a scholar, scientific investigator, and jurist, when there came the supreme moment of a struggle which had involved Europe for centuries, — a struggle interesting not only the Italy and Europe of those days, but universal humanity for all time.

During the period following the fall of the Roman Empire of the West there had been evolved the temporal power of the Roman Bishop. It had many vicissitudes. Sometimes, as in the days of St. Leo and St. Gregory, it based its claims upon noble assertions of right and justice, and sometimes, as in the hands of pontiffs like Innocent VIII. and Paul V., it sought to force its way by fanaticism. Sometimes it strengthened its authority by real services to humanity, and sometimes by such monstrous frauds as the Forged Decretals. Sometimes, as under Popes like Gregory VII. and Innocent III., it laid claim to the mastership of the world, and sometimes, as with the majority of the pontiffs during the two centuries before the Reformation, it became mainly the appanage of a party or faction or family.

Throughout all this history, there appeared in the Church two great currents of efficient thought. On one side had been developed a theocratic theory, giving the papacy a power supreme in temporal as well as in spiritual matters throughout the world. Leaders in this during the Middle Ages were St. Thomas Aquinas and the Dominicans; leaders in Sarpi's days were the Jesuits, represented especially in the treatises of Bellarmine at Rome and in the speeches of Laynez at the Council of Trent.[1]

But another theory, hostile to the despotism of the Church over the State, had been developed through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; — it had been strengthened mainly by the utterances of such men as Dante, Ægidio Colonna, John of Paris, Ockham, Marsilio of Padua, and Laurentius Valla. Sarpi ranged himself with the latter of these forces. Though deeply religious, he recognized the God-given right of earthly governments to discharge their duties independent of church control.

Among the many centres of this struggle was Venice. She was splendidly religious — as religion was then understood. She was made so by her whole environment. From the beginning she had been a seafaring power, and seafaring men, from their constant wrestle with dangers ill understood, are prone to seek and find supernatural forces. Nor was this all. Later, when she had become

[1] This has been admirably shown by N. R. F. Brown in his Taylorian Lecture, pages 229–234, in volume for 1889–99.

rich, powerful, luxurious, licentious, and refractory to the priesthood, her most powerful citizens felt a need of atoning for their many sins by splendid religious foundations. So her people came to live in an atmosphere of religious observance, and the bloom and fruitage of their religious hopes and fears are seen in the whole history of Venetian art, — from the rude sculptures of Torcello and the naïve mosaics of San Marco to the glowing altar-pieces and ceilings of John Bellini, Titian, and Tintoretto and the illuminations of the Grimani Psalter. No class in Venice rose above this environment. Doges and Senators were as susceptible to it as were the humblest fishermen on the Lido. In every one of those glorious frescoes in the corridors and halls of the Ducal Palace which commemorate the victories of the Republic, the triumphant Doge or Admiral or General is seen on his knees making acknowledgment of the divine assistance. On every Venetian sequin, from the days when Venice was a power throughout the earth to that fatal year when the young Bonaparte tossed the Republic over to the House of Austria, the Doge, crowned and robed, kneels humbly before the Saviour, the Virgin, or St. Mark. In that vast Hall of the Five Hundred, the most sumptuous room in the world, there is spread above the heads of the Doge and Senators and Councilors, as an incentive to the discharge of their duties on earth, a representation of the blessed in Heaven.

From highest to lowest, the Venetians lived, moved, and had their being in this religious environment, and, had their Republic been loosely governed, its external policy would have been largely swayed by this all-pervading religious feeling, and would have become the plaything of the Roman Court. But a democracy has never been maintained save by the delegation of great powers to its chosen leaders. It was the remark of one of the foremost American Democrats of the nineteenth century, a man who received the highest honors which his party could bestow, that the Constitution of the United States was made, not to promote Democracy, but to check it. This statement is true, and it is as true of the Venetian Constitution as of the American.[1]

But while both the republics recognized the necessity of curbing Democracy, the difference between the means employed was world-wide. The founders of the American Republic gave vast powers and responsibilities to a president and unheard-of authority to a supreme court; in the Venetian Republic the Doge was gradually stripped of power, but there was evolved the mysterious and unlimited authority of the Senate and Council of Ten.

In these sat the foremost Venetians, thoroughly imbued with the religious spirit of their time; but, religious as they were, they were men of the world, trained in the politics of all Europe and especially of Italy.

In a striking passage, Guizot has shown how the Crusaders who went to the Orient by way of Italy and saw the papacy near at hand came back skeptics. This same influence shaped the statesmen of Venice. The Venetian Ambassadors were the foremost in Europe. Their Relations are still studied as the clearest, shrewdest, and wisest statements regarding the men and events in Europe at their time. All were noted for skill; but the most skillful were kept on duty at Rome. There was the source of danger. The Doges, Senators, and controlling Councilors had, as a rule, served in these embassies, and they had formed lucid judgments as to Italian courts in general and as to the Roman Court in particular. No men had known the Popes and the Curia more thoroughly. They had seen Innocent VIII. buy the papacy for money. They had been at the Vatican when Alexander VI. had won renown as a secret murderer. They had seen, close at hand, the merci-

[1] See Horatio Seymour's noted article in the North American Review.

less cruelty of Julius II. They had carefully noted the crimes of Sixtus IV., which culminated in the assassination of Julian de' Medici beneath the dome of Florence at the moment the Host was uplifted. They had sat near Leo X. while he enjoyed the obscenities of the Calandria and the Mandragora, — plays which, in the most corrupt of modern cities, would, in our day, be stopped by the police. No wonder that, in one of their dispatches, they speak of Rome as "the *cloaca* of the world."[1]

Naturally, then, while their religion showed itself in wonderful monuments of every sort, their practical sense was shown by a steady opposition to papal encroachments.

Of this combination of zeal for religion with hostility to ecclesiasticism we have striking examples throughout the history of the Republic. While, in every other European state, cardinals, bishops, priests, and monks were given leading parts in civil administration and, in some states, a monopoly of civil honors, the Republic of Venice not only excluded all ecclesiastics from such posts, but, in cases which touched church interests, she excluded even the relatives of ecclesiastics. When church authority decreed that commerce should not be maintained with infidels and heretics, the Venetian merchants continued to deal with Turks, Pagans, Germans, Englishmen, and Dutchmen as before. When the Church decreed that the taking of interest for money was sin, and great theologians published in Venice some of their mightiest treatises demonstrating this view from Holy Scripture and the Fathers, the Venetians continued borrowing and lending money on usance. When efforts were made to enforce that tremendous instrument for the consolidation of papal power, the bull In Coena Domini, Venice evaded and even defied it. When the Church frowned upon anatomical dissections, the Venetians allowed Andreas Vesalius to make such dissections at their University of Padua. When Sixtus V., the strongest of all the Popes, had brought all his powers, temporal and spiritual, to bear against Henry IV. of France as an excommunicated heretic, and seemed ready to hurl the thunderbolts of the Church against any power which should recognize him, the Venetian Republic not only recognized him, but treated his Ambassador with especial courtesy. When the other Catholic powers, save France, yielded to papal mandates and sent no representatives to the coronation of James I. of England, Venice was there represented. When Pope after Pope issued endless diatribes against the horrors of toleration, the Venetians steadily tolerated in their several sorts of worship Jews and Greeks, Mohammedans and Armenians, with Protestants of every sort who came to them on business. When the Roman Index forbade the publication of most important works of leading authors, Venice demanded and obtained for her printers rights which were elsewhere denied.

As to the religious restrictions which touched trade, the Venetians in the public councils, and indeed the people at large, had come to know perfectly what the papal theory meant, — with some of its promoters, fanaticism, but with the controlling power at Rome, revenue, revenue to be derived from retailing dispensations to infringe the holy rules.

This peculiar antithesis — nowhere more striking than at Venice, on the one side, religious fears and hopes; on the other, keen insight into the ways of ecclesiasticism — led to peculiar compromises. The bankers who had taken interest upon money, the merchants who had traded with Moslems and heretics, in their last hours frequently thought it best to perfect their title to salvation by turn-

[1] For Sixtus IV. and his career, with the tragedy in the Cathedral of Florence, see Villari's Life of Machiavelli, English Edition, vol. ii. pp. 341, 342. For the passages in the dispatches referred to, *vide* ibid. vol. i. p. 198.

ing over large estates to the Church. Under the sway of this feeling, and especially of the terrors infused by priests at deathbeds, mortmain had become in Venice, as in many other parts of the world, one of the most serious of evils. Thus it was that the clergy came to possess between one fourth and one third of the whole territory of the Republic, and in its Bergamo district more than one half; and all this was exempt from taxation. Hence it was that the Venetian Senate found it necessary to devise a legal check which should make such absorption of estates by the Church more and more difficult.

There was a second cause of trouble. In that religious atmosphere of Venice, monastic orders of every sort grew luxuriantly, not only absorbing more and more land to be held by the dead hand, thus escaping the public burdens, but ever absorbing more and more men and women, and thus depriving the state of any healthy and normal service from them. Here, too, the Senate thought it best to interpose a check: it insisted that all new structures for religious orders must be authorized by the State.

Yet another question flamed forth. Of the monks of every sort swarming through the city, many were luxurious and some were criminal. On these last, the Venetian Senate determined to lay its hands, and in the first years of the seventeenth century all these questions, and various other matters distasteful to the Vatican, culminated in the seizure and imprisonment of two ecclesiastics charged with various high crimes, — among these rape and murder.

There had just come to the papal throne Camillo Borghese, Paul V., — strong, bold, determined, with the highest possible theory of his duties and of his position. In view of his duty toward himself, he lavished the treasures of the faithful upon his family, until it became the richest which had yet risen in Rome; in view of his duty toward the Church, he built superbly, and an evidence of the spirit in which he wrought is his name, in enormous letters, still spread across the façade of St. Peter's. As to his position, he accepted fully the theories and practices of his boldest predecessors, and in this he had good warrant; for St. Thomas Aquinas and Bellarmine had furnished him with convincing arguments that he was divinely authorized to rule the civil powers of Italy and of the world.[1]

Moreover there was, in his pride, something akin to fanaticism. He had been elected by one of those sudden movements, as well known in American caucuses as in papal conclaves, when, after a deadlock, all the old candidates are thrown over, and the choice suddenly falls on a new man. The cynical observer may point to this as showing that the laws governing elections, under such circumstances, are the same, whether in party caucuses or in church councils; but Paul, in this case, saw the direct intervention of the Almighty, and his disposition to magnify his office was vastly increased thereby. He was especially strenuous, and one of his earliest public acts was to send to the gallows a poor author, who, in an unpublished work, had spoken severely regarding one of Paul's predecessors.

The Venetian laws checking mortmain, taxing church property, and requiring the sanction of the Republic before the erection of new churches and monasteries greatly angered him; but the crowning vexation was the seizure of the two clerics. This aroused him fully. He at once sent orders that they be delivered up to him, that apology be

[1] For details of these cases of the two monks, see Pascolato. Fra Paolo Sarpi, Milano, 1893, pp. 126–128. For the Borghese avarice, see Ranke's Popes, vol. iii. pp. 9–20. For the development of Pope Paul's theory of government, see Ranke, vol. ii. p. 345, and note, in which Bellarmine's doctrine is cited textually; also Bellarmine's Selbstbiographie, herausgegeben von Döllinger und Reusch. Bonn, 1887. pp. 181, *et seq.*

made for the past and guarantees given for the future, and notice was served that, in case the Republic did not speedily obey these orders, the Pope would excommunicate its leaders and lay an interdict upon its people. It was indeed a serious contingency. For many years the new Pope had been known as a hard, pedantic ecclesiastical lawyer, and now that he had arrived at the supreme power, he had evidently determined to enforce the high mediæval supremacy of the Church over the State. Everything betokened his success. In France he had broken down all opposition to the decrees of the Council of Trent. In Naples, when a magistrate had refused to disobey the civil law at the bidding of priests, and the viceroy had supported the magistrate, Pope Paul had forced the viceroy and magistrate to comply with his will by threats of excommunication. In every part of Italy, — in Malta, in Savoy, in Parma, in Lucca, in Genoa, — and finally even in Spain, he had pettifogged, bullied, threatened, until his opponents had given way. Everywhere he was triumphant; and while he was in the mood which such a succession of triumphs would give he turned toward Venice.[1]

There was little indeed to encourage the Venetians to resist; for, while the interests of other European powers were largely the same as theirs, current political intrigues seemed likely to bring Spain and even France into a league with the Vatican.

To a people so devoted to commerce, yet so religious, the threat of an interdict was serious indeed. All church services were to cease; the people at large, no matter how faithful, were to be as brute beasts, — not to be legally married, — not to be consoled by the sacraments, — not to be shriven, and virtually not to be buried; other Christian peoples were to be forbidden all dealings with them, under pain of excommunication; their commerce was to be delivered over to the tender mercies of any and every other nation; their merchant ships to be as corsairs; their cargoes, the legitimate prey of all Christendom; and their people, on sea and land, to be held as enemies of the human race. To this was added, throughout the whole mass of the people, a vague sense of awful penalties awaiting them in the next world. Despite all this, the Republic persisted in asserting its right.

Just at this moment came a diplomatic passage between Pope and Senate like a farce before a tragedy, and it has historical significance, as showing what resourceful old heads were at the service of either side. The Doge Grimani having died, the Vatican thought to score a point by promptly sending notice through its Nuncio to Venice that no new election of a Doge could take place if forbidden by the Pope, and that, until the Senate had become obedient to the papacy, no such election would be sanctioned. But the Senate, having through its own Ambassador received a useful hint, was quite equal to the occasion. It at once declined to receive this or any dispatch from the Pope on the plea, made with redundant courtesy and cordiality, that, there being no Doge, there was no person in Venice great enough to open it. They next as politely declined to admit the papal Nuncio on the ground that there was nobody worthy to receive him. Then they proceeded to elect a Doge who could receive both Nuncio and message, — a sturdy opponent of the Vatican pretensions, Leonardo Donato.

The Senate now gave itself entirely to considering ways and means of warding off the threatened catastrophe. Its first step was to consult Sarpi. His answer was prompt and pithy. He advised two things: first, to prevent, at all hazards, any publication of the papal bulls in Venice or any obedience to them; secondly,

[1] For letters showing the craven submission of Philip III. of Spain at this time, see Cornet, Paolo V. e la Republica Veneta, Vienna, 1859, p. 285.

to hold in readiness for use at any moment an appeal to a future Council of the Church.

Of these two methods, the first would naturally seem by far the more difficult. So it was not in reality. In the letter which Sarpi presented to the Doge, he devoted less than four lines to the first and more than fourteen pages to the second. As to the first remedy, severe as it was and bristling with difficulties, it was, as he claimed, a simple, natural, straightforward use of police power. As to the second, the appeal to a future Council was to the Vatican as a red flag to a bull. The very use of it involved excommunication. To harden and strengthen the Doge and Senate in order that they might consider it as an ultimate possibility, Sarpi was obliged to show from the Scriptures, the Fathers, the Councils, the early Popes, that the appeal to a Council was a matter of right. With wonderful breadth of knowledge and clearness of statement he made his points and answered objections. To this day, his letter remains a masterpiece.[1]

The Republic utterly refused to yield, and now, in 1606, Pope Paul launched his excommunication and interdict. In meeting them, the Senate took the course laid down by Sarpi. The papal Nuncio was notified that the Senate would receive no paper from the Pope; all ecclesiastics, from the Patriarch down to the lowest monk, were forbidden, under the penalties of high treason, to make public or even to receive any paper whatever from the Vatican; additional guards were placed at the city gates, with orders to search every wandering friar or other suspicious person who might, by any possibility, bring in a forbidden missive; a special patrol was kept, night and day, to prevent any posting of the forbidden notices on walls or houses; any person receiving or finding one was to take it immediately to the authorities, under the severest penalties, and any person found concealing such documents was to be punished by death.

At first some of the clergy were refractory. The head of the whole church establishment of Venice, the Patriarch himself, gave signs of resistance; but the Senate at once silenced him. Sundry other bishops and high ecclesiastics made a show of opposition; and they were placed in confinement. One of them seeming reluctant to conduct the usual church service, the Senate sent an executioner to erect a gibbet before his door. Another, having asked that he be allowed to await some intimation from the Holy Spirit, received answer that the Senate had already received directions from the Holy Spirit to hang any person resisting their decree. The three religious orders which had showed most opposition — Jesuits, Theatins, and Capuchins — were in a semi-polite manner virtually expelled from the Republic.[2]

Not the least curious among the results of this state of things was the war of pamphlets. From Rome, Bologna, and other centres of thought, even from Paris and Frankfort, polemic tractates rained upon the Republic. The vast majority of their authors were on the side of the Vatican, and of this majority the leaders were the two cardinals so eminent in learning and logic, Bellarmine and Baronius; but, single-handed, Sarpi was, by general consent, a match for the whole opposing force.[3]

Of all the weapons then used, the

[1] For Sarpi's advice to the Doge, see Bianchi Giovini, vol. i. pp. 216, *et seq.* The document is given fully in the Lettere di F. P. S., Firenze, 1863, vol. i. pp. 17, *et seq.*; also in Machi, Storia del Consiglio dei Dieci, cap. xxiv., where the bull of excommunication is also given.

[2] For interesting details regarding the departure of the Jesuits, see Cornet, Paolo V. e la Republica Veneta, pp. 277–279.

[3] In the library of Cornell University are no less than nine quartos filled with selected examples of these polemics on both sides.

most effective throughout Europe was the solemn protest drawn by Sarpi and issued by the Doge. It was addressed nominally to the Venetian ecclesiastics, but really to Christendom, and both as to matter and manner it was Father Paul at his best. It was weighty, lucid, pungent, and deeply in earnest, — in every part asserting fidelity to the Church and loyalty to the papacy, but setting completely at naught the main claim of Pope Paul: the Doge solemnly declaring himself "a prince who, in temporal matters, recognizes no superior save the Divine Majesty."

The victory of the friar soon began to be recognized far and near. Men called him by the name afterward so generally given him, — the "*terribile frate.*" The Vatican seemed paralyzed. None of its measures availed, and it was hurt, rather than helped, by its efforts to pester and annoy Venice at various capitals. At Rome, it burned Father Paul's books and declared him excommunicated; it even sought to punish his printer by putting into the Index not only all works that he had ever printed, but all that he might ever print. At Vienna, the papal Nuncio thought to score a point by declaring that he would not attend a certain religious function in case the Venetian Ambassador should appear; whereupon the Venetian announced that he had taken physic and regretted that he could not be present, — whereat all Europe laughed.

Judicious friends in various European cabinets now urged both parties to recede or to compromise. France and Spain both proffered their good offices. The offer of France was finally accepted, and the French Ambassador was kept running between the Ducal Palace and the Vatican until people began laughing at him also. The emissaries of His Holiness begged hard that, at least, appearances might be saved; that the Republic would undo some of its measures before the interdict was removed, or at least would seem to do so, and especially that it would withdraw its refusals before the Pope withdrew his penalties. All in vain. The Venetians insisted that they had committed no crime and had nothing to retract. The Vatican then urged that the Senate should consent to receive absolution for its resistance to the Pope's authority. This the Senate steadily refused; it insisted, "Let His Holiness put things as before, and we will put things as before; as to his absolution, we do not need it or want it; to receive it would be to acknowledge that we have been in the wrong." Even the last poor sop of all was refused: the Senate would have no great "function" to celebrate the termination of the interdict; they would not even go to the mass which Cardinal Joyeuse celebrated on that occasion. The only appearance of concession which the Republic made was to give up the two ecclesiastics to the French Ambassador as a matter of courtesy to the French king; and when this was done, the Ambassador delivered them to the Pope; but Venice especially reserved all the rights she had exercised. All the essential demands of the papacy were refused, and thus was forever ended the papal power of laying an interdict upon a city or a people. From that incubus, Christendom, thanks to Father Paul and to Venice, was at last and forever free.

The Vatican did, indeed, try hard to keep its old claim in being. A few years after its defeat by Fra Paolo, it endeavored to reassert in Spain the same authority which had been so humbly acknowledged there a few years before. It was doubtless felt that this most pious of all countries, which had previously been so docile, and which had stood steadily by the Vatican against Venice in the recent struggle, would again set an example of submission. Never was there a greater mistake: the Vatican received from Spanish piety a humiliating refusal.

Next it tried the old weapons against the little government at Turin. For

many generations the House of Savoy had been dutifully submissive to religious control; nowhere out of Spain had heresy been treated more cruelly; yet here, too, the Vatican claim was spurned. But the final humiliation took place some years later under Urban VIII., — the same pontiff who wrecked papal infallibility on Galileo's telescope. He tried to enforce his will on the state of Lucca, which, in the days of Pope Paul, had submitted to the Vatican decrees abjectly; but that little republic now seized the weapons which Sarpi had devised, and drove the papal forces out of the field: the papal excommunication was, even by this petty government, annulled in Venetian fashion and even less respectfully.[1]

Thus the world learned how weak the Vatican hold had become. Even Pope Paul learned it, and, from being the most strenuous of modern pontiffs, he became one of the most moderate in everything save in the enrichment of his family. Thus ended the last serious effort to coerce a people by an interdict, and so, one might suppose, would end the work of Father Paul. Not so. There was to come a second chapter in his biography, more instructive, perhaps, than the first, — a chapter which has lasted until our own day.

A. D. White.

THE SCAB.

[Although the author of this paper has been chiefly known to the readers of the ATLANTIC as a writer of stories of the Klondike, he has given many years to the study of social problems. The People of the Abyss is one of his latest productions in this field. The present article is an interesting contribution, from a radical point of view, to the ATLANTIC'S series of papers on the Ethics of Business. It is to be followed in February by an article, Is Commercialism in Disgrace? by John Graham Brooks. — THE EDITORS.]

IN a competitive society, where men struggle with one another for food and shelter, what is more natural than that generosity, when it diminishes the food and shelter of men other than he who is generous, should be held an accursed thing? Wise old saws to the contrary, he who takes from a man's purse takes from his existence. To strike at a man's food and shelter is to strike at his life, and in a society organized on a tooth-and-nail basis, such an act, performed though it may be under the guise of generosity, is none the less menacing and terrible.

It is for this reason that a laborer is so fiercely hostile to another laborer who offers to work for less pay or longer hours. To hold his place (which is to live), he must offset this offer by another equally liberal, which is equivalent to giving away somewhat from the food and shelter he enjoys. To sell his day's work for two dollars instead of two dollars and a half means that he, his wife, and his children will not have so good a roof over their heads, such warm clothes on their backs, such substantial food in their stomachs. Meat will be bought less frequently, and it will be tougher and less nutritious; stout new shoes will go less often on the children's feet; and disease and death will be more imminent in a cheaper house and neighborhood.

Thus, the generous laborer, giving more of a day's work for less return

[1] The proofs — and from Catholic sources — that it was the Pope who condemned Galileo's doctrine of the earth's movement about the sun, and not merely the Congregation of the Index, the present writer has given in his History of the Warfare of Science with Theology, vol. i. chap. iii.

(measured in terms of food and shelter), threatens the life of his less generous brother laborer, and, at the best, if he does not destroy that life, he diminishes it. Whereupon the less generous laborer looks upon him as an enemy, and, as men are inclined to do in a tooth-and-nail society, he tries to kill the man who is trying to kill him.

When a striker kills with a brick the man who has taken his place, he has no sense of wrong-doing. In the deepest holds of his being, though he does not reason the impulse, he has an ethical sanction. He feels dimly that he has justification, just as the home-defending Boer felt, though more sharply, with each bullet he fired at the invading English. Behind every brick thrown by a striker is the selfish "will to live" of himself and the slightly altruistic will to live of his family. The family-group came into the world before the state-group, and society being still on the primitive basis of tooth and nail, the will to live of the state is not so compelling to the striker as the will to live of his family and himself.

In addition to the use of bricks, clubs, and bullets, the selfish laborer finds it necessary to express his feelings in speech. Just as the peaceful country-dweller calls the sea-rover a "pirate," and the stout burgher calls the man who breaks into his strong-box a "robber," so the selfish laborer applies the opprobrious epithet "scab" to the laborer who takes from him food and shelter by being more generous in the disposal of his labor-power. The sentimental connotation of scab is as terrific as that of "traitor" or "Judas," and a sentimental definition would be as deep and varied as the human heart. It is far easier to arrive at what may be called a technical definition, worded in commercial terms, as, for instance, that *a scab is one who gives more value for the same price than another.*

The laborer who gives more time, or strength, or skill, for the same wage, than another, or equal time, or strength, or skill, for a less wage, is a scab. This generousness on his part is hurtful to his fellow laborers, for it compels them to an equal generousness which is not to their liking, and which gives them less of food and shelter. But a word may be said for the scab. Just as his act makes his rivals compulsorily generous, so do they, by fortune of birth and training, make compulsory his act of generousness. He does not scab because he wants to scab. No whim of the spirit, no burgeoning of the heart, leads him to give more of his labor-power than they for a certain sum.

It is because he cannot get work on the same terms as they that he is a scab. There is less work than there are men to do work. This is patent, else the scab would not loom so large on the labor-market horizon. Because they are stronger than he, or more skilled, or more fortunate, or more energetic, it is impossible for him to take their places at the same wage. To take their places he must give more value, must work longer hours, or receive a smaller wage. He does so, and he cannot help it, for his will to live is driving him on as well as they are being driven on by theirs, and to live he must win food and shelter, which he can do only by receiving permission to work from some man who owns a bit of land or piece of machinery. And to receive permission from this man, he must make the transaction profitable for him.

Viewed in this light, the scab who gives more labor-power for a certain price than his fellows is not so generous after all. He is no more generous with his energy than the chattel slave and the convict laborer, who, by the way, are the almost perfect scabs. They give their labor-power for about the minimum possible price. But, within limits, they may loaf and malinger, and, as scabs, are exceeded by the machine, which

never loafs and malingers, and which is the ideally perfect scab.

It is not nice to be a scab. Not only is it not in good social taste and comradeship, but, from the standpoint of food and shelter, it is bad business policy. Nobody desires to scab, to give most for least. The ambition of every individual is quite the opposite, — to give least for most; and as a result, living in a tooth-and-nail society, battle royal is waged by the ambitious individuals. But in its most salient aspect, that of the struggle over the division of a joint-product, it is no longer a battle between individuals, but between groups of individuals. Capital and labor apply themselves to raw material, make something useful out of it, add to its value, and then proceed to quarrel over the division of the added value. Neither cares to give most for least. Each is intent on giving less than the other and on receiving more.

Labor combines into its unions; capital into partnerships, associations, corporations, and trusts. A group-struggle is the result, in which the individuals, as individuals, play no part. The Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, for instance, serves notice on the Master Builders' Association that it demands an increase of the wage of its members from $3.50 a day to $4.00, and a Saturday half-holiday without pay. This means that the carpenters are trying to give less for more. Where they received $21.00 for six full days, they are endeavoring to get $22.00 for five days and a half, — that is, they will work half a day less each week and receive a dollar more.

Also, they expect the Saturday half-holiday to give work to one additional man for each eleven previously employed. This last affords a splendid example of the development of the group idea. In this particular struggle the individual has no chance at all for life. The individual carpenter would be crushed like a mote by the Master Builders' Association, and like a mote the individual master builder would be crushed by the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners.

In the group-struggle over the division of the joint-product, labor utilizes the union with its two great weapons, — the strike and boycott; while capital utilizes the trust and the association, the weapons of which are the blacklist, the lockout, and the scab. The scab is by far the most formidable weapon of the three. He is the man who breaks strikes and causes all the trouble. Without him there would be no trouble, for the strikers are willing to remain out peacefully and indefinitely so long as other men are not in their places, and so long as the particular aggregation of capital with which they are fighting is eating its head off in enforced idleness.

But both warring groups have reserve weapons up their sleeves. Were it not for the scab, these weapons would not be brought into play. But the scab takes the places of the strikers, who begin at once to wield a most powerful weapon, — terrorism. The will to live of the scab recoils from the menace of broken bones and violent death. With all due respect to the labor leaders, who are not to be blamed for volubly asseverating otherwise, terrorism is a well-defined and eminently successful policy of the labor unions. It has probably won them more strikes than all the rest of the weapons in their arsenal. This terrorism, however, must be clearly understood. It is directed solely against the scab, placing him in such fear for life and limb as to drive him out of the contest. But when terrorism gets out of hand and inoffensive non-combatants are injured, law and order threatened, and property destroyed, it becomes an edged tool that cuts both ways. This sort of terrorism is sincerely deplored by the labor leaders, for it has probably lost them as many strikes as have been lost by any other single cause.

The scab is powerless under terrorism. As a rule he is not so good or gritty a man as the men he is displacing, and he

lacks their fighting organization. He stands in dire need of stiffening and backing. His employers, the capitalists, draw their two remaining weapons, the ownership of which is debatable, but which they for the time being happen to control. These two weapons may be called the political and judicial machinery of society. When the scab crumples up and is ready to go down before the fists, bricks, and bullets of the labor-group, the capitalist-group puts the police and soldiers into the field, and begins a general bombardment of injunctions. Victory usually follows, for the labor-group cannot withstand the combined assault of gatling guns and injunctions.

But it has been noted that the ownership of the political and judicial machinery of society is debatable. In the Titanic struggle over the division of the joint-product, each group reaches out for every available weapon. Nor are they blinded by the smoke of conflict. They fight their battles as coolly and collectedly as ever battles were fought on paper. The capitalist-group has long since realized the immense importance of controlling the political and judicial machinery of society. Taught by gatlings and injunctions, which have smashed many an otherwise successful strike, the labor-group is beginning to realize that it all depends upon who is behind and who is before those weapons. And he who knows the labor-movement knows that there is slowly growing up and being formulated a clear, definite policy for the capture of the political and judicial machinery.

This is the terrible spectre which Mr. John Graham Brooks sees looming portentously over the twentieth-century world. No man may boast a more intimate knowledge of the labor-movement than he, and he reiterates again and again the dangerous likelihood of the whole labor-group capturing the political machinery of society. As he says in his recent book:[1]

> "It is not probable that employers can destroy unionism in the United States. Adroit and desperate attempts will, however, be made, if we mean by unionism the undisciplined and aggressive fact of vigorous and determined organizations. If capital should prove too strong in this struggle, the result is easy to predict. The employers have only to convince organized labor that it cannot hold its own against the capitalist manager, and the whole energy that now goes to the union will turn to an aggressive political socialism. It will not be the harmless sympathy with increased city and state functions which trade unions already feel; it will become a turbulent political force bent upon using every weapon of taxation against the rich."

This struggle not to be a scab, to avoid giving more for less, and to succeed in giving less for more, is more vital than it would appear on the surface. The capitalist and labor groups are locked together in desperate battle, and neither side is swayed by moral considerations more than skin-deep. The labor-group hires business agents, lawyers, and organizers; and is beginning to intimidate legislators by the strength of its solid vote, and more directly, in the near future, it will attempt to control legislation by capturing it bodily through the ballot-box. On the other hand, the capitalist-group, numerically weaker, hires newspapers, universities, and legislatures, and strives to bend to its need all the forces which go to mould public opinion.

The only honest morality displayed by either side is white-hot indignation at the iniquities of the other side. The striking teamster complacently takes a scab driver into an alley and with an iron bar breaks his arms so that he can drive no more, but cries out to high heaven for justice when the capitalist breaks his skull by means of a club in the hands of a policeman. Nay, the members of a union will declaim in impassioned rhet-

[1] *The Social Unrest.* New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

oric for the God-given right of an eight-hour day, and at the time be working their own business agent seventeen hours out of the twenty-four.

A capitalist, such as the late Collis P. Huntington, and his name is Legion, after a long life spent in buying the aid of countless legislatures, will wax virtuously wrathful and condemn in unmeasured terms "the dangerous tendency of crying out to the government for aid" in the way of labor legislation. Without a quiver, a member of the capitalist-group will run tens of thousands of pitiful child-laborers through his life-destroying cotton factories, and weep maudlin and Constitutional tears over one scab hit in the back with a brick. He will drive a "compulsory" free contract with an unorganized laborer on the basis of a starvation wage, saying, "Take it or leave it," knowing that to leave it means to die of hunger; and in the next breath, when the organizer entices that laborer into a union, will storm patriotically about the inalienable rights of all men to work. In short, the chief moral concern of either side is with the morals of the other side. They are not in the business for their moral welfare, but to achieve the enviable position of the non-scab who gets more than he gives.

But there is more to the question than has yet been discussed. The labor scab is no more detestable to his brother laborers than is the capitalist scab to his brother capitalists. A capitalist may get most for least in dealing with his laborers, and in so far be a non-scab; but at the same time, in his dealings with his fellow capitalists, he may give most for least and be the very worst kind of scab. The most heinous crime an employer of labor can commit is to scab on his fellow employers of labor. Just as the individual laborers have organized into groups to protect themselves from the peril of the scab laborer, so have the employers organized into groups to protect themselves from the peril of the scab employer. The employers' federations, associations, and trusts are nothing more or less than unions. They are organized to destroy scabbing amongst themselves and to encourage scabbing amongst others. For this reason they pool interests, determine prices, and present an unbroken and aggressive front to the labor-group.

As has been said before, nobody likes to play the compulsorily generous rôle of scab. It is a bad business proposition on the face of it. And it is patent that there would be no capitalist scabs if there were not more capital than there is work for capital to do. When there are enough factories in existence to supply, with occasional stoppages, a certain commodity, the building of new factories, by a rival concern, for the production of that commodity, is plain advertisement that that capital is out of a job. The first act of this new aggregation of capital will be to cut prices, to give more for less; in short, to scab, to strike at the very existence of the less generous aggregation of capital, the work of which it is trying to do.

No scab capitalist strives to give more for less for any other reason than that he hopes, by undercutting a competitor and driving that competitor out of the market, to get that market and its profits for himself. His ambition is to achieve the day when he shall stand alone in the field both as buyer and seller, when he will be the royal non-scab, buying most for least, selling least for most, and reducing all about him, the small buyers and sellers (the consumers and the laborers), to a general condition of scabdom. This, for example, has been the history of Mr. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company. Through all the sordid economies of scabdom he has passed until to-day he is a most regal non-scab. However, to continue in this enviable position, he must be prepared at a moment's notice to go scabbing again. And he is prepared. Whenever a competitor arises, Mr. Rockefeller changes about from giv-

ing least for most, and gives most for least with such a vengeance as to drive the competitor out of existence.

The banded capitalists discriminate against a scab capitalist by refusing him trade advantages, and by combining against him in most relentless fashion. The banded laborers, discriminating against a scab laborer in more primitive fashion, with a club, are no more merciless than the banded capitalists.

Mr. Casson tells of a New York capitalist, who withdrew from the Sugar Union several years ago and became a scab. He was worth something like twenty millions of dollars. But the Sugar Union, standing shoulder to shoulder with the Railroad Union and several others, beat him to his knees till he cried enough. So frightfully did they beat him that he was obliged to turn over to his creditors his home, his chickens, and his gold watch. In point of fact, he was as thoroughly bludgeoned by the Federation of Capitalist Unions as ever scab workman was bludgeoned by a labor union. The intent in either case is the same, to destroy the scab's producing power. The labor scab with concussion of the brain is put out of business, and so is the capitalist scab who has lost all his dollars down to his chickens and his watch.

But the rôle of scab passes beyond the individual. Just as individuals scab on other individuals, so do groups scab on other groups. And the principle involved is precisely the same as in the case of the simple labor scab. A group, in the nature of its organization, is often compelled to give most for least, and, so doing, to strike at the life of another group. At the present moment all Europe is appalled by that colossal scab, the United States. And Europe is clamorous with agitation for a Federation of National Unions to protect her from the United States. It may be noted, in passing, that in its prime essentials this agitation in no wise differs from the trade union agitation among workmen in any industry. The trouble is caused by the scab who is giving most for least. The result of the American Scab's nefarious actions will be to strike at the food and shelter of Europe. The way for Europe to protect herself is to quit bickering among her parts and to form a union against the Scab. And if the union is formed, armies and navies may be expected to be brought into play in fashion similar to the bricks and clubs in ordinary labor struggles.

In this connection, and as one of many walking delegates for the nations, M. Leroy-Beaulieu, the noted French economist, may well be quoted. In a letter to the Vienna Tageblatt, he advocates an economic alliance among the Continental nations for the purpose of barring out American goods, an economic alliance, in his own language, "*which may possibly and desirably develop into a political alliance.*"

It will be noted in the utterances of the Continental walking delegates that, one and all, they leave England out of the proposed union. And in England herself the feeling is growing that her days are numbered if she cannot unite for offense and defense with the great American Scab. As Andrew Carnegie said some time ago, "The only course for Great Britain seems to be reunion with her grandchild, or sure decline to a secondary place, and then to comparative insignificance in the future annals of the English-speaking race."

Cecil Rhodes, speaking of what would have obtained but for the pig-headedness of George III., and of what will obtain when England and the United States are united, said, "*No cannon would . . . be fired on either hemisphere but by permission of the English race.*" It would seem that England, fronted by the hostile Continental Union and flanked by the great American Scab, has nothing left but to join with the Scab and play the historic labor-rôle of armed Pinkerton.

Granting the words of Cecil Rhodes, the United States would be enabled to scab without let or hindrance on Europe, while England, as professional strike-breaker and policeman, destroyed the unions and kept order.

All this may appear fantastic and erroneous, but there is in it a soul of truth vastly more significant than it may seem. Civilization may be expressed to-day in terms of trade unionism. Individual struggles have largely passed away, but group struggles increase prodigiously. And the things for which the groups struggle are the same as of old. Shorn of all subtleties and complexities, the chief struggle of men, and of groups of men, is for food and shelter. And, as of old they struggled with tooth and nail, so to-day they struggle, with teeth and nails elongated into armies and navies, machines, and economic advantages.

Under the definition that a scab is *one who gives more value for the same price than another*, it would seem that society can be generally divided into the two classes of the scabs and the non-scabs. But on closer investigation, however, it will be seen that the non-scab is almost a vanishing quantity. In the social jungle everybody is preying upon everybody else. As in the case of Mr. Rockefeller, he who was a scab yesterday is a non-scab to-day, and to-morrow may be a scab again.

The woman stenographer or bookkeeper who receives forty dollars per month where a man was receiving seventy-five is a scab. So is the woman who does a man's work at a weaving machine, and the child who goes into the mill or factory. And the father, who is scabbed out of work by the wives and children of other men, sends his own wife and children to scab in order to save himself.

When a publisher offers an author better royalties than other publishers have been paying him, he is scabbing on those other publishers. The reporter on a newspaper who feels he should be receiving a larger salary for his work, says so, and is shown the door, is replaced by a reporter who is a scab; whereupon, when the belly-need presses, the displaced reporter goes to another paper and scabs himself. The minister who hardens his heart to a call, and waits for a certain congregation to offer him say five hundred a year more, often finds himself scabbed upon by another and more impecunious minister; and the next time it is *his* turn to scab while a brother minister is hardening his heart to a call. The scab is everywhere. The professional strike-breakers, who, as a class, receive large wages, will scab on one another, while scab unions are even formed to prevent scabbing upon scabs.

There are non-scabs, but they are usually born so, and are protected by the whole might of society in the possession of their food and shelter. King Edward is such a type, as are all individuals who receive hereditary food-and-shelter privileges, such as the present Duke of Bedford, for instance, who yearly receives $75,000 from the good people of London because some former king gave some former ancestor of his the market privileges of Covent Garden. The irresponsible rich are likewise non-scabs, and by them is meant that coupon-clipping class which hires its managers and brains to invest the money usually left it by its ancestors.

Outside these lucky creatures, all the rest, at one time or another in their lives, are scabs, at one time or another are engaged in giving more for a certain price than any one else. The meek professor in some endowed institution, by his meek suppression of his convictions, is giving more for his salary than the other more outspoken professor gave, whose chair he occupies. And when a political party dangles a full dinner-pail in the eyes of the toiling masses, it is offering more for a vote than the dubious dollar of the op-

posing party. Even a money-lender is not above taking a slightly lower rate of interest and saying nothing about it.

Such is the tangle of conflicting interests in a tooth-and-nail society that people cannot avoid being scabs, are often made so against their desires, and unconsciously. When several trades in a certain locality demand and receive an advance in wages, they are unwittingly making scabs of their fellow laborers in that district who have received no advance in wages. In San Francisco the barbers, laundry workers, and milk-wagon drivers received such an advance in wages. Their employers promptly added the amount of this advance to the selling price of their wares. The price of shaves, of washing, and of milk went up. This reduced the purchasing power of the unorganized laborers, and, in point of fact, reduced their wages and made them greater scabs.

Because the British laborer is disinclined to scab, that is, because he restricts his output in order to give less for the wage he receives, it is to a certain extent made possible for the American capitalist, who receives a less restricted output from his laborers, to play the scab on the English capitalist. As a result of this (of course, combined with other causes), the American capitalist and the American laborer are striking at the food and shelter of the English capitalist and laborer.

The English laborer is starving to-day because, among other things, he is not a scab. He practices the policy of "Ca' Canny," which may be defined as "go easy." In order to get most for least, in many trades he performs but from one fourth to one sixth of the labor he is well able to perform. An instance of this is found in the building of the Westinghouse Electric Works at Manchester. The British limit per man was 400 bricks per day. The Westinghouse Company imported a "driving" American contractor aided by half-a-dozen "driving" American foremen, and the British bricklayer swiftly attained an average of 1800 bricks per day, with a maximum of 2500 bricks for the plainest work.

But the British laborer's policy of Ca' Canny, which is the very honorable one of giving least for most, and which is likewise the policy of the English capitalist, is nevertheless frowned upon by the English capitalist whose business existence is threatened by the great American Scab. From the rise of the factory system, the English capitalist gladly embraced the opportunity, wherever he found it, of giving least for most. He did it all over the world wherever he enjoyed a market monopoly, and he did it at home, with the laborers employed in his mills, destroying them like flies till prevented, within limits, by the passage of the Factory Acts. Some of the proudest fortunes of England to-day may trace their origin to the giving of least for most to the miserable slaves of the factory towns. But at the present time the English capitalist is outraged because his laborers are employing against him precisely the same policy he employed against them, and which he would employ again did the chance present itself.

Yet Ca' Canny is a disastrous thing to the British laborer. It has driven ship-building from England to Scotland, bottle-making from Scotland to Belgium, flint-glass-making from England to Germany, and to-day it is steadily driving industry after industry to other countries. A correspondent from Northampton wrote not long ago: "Factories are working half and third time. . . . There is no strike, there is no real labor trouble, but the masters and men are alike suffering from sheer lack of employment. Markets which were once theirs are now American." It would seem that the unfortunate British laborer is 'twixt the devil and the deep sea. If he gives most for least, he faces a frightful slavery such as marked the beginning of the factory system. If he gives least for most, he

drives industry away to other countries, and has no work at all.

But the union laborers of the United States have nothing to boast of, while, according to their trade-union ethics, they have a great deal of which to be ashamed. They passionately preach short hours and big wages, the shorter the hours and the bigger the wages the better. Their hatred for a scab is as terrible as the hatred of a patriot for a traitor, of a Christian for a Judas. And in the face of all this they are as colossal scabs as the United States is a colossal scab. For all of their boasted unions and high labor-ideals, they are about the most thorough-going scabs on the planet.

Receiving $4.50 per day, because of his proficiency and immense working power, the American laborer has been known to scab upon scabs (so called) who took his place and received only $.90 per day for a longer day. In this particular instance, five Chinese coolies, working longer hours, gave less value for the price received from their employer than did one American laborer.

It is upon his brother laborers overseas that the American laborer most outrageously scabs. As Mr. Casson has shown, an English nailmaker gets $3.00 per week, while an American nailmaker gets $30.00. But the English worker turns out 200 pounds of nails per week, while the American turns out 5500 pounds. If he were as "fair" as his English brother, other things being equal, he would be receiving, at the English worker's rate of pay, $82.50. As it is, he is scabbing upon his English brother to the tune of $79.50 per week. Dr. Schultze-Gaevernitz has shown that a German weaver produces 466 yards of cotton a week at a cost of .303 per yard, while an American weaver produces 1200 yards at a cost of .02 per yard.

But, it may be objected, a great part of this is due to the more improved American machinery. Very true; but, none the less, a great part is still due to the superior energy, skill, and willingness of the American laborer. The English laborer is faithful to the policy of Ca' Canny. He refuses point blank to get the work out of a machine that the New World scab gets out of a machine. Mr. Maxim, observing a wasteful hand-labor process in his English factory, invented a machine which he proved capable of displacing several men. But workman after workman was put at the machine, and without exception they turned out neither more nor less than a workman turned out by hand. They obeyed the mandate of the union and went easy, while Mr. Maxim gave up in despair. Nor will the British workman run machines at as high speed as the American, nor will he run so many. An American workman will "give equal attention simultaneously to three, four, or six machines or tools, while the British workman is compelled by his trade union to limit his attention to one, so that employment may be given to half-a-dozen men."

But to scabbing, no blame attaches itself anywhere. All the world is a scab, and, with rare exceptions, all the people in it are scabs. The strong, capable workman gets a job and holds it because of his strength and capacity. And he holds it because out of his strength and capacity he gives a better value for his wage than does the weaker and less capable workman. Therefore he is scabbing upon his weaker and less capable brother workman. This is incontrovertible. He is giving more value for the price paid by the employer.

The superior workman scabs upon the inferior workman because he is so constituted and cannot help it. The one, by fortune of birth and upbringing, is strong and capable; the other, by fortune of birth and upbringing, is not so strong or capable. It is for the same reason that one country scabs upon another. That country which has the good fortune to possess great natural resources, a finer

sun and soil, unhampering institutions, and a deft and intelligent labor class and capitalist class, is bound to scab upon a country less fortunately situated. It is the good fortune of the United States that is making her the colossal scab, just as it is the good fortune of one man to be born with a straight back while his brother is born with a hump.

It is not good to give most for least, not good to be a scab. The word has gained universal opprobrium. On the other hand, to be a non-scab, to give least for most, is universally branded as stingy, selfish, and unchristian-like. So all the world, like the British workman, is 'twixt the devil and the deep sea. It is treason to one's fellows to scab, it is treason to God and unchristian-like not to scab.

Since to give least for most and to give most for least are universally bad, what remains? Equity remains, which is to give like for like, the same for the same, neither more nor less. But this equity, society, as at present constituted, cannot give. It is not in the nature of present-day society for men to give like for like, the same for the same. And as long as men continue to live in this competitive society, struggling tooth and nail with one another for food and shelter, (which is to struggle tooth and nail with one another for life), that long will the scab continue to exist. His will to live will force him to exist. He may be flouted and jeered by his brothers, he may be beaten with bricks and clubs by the men who by superior strength and capacity scab upon him as he scabs upon them by longer hours and smaller wages, but through it all he will persist, going them one better, and giving a bit more of most for least than they are giving.

Jack London.

MORLEY'S GLADSTONE.

Moore records in his Diary a breakfast at Jeffrey's where Sydney Smith spoke of Sir T. Lawrence having bled to death owing to the ignorance of a servant in not properly adjusting the bandage: "On my remarking the additional ill luck, after such a death, of falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell, he started up and exclaimed theatrically, 'Look to your bandages, all ye that have been blooded; there are biographers abroad!'"

The modern biographer abroad, to say nothing of his lack of skill in dressing wounds, has torn open so many that one commonly experiences a certain involuntary trepidation on taking up a new Life. Nor does the fact that the biography is official necessarily relieve the apprehension. "Literary executors," said Coleridge, "make sad work in general with their testators' brains." This was probably not a direct prophecy of Froude or Purcell. Even before their day, which Coleridge would have distinctly *not* rejoiced to see, lives had been taken under the guise of being written. That literary tragedy, however, no man need have feared to see repeated in John Morley's biography of Gladstone.[1] It was certain in advance that nothing but poised judgment, measured estimate, and perfect taste, with fair though pungent phrase and characterization, should we get from the biographer of Cromwell and Cobden, the interpreter of Diderot and Voltaire and Rousseau, of Walpole and of Burke, and, latterly, the political orator whom the best of England hear gladly. His

[1] *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone.* By John Morley. In three volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

old chief never gave a better proof that, contrary to the general opinion, he was a good judge of men than in the choice of a literary executor. The appeal to Mr. Morley's discretion, to speak for the moment of that quality alone, was of the slightest from the transparent openness of Gladstone's manner of life. "Nobody ever had fewer secrets." There were no pathological passages in his letters or journals of which to make a public clinic. Even the asterisks denoting omitted sentences in his correspondence, as printed, hide, Mr. Morley assures us, "no piquant hit, no personality, no indiscretion." There will be no place, then, for the future digger-up of the original manuscripts, on scandal bent. We have before us the "real" Gladstone, without that abused word at all possessing its now customary connotation of something derogatory or repellent.

One formidable difficulty obviously confronted Mr. Morley from the start. How was the biographer to disentangle the hero from the history of his time, of which he was so great a part? The life could not be made intelligible apart from its political setting; on the other hand, to make the latter stand out full and clear would be to run the risk of throwing the man himself too much into the shadow. It cannot be said that the bulky volumes wholly escape the double peril. It would be unfair to apply to them what has been said of Professor Masson's Life and Times of Milton, — that the Times are to the Life as nine to one; yet there is an undeniable impression, now and then, in this work of Mr. Morley's, of the historian getting the better of the biographer. Even contemporary events in which Gladstone had but a minor rôle — such as the Franco-German war — are narrated in a way to come near falling between two stools. The history is scamped, the biography overweighted. In the case of such themes as Ireland, the Transvaal, Egypt, the struggle for Italian unity, the rescue of the bleeding provinces from the Turk, we may well admit the demand for full handling, since with them Gladstone had a militant and fiercely debated connection. Indeed, there is one theory of the function which Mr. Morley may have defined to himself that would justify all his historical *longueurs*. It is possible that he designed his great work, not precisely as a "huge Whig tract" of the Macaulay order, but as a conscious contribution to the propaganda of Liberalism, — using that word in no party sense, but as signifying the movement to enfranchise the spirit of mankind. The careful translation of all the citations from Greek, Latin, and even French and Italian, would look as if his volumes were sent out in the hope of being understanded of the common people. Their sale by popular subscription in England points the same way. If the actual aim were to make all plain to short memories and meagre reading, there is constructive excuse for pages which would otherwise be voted both superfluous and tedious.

Thirty years ago, John Morley as the biographer of William Ewart Gladstone would have seemed the most palpable misfit. Even to-day, many have had grave doubt on one point. Would not the Life reveal much less than perfect sympathy between writer and subject on the religious side? How could an avowed agnostic, though of the most grave and weighty cast of mind, possibly hope to portray the ardent theologian, the convinced Churchman, the devout Christian believer, who, as Dean Church said of his personal knowledge of Gladstone, went from his knees to the business of the nation? Mr. Gladstone himself, so Frederic Harrison reminds us, thought Morley's Life of Cobden defective in religious appreciation. In his own case the difficulty would seem vastly greater. But it is vanquished *ambulando*. Frankly stating that he can only describe from the exterior Gladstone's religious nature

and activities, Mr. Morley at once rises to serene impartiality of spirit in saying: "It was the affinity of great natures for great issues that made Mr. Gladstone from his earliest manhood onwards take and hold fast the affairs of the churches for the objects of his most absorbing interest. He was one and the same man, his genius was one. His persistent incursions all through his long life into the multifarious doings, not only of his own Anglican communion, but of the Latin church of the West, as well as of the motley Christendom of the East, puzzled and vexed political whippers-in, wire-pullers, newspaper editors, leaders, colleagues; they were the despair of party caucuses; and they made the neutral man of the world smile, as eccentricities of genius and rather singularly chosen recreations. All this was, in truth, of the very essence of his character, the manifestation of its profound unity." If that does not echo the emotional sympathy of a brother in the faith, it at least shows us the sound and fair critic. Mr. Morley, in reality, sets forth the churchly and the Christian side of Gladstone with satisfactory clearness, if not with all ecclesiastical amplitude. The most apprehensive Anglican must confess the picture to be faithful. Minuter traits are not overlooked. We are shown Gladstone's Cromwellian habit of being greatly stayed by some verse of Scripture when going forth to oratorical slaughter. If anything is left out it is the laughter, or the mockery, which Mr. Gladstone's consuming religious zeal so often provoked in the ungodly. Their gibes Mr. Morley passes by. Kinglake, for example, was only one of many to call Mr. Gladstone "a good man in the worst sense of the term, conscientious with a disordered conscience." And it was in an "Imaginary Conversation" between Madame Novikoff and Gortchakoff that the same brilliant but bitter writer conveyed wittily the general impression of the way in which Gladstone's theological flank lay open to attack: —

"Gortchakoff: How did you get hold of Gladstone?

"Madame Novikoff: *Rien de plus simple.* Four or five years ago I asked what was his weak point, and was told that he had two — 'Effervescence' and 'Theology.' With that knowledge I found it all child's play to manage him. I just sent him to Munich, and there boiled him up in a weak decoction of *Filioque*, then kept him ready for use, and impatiently awaited the moment when our plans for getting up the 'Bulgarian atrocities' should be mature," etc.

Whatever might have been dreaded in regard to Mr. Morley's painting of Gladstone the theologian, everybody must have recognized his peculiar advantage in describing Gladstone the statesman. It is the advantage of first-hand acquaintance with the matter. This enables him not only to understand, but to give those realistic touches of experience which we find, for example, in Condorcet's Life of Turgot, Disraeli's sketch of Bentinck, Rosebery's Pitt, and Schurz's Clay. Saturated for years in politics, himself active in the movements that he describes, an intimate of the men who made the history it is his task to write, Mr. Morley is able to light up his pages with many a flash of personal familiarity. Thus when the mysterious break-up of a certain Cabinet is under discussion, he turns this ray upon the problem, — "Perhaps the Ministers had grown weary of each other." That could have occurred to no one who had not himself kissed hands and held a portfolio. Even his journalistic years yield Mr. Morley something, as when, referring to an unhappy attempt to "inspire" a newspaper, he remarks: "Unluckily, it would seem to need at least the genius of a Bismarck to perform with precision and success the delicate office of inspiring a modern oracle on the journalistic tripod."

Mr. Morley is no idolizing biographer.

His critic's eye is not dazzled even by the splendid orb of Gladstone's genius. He sees and points out the flecks in the brilliance. With resolute hand he unveils for us the deep mystery of Mr. Gladstone's complex nature, — simply duplex, his enemies called it. This personal interest is, after all, the most compelling thing in the 1800 pages. Old political issues — Maynooth and the Gorham judgment, distribution bills and budgets, even Bulgaria and Irish Home Rule — seem far away and burned out compared with the perennial charm and vitality of a dominant human personality. In Gladstone there was as extraordinary a union of opposites as ever met in one breast. "Ah," said a disapproving old Whig, at the time of the 1860 budget, "Oxford on the surface, but Liverpool below." This was but one of the many phrases in which Gladstone's remarkable dualism of character was bodied forth. He was at once the meticulous scholastic theologian, and the prodigious worker in the practical. This strange mingling of qualities, with its resultant perils, Mr. Morley puts fairly before us. A hair-splitting intellect yoked to immense moral enthusiasm was certain to lead its owner into awkward passages, and to lay him open to the charge of sophistry or insincerity. The subtly mediæval tinge of Mr. Gladstone's mind was perceived with marvelous clarity of vision by Walter Bagehot, in that acute analysis of the man which he published as far back as 1860. "His intellect is of a thoroughly scholastic kind. He can distinguish between any two propositions; he never allowed, he could not allow, that any two were identical. If any one on either side of the House is bold enough to infer anything from anything, Mr. Gladstone is ready to deny that the inference is accurate — to suggest a distinction which he says is singularly important — to illustrate an apt subtlety which, in appearance at least, impairs the validity of the deduction. No schoolman could be readier at such work. . . . It must be pleasant to have an argumentative acuteness which is quite sure to extricate you, at least in appearance, from any intellectual scrape. But it is a dangerous weapon to use, and particularly dangerous to a very conscientious man. He will not use it unless he believes in its results; but he will try to believe in its results, in order that he may use it."

Mr. Morley practically acquiesces in this diagnosis. Indeed, confirmation of it rains upon any one who closely follows Gladstone's career, and notes the impression he made upon different men. "He perplexes his chief [Sir Robert Peel]," writes Lord Rosebery of Gladstone, in his little book on Peel, "who complains of sometimes *finding great difficulty in exactly comprehending what he means.*" This recalls a saying of the Pope: "I like, but I do not understand, Mr. Gladstone." It was a complaint which dogged Gladstone from his earliest to his latest years. In 1830 he wrote a long letter to his father urging that he be permitted to give his life to the Church. There were in it sentences of burning and martyr-like devotion, but alongside stand others which leave one uncertain what the youth really wanted. This "vague and obscure" letter is, observes Mr. Morley, "the first definite indication alike of the extraordinary intensity of his religious disposition, and of that double-mindedness, that division of sensibility between the demands of spiritual and of secular life, which remained throughout one of the marking traits of his career." From this involved letter at twenty-one, down to his apparent but Orphic denial that he was to resign the premiership at eighty-five, — though he promptly did it, — Gladstone left behind him an enormous number of letters, articles, and speeches in which lurking qualifications, meaning everything to him, though unperceived by the general, lay as so many snares for the unwary, so many causes of wrath to the plain and blunt Englishman who blurts his whole mind out. No won-

der that this trait "sometimes amused friends, but always exasperated foes. . . . His adversary, as he strode confidently along the smooth grass, suddenly found himself treading on a serpent; he had overlooked a condition, a proviso, a word of hypothesis or contingency, that sprang from its ambush and brought his triumph to naught on the spot. If Mr. Gladstone had only taken as much trouble that his hearers should understand exactly what it was that he meant, as he took trouble afterwards to show that his meaning had been grossly misunderstood, all might have been well. As it was, he seemed to be completely satisfied if he could only show that two propositions, thought by plain men to be directly contradictory, were all the time capable on close construction of being presented in perfect harmony."

Along with this tendency to "over-refining in words, a disproportionate impressiveness in verbal shadings without real difference," went an amazing combativeness. This is perhaps a part of the oratorical temperament. Fox was once reproached for disputing vehemently about a trifle. "I *must* do so," he said; "I can't live without discussion." To quote Bagehot again: "Mr. Gladstone by nature, by vehement overruling nature, longs to pour forth his own belief; he cannot rest till he has contradicted every one else." This made the most peace-loving of statesmen the most pugnacious of debaters. "He can bear a good deal about the politics of Europe; but let a man question the fees on vatting, or the change in the game certificate, or the stamp on bills of lading — what melodious thunders of loquacious wrath! The world, he hints, is likely to end at such observations." Indeed, great as were Mr. Gladstone's oratorical powers in exposition or persuasion, they never blazed so high as in rejoinder. "He is terrible in the rebound," testified Lord Aberdeen. This falls in with what Gladstone himself said, when asked if he were ever nervous about speaking. "In opening, yes; in reply, never."

But this intense nature was not always in the white heat of mighty labor or close-joined debate. He had his lighter, playful side. The bow was sometimes unbent. His wonderful charm in undress conversation, his story-telling, his mimicry, his facile acting — to say nothing of his stores of out-of-the-way knowledge and exhaustless fund of reminiscence — built up a strong and enduring tradition of his fascinating personality in private life. But almost all of this part of Gladstone is left in the shadow by Mr. Morley. He asserts its existence, but he illustrates it only in the most meagre way. Presumably, authentic material was lacking. There was no Boswell by, unluckily. Mr. Morley prints twenty-five pages of his own notes of Gladstone's conversation on successive days at Biarritz. It is bookish, glancing, rather superficial; little quotable, nowhere making a deep impression, though showing a great range of reading for a busy public man. In his letters Mr. Gladstone seems never to have overflowed in raillery or anecdote. All was intent on the matter in hand. It was as if the previous question were always on the point of being ordered. Even in the correspondence with his friend of many years, the Duchess of Sutherland, one finds little of that lightsome play of mind which an intellectual woman will call out of a man if he has it in him. This helps us to understand the Queen's complaint that Gladstone always talked to her as if she were a public meeting. The net result is to make his letters uninteresting, except as fixing disputed dates and the true order of his unfolding policy; so that Mr. Morley was wise to publish but a few of the thousands that were turned over to him. Nor is Gladstone's private diary richer in the asides and leisurely jottings of a full mind. It was strictly business, — a kind of skeleton *agenda* or *adjudicata*. It was a record, and records are not lively reading. And yet,

and yet, we know that there was a Gladstone who could disarm and delight even his enemies by his bright bravura at dinner or reception; who gave George Russell some of his best and wickedest stories, — even that one about the swearing Archbishop of Canterbury; who pursued the oddest fads with enthusiasm, and took up with the wildest fashions in a spirit of hilarity. In Lord Malmesbury's memoirs we find him writing in 1844: "Met Mr. Gladstone, a man who is much spoken of as one who will come to the front. We were disappointed at his appearance, which is that of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic." But twenty years later the same nobleman wrote: "Gladstone, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about negro melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as 'Camptown Races.'" Punch seized upon the contrast of monk and negro minstrel, and had its caricature of Mr. Gladstone in clerical black, his downcast eyes upon his breviary; with a parallel portrait displaying him in the exaggerated dress of the end man, screaming, "Oh, do dah dey!" But no comic art, testifies an intimate of the family, "could body forth a more amusing picture than the scene in real life when Mr. Gladstone, taking Mrs. Gladstone by the hand, would warble the song of the wandering fiddler: —

'A ragamuffin husband and a rantipoling wife,
We 'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life.'"

One can only sigh and wish that it had been in Mr. Morley's power to give us more of *this* Gladstone. We moderns would not be so fastidious as Greville, who confided to his diary, in 1854, that he could not dispute Gladstone's "extraordinary capacity," but noted that "I was not prepared to hear the Chancellor of the Exchequer warble a sentimental ballad, accompanied by his wife."

For so conspicuously marked and brilliant a young man, Mr. Gladstone's political development was strangely slow. He signally defied the saying that the great driving impulses come to a man under thirty. Gladstone was fifty before it even became certain to which political party he was to belong. A disheartening list of reactionary measures had his early approval. But his sympathies broadened with time; he burst through the hard casing of his Oxford education, and began to be of Burke's approved type of statesman, — one who, with a disposition to preserve, united the ability to improve. His improvements, no doubt, often looked like willful changes. It was said of him that he could let nothing alone — in flat defiance of Lord Melbourne's counsel of political wisdom. "Sir," said an old distributer of revenue stamps, "I must resign. My head is worn out. The Chancellor, sir, is imposing of things that I can't understand." Many others rebelled at Mr. Gladstone's appalling industry of innovation. Yet one supreme test always differentiated him from the mere agitator. He was ever ready with his bill to enact his policy. His outcry was not the vague protest which aims at it knows not what. His grievances he stood ready to reduce to writing, and produced his remedy in the form of an act of Parliament. It was not his way to carry an election on blown promises, and then, when challenged on the score of fulfillment, to fall back with the audacious cynicism of a Disraeli upon the assertion that "many things have happened" since the pledge was made. "Do you call that amusing?" he asked Browning, when the poet once told him of "Dizzy's" latest duplicity; "I call it devilish." And through all the changes of front which he had to offer to a changing enemy, Gladstone held fast to some one principle which, to him at least, was vital. This is no place to review his Irish policy. Those who wish to must go to Mr. Morley. But one thing may be said. From the moment that Gladstone bent his mind

to the discovery of a real cure for the chronic malady of Irish misgovernment, he clung to the central conception which he formed, through good report and through evil report. One dismal failure more, or a splendid posthumous success — and it is too soon to say which his Home Rule scheme will be rated by history — in his personal attitude throughout the great debate he seemed to be the visible realization of Coleridge's prayer: "How miserably imbecile and objectless has the English government of Ireland been for forty years past! Oh! for a great man — but one really great man — who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act!"

But all Mr. Gladstone's political principles were subsumed in one. "Political life was only part of his religious life." Mr. Morley writes: "At nearly every page of Mr. Gladstone's active career, the vital problem stares us in the face of the correspondence between the rule of private morals and of public. Is the rule one and the same for the individual and the state? From his early years onwards, Mr. Gladstone's whole language and the moods that it reproduces, — his vivid denunciations, his sanguine expectations, his rolling epithets, his aspects and appeals and points of view, — all take for granted that right and wrong depend on the same set of maxims in public life and in private. The puzzle will often greet us, and here it is enough to glance at it. In every statesman's case it arises; in Mr. Gladstone's it is cardinal and fundamental." It is, of course, easy for the closet moralist to maintain that the law of right conduct is for the politician exactly what it is for the man; but for a leader of a great party in a democracy to assert it, and proudly to challenge the testing of his own political course through many years by this touchstone — that is another thing. It would be absurd to say that Mr. Gladstone always emerges triumphant from the ordeal. No intellect but one as subtle and refining as his own could make out a clear moral consistency in all the crises of his public career. He himself confesses to a certain opportunism. The difficulty of saying at a given moment just what is the greater good, he admits. But there lies the hidden rock for the Christian statesman. A little weak compromising to save the party, concealment or truckling for the sake of "the cause," doubt whether the nation might not suffer more by your renouncing the devil, and being driven out of office for it, than by speaking him fair and staying in to compass your beneficent ends, — those are the nice distinctions which make political morality so dubious and controverted. That Gladstone never left a gap between his principles and his acts need not be contended. Mr. Morley defends no such thesis. But the principles were so high, and the approximation to them in practice so remarkable, — in the age of Bismarck, — that Gladstone was, in this respect, if not impeccable, at least first, and the rest nowhere, among the commanding public figures of his time.

This trait of a higher standard and a severer morality early impressed those who observed him narrowly. "The only Cabinet Minister of five years' standing," wrote Cobden in 1859, "who is not afraid to let his heart guide his head a little at times." This was particularly the case in all matters affecting foreign relations. He was the most plain-spoken and fearless of diplomats. Every one recalls the lengths he went in denouncing the Austrian government during his Midlothian campaign. For this, when taking office again, he made an apology as Minister of the Crown; as Gladstone the man, his opinions doubtless remained the same. "Gladstone," wrote the Duke of Newcastle to Abraham Hayward in 1858, "is not a diplomat, and probably spoke in the salons of Count Beust very much what he felt about the tyrannies of Bomba, or those of some of our more intimate friends."

That early and chivalrous championing of the wretched in Naples marked a humane and lofty impulse which never ceased to vibrate under appeal. Gladstone left a mass of notes for a volume which he once contemplated on Future Retribution. The pages were found docketed: "*From this I was called away to write on Bulgaria.*" The present scorching of sinners could not wait as well as the Day of Judgment. Mr. Gladstone had an extraordinary capacity for righteous indignation. What his flaming speech against giant injustice could do in the way of impressing the popular imagination, let his sweeping victory of 1880, in the teeth of the wisest political prophets, be the witness. And as the historian J. R. Green wrote to Humphry Ward: "Let us never forget that the triumph is *his*. He and he only among the Liberals I met never despaired. He and he only foresaw what the verdict on this 'great trial' would be. When folk talk of 'cool-headed statesmen' and 'sentimental rhetoricians' again, I shall always call to mind that in taking stock of English opinion at this crisis the sentimental rhetorician was right and the cool-headed statesmen were wrong." Mr. Morley quotes Green's glowing tribute to the leader of whom he was so proud, — the man who "was always noble of soul." Mr. Gladstone had the power of thus impressing widely diverse natures. Large-fibred Spurgeon rivaled the finely grained Green in admiration. "We believe," he wrote, "in no man's infallibility, but it is restful to be sure of one man's integrity." "That admirable sentence," comments Mr. Morley, "marks the secret." No ordinary man could have so clasped to himself such differing supporters. At Oxford, he had Pusey's vote, and he had Jowett's.

Of this richly endowed and flashing nature, what was the master-passion? Gladstone himself thought it was a love of human liberty. He worked out into it slowly. Oxford scholasticism and Oxford prejudice long smothered the sacred flame. But at last it burst out. Blazing before the eyes of all the world, it gave Gladstone his peculiar fame, — friend of humanity, enemy of all tyrants. An extract from his journal in 1879 lets us into his inner mind: "I am writing in the last minutes of the seventh decade of my life. . . . It is hardly possible that I should complete another decade. . . . For the last three and a half years I have been passing through a political experience which is, I believe, without example in our parliamentary history. I profess to believe it has been an occasion when the battle to be fought was a battle of justice, humanity, freedom, law, all in their first elements from the very root, and all on a gigantic scale. The word spoken was a word for millions, and for millions who for themselves cannot speak. If I really believe this, then I should regard my having been morally forced into this work as a great and high election of God. . . . Such are some of an old man's thoughts, in whom there is still something that consents not to be old." Nor did it for fifteen years thereafter. That frame of steel bore him later into still fiercer battles for the inarticulate oppressed. His intellect, with its wonderful strength and its almost equally wonderful weaknesses, — entirely dead, as it was, to the whole scientific movement of his age, — flamed high and steady for a decade and a half longer before the men who followed him, like another Dandolo, to a nobler fight; while over all, a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, was that moral enthusiasm, that majestic rage for truth and right and justice which made Gladstone an inspiring leader not simply of a party, but of mankind.

Rollo Ogden.

BIRCH CREEK CAÑON.

THREE pines stand out against the tawny hill,
With long roots reaching down among the moss;
A slender aspen slants with leaves a-thrill,
And at its foot a charred log leans across
The damp black rocks, the fronded ferns, the thread
Of silver glittering from its gravel bed.

Feeling its way beneath low briers and brush
The stream slips onward, fed by hidden springs;
A crystal murmur in the cañon's hush,
Through splintered rocks, and wild sweet growing things,
Into the shade where narrowing pine-walls rise
Dark on the blue of burning stainless skies.

(*O my heart's heart, beyond the purple pines,*
A thousand leagues beyond the sunset hill,
I find you here, where yonder wild-rose twines;
Your step has left the aspen leaves a-thrill;
Your voice was here but now — or whence this ache
Of poignant silence, sweet on brier and brake?)

By shadowed banks the water murmurs on,
Where shelving ledges shut the light away,
With glitters from the darkness come and gone,
And ripples gleaming out against the day,
And silver flash of fins, where lurking trout
From the green shadow of the ledge leap out.

A black birch swings its lustrous branches down,
Flecking the sunlight through its checkered screen,
Above the boulders mossed with lichens brown,
And fallen leaves, and starry tufts of green.
On either slope the serried fir trees wait
Rank after rank, to guard the cañon gate.

(*O my heart's heart, beyond that guarded wall*
A world of struggle lies between us still;
Yet you are here! I felt your shadow fall
But now across the grassy sunlit hill,
And where the fir-boughs yonder interlace
Could I but venture, I should find your face.)

Mabel Earle.

ROXELLA'S PRISONER.

THE house part, painted white with neat green blinds, faced the village and the sunrise with an air of conscious rectitude, which quite overshadowed all suggestion of bad company. The dingy stone structure in its rear looked away through narrow close-barred windows to the open country and the hills. There were no other buildings near, for the shire town of Evergreen County was but a sleepy country village after all, and prospecting home builders by common consent avoided the near neighborhood of Evergreen County Jail. Yet it had been a not unpeaceful neighborhood in years gone by. For long months of many years the narrow stone rooms had stood closed and tenantless, or open only to admit a mild offender for the briefest possible term. Evergreen County was the banner county of the state, and Peterson Thomas, who had been its sheriff, and jailer for twelve successive years, boasted freely of the county's record during that time. "We ain't sent but three to State Prison in all them years," he was fond of asserting, "and one of them I never felt sure ought to gone; this circumstantial evidence is a terrible clincher when it comes to provin' things that *could* have happened so and so whether they actually *did* or not. The other two I ain't got nothin' to say for. They might have been guilty of the crimes charged against 'em, and then again they might n't. But I 'm free to confess, after a close acquaintance of two months, that prison was the proper place for 'em both on any charge whatsoever that would gain 'em entrance there, whether they did it or not. I never could see no real good reason why the brains we send down to Augusty year after year, and pay 'em high to go, could n't make a law that 'll take care of the natural-born criminal before he actually jeperdizes the safety an' well-bein' of the community. A villain 's a villain so fur as that goes, and any honest man of good judgment can size him up first jest as easy as last. But then professional villains ain't common to Evergreen County. No, sir. Our folks for the most part are an honest, good-intentioned sort of fellers, who 'd *done* a heap better if they had n't *meant* so well. Weak wills and shiftlessness may be full as aggravatin' as crime, but they 're more respectable."

For Jailer Thomas in his career as sheriff had learned to regard his prisoners with much the same loyalty which Dr. Roswell, president of a neighboring college, felt toward his students.

"If the other party don't increase in power more 'n they have, Emily Ann, you and me bids fair to die in harness," Jailer Thomas frequently assured his good wife. "Well, we might done worse. It 's a peaceful life, and our record 's one to be proud of. Heaven grant there don't no murders nor bank robberies come up in this county to disgrace us in our old age."

That the thirteenth year of his term of office entered upon Friday was not at the time regarded by the good man as a specially ominous circumstance, yet he recalled it mournfully when, in the months following, the jail experienced what Mrs. Thomas declared to be "a terrible rush of business," and seven of its ten cells were occupied at once by offenders of varying degrees of crime. Peterson Thomas was plunged in gloom. "We 're goin' back on our record," he declared mournfully. "I 'd ought to let well enough alone, and refused to run the thirteenth year." His dejection did not lessen when just before spring planting an attack of lumbago prostrated the energetic mistress of the house.

"I sh'll have to have a girl, Peterson," she said tearfully, — "I that 's

made my boasts never once to have hired a day's work or a washing done in all my married life. Poor health in itself 's a dretful affliction, but it 's nothin' in my opinion to the hired help which comes in its train." Sheriff Thomas, sitting hopelessly on the edge of her bed, whistled a funeral march in dreary notes.

"The case is peculiar," he declared as the tune came to an end, "and ordinary hired help ain't fit to be trusted with county responsibilities. I wonder if one of Hiram Hodges's girls would n't come down for a spell jest to accommodate. The Hodgeses are mighty dependable stock, and in pickin' a hired help for the county I feel jest as I did in pickin' a wife for myself, — the best ain't none too good."

"I don't believe but what they would," assented Mrs. Thomas in a relieved tone. "Never havin' been used to village life, those girls would n't be light-headed and flighty like so many young folks nowadays. You better set right down and write up to their folks."

So it came about that one April morning Roxella, youngest of Hiram Hodges's seven daughters, stood just behind Jailer Thomas while he unlocked the heavy iron door which shut the stone jail off from the white house. Roxella's rosy cheeks were a little pale. "I 'm almost scairt," she acknowledged in an awestruck whisper. "Are they awful bad? "

"Bad enough," returned Jailer Thomas, whose gloom was still apparent. "There ain't no actual murderers among them that 's ever manifested themselves as such, but there 's one sheep thief which makes the general average pretty low. That 's him sulkin' by the window of his cell 'way down along. I 've had several sheep thieves more or less in the last twelve years, but I can't recall one that 's ever turned out well yet. Now mind, Roxelly, you ain't to hold any converse with 'em whatsoever. I don't know what your father 'n' mother 'd say to me lettin' you sweep this corridor anyhow, but I 'm clear at my wit's end unless you do. I 'm too fur behind with the county's plantin' to do any more such work myself, and I don't dare risk Emily Ann gettin' around to see it in this state. Like enough she 'd have a relapse. You ain't scairt, be you? There ain't none of 'em really dangerous. If they speak to you don't answer. They get sassy sometimes."

Left alone in the long chilly corridor, lighted only by a high window at either end, Roxella strove to quiet her fears. "There is n't anything to be scared of," she assured herself, even while uncomfortably mindful of interested faces looking out upon her from five of the grated doors.

"Good-mornin', miss, how long are you in fur? " called a derisive voice.

"Sent up for stealin' some poor feller's heart most likely," added another. Roxella did not even glance toward the line of doors, but commenced her work in a far corner by an unoccupied cell. " I won't be scared," she insisted to herself, and in an attempt to prove it began the first verse of Pull for the Shore, in a voice which quavered noticeably at first, but increased in power as she sang. "That 's a handsome piece, miss; give us another," suggested the prisoner who had first accosted her, as the song came to an end. The voice at least held no note of wickedness, and Roxella, though mindful of her instructions to make no reply, summoned courage for a glance in its direction. The glance was followed at intervals in her work by others toward the line of faces still regarding her with deep interest. Roxella's spirits lightened suddenly, and she was conscious that she had expected to find these prisoners not unlike the Wild Man from Orinoco, who had grimaced and gnashed his teeth at her from his securely barred cage in the circus at Plainville last summer. These men, hardened criminals though they

were in Roxella's estimation, differed not in general appearance from the customers she was accustomed to serve in her father's little country hotel far up the river. Four of them were young, not so very far past her own age. The fifth, a gray-haired man, whose mild blue eyes smiled vacantly upon her, called her Susie, and begged her to bring him a handful of dandelions from the grassy yard below. Roxella hesitated. Jailer Thomas's prohibition of conversation had not included dandelions. "He ain't wicked so much as he is foolish," decided Roxella as she passed the coveted blossoms through the grating. "And goodness knows I've seen fools enough in my life, so I need n't be scared of them." She shook her head in refusal of a polite request for squash blossoms from cell No. 4, and even smiled guardedly at No. 3's petition for a fresh watermelon. It was not so bad after all; these young men might have been a party of honest woodsmen come in for supper after a hard day's toil. She glanced with some apprehension at the occupant of No. 6, who had thus far taken no notice of her presence. "That 's the sheep stealer," she remembered uncomfortably, with a second glance at the stalwart figure which stood back to the door with hands deep in its pockets, staring out of the narrow window. "He looks dangerous," decided Roxella.

There was one more prisoner, a little apart from the others, in cell No. 9. Roxella noticed with some curiosity that this cell was larger than the others and rather more comfortable. A vase of flowers stood upon the window ledge, and a table with writing materials occupied the centre of the room. A young man whose dress was somewhat superior to that of the other prisoners sat beside the table, his head pillowed upon his folded arms. Roxella observed that his hair was black and curly, and wondered as she carefully swept the corners of his doorway what injustice or misfortune had brought him here. "He certainly ain't like the others," she decided, even before the prisoner lifted his head to regard her mournfully with large eyes set in a face of startling pallor. He sighed heavily and dropped his head upon his arms once more. The girl's heart stirred with pity, and she began to regret the command which prevented an expression of it. She lingered a little by the door, wondering if he would address her, but he took no further notice of her presence.

"Roxelly," said Peterson Thomas doubtfully, three mornings later, "do you s'pose you could give the boarders their feed, come noontime, for a spell? Now we 're workin' on that northeast medder I could save an hour for the county ev'ry day by not comin' home. I hate to have you do it, but it don't seem jest right to waste the county's time. You would n't be scairt, would you?"

Roxella consented readily. "Not a mite," she declared.

"So fur as that goes," Peterson Thomas continued musingly, "I s'pose you 've fed worse criminals 'n they be, many 's the time, and never give it a thought. The criminals ain't all behind bars, and there 's some men in that ought to be out, though that ain't for us to settle. I ain't sayin' but what there 's such in this very jail. However, our part is to keep 'em safe and give 'em enough to eat. Nobody livin' can't say a prisoner ever went hungry from this jail yet. You 're sure you ain't scairt? Well, don't talk to 'em, and above all don't let 'em think you feel scared."

"I ain't," Roxella declared stoutly. "I 've got all over that."

"It 's funny," she said reflectively, sitting by Mrs. Thomas's bedside a week later. "But there ain't a man up there that 's done a thing to be put in for without it 's the sheep stealer, and he don't say a word as to whether

he did or did n't. They don't any of 'em say a word about each other, but accordin' to each man's own story there ain't a guilty one there."

"There never is," replied the prostrate mistress of the house skeptically. "In all the years I 've been here we 've never had one that was guilty by his own showin', except a crazy man who confessed to a crime he never committed, and was proved innocent against his own testimony. You can't help their running on to you I s'pose, but you must n't talk back to 'em, Roxelly. Peterson would be terrible put out."

"No, ma'am, I don't," replied Roxella obediently, adding a moment later, "that is, not without it 's just to pass the time of day, or say 'do tell' or 'is that so?' or something. I don't even do that much talkin' with the sheep man. He acts dreadful ill natured. You don't suppose he 's dangerous, do you?"

Mrs. Thomas shook her head contemptuously. "There never was one of his breed had spunk enough to be dangerous," she said. "They 're a bad lot all through, and Peterson and I both hope he 'll get a long term when his case comes up. Just let him sulk it out and take no notice of him."

Roxella portioned the plain fare provided by Evergreen County for its prisoners into seven narrow tin trays, and surveyed it doubtfully. "I s'pose a hotel bringin' up makes this look meaner," she mused; "but the county 's well-to-do, and on the ground of holdin' every man innocent till he 's proved guilty I must say I can't see any justice in it. No. 9 don't eat enough to keep a mouse alive, and I believe his appetite needs temptin'. Neither the county nor Peterson Thomas would want him to go into a decline on their hands."

She resolutely added a rhubarb pie to the tray, and carefully cut it in seven impartial sections. "Nobody ever told me not to," she protested to her conscience as she traversed the long corridor, "and anyhow rhubarb 's cheap."

"I 'll leave it for you to say," she said, standing pie in hand before the door of cell No. 1. "The county ain't been accustomed to servin' desserts, but those that think they ain't undeservin' of pie can have it."

There was no apparent feeling of unworthiness until she timidly repeated her formula at the door of No. 6. To her surprise the tall prisoner smiled and shook his head. "I guess I ain't worthy, miss," he admitted, attacking his bread and potatoes with the appetite of a hungry man. Roxella reflected upon his hardened character as she went on to No. 9, who pushed aside the plainer food disdainfully, but consumed the two remaining pieces of pie with apparent relish. "It reminds me of home," he said in a subdued tone. "I was longing for a piece of my mother's pie this morning when I saw you pulling rhubarb in the jail garden. I have watched you far more than you know in the past two weeks. You can never realize how a true woman's presence brightens even a gloomy prison. I hope your womanly powers of perception have revealed to you that I am not like these others." Roxella blushed.

"Of course I could n't help seeing there was a difference," she acknowledged shyly.

"A political prisoner has much to endure of injustice and persecution," he continued sadly; "but he has the satisfaction of knowing that no one, not even his enemies, can rate him with the common criminal. My only crime is in loving my native land too well. Yet in the dreary days which passed before you came to lighten the darkness I never regretted it."

Roxella listened attentively. It sounded like a book.

"It 's a downright pity," she declared in deeply sympathetic tones. "I wish there was something more I could do for you," she added bashfully. "Could you relish a custard, do you suppose?"

"Your sympathy is more help than you realize," he replied sadly. "Custard, did you say? Yes, mother used to make those too."

The six worthy prisoners dined upon custards next day. "For I ain't goin' to show partiality even if he is different," Roxella decided.

The day following there was ice cream. "The county can afford it," Roxella assured herself, resolutely stifling a guilty pang.

She went one afternoon to answer an unaccustomed peal of the front door bell, and received from the hands of a ten-year-old girl a large basket and a bouquet of lilac blossoms. "For pa," the child explained. "Hiram Risley, you know. He 's stoppin' here a spell."

Roxella hesitated. "I don't know whether it 's against the rules or not," she acknowledged frankly, "and Mis' Thomas is havin' a poor day, so I can't ask her. Her lumbago 's developed into nervous prostration. Never mind, sis, I 'll risk it. What 's your pa's number did you say?"

The child looked puzzled. "What 's he in for?" Roxella continued.

"Nothin' at all," the child returned hotly. "They said he stole John Fremont's sheep ; but he never, for ma says he never."

Roxella carried the basket to the door of No. 6 and tapped gently.

"Your folks have sent you some little tokens," she explained. The tall prisoner's face lighted.

"Well, now, that 's something I was n't lookin' for," he said.

"Most people get more or less that they don't really deserve," remarked Roxella. "I hope 't will lead you to serious thoughts of a better life." She crowded the lilacs through the grating as she spoke and looked doubtfully at the basket. "This won't go through; shall I open the basket and pass the things in?" she asked. He looked with interest at the doughnuts and sponge cake.

"I don't know why it should be made easier for me any more than other men," he said aloud. "I guess I won't eat any, miss. You just pass the sweet stuff round among the boys wherever you think it 's needed most, and give the flowers to Uncle Petingill. He 'll like 'em to play with, poor old soul. For me, I 'll take jail life just as it comes."

Roxella delivered the lilacs to the delighted old man, then carried the basket straight to No. 9.

"The sheep man don't feel worthy of all this which his folks has sent," she explained. "And I 'm glad to see him show a little proper feelin'. Could you relish a piece?" He finally accepted the entire loaf of cake under protest. "The others like doughnuts best, so I will leave them all for them," he said. "The cake is n't frosted as mother used to do, but it may be I can eat a piece." He slipped a folded paper through the grate.

"This will show you how I brighten the weary hours," he explained.

It was a little poem, written upon a sheet of letter paper and entitled A Fettered Bird. "It was just lovely," Roxella assured him next day as she passed a tiny dish of early strawberries through the grate.

She was becoming very good friends with most of the prisoners, even while following Sheriff Thomas's command to say little to them. "You can get pretty well acquainted with folks by just listening," Roxella decided. She brought to the gray-haired man in No. 2 a daily offering of spring blossoms, wrote occasional letters for illiterate No. 3, and one June afternoon paused triumphantly before the door of No. 5, bearing upon Mrs. Thomas's best china platter a frosted mound encircled by exactly two dozen wild roses. Upon the snowy surface of the cake, wrought in pink candy, was the inscription "No. 5 aged 24." "It 's angel underneath," Roxella announced. "Too bad you can't

have it whole, but I 've brought a long knife so you could cut it yourself through the grating and then take in the pieces. I heard you holler to No. 4 this mornin' about to-day bein' your birthday."

No. 5 sliced the cake carefully, concealing beneath a gay exterior some real emotion. "There never was any woman livin' ever made me a birthday cake before," he said solemnly as he swallowed the last pink crumb of the "5," "and this 's the first time I ever even tasted angel. I would n't be surprised if it went clear through and made another fellow of me. Now, miss, please pass some of it to the other boys."

Even No. 6, after a moment's hesitation, accepted a piece, and No. 9, having eaten his, spent the rest of the afternoon in writing a poem entitled The Angel of the Prison.

A week later Nos. 4 and 5, having served their ninety days' sentence for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, were dismissed, and the gray-haired prisoner finished his term for vagrancy soon after. Roxella found her midday duties lightened. She was becoming deeply interested in the political prisoner, who confided to her by degrees long portions of his early history and blighted career.

"My real name is Philip Cartwright," he whispered one day. "I wanted *you* to know, though for political reasons I am now bearing another. It does n't matter, since the rest of my life will undoubtedly be passed in prison. If I could only be brought to trial all might yet be well. But my enemies prevent that, knowing that my innocence could soon be proved."

"I did n't know those things ever happened outside of story books," Roxella assured him with distressed face.

No. 6 beckoned to her one day as she passed his door. "It 's none of my affair," he said kindly, "but I sh'd want somebody to meddle if 't was a sister of mine. I 'm no hand to talk about my neighbors, and I would n't for the world carry tales to Peterson Thomas as mebbe I ought to do, but I want to advise you as a wellwisher not to go too far with any of us fellows in here, or to take too much stock in what we say. Our judgment gets warped till we think too well of ourselves and too little of other folks, and we ain't to be trusted. I would n't listen to that fellow in No. 9 quite so long to a time, if I was you."

Roxella's cheeks blazed. "That 's about what I should have expected from you," she said with indignation. "If I want advice, thank you, I can get it outside the jail."

Next day she defiantly spent a full half hour in conversation with No. 9. The political prisoner was looking ill from his long confinement. "I am wasting for want of sunshine and fresh air," he reluctantly admitted when Roxella anxiously remarked upon his failing health. "Roxella, would it not be possible for you to grant me a brief hour in the open air, sometimes? It would be perfectly safe. The wall is far too high for me to scale in my weak condition even were other bonds than my word necessary. Let me have an hour there with you in the moonlight, since sunlight is no more for me."

Roxella assented eagerly. "It 's just what you need," she declared. "I 'll ask Sheriff Thomas this very night."

He stopped her sadly. "That is worse than useless," he said. "It would only end in depriving me of the one pleasure left in life — your visits. No, if you do not pity me enough to grant this little boon without the knowledge of any one, I must still languish here."

For a week Roxella held firm against pleading and reproaches, while No. 9 grew paler and weaker each day. Then she yielded.

"Broad daylight 's the best time," she said shortly. "Sheriff 's gone all day, and Mis' Thomas's room is on the

front. You 'll give me your word of honor to come back when the hour is up?" He cast a reproachful look upon her. "This — from you, Roxella," he said weakly.

He drew in deep breaths of the summer air as they sat in the shadow of the south wall upon a long bench. A huge elm tree drooped its branches from the other side, and fragrant odors of summer floated about them. "Oh, to be free again and go my way unhindered — with you beside me," he sighed. Roxella rose hastily. "The kitchen clock 's striking four," she announced.

She locked the door of No. 9 upon him once more, and went back to preparations for the evening meal with troubled face. "It 's nothing short of unfaithfulness to them that trust me," she acknowledged to her conscience. "I 'm choosin' a wrong course deliberately rather than see a fellow bein' who is really innocent waste away before my eyes."

The following day was rainy, but Roxella and her charge walked for an hour up and down the gravel walk beneath a large umbrella.

"Even the rain is a blessed privilege — with you," he whispered.

On the fourth day, as they sat again beneath the wall, the prisoner leaned suddenly toward his jailer. "Dearest" — he began, but Roxella shrank away. "Don't!" she commanded.

A sudden push sent her headlong upon the soft grass. Half stunned she scrambled to her feet, to find her prisoner scaling the high wall in a manner which indicated both strength and agility. Already his hands were grasping the very top. In Roxella's bewildered brain there was room for but one thought, — her responsibility to Evergreen County. She flung herself against the wall, grasping his right foot with desperate energy, while the other flourished wildly about her head, and threats of dire vengeance all unheeded floated down to her from the top of the wall.

"Help — help — help!" screamed Roxella, though hopeless of aid ; for Sheriff Thomas and his farm hands were two good miles away.

A well-aimed kick struck the top of her head. Roxella felt her brain reel and her grasp weaken. He would escape, and she had betrayed the trust of Evergreen County. Her hands weakly slipped from their hold, but a pair of strong arms reaching above her head pulled the escaping prisoner to the ground.

"You contemptible villain!" cried the indignant voice of No. 6. "I don't see why I did n't stop you before you got this fur."

He marched the recaptured prisoner back to his cell, delivering upon the way sundry pungent bits of advice and warning, while Roxella, with aching head and deep humiliation of spirit, followed with the political prisoner's hat.

"How 'd you get out?" she questioned of No. 6 as they locked their prisoner in once more.

"I ain't ever been locked in," replied No. 6 lightly. "Pete Thomas said he could n't help my bein' fool enough to come here, since that was a matter between me and my own brains or the lack of 'em, but he swore he would n't never turn a key on me, and he has n't." He turned to Roxella. "What did you s'pose I was here for?" he asked. "No, I ain't goin' in again. My time was up two days ago, but I made a bogus excuse to Pete and hung on here to watch that fellow. I knew he was up to something of this kind, and I 'd ought to stopped him sooner. What 'd you say you thought I was here for?"

He laughed shortly at Roxella's faltered confession.

"That 's Hi Risley in No. 9," he said with some sarcasm. "Mighty slick talker, ain't he?"

Roxella, sitting down in the side doorway of the white house, subsided

into a flood of emotion. No. 6's sarcastic tone changed instantly.

"Oh, come now, little girl, don't take it that way," he pleaded. "'T ain't any wonder after all. Hi 's the slickest liar I ever saw, and he 's fooled many a shrewd man who had long experience in the art himself. Why should n't he take in a tender-hearted little woman, who, bein' the soul of truth herself, has a right to expect it in other folks? That interestin' paleness of his was chalk, and them circles round his eyes black lead. More or less of it got rubbed off in rescuing him, but he 'll have it on again before he goes before a jury. There, there, never mind. He ain't worth sheddin' a tear over. But with all his lyin' propensities there never was truer words spoke than those poetry pieces he wrote off about sunshine and angels gettin' into the jail."

"I would n't never believed it of a Hodges, Roxelly," said Sheriff Thomas in a reproachful tone as he listened to Roxella's confession. "I 'm terribly disappointed. But there, as Tom Leslie says, it wa'n't any more than natural for one so innocent and trustin' to be taken in, and I 've a strong suspicion your father 'd say I was the one to blame. Anyhow, Tom made me promise I would n't blame you, so we won't say no more about it. Court sets next week, and we 'll soon be rid of this blot on a respectable institution."

"Mr. Sheriff," questioned Roxella a few moments later, "who is No. 6, and what was he here for?"

"That," replied Peterson Thomas with satisfaction, "was Tom Leslie. He 's been one of my best deputies for years, for all he 's a young feller. And he 's jest served a term of sixty days for contempt of Court in refusin' to testify against a neighbor, and send him to jail away from his dyin' wife and little children. It ought to been settled by a fine, but Tom and the Court was both stuffy, though the judge says to me afterwards, says he, 'Every inch of that fellow's six feet is clear man,' says he. And that 's the truth. You 've done well for yourself, Roxelly, and your father, who knows the Leslies, won't find no fault with me on that ground."

"But it 's not — I did n't — I have n't done anything," protested Roxella with burning cheeks.

"You wait and see," replied Sheriff Thomas in prophetic tones.

Harriet A. Nash.

SOME NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICANS.

The books on the biographical shelf of any library stand a double chance of interesting the reader to whom no human thing is foreign. They are like all other books in that the writers must give their own flavor, more or less individual, to each. They are unlike the rest of the library in that the theme of each is inevitably that most human of themes, — a person and his life, with all that is implied in the contact of one life with others. It may almost be said that a double stupidity is required to make a biography dull, — a stupidity enveloping both the writer and his theme. There are widely varying degrees of interest in the things to be revealed in different biographies, even as biographers display a wide diversity of cunning and power in making the most of their opportunities. Yet the stars do not often conjoin so malignly as to permit a complete disappointment both in theme and in treatment. Certainly the titles and the au-

thorship of a few of the new accessions to the shelf of biography bear with them a promise of which at least a partial fulfillment is assured.

It has become the fashion amongst biographers to let a man speak as volubly as possible for himself — through letters, diaries, and quotations from his published works. When the biographer is essentially less interesting than his theme, this is a fortunate fashion. This relation, however, does not always exist. It may even happen at times that the reader finds himself in the condition of a guest at a dinner to which a delightful host has asked him to meet a delightful friend. The guest goes home disappointed if the host has taken the rôle of a mere prompter, asking those leading questions which provide the links of conversation, and has contributed nothing more himself. Our host, Mr. Henry James, leaves no such regret with those whom he has introduced to William Wetmore Story and His Friends.[1] His book has grown from "a boxful of old papers, personal records and relics all," which was placed in his hands. In printing these papers, chiefly letters, he has seized every opportunity to let Story speak for himself; but, in the nature of the case, the letters to Story outnumber those of his own writing. From beginning to end of the two volumes, moreover, Mr. James supplies a generous contribution of comment and interpretation, page after page of writing which could have come from no pen but his own. The reader is correspondingly grateful that Mr. James has not followed blindly the current fashion of biography, for besides learning all that is told of Story and his friends one gains a new and fuller acquaintance with Mr. James himself.

The preliminary chapter, Precursors, strikes the keynote of Mr. James's special fitness for his task. His Precursors are those first Americans of the nineteenth century who found their native land barren of artistic promptings and satisfactions, and sought in Europe what they missed at home. The keen sympathy of Mr. James with these pioneers and their successors is repeatedly shown forth. This, indeed, is quite as it should be, for Story, with all his reasons for feeling himself a true portion of the Boston and Cambridge community, manifestly suffered from something very like homesickness when he revisited it. What it all amounted to — as Mr. James himself has made bold to state the case — "was that, with an alienated mind, he found himself again steeped in a society both fundamentally and superficially *bourgeois*, the very type and model of such a society, presenting it in the most favorable, the most admirable, light; so that its very virtues irritated him, so that its inability to be strenuous without passion, its cultivation of its serenity, its presentation of a surface on which it would appear to him that the only ruffle was an occasionally acuter spasm of the moral sense, must have acted as a tacit reproach." Yet Mr. James indulges the speculation that if Boston, and not Italy, had been the home of Story, the poet rather than the sculptor might have attained the higher development in him. The literary art, as the biographer subtly argues, "has by no means all its advantages in the picturesque country. . . . In London, in Boston, he would have *had* to live with his conception, there being nothing else about him of the same color and quality." In one way and another, then, it is honestly made to appear that Story paid the penalty of the absentee. But the points at which the insight of Mr. James has penetrated the less evident significances of this theme are quite too many to specify.

Of the letters at Mr. James's disposal, those written by Story himself reveal many winning qualities of a man with rarely versatile powers. In none of them

[1] *William Wetmore Story and His Friends.* By Henry James. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

does he stand forth more clearly than when writing to the friends of longest association, Lowell and Mr. Norton. Yet he appears with but little loss of distinctness in the letters which all his friends wrote to him. One realizes him the more clearly for finding Lowell at his own delightful best in more than one of his characteristic bits of fooling. It is only to a man of a certain sort — none too familiar — that Browning could have written as he did in the great crisis that came to him with the death of Mrs. Browning. Of many other friends — such as Sumner, Landor, Lord Lytton — there are characteristic glimpses. Mr. James's image of most of them as "ghosts" is forced perhaps into a duty too constant and obvious. In many passages of the biographer's work there is of course much that is anything but obvious. Humor, insight, delicacy of perception and expression, — these good things are so abundant that one should not grow querulous over such sentences as, "The ship of our friends was, auspiciously — if not indeed, as more promptly determinant of reactions, ominously — the *America*, and they passed Cape Race (oh the memory, as through the wicked light of wild sea-storms, of those old sick passings of Cape Race!) on October 13th." This is not an isolated example of what may be called Mr. James's past-mastery of the English sentence. These happily separated fragments baffle and estrange one like passages from his later novels. Yet here they may be taken — like the inadequate index with which the volumes are equipped — not too seriously; for the compensations are many. The total impression of the volumes is that of a faithful picture of a delightful man, period, and group of personalities.

The fruits of sophistication and of simplicity could hardly be contrasted more strongly than in turning from Mr. James's work to the record of Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's [1] fruitful years. In this volume, with which the readers of the Atlantic have already had some opportunity to familiarize themselves, subject and writer are one. The Backwoods Boyhood which Mr. Trowbridge describes, and his early experiences of teaching and bread-winning by various methods, provided as a whole the most valuable training he could have had for the work he was destined to perform. In spite of the novels and poems with which he has delighted his maturer readers, it is of course as a writer of stories for boys that he has taken his securest hold upon the remembrance of his generation. It is the privilege of maturity to exhibit toward what has concerned the boyhood left behind an attitude in which something patronizing, perhaps half apologetic, is found. But with this is blended the peculiar tenderness which accompanies a sense of proprietorship and early discovery. If the boys who have not yet grown to manhood are doomed to lack a memory which shall become a possession of this sort, so much the worse for them. Their fathers have had Mr. Trowbridge, and in his Own Story many of them will find abundant grounds for their allegiance to him.

The qualities in a writer upon which the youthful reader is perhaps surest to insist are those of directness and sanity. These appear with rare distinctness in Mr. Trowbridge's reminiscences. The manner of the narrative is simplicity itself. It is all as modest as the writer was when he spoke to Longfellow "of his being already a famous poet, a Cambridge professor, a man representing the highest culture, when I first came to Boston with the odor of my native backwoods still upon me, — without friends, or academic acquirements, or advantages of any sort; — and of the feeling I could never quite get over, of the immense distance between us." Yet there is never a trace of that false modesty which

[1] *My Own Story.* With Recollections of Noted Persons. By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

sometimes becomes a distorting glass when its possessor looks through its medium upon surrounding objects and persons. This seeing of things clearly — the quality which appeals to boys — gives a high value to the comments Mr. Trowbridge has made in the later chapters of his book upon contemporary writers. To Emerson his "spiritual indebtedness was first and last the greatest," and he acknowledges it generously. In writing of Whitman, whom he knew well, he takes the point of view which must ultimately come to prevail — of separating wheat from chaff, both in the man's character and in his work. His powers are recognized, and his limitations. His debt to Emerson is recorded, apparently beyond dispute. Against those later friends of Whitman who maintain "that he wrote his first Leaves of Grass before he had read Emerson," Mr. Trowbridge squarely arrays himself: "When they urge his own authority for their contention, I can only reply that he told me distinctly the contrary, when his memory was fresher." The handling of Alcott is as reverent as one with Mr. Trowbridge's esteem of Emerson's opinion would naturally make it. Yet the pervading sanity of the reminiscences incites the reader to draw his own conclusions from the story of Alcott on the Nantasket boat, complacently accepting the "provision" which he foresaw would be made for his fare, and of the Conversation in which the Sage ascribed to himself and Emerson the "highest" temperament, and placed his hearers, including Mr. Trowbridge, far lower in the scale. By swelling the list of just such anecdotes as these, Mr. Trowbridge does his part in confirming the justice of Professor Wendell's estimate of "the extreme type of what Yankee idealism could come to when unhampered by humor or common-sense." Indeed, there is hardly any one of whom Mr. Trowbridge has written without making a personality more definite. It is even worth while to know that Longfellow after a conversation with Dr. Holmes almost always suffered from a headache. It is noteworthy, also, that the author — as if to symbolize his habit of getting at the reality of whatever he is writing about — is fond of setting down the stature of his friends in feet and inches. The book, in a word, is one of those valuable contributions to the knowledge of a period which are also to be measured by the genuine pleasure they bring to the reader.

The service of Mr. Trowbridge's boyhood in preparing him for his work in the world is one of those things which are easier to recognize when past than they would have been in looking forward. Yet the recognition is complete. The two other autobiographies in the present group of books provide instances of beginnings from which it is even harder to see how a poet [1] and a scientist [2] could have emerged.

The New England childhood of Richard Henry Stoddard was of the somewhat squalid, quite unlettered kind not often recorded of real persons, for the simple reason that few who have experienced it have developed the power to conquer their circumstances. Even of his mother — who moved from one mill town to another, and after his father's death married a stevedore and drifted to New York, the son cannot give an encouraging report. His schooling was of the slenderest, yet, with what he taught himself by indomitable reading, it might have led to something more germane to his later life than the work in an iron foundry to which he found himself committed at

[1] *Recollections Personal and Literary.* By Richard Henry Stoddard. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock, with an Introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1903.

[2] *Reminiscences of an Astronomer.* By Simon Newcomb. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

eighteen. After three years of this hard labor there was a period of employment by a carriage painter, and of the emergence from this work into that of the writer there is no more definite account than the statement with which the story of his courtship comes to a climax: "Being married, I set resolutely to work to learn the only trade for which I seemed fitted — literature." The rarely congenial life of the married poets, the good and evil fortunes which they faced with equal courage, the intimacies with such men from the front rank of the second order in letters as G. H. Boker, T. B. Read, and Bayard Taylor, the frequent glimpses of others with more abiding claims to greatness, — these are the chief themes of Mr. Stoddard's reminiscences. Interesting as many of them are, they fail as a whole to impress one with the importance which would attach to a small collection of the very best lyrics from the published writings of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard.

Of a type of boyhood quite as unfamiliar in American annals as that of Mr. Stoddard Professor Newcomb's Reminiscences afford a striking example. The Canadian provinces have so far supplied but few of our men of distinction. Yet the picture of Nova Scotia in the fourth and fifth decades of the century is drawn against a background like that of the remoter parts of New England at an earlier time. The anomaly of Professor Newcomb's formative period was his apprenticeship through the important years between sixteen and eighteen to a quack botanic doctor whose theory of life was summed up in his declaration: "This world is all a humbug, and the biggest humbug is the best man. That 's the Yankee doctrine, and that 's the reason the Yankees get along so well." It was a good augury for the future of the apprentice that this man and his theory filled him with increasing disgust, which finally expressed itself in just such a running away to seek his fortunes as many a writer of fiction has utilized as "material" for his opening chapters. The hero of the escape soon found himself in those thickly trodden paths of schoolteaching which have so often led on to eminence. On the avenues by which it was reached — through work on the Nautical Almanac, in the Naval Observatory at Washington, in many important astronomical undertakings — he came into contact with many men of distinction in the world of science. Of them, and of the various scientific enterprises with which Washington and the national government have had to do, Professor Newcomb has written with enthusiasm and a contagious sympathy. To some readers it will be a matter of surprise to find how many of the names which are instantly recognized as important mean less to the uninstructed in scientific lore than corresponding, or even less important, names in almost any of the arts would signify. With the realization of this fact comes a sense of the usefulness of Reminiscences like these of Professor Newcomb's: they will bring into the clearer light of recognition some of the most valuable phases of intellectual activity in America through the generations which may now fairly begin to be reminiscent.

The beginning and the long continuance of Whittier's career are matters of profuse and familiar record. One does not look, therefore, for many surprises in the new attempts to picture his life. It is more interesting to compare the points of view of two writers who bring to their task respectively the qualifications of the younger contemporary and of the very much younger student who belongs to a later generation.

Colonel Higginson's book [1] has already been a year before the public. The personality of the writer finds expression in it perhaps a little less freely than one might wish. Like one without the ad-

[1] *John Greenleaf Whittier.* By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. English Men of Letters. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

vantages of a contemporary, Colonel Higginson has availed himself freely of the previous records of Whittier and his times, not even eschewing his own good story of the Atlantic Club dinner in honor of Mrs. Stowe. But in addition to his use of the more obvious sources, he has drawn with advantage — as befits so constant a champion of the sex — upon the short sketches of Whittier by his friends Mrs. Fields and Mrs. Claflin. The passages from their little books confirm all one's impressions of the true sympathy which existed between Whittier and his feminine friends, and therefore have even a greater biographic value than that which appears on the surface. For the light the volume throws upon the anti-slavery period one welcomes especially such pages as those in which Colonel Higginson discriminates between the voting and the non-voting abolitionists, and shows how possible he himself found it to work with both. It is because these pages have so marked a value that the reader finds himself regretting that there are not more of them.

The writer of a later generation cannot rely upon the aid of these personal remembrances. The necessity is therefore laid upon him of putting to the best possible use all the existing sources of information. Before Professor Carpenter's book [1] was finished Colonel Higginson's could be added to the list of authorities. What he has done is not so much to draw upon their pages for quotation — though of course they must frequently be used in this way — as to make them his own, and to give forth in a fresh form their essential elements. Professor Carpenter, addressing the younger generation in its own language, has accomplished this difficult task with uncommon success. He has been fortunate, moreover, in securing really important letters, not hitherto published, which passed between Whittier and such men as John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, and William Lloyd Garrison. These, together with what appears to be the justifiable emphasis laid upon Whittier's reluctant celibacy, place certain pages of the book among the "original sources" for future study. There is a fresh value also in the author's discussion of the anti-slavery question as it affected not only Whittier, but all his fellow countrymen. The book, from its very nature, makes no attempt at the completeness of the Lives and Letters which are sure to follow the death of a great man. It is merely an admirable specimen of those products of a later day which give posterity what it really wishes and needs to know, and render the more voluminous records necessary in the course of time to special students only.

It has been said in England that the supreme test of citizenship in the United States is found in the record of a man's relation to the civil war. Both Whittier and Henry Ward Beecher were of the generation to which the remark applies. A full third of Dr. Lyman Abbott's new life of Beecher [2] deals with the period which begins with the anti-slavery agitation and ends with the problems of reconstruction. Beecher's part in the great struggle of our national life is set forth with a fullness and comprehension which make these pages — like the best of Colonel Higginson's and Professor Carpenter's — a genuine addition to the history of the period. The unique service of Beecher to his country was — as everybody knows — the series of speeches in England which had so remarkable an effect in bringing the British middle and laboring classes into sympathy with the Union cause. It was a self-imposed duty undertaken with some doubt regarding its wisdom. The

[1] *John Greenleaf Whittier.* By George Rice Carpenter. American Men of Letters. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[2] *Henry Ward Beecher.* By Lyman Abbott. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

speeches, but five in number, were delivered under circumstances of the utmost physical difficulty. But their success, first with the audiences that had to be conquered, and then with a half-hostile public, was one of the notable triumphs of our heroic period; and Dr. Abbott is to be thanked for putting it so effectively on record. For the rest of Beecher's career — it is no easy task to write of the most conspicuous member of the family which inspired the remark that mankind is divided into "the good, the bad, and the Beechers." It would be harder for most biographers than it has been for Dr. Abbott, for, except in such a chapter as the discreet and restrained "Under Accusation," into which the whole miserable Tilton business is compressed, the author has permitted himself the fluency of one whose constant practice has made it easy to expatiate on any theme. Some condensation might therefore have been well. Yet the book leaves a clear impression of an extraordinary personality: — the preacher who, using his text, as he said himself, as a gate not to swing upon, but to push open and go in, made his pulpit a living power; the editor, who observed no rules or office hours, yet profoundly affected the type of journalism with which he had to do; the writer and public speaker, of persuasive wit and eloquence. The figure of Beecher could not be spared from an American gallery of the last century, and Dr. Abbott's picture bids fair to stand as the authoritative portrait.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

THE BLUE COLOR OF THE SKY.

The blue color of the sky on a clear day is familiar to all. And yet how many have considered the source of this delicate mantle of azure which Nature spreads over the dome of the heavens? The beautiful tints of the sky are universally admired, and every one has welcomed with mental relief the break in the clouds which gives a glimpse of the firmament when gloom and darkness have long hovered over the Earth. The color of this blue naturally appears the more striking when seen in immediate contact with the clouds.

Probably our very familiarity with the every-day appearance of the sky diminishes our wonder at one of the most exquisite colors in the physical world, and for this reason we seldom inquire into its origin. It certainly is a remarkable circumstance in the history of the human mind that some of the most obvious of natural phenomena, which every one notices and no one especially dwells upon, should have escaped the attention of philosophers to such an extent that even now their causes are not fully understood, while other phenomena much more remote, and having little connection with daily life, excite such wonder that they have long since been duly explained and appreciated. These latter phenomena obviously are cases where "distance lends enchantment to the view," and therefore after all are not so unnatural as they at first appear.

It is undeniable that a singular charm often attaches to objects remote from us either in time or space, and a similar mental attitude is frequently illustrated in the history of the Physical Sciences. This subtle psychological tendency arises from a natural disposition to endow those things which we see in the distance, or learn of only by report, with all the perfections of descriptive language so framed as to convey the salient qualities of interest, without the imperfections usually revealed by per-

sonal contact and close observation. The creations of the imagination are more ideal than the works of Nature, and we always see these remote objects under the fascination of the imagination.

The blue color of the sky on a bright clear day has been constantly noticed by the individual from childhood. To the primitive lay mind the azure tint of the firmament is simply its natural color. But our daily experience shows that the visible dome of the heavens is only an appearance, and Science teaches us to inquire critically into the nature of things. The cause of this color viewed from a scientific standpoint has been almost as elusive as the fabled philosopher's stone, which during the Middle Ages was for centuries an object of profound research. The same may be said of the familiar color of the deep-blue sea, which has elicited the admiration of dwellers on the ocean shores from the earliest ages of mankind; and yet probably no great number of individuals have inquired into the cause of this color.

Viewed from an artistic standpoint, the ancient Greeks, who were so much favored by auspicious influences both human and divine, were especially fortunate in their location in a region of the world where the color phenomena of sea, sky, and mountains assume a beauty not only unsurpassed but probably unapproached at any other point of the terrestrial globe. These vivid impressions of the Physical Universe, working upon the free minds of the most gifted race of antiquity, turned their idealizing tendency to Art, Poetry, and Science, whence has come the most beautiful language and literature in history. The sea-faring Greeks beheld daily the bluest of skies reflected in dark blue seas beneath their feet; and at the distant horizon snow-capped mountains of bluish purple appeared to prop the firmament above the Earth like the fabled Atlas of old. Admiration for these wonders of nature finds expression in the gorgeous colors which they bestowed on their temples in imitation of the divine spirit pervading the world, and which they worshiped in majestic edifices of noble simplicity.

It was natural for the Greeks to inquire into physical phenomena, so far as the knowledge of the times permitted, and nothing excited their wonder and admiration more than the blue canopy of the heavens, from which the gods of Homer descended to their ministrations in the affairs of men. Indeed, Zeus or Jupiter means the Father of the Skies, the deity who presides over the orderly and beautiful Cosmos. This spirit is admirably conveyed by Kaulbach's justly celebrated painting in the National Gallery at Berlin, where the Greeks of the Homeric age are seen on the seashore near an imposing temple, mingling with the nymphs of the blue sea, while the gods are ascending to Heaven over the arches of a brilliant rainbow which illuminates the sky, after the manner of the token which God set in the clouds as a sign of the everlasting covenant made with Noah and all living creatures after the Flood.

If the Physical Sciences had been developed in antiquity, it is safe to say that the Greek spirit of devotion to all that is artistic and beautiful in the Cosmos would have led them to inquire as minutely into the colors of the sea and sky as they did into those sublime relations of Art, Philosophy, and Mathematical Science, which have filled subsequent generations with admiration and despair. Nothing could surpass the artistic and æsthetic spirit of the age of Æschylus and Sophocles, Phidias and Praxiteles, Aristotle and Plato.

Yet astonishing as were the intellectual creations of the Greeks, there is no record of the scientific study of the familiar color of the firmament. Nor indeed could such study be expected, when we consider the infancy of the sciences at that early epoch, and the

amazing difficulties of the problem as made known by the scientific methods of our own age. We look therefore in vain for a correct understanding of the cause of the color of the sea and sky among the ancients, not because artistic appreciation or scientific ability was lacking, but because the state of research was then much too primitive to fathom the depths of a problem at once familiar and profound.

The color of the sky has to be studied in connection with the theory of light, and as this was not well understood by the ancients, we find scientific theories of the colors of natural objects only in modern times, chiefly since the epoch of the great Newton.

The simple propagation of light in right lines was well known to the ancients. Archimedes understood the conic sections and the elementary theories of optics so well that by means of reflecting mirrors of his own construction he was enabled to burn the ships of the besieging Romans in the harbor of Syracuse. The astronomer Ptolemy clearly understood the reflection of light from mirrors, and even recognized the effects of atmospheric refraction upon the light of the stars and planets. But all the ancients thought the velocity of light was infinite, or that it passed instantaneously from one part of the earth to another; and even in modern times similar views continued to prevail until the year 1675, when Roemer discovered from irregularities in the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites that light is propagated across the Earth's orbit in measurable time. This discovery is one of the most fortunate in the annals of history; and yet when first announced Roemer's theory seemed so extraordinary that for a time it was scarcely believed. The realization of Roemer's observations of the satellites of Jupiter depended upon the astronomical telescope which Galileo had invented sixty-five years before, and applied with such revolutionary effect to the study of the heavens. These discoveries opened up new views of the nature of light, and it subsequently came to be the subject of profound philosophical research and experimentation, especially by the illustrious Newton, who analyzed the spectrum in 1666, and during the next ten years was much occupied with developing a theory of the colors of natural bodies. These were the first strictly scientific attempts to explain the color of objects by principles deduced from experimental research, in which the ancients had been singularly deficient. Unfortunately, the novelty of the new theory of colors gave rise to professional jealousies which involved Sir Isaac Newton in disputes so bitter that he afterwards regretted publishing his work. He blamed his imprudence in parting with so substantial a blessing as his peace of mind to run after the shadow of fame, and said if he got rid of certain controversies with Linus he would bid adieu to such experiments forever except such as he did for his own satisfaction, or left to come out after him. He declared that "a man must either resolve to put out nothing new, or make himself a slave to defend it."

Before the memorable work of Newton some of the great Continental painters of the Renaissance had formed theories of light and color based upon the mixture of pigments; and a few of them naturally attempted to account for the blue color of the sky. Leonardo da Vinci, who had devoted much attention to the composition of colors in his extensive artistic designs, conjectured that the blue color of the sky was the result of the mixing of the white sunlight reflected from the upper layers of the atmosphere with the intense blackness of space. Historically this is the first explanation of the color of the sky worthy of mention, and its simplicity reminds one of the early speculations of the Ionian philosophers that the world is composed of the elements water, fire, air, and earth. Though resembling the

natural science of the primitive Greeks, this explanation after all comes nearer the modern theories than might be expected, for these declared that the blue color of the sky is due to reflections from very minute particles of oxygen and nitrogen in the upper layers of the atmosphere.

Before touching upon these recent investigations it seems advisable to elucidate the historical steps by which such views were established. Newton's study of the color of the sky was a part of the brilliant optical experiments which he finished about the year 1675. While absorbed in these labors during the year 1666, the young philosopher admitted a beam of sunlight into his chamber through a small aperture in the window shutter. On passing it through a triangular prism of glass he produced the famous experiment of colors, leading at once to the solar spectrum; and when this spectrum was again passed through a reversed prism he produced white light. To a keen youth of twenty-four these experiments opened a very wide field of optical investigation, and for the next ten years he was largely occupied with researches into the nature of light, and especially with investigating the colors of thin films of transparent bodies. He used soap bubbles as the most practicable means of getting films of water of the requisite thinness, and studied the colors which they exhibit.

It is well known that under the action of gravity the water composing such a thin shell tends to run down on all sides, so that the walls of the bubble grow thin at the top and thicken toward the bottom. After a time the bubble becomes so thin at the top that further flow of water from this point can hardly take place, and finally the bubble bursts. But before this last stage is reached a degree of thinness in the walls of the bubble is attained, which causes it to glow with brilliant iridescent colors. Newton noticed that on top of the thin bubble illuminated by white sky light a black spot is formed; with increase of thickness downward from this point on all sides, a red band next appears, then a blue one; then, again, red and blue, red and blue, and so on; the colors showing more extremes of red and purple in the higher orders. This blue band, which first expands outward from the black spot at the top, and descends slowly with the subsidence of the water, Newton called the "blue of the first order;" and although somewhat dingy, he judged it to be of the same tint as the blue of the sky.

Newton's theory of the colors of bodies rests upon the iridescent effects produced by white light falling upon thin plates of the given substances; and he says the color will be the same when the plates are cut up into infinitely thin strips, and again cut crosswise into particles; so that he explains the color of powdered paint by referring it to the color of plates of the same thickness as the grains of powder.

Reasoning from analogy, he inferred that the transparent globules in the air were small particles of water, such as a thin soap bubble would yield when cut up into small particles. The following passages from Newton's famous Treatise on Optics, published in 1704, are of interest: —

"If we consider the various phenomena of the Atmosphere, we may observe that when Vapors are first raised, they hinder not the transparency of the Air, being divided into parts too small to cause any reflexion in their superficies. But when in order to compose drops of rain they begin to coalesce and constitute globules of all intermediate sizes, those globules, when they become of a convenient size, reflect some colors and transmit others, may constitute clouds of various colours according to their sizes. And I see not what can be rationally conceived in so transparent a substance as water for the production of

these colours, besides the various sizes of its fluid and globular parcels. . . .

"The blue of the first order, though very faint and little, may possibly be the color of some substances; and particularly the azure of the skys seems to be of this order. For all vapors, when they begin to condense and coalesce into small parcels, become first of that bigness whereby such an azure must be reflected, before they can constitute clouds of other colours. And so, this being the colour which vapours begin to reflect, it ought to be the colour of the finest and most transparent skys in which vapours are not arrived to that grossness requisite to reflect other colours, as we find it by experience."

Newton's explanation seemed so plausible that for a long time it was generally accepted as correct. But since the discovery of the *blue clouds* which Tyndall artificially produced in the laboratory about a third of a century ago, and Lord Rayleigh's subsequent mathematical investigations of the reflection of light from small particles, it has been replaced by the theory of Tyndall as verified by Rayleigh, an account of which will be given below.

Before taking up this recent work it may be remarked that the French physicist Mariotte about 1675 adopted the naturalistic view that it is an inherent quality of the sky to reflect blue light. Under the influence of this opinion the great Euler in 1762 wrote: "It is more probable that all the particles of the air should have a faintly bluish cast, but so very faint as to be imperceptible, until presented in a prodigious mass, such as the whole extent of the atmosphere, than that this color is to be ascribed to vapors floating in the air, which do not pertain to it. In fact the purer the air is, and the more purged from exhalation, the brighter is the lustre of heaven's azure, which is sufficient proof that we must look for the cause of it in *the nature of the particles of the air.*"

Sir John Herschel about 1830 still adhered to Newton's original view that the color of the sky is a blue of the first order, and he made extensive use of this theory. When Clausius in 1847 attempted to test Newton's theory mathematically, he reached the conclusion that if the heavenly bodies are to appear sharply defined through such a medium the particles of water in the air must have the form of thin shells or hollow spheres, whose parallel surface would not greatly refract the waves of light, but, when the bubbles are sufficiently thin, would yet reflect the blue of the first order. This singular doctrine of vesicular vapor did not originate with Clausius, but had come down from the speculative age of Leibnitz and Descartes; in recent years it has been entirely abandoned as having no foundation in nature.

It was discovered by Arago in 1810, and more fully established by the observations of Sir David Brewster about 1840, that blue sky light is always polarized in a plane passing through the Sun, the point of the sky observed, and the observer. According to the laws of polarization of light by reflection, this proved that the light of the sky is sunlight reflected from solid particles in the air. Moreover, the maximum polarization occurs in a great circle of the heavens ninety degrees from the Sun. In 1853 the German physicist Brücke showed that the light scattered by fine particles in a turbid medium is blue, and that the blue of the sky is in reality much deeper than Newton had supposed, being of at least the second or third order.

In 1869 Tyndall showed by some very beautiful experiments which have since become famous that when the particles causing the turbidity are so exceedingly fine as to be invisible with a powerful microscope, the scattered light is not only a magnificent blue, but is polarized in the plane of scattering, the amount of the polarization being a max-

imum at an angle of ninety degrees with the incident light. The definition of objects seen through this fine-grained medium was found to be unimpaired by the turbidity. Here for the first time the physicist at work in the laboratory had produced all the essential qualities of blue sky light. Tyndall's experiment was recognized as giving the key to the problem which had wellnigh proved the riddle of the ages.

Using a glass tube about a yard in length and some three inches in diameter containing air of one tenth the ordinary density mixed with nitrite of butyl vapor, which is extremely volatile, and then exposing the mixture to the action of a concentrated beam of electric light which would pass almost unhindered through the transparent ends of the tube, Tyndall was enabled to precipitate the attenuated vapors in the form of a *blue cloud*. This cloud is not visible in ordinary daylight, and to be seen must be surrounded with darkness, the vapor alone being illuminated. The blue cloud differs in many ways from the finest ordinary clouds, and, in fact, occupies an intermediate position between these clouds and true cloudless vapor. By graduating the quality of vapor admitted into the tube, Tyndall found that the precipitation may be obtained of any desired degree of fineness, so that particles could be produced sufficiently coarse to be visible to the naked eye, or so fine as to be hopelessly beyond the reach of the most powerful microscope. The light emitted by the blue cloud in a direction perpendicular to the beam of incident light was found to be completely polarized, and the polarization was the more perfect the deeper the blue of the cloud. Tyndall demonstrated that the blue cloud would result from particles of any kind provided they are sufficiently fine, and the analogy of the blue sky was so evident that he concluded that the phenomenon of the firmamental blue found definite explanation in these experiments. He assumed the existence of fine particles of water in the higher regions of the air, and his studies on the heat-retaining power of aqueous vapor, which does not extend very high above the Earth, led him to think that these particles are in a solid state, owing to the intense cold to which they are exposed in the rare medium of oxygen and nitrogen composing the upper layers of the atmosphere.

In these experiments Tyndall felt confident that "particles might be precipitated whose diameters constitute but a very small fraction of the wave length of violet light.[1] . . . In all cases, and with all substances, the cloud formed at the commencement, when the precipitated particles are sufficiently fine, is *blue*, and it can be made to display a color rivaling that of the purest Italian sky." On account of certain difficulties incident to the use of aqueous vapor at the pressure and temperature desirable in these experiments, he made no actual use of water in any form; yet he says: "That *water-particles*, if they could be obtained in this exceedingly fine state of division, would produce the same effects, does not admit of reasonable doubt. . . . Any particles, if small enough, will produce both the color and polarization of the sky. But is the existence of small water-particles, on a hot summer's day, in the *higher regions of our atmosphere*, inconceivable? It is to be remembered that the oxygen and nitrogen of the air behave as a vacuum to radiant heat, the exceedingly attenuated vapors of the higher atmosphere being therefore in practical contact with the cold of space."

Tyndall concludes his theory of the color of the sky thus: "Suppose the atmosphere surrounded by an envelope impervious to light, but with an aperture on the sunward side, through which a parallel beam of solar light could enter and traverse the atmosphere. Surrounded on all sides by air not directly

[1] Which is about one sixty-thousandth of an inch.

illuminated, the track of such a beam would resemble that of a parallel beam of the electric light through an incipient cloud. The sunbeam would be blue, and it would discharge light laterally in the same condition as that discharged by the incipient cloud. The azure revealed by such a beam would be to all intents and purposes a '*blue cloud.*' "

Lord Rayleigh's profound mathematical investigations prove that when white light is transmitted through a cloud of particles small in comparison with the cube of the shortest wave length, the light scattered laterally is polarized in the plane of scattering, the maximum of polarization is ninety degrees from the incident light, and the intensity of the scattered light varies inversely as the fourth power of the wave length. This result takes no account of light which has undergone more than a single scattering. All the facts brought out by Lord Rayleigh have been shown to agree with phenomena observed in the laboratory when light is passed through turbid media; and very recently this illustrious physicist has shown that about one third of the total intensity of the blue light of the sky may be accounted for by the scattering due to the molecules of oxygen and nitrogen in the air, entirely independent of the dust and aqueous vapor which assume great importance in the lower layers of the atmosphere. Solid particles of water, ozone, and very fine aggregations of oxygen and nitrogen condensed under the intense cold prevailing in the upper regions of the atmosphere enable us to account for the rest of the sky light in accordance with Rayleigh's mathematical theory.

It is worthy of remark that but for the brightness of the sky the stars could be seen in daylight. Even as matters stand, some of the brighter of them have been seen after sunrise by explorers in high mountains, where the air is very clear and the sky dark blue. If we could go above the atmosphere the sky would appear perfectly black, and stars would be visible right close up to the Sun. Astronomers observe bright stars in daytime by using long focus telescopes, the dark tubes of which cut off the side light; and persons in the bottoms of deep wells have noticed stars passing overhead, the side light being reduced by the great depths of the wells.

The sky is bluer in the zenith than elsewhere, because the path traversed by scattered light is here the shortest, so that it appears with less admixture of white light reflected from haze and water vapor, and less absorption of blue light in the same watery envelope. Near the horizon, where the path traversed by the light reflected from the Sun is very long, there should be a great increase in the whiteness of the background, and this is fully verified by experience. The sky is generally more or less milky near the horizon, and if it assumes a perfectly blue color it is usually just after a heavy rain. At this time all the dust is washed out of the air and the watery haze has been precipitated. Even then the blue remains deepest in the zenith, for the reasons above mentioned.

In the average condition of the sky the haze is usually sufficiently prevalent to render our sunsets and sunrises yellowish or reddish. This is due mainly to selective absorption of the blue rays by water vapor, smoke, and dust in the air. The existence of this selective absorption is a fortunate circumstance for painters, poets, and writers, who have used these beautiful and familiar adornments of Nature to fascinate the minds and charm the imaginations of mankind in all ages.

The study of the polarization and color of the sky viewed scientifically is very useful to meteorologists, as indicating the size and kind of condensation taking place in the atmosphere. Considerable observational data on these points have been collected in the past by Sir David Brewster and Professor

James D. Forbes, and by the Swedish physicist Rubenson, but a vastly greater work is being done now by the scientists of the United States Weather Bureau in supplying valuable observations for the future study of the atmosphere.

The great aerial ocean over our heads is made up of an infinite multitude of moving currents and streams of varying density and temperature, all in process of continued change and adjustment due to the heating of the atmosphere by the Sun during the day and cooling by radiation at night. The atmosphere is full of little waves or streaming masses of air somewhat resembling the ripples in a shallow stream of water flowing over gravel. And if the astronomer will point his telescope on a bright star and remove the eye-piece, so as to look directly upon the object-glass illuminated by the light of the star, he may see these streaming currents dancing in all their complexity. It is these little waves in the air which cause the twinkling of the fixed stars. As the waves are passing before our eyes they act like prisms, deflecting the light first this way and then that, producing flashes of the spectral colors and sometimes almost extinguishing the stars, so that momentarily they appear to go out. In high dry countries where the atmosphere is quiescent these waves are greatly diminished in importance; and astronomers have noticed that in such localities the scintillation of the stars almost ceases. There the air is quite free from agitating currents, and the astronomers can make good observations. At present such regions are known chiefly in Peru, and in the high dry plateaus of the southwestern part of the United States.

Having thus penetrated the cause of the blue color of the sky, it is not a very great leap to infer that a similar explanation holds for the color of the ocean, which next to the sky offers to our senses the most attractive tints of the great objects in nature. The saline and other mineral substances dissolved in the waters of the sea may be looked upon as infinitely small particles in a turbid medium; and these should reflect the sunlight and give a bluish green appearance to the ocean, just such as we observe. For the salts are not in chemical combination with the water, but merely dissolved in the medium, and thus constitute an infinitely fine mixture of molecules and particles suspended in a colorless fluid. The light of the Sun penetrates the ocean to a considerable depth before all the reflections are produced, and the depth of this layer is such that some of the shorter waves of blue are absorbed, while the slightly longer waves of green are transmitted. This accounts for the appearance of the well-known greenish tinge in the color of the ocean.

If the sea water is full of air bubbles, as in the neighborhood of breakers, or when turning violently before a moving ship, the light reflected from the surface of these bubbles suffers a double absorption by the water before it reaches the eye, thus producing some of the exquisite colors of the sea. Near the shore, or in shoal water, another cause sometimes comes into play, namely, fine solid particles suspended in the water. Such particles, whether in air or in water, if sufficiently small, may produce colors due to their minuteness alone, as we have seen in the experiments of Tyndall. If the particles are somewhat coarser, like fine grains of soil washed down in the erosion of rivers, they may give the water a muddy appearance, as in the China Sea; while again, if excessively minute, they may produce the deep blue seen in the West Indies and the equatorial Pacific. Extremely minute animalculæ, both living and dead, are said to affect the color of the sea water in many places. Owing to the suspension of such mineral matter in the waters of the ocean, they are not penetrable by the Sun's rays to any very great depth. After a depth of a few

hundred fathoms has been attained, the darkness becomes so great that attempts at submarine photography have to be made by artificial electric light sent down for the purpose. And sea animals of all kinds living in the bottom of the ocean are wrapt in perpetual night of such blackness that Nature has beneficently provided them with phosphorescent powers for illuminating their surroundings, not unlike the common bull's-eye lamp so frequently used for exploring dark corners. The phosphorescent lamps of the denizens of the deep sea serve for the explorations needed in their daily life, and also for gratifying the sense of color, which is preserved and even highly developed among animals dwelling in the total darkness of the uttermost abysses of the ocean.

The beauty of pictorial works of Art dealing with ocean scenery depends very largely upon the magnificent coloring of the background; and here, as in the case of the aerial ocean over our heads, the color is due to reflection of light by small particles suspended in the fluid medium. According to Helmholtz, the blueness of the eyes is also due to the action of suspended particles. The "dark blue sea" of Homer, and the endless variety of allusions to the color of the ocean in the literature of all ages, thus find a curious and instructive explanation in the light of modern Science.

Let us now consider how the theory of Tyndall and Rayleigh works when the lower strata of the atmosphere are filled with dust and water vapor in its various forms. It is well known that but little water vapor ascends to a very great height above the Earth's surface. The temperature decreases so rapidly as we ascend, that at a height of 29,000 feet the thermometer falls to sixteen degrees below zero centigrade, as was observed by the English aeronauts Glaisher and Coxwell in 1862. At this height the color of the sky was noticed to be "an exceedingly deep Prussian blue," and the air was "almost deprived of moisture." In an ascent to the height of 23,000 feet made at Paris in 1804 Gay-Lussac found the temperature nine degrees below zero centigrade, and the dryness of the air so extreme that hygrometric substances such as paper and parchment became dried and crumpled, as if they had been near a fire. At this great height he noticed that the sky had a dark blue tint, and that the absolute silence prevailing was impressive. Most of the moisture in the atmosphere had been left behind before the balloon entered the rare abode of the cirrus clouds, which surround the tops of our highest mountains.

In high altitudes in the Rocky Mountains, the Andes, and the Alps, travelers notice the striking blueness of the sky, and the rarity and dryness of the atmosphere. The writer recalls very vividly the blue aspect of the sky as seen from the top of the San Francisco Mountains in Arizona, which have an altitude of 13,000 feet above the sea; and in an ascent of Popocatepetl to a height of 16,000 feet the sky also appeared deep blue. The same color was noticed at other points of the Rocky Mountains and in the Alps of Switzerland, where the contrast between the blue of the sky and white snow on the mountain peaks appeared so striking as to attract the instant notice of the thoughtful observer. Similar phenomena have been noticed by travelers who have explored high mountains in all parts of the globe, and theory and observation agree in indicating that water vapor is confined mainly to the lower part of the atmosphere, though in the form of cirrus clouds the height has been shown occasionally to exceed ten miles. At this height the water of course is frozen, and the clouds are made up of crystals of ice and snow.

One of the simplest means of verifying these views, that the water vapor and dust of the air are confined to the layers within a few miles of the sea level, is to notice the shadows cast by

heavy clouds on mountains at the setting or rising of the Sun. The great beams which spread out fanlike from the setting Sun teach us a great deal about the atmosphere. We always see a blue streak where the clouds or mountains cast a shadow; while the surrounding region of the sunset sky is whitish, golden, purple, or even reddish, and sometimes the colors are amazingly brilliant. Thunder clouds seldom exceed the height of five miles, and yet the shadows cast by them at the time of sunset are conspicuously blue. The blue color of the shadow indicates that the predominant part of the blue light of the sky originates at great height, while the whitish, yellow, and reddish colors are confined to the lower strata of the air. The persistence of the blue color for more than an hour after sunset, when the sky light is reflected from illuminated particles in the rare medium more than one hundred miles above the Earth's surface, also strengthens this view. In the spaces intervening between the blue beams the lower layers of the atmosphere are directly illuminated by the Sun, and reproduce Homer's "rosy-fingered dawn." This color is due to the absorption of blue light in the denser and more turbid medium of the lower air, through which only the longer waves, as the yellow, orange, and red, can be freely transmitted.

It was this gorgeous aspect of the rising Sun, casting shadows from the clouds and mountains of Greece against a sky naturally rich in color, which gave the Greek poets their elegant conceptions of the dawn. The sun-god Apollo, worshiped at Delphi, without doubt owes much of his mystery and impressiveness to the towering mountains which surround the seat of the ancient oracle. Nothing could be more majestic than mountains like Parnassus, to the east of Delphi, from which the morning sun looks down into the precipitous gorges in front of that famous temple. The Sun emerges suddenly from his hiding behind overhanging peaks, and is seen radiating with all brilliancy in a sky of the deepest blue. The natural color of the Greek landscape combined with the gorgeous phenomena of the rising Sun bursting upon a scene where shadows from mountains and clouds fill the air with luminous beams of purple and azure, without doubt accounts for much of the glory of Apollo at the Temple of Delphi. As seen by the art-loving Greeks of the primitive ages nothing could be more beautiful or more impressive than this grand natural spectacle, which we now explain by the reflection of light from myriads of minute particles suspended in the atmosphere. Most of the deep sky blue comes from excessively minute particles at a great height; while the "rosy-fingered dawn" arises from aqueous vapor, and haze, and innumerable particles of smoke and dust floating near the earth.

Those who have visited Egypt, where the atmosphere is usually clear, and so free from clouds that the annual rainfall is only an inch and a half, have been impressed by the absence of a pure deep blue sky. The vault of the firmament appears rather whitish, or muddy, due of course to the absorption of the blue by dust diffused from the dry regions of Sahara. While the Egyptian sky is very bright, the white light is so pronounced that the blue does not appear particularly attractive. The skies of Italy and the Alps, on the other hand, frequently are clear blue. Of all the places which the writer has visited Greece has the purest and deepest blue sky. The color frequently is so striking that one does not wonder at even the most vivid descriptions in Greek literature. While traveling in Greece during the spring of 1891 the writer took particular occasion to notice the color of the sky, sea, and mountains. The atmospheric colors are much the most brilliant known in any part of the world. The mountains of Greece seen

at a distance of more than ten miles appear of deep indigo blue tinged with a delicate purple of inexpressible beauty.

The admirable paintings in the National Museum at Berlin, representing restorations of various places of classic celebrity, as Athens, Olympia, and Syracuse, convey this rich coloring of bluish purple in great vividness, but are not in the least degree overdrawn. They are among the most beautiful paintings in the world, and eminent scholars have regretted that they are not extensively reproduced.

It is probable that the climate of Greece, from a combination of several natural causes, is such that the atmospheric reflection and absorption become especially pronounced. And as this sky was evidently the same in classic antiquity as it is to-day, this color phenomenon affords an interesting proof of the unchanging climatic conditions of that part of our globe during the last two thousand years.

In most parts of the United States our skies are whitened by water vapor, haze, and dust; and we usually see the deepest blue just after rainy days, when the haze and moisture have been precipitated, and the particles of dust washed out of the atmosphere by the falling rains.

It is perhaps fortunate, from an æsthetic point of view, that the appearance of the sky varies so much as it does. The infinite varieties of color which it affords when so delicately frescoed with clouds of all forms and of all shades of color and intensity, combined with vegetable and mineral hues upon the land, whether in the green of spring, the smoky blue of Indian Summer, the purple of autumn, or the whiteness of winter, yield in due succession a constant mental relief, and have inspired most of the exquisite delineations of Nature in pictorial Art as well as in Literature. The soft hues with which the land is clothed give to the whole aspect of the world a lifelike appearance, and the light of the Sun reflected from the blue sky and luminous clouds fills the whole scene with such vivid radiation, that the Universe becomes to a modern student as truly an inspiration as the orderly and beautiful Cosmos was to the primitive Greeks. As Goethe says: —

> "Angels are strengthen'd by the sight,
> Though fathom thee no angel may;
> Thy works still shine with splendour bright,
> As on Creation's primal day."

Now that Science has at length added her share to these pleasurable contemplations by showing the causes from which the inspirations of the mind have sprung, the result of explaining the color of the sea and sky, phenomena often considered almost obvious and yet for long ages wholly obscure, may be ranked among the most gratifying triumphs of the human mind.

T. J. J. See.

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

THE world changes, and the minds of men. Helen Keller outstrips Laura Bridgman,[1] as Rudyard Kipling outstrips Maria Edgeworth. Will Helen herself appear quaint and old-fashioned fifty years hence, to a generation spoiled by some still more daring recipient of its sympathy and wonder? We can answer such a question as little as Dr. Howe could have answered it fifty years ago; for the high-water mark of one age in every line of its prowess always seems

[1] *Laura Bridgman.* Dr. Howe's Famous Pupil and what He taught Her. By MAUD HOWE and FLORENCE HOWE HALL. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1903.

"the limit," — at any rate the only limit positively imaginable to those who are living, — and just what form and what direction Evolution will strike into when she takes her next step into novelty is ever a secret till the step is made.

Laura was the limit in her day. The child of seven was dumb and blind and almost without the sense of smell, with no plaything but an old boot which served for a doll, and with so little education in affection that she had never been taught to kiss. She was sternly handled at home, and was irascible and an object of fear and pity to all but one of the village neighbors, and that one was half-witted. The way in which she became in a few years, through Dr. Howe's devotion, an educated girl, delicate-mannered, spiritual-minded, and sweet-tempered, seemed such a miracle of philanthropic achievement that the fame of it spread not only over our country, but throughout Europe. It was regarded as a work of edification, a missionary feat. The Sunday-schools all heard of Laura as a soul buried alive but disentombed and brought into God's sunlight by science and religion working hand in hand. The few other blind deaf-mutes on whom attempts at rescue had been made — Oliver Caswell, Julia Brace, and others — were so inferior that Laura's decidedly attenuated personality stood for the extreme of richness attainable by humanity when its experience was limited to the sense of touch alone. Of such all-sided ambitions and curiosities, of such untrammeled soarings and skimmings over the fields of language, of such completeness of memory and easy mastery of realities as Helen Keller has shown us, no one then had a dream.

It is now indeed the age of Kipling *versus* that of Edgeworth. Laura was primarily regarded as a phenomenon of conscience, almost a theological phenomenon. Helen is primarily a phenomenon of vital exuberance. Life for her is a series of adventures, rushed at with enthusiasm and fun. For Laura it was more like a series of such careful indoor steps as a convalescent makes when the bed days are over. Helen's age is that of the scarehead and portrait be-spattered newspaper. In Laura's time the papers were featureless, and the public found as much zest in exhibitions at institutions for the deaf and dumb as it now finds in football games.

In contrast with the recklessly sensational terms in which everything nowadays expresses itself, there seems a sort of white veil of primness spread over this whole biography of Laura. All those who figure in it bear the stamp of conscience. Dr. Howe himself took his educative task religiously. It was his idea, as it was that of all the American liberals of his generation, that the soul has intuitive religious faculties which life will awaken, independently of revelation. Laura's nature was intensely moral, — almost morbidly so, in fact, — and assimilated the conception of a Divine Ruler with great facility; but it does not appear certain that such an idea would have come to her spontaneously. She was easily converted into revivalistic evangelicism at the age of thirty-three, through communications which her biographers deplore as having perverted her originally optimistic faith. Her spiritual accomplishments seem to have been regarded rather as matters for wonder by the public of her day. But, granted a nature with a bent in the spiritual direction, it is hard to imagine conditions more favorable to its development than Laura's. Her immediate life, once it was redeemed (as Dr. Howe redeemed it) from quasi-animality, was almost wholly one of conduct toward other people. Her relations to "things," only tactile at best, were for the most part remote and hearsay and symbolic. Personal relations had to be her foreground, — she had to think in terms almost exclusively social and spiritual.

When she was twenty-two years old her education was practically finished,

and she was sent to her parents' home in New Hampshire. The withdrawal of the personal attentions with which at the Perkins Institution she had been so lovingly surrounded, the loss of the thousand communications which had fed her mental being daily, came near costing the sensitive creature her life. At the farm, mother, father, brothers, all had engrossing occupations, and no one could give time to the formidably tiresome task of manual alphabet conversation with Laura. She had to subsist mainly on her internal resources. Julia Brace would have turned over on her face and gone to sleep like a dog. Laura simply sickened unto death with moral starvation. "On one occasion she became so impatient with her mother for not talking with her, that she struck her! — and was immediately overcome with despair at her action. She brooded over it continually and would not be comforted. . . . Dr. Howe was summoned and found her a shadow of herself, dying of that subtle disease which we call homesickness." A friend, Miss Paddock, was sent to bring her home. It was bitter winter weather. When Miss Paddock came to the girl's bedside "and spelt into the nerveless hand these words: 'I have come to take you home,' a wave of color surged over the wan face. 'When do we start?' whispered the thin fingers. 'As soon as you can eat an egg,' answered the practical Paddock." Before they had covered half the distance to the railroad, Laura had fainted, but her will never faltered. "To Boston! to Boston! that cry had gone up night and day from her homesick heart. . . . And her fingers flew faster and faster as the train brought her nearer. Would Doctor meet them? Was he glad she was coming? These two questions were repeated endlessly." At last they arrived, and in the warm and affectionate human atmosphere of the institution she soon recovered her vitality. It was an exquisite case of purely moral nostalgia.

Laura never got a perfectly free use of the English language. Her style in writing was of a formality both quaint and charming. From the History of My Life, which she wrote at the age of thirty, I cull a few examples, slips of the pen and all, just as they were written: —

"I was very full of mischief and fun. I was in such high spirits generally. I would cling to my Mother so wildly and peevishly many times. I took hold of her legs and arms as she strode across the room. She acted so plain as if it irritated her very much indeed. She scolded me sternly. I could not help feeling so cross and uneasy against her. I did not know any better. I never was taught to cultivate patience and mildness and placid until I came away from my blessed family at home. . . . Sometimes I took possession of a small room in the attic. I slept and sat there with some of my dear friends. I observed many different things in the garret, barrels containing grain and rye etc. and bags filled with flour wheat. I was very much alarmed by not finding a banister on the edge of the floor above the stairs. . . .

"I loved to sport with the cat very much. One morning I was sitting in my little rocking chair before the fire. I stretched out my hand toward the old cat and drew her up to my side. I indulged myself in having a game with her. It was so cruel a sport for the poor living being. I was extremely indiscreet and ignorant. I rejected the poor creature into the hot fire. My Mother came rushing suddenly and rescued the cat from her danger. She seemed very impulsive with the insent she shook and slapped me most sternly for my committing a sin against her dear cat. She punished me so severely that I could not endure the effect of it for a long time. She held two of the cat's paws up for me to discerne the mark of the flame of fire. My conscience told me at length that it was truly very wicked in me to have done

a harm to her. It was very strange for the cat to go with the greatest fearful suspeetion. She concealed herself so lucky some. The old cat never brought her company to her oldest home since she was banished from our sight. I cannot ask her the reason why she never retraced her natural steps. I am positive that it must be reality of her death now. The favorite cat had not faith in us that we should treat her more kindly and tenderly again. . . .

"Once I set a chair by the fire place; I was trying to reach the shelf to search for something. I drooped my central gravity down and I scorched my stomach so terribly that it effectually made me very unwell and worrisome." [1]

There are endless interesting traits, some of them humanly touching, some of them priceless to the psychologist, scattered through this life of Laura. The question immediately suggests itself, Why was Laura so superior to other deaf-mutes, and why is Helen Keller so superior to Laura? Since Galton first drew attention to the subject, every one knows that in some of us the material of thought is mainly optical, in others auditory, etc., and the classification of human beings into the eye-minded, the ear-minded, and the motor-minded, is familiar. Of course if a person is born to be eye-minded, blindness will maim his life far more than if he is ear-minded originally. If ear-minded, deafness will maim him most. If he be natively constructed on a touch-minded or motor-minded plan, he will lose less than the others from either blindness or deafness. Touch-images and motor-images are the only terms that subjects "congenitally" blind and deaf can think in. It may be that Laura and Helen were originally meant to be more "tactile" and "motile" than their less successful rivals in the race for education, and that Helen, being more exclusively motor-minded than any subject yet met with, is the one least crippled by the loss of her other senses.

But such comparisons are vague conjectures. What is not conjecture, but fact, is the philosophical conclusion which we are forced to draw from the cases both of Laura and of Helen. Their entire thinking goes on in tactile and motor symbols. Of the glories of the world of light and sound they have no inkling. Their thought is confined to the palliest verbal substitutes for the realities which are its object. The mental material of which it consists would be considered by the rest of us to be of the deadliest insipidity. Nevertheless, life is full of absorbing interest to each of them, and in Helen's case thought is free and abundant in quite exceptional measure. What clearer proof could we ask of the fact that the relations among things, far more than the things themselves, are what is intellectually interesting, and that it makes little difference what terms we think in, so long as the relations maintain their character. All sorts of terms can transport the mind with equal delight, provided they be woven into equally massive and far-reaching schemes and systems of relationship. They are then equivalent for intellectual purposes, and for yielding intellectual pleasure, for the schemes and systems are what the mind finds interesting.

Laura's life should find a place in every library. Dr. Howe's daughters have executed it with tact and feeling. No reader can fail to catch something of Laura's own touching reverence for the noble figure of "the Doctor." And if the ruddier pages which record Helen's exploits make the good Laura's image seem just a little anæmic by contrast, we cannot forget that there never could have been a Helen Keller if there had not been a Laura Bridgman.

William James.

[1] I take these extracts from Professor Sanford's article on Laura Bridgman's writings, in the Overland Monthly for 1887. For some reason they are omitted from the present volume.

THE RICHNESS OF POVERTY.

God made my spirit somewhat weak and small.
From rich satiety of joy I shrink:
The faintly fragrant wild-rose, faintly pink,
Better I love than garden beauties tall,
Deep-scented, with full-petaled coronal;
Better the hillside brook wherefrom I drink
Than strong sweet wines; and best the twilight brink
And borderland of whatso holds me thrall.

But if life's pageantry is not for me,
And if I may not reach the mountains dim
That beckon on the blue horizon rim,
No disillusion hath mine eyes defiled,
And I shall enter Paradise heart-free,
With the fresh April wonder of a child.

M. Lennah.

THE NEW HUNTING.

The good fairy evidently considered that she had done enough for Tommy when she gave him the eyes of a saint. Either she considered soul an unimportant matter, or left it to some other of the twelve invited fairies. The story of the christening has never been told, but it is barely possible that the thirteenth godmother cut off Thomas's supply of soul, or hampered its development in some way or other. At any rate, there is abundant room for this inference.

Fortunately for Tommy, however, a deficiency in soul is not so conspicuous as some mere physical imperfection, and no one ever looked once at the dear little fellow with his yellow hair fashionably bobbed, and his sweet little face with its great innocent black-fringed eyes, without longing to take him up and kiss him. And Tommy, even in trousers and short hair and the Fifth Grade, was still an angel so far as ocular expression was concerned.

But if Tommy was lacking in soul, Miss Laurel Petit, teacher of the Fifth Grade, was oversupplied with it. Ever since Miss Laurel began teaching, — and her career may be fitly epitomized by stating that she entered on her life-work when programme was spelled with the *me* and accented on the last syllable, and had taught through program, progr'm, and back to programme again, — she had been an ever-flowing fount of soulfulness in the arid desert of the three-story brick schoolhouse in which she presided over Grade 5A. Other teachers complained of stupidity, of the odor of onions and asafœtida bags worn to keep off contagion, which hung about certain classes, of supervisors, of new methods, but through it all, Miss Laurel, her head above the clouds, her sweet blue eyes slightly rolled upward, her plump form becomingly attired in dainty stylish gowns, knew nothing of such discomforts, but took fresh and ever-grow-

ing joy in the instruction of the infant mind. For one reason, she ever found her work more congenial. Leaders of the new education had year by year been refuting the axiom that there is no royal route to learning. The corduroy roads of her childhood had given place to macadam pavements; the birch rod and the frown had been supplanted by persuasion and the smile; the once ugly schoolroom had been beautified, and there was a constantly increasing demand for the instillation of soul into school work, — the development of soul among the children. "Remember that spirit is more important than information;" "in beginning to teach birds, think more of the pupil than of ornithology;" "nature study is not facts, it is not science, it is not knowledge, it is spirit," were some of the principles laid down by her preceptors, principles which naturally appealed far more to her than they did to Miss Henrietta Tuck, teacher of the 6AB, and Assistant Principal of the Thomas Jefferson School, whose scientific training had been acquired by strict laboratory methods, and whose sharp brown eyes saw through every boy, to his certain knowledge, the very first time he marched downstairs under her strict supervision.

Having duly inspected and classified Tommy on his entrance to the Thomas Jefferson School some years before, and having found no reason for changing her classification, Miss Henrietta laughed scornfully at Miss Laurel's exposition of her favorite's nature work.

"Dear little fellow! He is such an inspiration! Just look at his notes on spring!" They were together in Miss Laurel's room one spring evening after school.

"Humph!" said Miss Tuck, glancing through the meagre notes in Tommy's painfully vertical hand. "Here he has, 'The lilac buds is 4sided. The snow bird is a wren. They is fond of evergreens. The popular buds looks like catapillers. The pussy willows is baby kittens.' Baby kittens! What does that mean? Humph!" And Miss Henrietta threw down the notebook and looked sharply at Mr. Putnam, the Principal, who was standing in the doorway.

"That is where you make a mistake, Ret," remonstrated Miss Laurel gently. "I was just saying to Mr. Putnam yesterday that this is where you fail to catch the meaning of nature study, — where your strict scientific training leads you astray. We are not teaching science, we are instilling a love for nature. Suppose dear little Tommy does say a lilac bud is four-sided when, in fact, it is six; so long as he really loves the lilac, what is the difference?"

"Prove to me that Tommy Owen loves anything, and I'll give you a prize," responded Miss Henrietta sharply.

"You would never say that if you had him in your classes. I feel fresh inspiration every time I look into those beautiful clear gray eyes of his. Other children may be slow to comprehend, but I always feel that Tommy understands. And even if he never studies botany, and never finds out your scientific truths about the lilac bud, I am sure that his whole life will be sweetened and strengthened by the beauty of the lilacs, that his soul" —

"Soul! That child has no soul! Soul! Humph!"

And Mr. Putnam, who, though an apostle of nature study, had had a fine scientific training, disregarding the pained look in Miss Laurel's sweet blue eyes, turned and went downstairs with Miss Henrietta.

In spite of his trained mind, it had never occurred to the Principal that these vexations over Miss Laurel's unscientific enthusiasms came only in the presence of Miss Henrietta's flouts at nature study. Neither had his scientific training been of the slightest avail in interpreting a certain expression in Miss Henrietta's eyes in his presence, a

queer softening and brightening that was, however, perfectly visible and interpretable to every boy and girl in the building.

But Mr. Putnam was openly delighted with the club which Miss Laurel organized that spring among her pupils, and of which, at her suggestion, Tommy Owen was made president. The object of this club was to pursue nature study more fully than was possible in the classroom, to study natural objects in their places in the fields and woods, and, above all, to instill a love for wild animals which would forever prevent the child's doing them any injury.

All the apostles of nature study being unanimous in declaring that the pupil must study from the living animal, — "Will a stuffed bobolink do? No! To the fields for a live bobolink! The light, the dark, the fly, the bird, the cockroach, they are all ours!" — even Miss Henrietta could make no carping criticism on the club in Mr. Putnam's presence. Its motto was from Agassiz, "Study nature, not books," a point on which, it is needless to say, the members thoroughly agreed with Agassiz; and it rejoiced in the rather ponderous name of "Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club."

The success of Miss Laurel's organization, whose work consisted of strolls after school about the neighboring parks, and on Saturdays of trips to the groves beyond the city limits, was nothing short of phenomenal. Not only were teachers in other buildings exhorted to follow Miss Laurel's example, and to teach humanity to all living things, together with nature study, but articles descriptive of its work appeared in the leading educational journals, dwelling particularly on this beautiful phase of nature study, the instillation of humane instincts, the teaching of little children from live, uncaged specimens, picturing the future of this coming generation, taught in its infancy, so to speak, to hate the instruments of slaughter, the gun and the knife, taught to loathe the very idea of bloodshed. When these children reached their majorities, surely, it was prophesied, time would run back and fetch the Age of Gold, and the battle flags would be furled in the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

Whenever a party of teachers from some other town came to Enterprise to visit its far-famed schools — and these visits were frequent — they demanded first of all to be taken to the Thomas Jefferson School, there to visit the grade in which was organized the famous Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club, that they might tell their pupils about it. And once there, all speedily fell victims to Miss Laurel's charm of manner, and to the beauty of Tommy's innocent eyes, as, at Miss Laurel's request, for the fiftieth time that term, perhaps, he flitted across the beach with the little sandpiper, or chee-chee-cheed with Robert o' Lincoln.

One morning in June, when Miss Laurel had been detained at home by some unforeseen occurrence, she found a company of teachers from a town some twenty miles from Enterprise already assembled in the lower hall when she arrived. Miss Henrietta was there also, leading across the hall in the direction of Mr. Putnam's office two boys in an attitude of resistance. Bud Dolan, Miss Henrietta's worst pupil, was one; the other she recognized, to her horror, — not instantly, because of his flushed face and disheveled hair, — as her beloved Tommy!

"What does this mean, Ret?" she whispered anxiously, as the Assistant Principal thrust the boys in Mr. Putnam's office, and there commanded them to remain until that gentleman came downstairs.

"Go up to your room and see!" replied Miss Henrietta sternly.

Miss Laurel, hastening upward, met

Mr. Putnam in the doorway. Across the room, from Tommy's seat in the front row to her desk, stretched a long procession of legless grasshoppers, living but helpless, bisected earthworms, and dehorned pinching bugs.

Miss Laurel's pleading eyes met Mr. Putnam's stern ones. "Wh—what does this mean?" she gasped.

"As nearly as I can gather," he replied, "Bud Dolan and the angelic Tommy have fallen out and had a fight. Unfortunately, Tommy was the victor, and this is Bud's revenge. Bud, it seems, is weary of having Tommy exalted and himself abased, and he has taken this unique method of revealing the young villain in his true colors. A fine collection for the president of such an organization, is it not? And an opportune moment for their exhibition! Those people downstairs will be up here presently."

His tones cut like a knife, and Miss Laurel's eyes filled with tears. Amiable as she was, a swift suspicion of the instigator of Bud's activity had flashed through her mind, but this, of course, she could not voice. With a distinctly feminine shiver at the approach of an unusually active pinching bug, she drew back into the hall, her pleading blue eyes fixed on Mr. Putnam's impassive face.

"I'll send up the janitor at once to take them away," said the Principal, softening visibly in Miss Henrietta's absence.

"And Tommy"—she faltered. "You know my recitation will be nothing without him. Could n't you — could n't you punish him afterwards?"

"It has been my plan," explained Miss Laurel half an hour later to her visitors, "to write every week a little nature story which I have some one of the children tell to the others. Each has his turn, and this morning, Thomas Owen, president of our little club, will tell the story of the little starfishes."

"One time," began Tommy in his sweet, piping little voice, at the same time taking a dried starfish from Miss Laurel's table.

"One minute, Tommy. It is not our plan," explained Miss Laurel to her visitors, "to use dead specimens in our work; indeed, we are opposed to the use of specimens at all. Rather will we roam the fields and see the little animals, unfrightened and happy, in their homes. But it is necessary, as well, that the children should know something of the treasures of the great deep, and as it is manifestly impossible to procure a living starfish, I have, for one time, violated my rule, and brought this specimen. Go on, dear."

"One time," repeated Tommy, his eyes, which had been resting during this interlude, with deep meaning, on a boy in the front row, now turned to the visitors with a look of angelic sweetness in their clear gray depths, — "one time a little starfish laid some tiny eggs in the white sea sand, and then hovered over them, watching lest some danger should threaten them. One day the eggs opened, and some strange little creatures that looked much like the eggs themselves came out. They moved about in the blue water with their pretty star mother, and at night they saw, far above, many other stars like their mother, only far more bright, in what seemed like another blue ocean.

"How beautiful these stars were! Why could not they, too, be stars? They became discontented as they thought about it. But their star mother said, 'Do not have such thoughts; the way to grow beautiful is to think beautiful thoughts.' Then the little ones stopped thinking of themselves. They thought of the beautiful things about them, — the coral branches bearing flower-like polyps; the sea flower whose hues seemed to grow more lovely as they watched it; and the pearly shells that lay all about on the shining sand. The golden sun gilded the waves above them, and at

night the heavenly stars seemed to smile upon them, for now they were not discontented as they watched their mother and these brighter stars.

"And all the time the loving Father of all had not forgotten for one instant these little creatures; and one night the stars above shone down through the waves on the mother star and some tiny stars that moved happily beside her."

"And what does this lesson teach you, Tommy?" asked Miss Laurel sweetly.

"The lesson of aspiration; that by continually striving we may at last attain."

The visitors, properly impressed, had no suspicion of why Tommy was at once excused to Mr. Putnam's office. Neither, of course, could they know what occurred there; but Miss Henrietta did, and rejoiced thereat.

But worse was to happen that same day, for, unexpectedly, another delegation of teachers came in, and Tommy, restored again to the seat of honor in the front row, was the principal object of interest to the visitors. The Superintendent of the visiting school, an ardent ornithologist, and therefore intensely interested in the Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club, not only listened to the recitations, but himself told the children of a little bird he had seen that afternoon, a very lit-tle bir-rd which he had seen from the windows of the inter-urban as he came over, flitting happily about from fence post to tree. It was a lit-tle bir-rd, the crown of its head slate color, bordered by a white line, its throat was yellow, the back of its wings and tail were a blackish olive, there was a large white patch on its wings, and the middle of its tail quills were white. How many lit-tle boys and gir-rls of this class could tell him, he wondered, what might be its name.

Miss Laurel eyed her class anxiously.

"A canary," piped one small voice.

"No — no" —

"An oriole," ventured another.

"No — no — not an oriole, not a canary. What would a lit-tle caged canary be doing out in the wide free fields and woods? No, no, little ones," he continued benevolently. "Now, who is going to answer my question correctly? A lit-tle yellow and black bir-rd, a large white patch on its wings, the middle of its tail quills white — Ah, I thought so! Here is a lit-tle hand! Who, of course, can answer my question, if not the president of this club of which we have heard so often? Rise, lit-tle boy, and let me hear your reply to this question. But first, step out here, my lit-tle fellow, and let us hear you repeat the poem which has given its name to the club."

Tommy, his beautiful gray eyes fixed on the visitors, his sweet little innocent voice, pure music, recited the poem on which Miss Laurel had been drilling him ever since the organization of the club: —

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the woodrose and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O be my friend and teach me to be thine!"

"Good, very good! Beautifully and feelingly spoken! Recited as though he meant it." The Superintendent nodded to his teachers, while Miss Laurel smiled happily. "And now, my lit-tle fellow — Thomas? yes? Thomas, let us hear the name of the bird which I have described to you. Without a doubt, you can name it correctly."

"It 's a Magnolia Warbler."

"Correct, my lit-tle fellow, correct. I knew we should get an answer. And now, wait a bit," as Tommy, who had returned from the platform, prepared to take his seat. "One more question: tell us where and how you came to know this lit-tle woodland creature

— on what one of your pleasant strolls through — through field and grove you saw him flitting from bough to bough."

"'T was n't on no walk," replied Tommy, rules of grammar forgotten in his contempt for such guilelessness. "'T was yesterdevening in our yard. I swatted him with my sling-shot, I did, and Miss Tuck she come along just then and told me his name."

No amount of optimism and soulfulness could lift Miss Laurel from the depths into which this incident plunged her, but somehow the days dragged on until the Thomas Jefferson School picnic, which took place on the last Saturday before the close of the term.

She must attend this, of course, and so must Tommy, who, though deposed from his high office of president of the Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club, showed surprisingly little feeling over his disgrace and that which he had brought on his room and his teacher.

It was a beautiful June day, just warm enough to make the shelter of the forest trees agreeable. The picnic was held in a park recently added to the city, a large part of which was still uncultivated woodland. Naturally the children liked this best, for it was "real woods," and they found its rough state much more delightful than the smooth shaven parks so like their own city lawns.

The teachers too, so nearly freed from the winter's slavery, rejoiced, and sat about after luncheon was eaten, talking together and paying as little attention as possible to their young charges, who scampered here and there, playing wood tag and hide and go seek.

All were happy, — that is, all but Miss Laurel, who sat alone on a great log, a volume of Wordsworth in her plump white hands. Wordsworth was a nature poet, and Miss Laurel should have been reveling in his cloud of golden daffodils and other poems on nature's pure delights. Instead, however, she was using the book as a blind, as a pretense of being occupied.

In what other way could she occupy herself when Mr. Putnam, who had been freezingly polite and very distant to her ever since the, to Henrietta ridiculous, to her heartbreaking, episode of Tommy and the bird, was absorbingly engaged with Miss Henrietta? They had come out to Eden Park together, they had eaten their lunch together, or, rather, he had eaten with Miss Henrietta the lunch provided by her, and together they had been spending the afternoon, gathering flowers, analyzing them, prodding the shallows of the little brook to stir up polliwogs and minnows for the entertainment of the children, always entirely neglecting and ignoring her.

Mr. Putnam had felt himself and his whole school disgraced by the New Hunting episode, for he had himself made much of the club, and Miss Henrietta had endeavored to make him feel the disgrace as keenly as possible. He reproached himself for his weakness in allowing Miss Laurel's feminine attractiveness to lure him from the paths of duty; had he not been unduly influenced by her blue eyes, the tragedy would never have happened. Hardening his heart, he devoted himself to Miss Henrietta, who was only too glad to accept his attentions and snub her colleague.

Miss Laurel had worn a pretty gown to the picnic, a light blue muslin with much lace trimming and many billowy little ruffles. It was very becoming, as was also the big hat with the forget-me-not garland, and the white parasol, but was as inappropriate a costume for such an occasion as Miss Henrietta's shirt waist and short skirt were sensible. Miss Henrietta could tramp about in the tall weeds and wade along the edge of the brook without fear of soiling her clothes, and it did not seem to matter at all to Mr. Putnam that she looked square and stumpy, and that stray locks of straight hair hung down about her ears and neck.

Of these things Miss Laurel was thinking dejectedly, so dejectedly and absorbedly that at first she scarcely noticed something touch her foot. At a second touch, however, and the sensation of a heavy body resting there, she looked up from the page to gaze straight into the beady eyes of what seemed to her an immense snake.

At her scream, everybody turned to see what was the matter, but no one was near enough to go to her help. Nobody, that is, except Tommy, who, concealed behind a tree near by in his game of hide and go seek, heard her agonized cry for help. Tommy, though devoid of soul, possessed some slight traces of affection, and an exceptionally well-developed memory. He remembered that it was Mr. Putnam and Miss Henrietta who had trounced him, and what heart he had was tender toward Miss Laurel, who had merely shed some senseless tears, and had relieved him of the presidency of that miserable club. And so, seizing a fallen branch that lay at hand, he rushed to the rescue.

"Don't move, teacher; I'll kill him!" And thwack, down on the serpent's body descended Thomas's mighty blows.

In a few minutes the other members of the party were gathered about them, and the deposed president of the Hast Thou Named All The Birds Without A Gun Club was receiving congratulations on the promptness and efficiency with which he had performed the act he had been trained not to do. All were interested equally in Tommy and the snake, which was really a remarkably large specimen of the Coluber Constrictor. Miss Henrietta was already on her knees beside it, scolding Tommy for having thwacked it with such unnecessary vigor as to spoil its skin for mounting, explaining the arrangement of the scales, and exhibiting its forked tongue to the children. Mr. Putnam's eyes, however, were on Miss Laurel's pale face. They must have said much, for in another minute vivid blushes had chased away the pallor, and Miss Laurel, obeying his look, had risen and stepped toward him.

Miss Henrietta, looking up a few minutes later, saw the blue muslin ruffles trailing off over the grass beside Mr. Putnam, who was carrying the closed white parasol over his shoulder. The little blue volume of Wordsworth lay forgotten on the log. She followed them with her eyes until they disappeared among the shadows of the trees, and then, sneering savagely, returned to her specimen. It was the triumph of "spirit" over science, and on Miss Henrietta's shoulders lay the dust of defeat.

Kate Milner Rabb.

SINGAPORE.

THE equator burns its course through the Indian Ocean, belts a path across Sumatra, strikes east again into the sea,—and just here Asia ends, and finishes with a period. This is the island and town of Singapore.

There is an hotel in Singapore the town, where you can sit and watch the ships of all the world go by. And that means steamers with red funnels, and freighters with black ones, and yachts that quiver white in the sunlight, and men-of-war that stare a sullen gray. It means white-winged sailing ships, and junks that creak a flap of burnished brown, and myriads of tiny paddling craft that fret the water with their ceaseless motion. It means everything, in fact, that drives upon the sea as the great highway.

You can even sit at your table and see all this if you face the right way, for the sea swims off blue through all the wide doors and openings. The room that you sit in is huge and white and cool. It is of white marble or white plaster, or anyway, of whatever it is, the color is white, so the effect is the same. There are big pillars and a high sort of dome that ends in a skylight, and to most of the pillars are fastened whirring electric fans. And so you sit and are comforted by the cool whiteness about you and the cool whirring above you.

If you go outside you can take a rickshaw or a gharry, — if you are wise, a gharry. They rattle furiously, and the seats are hard, but the roof is thick, and there are shutters that pull up all the way round. The gharry pony is a wee troublesome beast. Sometimes he balks rigid in the roadway, and the gharry rolls over him and he is lost. Sometimes he kicks and plunges on both sides of the road at once, and speaks clamorously to the passers-by. Oftener the gharry-syce runs at his head and stuffs him with bright green grass, and this encourages him to go forward.

At first, you sit and blink at the hard sunlight and the clouds of fine red dust that choke your lungs. Gradually you make out the red road unwinding before you and the hedges covered with red dust. Then you see other gharries passing, and rickshaws, and high English carts with red-faced men and white-faced women. You see victorias roll by with much be-liveried servants and a heavy rattling of chains, and every time you look you see a sleek Chinaman lolling on his cushions, with a wide alpine hat and a fat cigar.

You see Sikh policemen in khaki knickerbockers and red turbans, standing in the streets or marching past in squads. Not so readily you spy government peons, Tamils, and Malays, in white duck with bands of red across their breasts, and pancake hats of red and yellow.

There are quantities of creatures passing you continually whom you seldom notice. They are more or less the color of the road, and their sarongs and loincloths have been burned to almost the color of their wearers. Sometimes there is a flash of green or orange past your window, and you look and shudder at the rings and buttons screwed into ugly noses. These are Tamil women; they are bold and black, and stride along chewing betel, which leaks red out of the corners of their mouths. The Malay women you rarely see, for their sarongs seem always dun-colored or dust-colored, like the feathers of timid birds. They hood their heads and slip by unnoticed, — but if you knew, you would catch a corner down and round eyes staring at you.

If Sikh women or Bengali chance to pass, you stare after them out of the back of the gharry; but this is not often. They look like beautiful tropical birds, and their plumage is green and saffron and flame-color. They step daintily like birds, and their slender legs are bound tight with coral or pale lemon. Their ankles ring with heavy silver bracelets, and it was the clashing of the chains about their throats that made you look.

You never look at the Chinese in the roads. They are ugly creatures, — coolie women with blue, wide-flapping trousers, and men with bare backs burned a dirty yellow. They swing by with heavy burdens, heads down, muttering a heavy sort of chant.

These, then, are the roadway people, whose naked feet leave patterns in the thick red dust. There are thousands of them, and their twitterings sink unheeded in the vast low hum of Singapore.

There are other people whom you cannot fail to see. They reign in the hotels and shops, and fill gharries and rickshaws, and sometimes dogcarts. If you meet them on foot they are apt to jostle you and stare rudely. They

dress like Europeans, only more so, and they love pink and brightest blue. Some of them are ash-color, some are yellow, and all of them are sallow and unhealthy-looking. These are the Eurasians. All the people you cannot quite place are sure to belong to them, — the foreign-looking people in high traps, and the frouzy, wretched women who wear cotton wrappers on their front doorsteps.

But these are the *people* of Singapore; besides, there are things, — buildings and bridges, and a dirty little river crammed with boats. There are long red roads with avenues of bright green trees that meet overhead. There are private houses in deep tangled gardens, and cottages called villas staring on the open street. There are polo grounds with lathered horses and dripping sun-burned men, and golf links and tennis courts with heated women. There are barracks for the regiment, and deep-browed bungalows for the officers. There is a wide-spreading garden rustling with rare plant life, and in one corner a dark nook of transplanted jungle, — birds and beasts just trapped, and a restless yawning tiger striped and shining.

Then there is Government House, in a big park that might be England. Particularly in the evening, when the road winds through a bit of meadow land with low mists rising, like English mists, only more unhealthy, — and just beyond where you startle three deer. But the view from the top is not English. That is of the East, with its stretch of shining sea lying hot and languid. And the green islands, green the year round, they are not English. Nor is the blur of spreading brown roofs, nor the slow droning hum that rises above the heat and the red dust. Nor again, when a breeze puffs that way, is the sickish, heavy, clinging breath a Western breath.

The signal station waves its gaunt arms just beyond, and on the bare beams ripples a speech that East and West may read. A speech of colors that light and hover on the naked mast like fluttering butterflies in sunlight, and spell in symbol the passing word.

There are many turns to the winding roads of Singapore. They stretch under avenues of branching trees, and the air is still and heavy with perfume, and the horses step on limp, wide-flaring blossoms. They spread hot and glaring to the water front that reeks of brine and rotting wood. Fragrant and shaded again, they draw into villas and cottages. Then out they run between two lines of marching palms to the island's rim, with Johore across the way.

There are other places not so nice. One long road of dust and flat-faced houses. You bend low when you enter, and even then your head is brushed by dangling shabby coats and cast-off finery. And in the dim corners are cases filled with the glitter of pawned gold and the trinkets of half the world grown desperate. This road winds narrow into other streets, wretched streets where a noisy, reeling life washes night and day. Heavy, helpless, heated ways where the final misery of the world drifts in. No green shows here, only the trodden red road and the stare of blistered house fronts.

There is yet another part of Singapore. You sit on a wide veranda that leans an elbow in the street, and smoke and drink and stare at the people going past, — and time curls away. There is a thin gray mist in the air, and the harbor is of glass. The boats float in slowly like dreams, and the mist drifts out to sea.

You do not want to move, — never. Perhaps you cannot; you wonder about it languidly. The big, hot, open playground is just across the way. And everywhere is a swimming together of much green, — heavy, motionless lettuce-green. The road looks hot, and passing traps raise great clouds of the eternal red dust. You stare after them lazily

and watch them out of sight. You can do this without moving.

And also without moving you can see a great blur of red in the midst of the trees. You have been speculating about it idly for the last hour or so. The ground under it looks like spilled blood, and every few minutes the air about it dims with falling red. It looks very hot and striking in the great smear of green. Sleepily it pleases you, and you wonder what manner of tree, or bush, or beast it is.

Down the same way is the big, yellow, sun-bleached cathedral. Bits of it are sticking through the trees. It looks un-Eastern and out of place, yet altogether rather nice. It seems to be Sunday, and slow tired bells are telling people so. The punkah-pullers are jerking at their ropes outside. And you actually find yourself inside, with a high, slender, Gothic distance before you, and a glint of long blue windows. The walls and arches look dim, and a white punkah on a very long rope is swinging just above your head.

There are other punkahs, all on long ropes, and all flapping slowly. There seems to be no particular connection between them. They flap and swing most irregularly, and you watch and try desperately hard to fit them to an even time. You give it up at last, but the attempt has got you into a delicious, rhythmical mood that you vaguely feel is sleep. Then you do not know anything very clearly. You are conscious of a deep throbbing that is probably the organ, and of languid groups of voices that fade away before you place them.

Finally a single voice speaks, and that startles you for a moment into listening. At the same time you become distinctly aware of the Eurasian school in front of you. They are all of them in white with white hats, and they look particularly clean. They all have a bit of blue about them. Some have blue sashes with scant bows. The smaller ones wear scarfs of blue across their breasts like peons. Others have only collars and belt ribbons of blue. You wonder why they do not choose different colors, — and then realize how much cheaper a single one must be. You look more closely at the big girl just in front, and find that she is almost white with tawny hair. But the little one next is as nearly black with stiff straight hair. After that you find all shades and features, — and speculate thoughtfully on Eurasians in general.

Your eyes wander farther and watch curiously a jet-black Tamil in white duck. He seems tremendously in earnest and never misses a response. He is rather dramatic, and stands with arms impressively folded. There is a large smattering of gay brunette ladies who nod a great deal and wear artificial flowers and much fluttering ribbon. They sing with great zest, but their voices are not pleasant; they are flat and shrill, and their words round off lamely. They are Eurasians of course. Finally, you pick out a handful of Europeans in limp, out-of-date clothes, and a pervading atmosphere of mildew and camphor.

Then your interest wanes, and the last thing you remember is the downward swish of your punkah, and out of an opening a final gleam of pure gold behind a cocoanut.

Afterwards you go home in a rickshaw. Quantities of other rickshaws rattle past you, and the night seems full of double yellow lights. Suddenly an unknown land stretches close at hand. Lights have started in the harbor, and you marvel at their number. You watch the far-away flickerings of sampans and the beacons swaying at heavy mast-heads. There are streets and avenues of these lights, — and unrecorded constellations.

A bugle call rings into the shore, — the last notes with a breeze at their heels. This is later, for the call is "lights out." You are alone now on your veranda, and the night is droning on. Rickshaws roll past softly. Out in that other night

a vagrant ship pokes off again into the great loneliness.

Far away comes a crash of Chinese cymbals, and much nearer is the low, broken whining of an Indian pipe. But these sounds come far apart, are filled in with spaces of silence, with waves of muffled heavy darkness.

Down the street are the dim lamp-lighted tents of a wandering circus. At the entrance is a flare of smoke and torches, and the sudden lighting up of native faces. There is a deadened banging and beating going on inside. Snatches of it drift into the listless night, — mirthless, mournful tunes of decades ago.

A heavy, breathless night settles over the town, and beyond in the black sea sink the four great stars of the Southern Cross.

Elizabeth W. H. Wright.

STREET RAILWAY LEGISLATION IN ILLINOIS.

THE story of the street railways of Chicago illustrates at every point the want of foresight that has marked the policy, or lack of policy, of American cities touching the public services now required by urban populations. Recent Illinois legislation, due to the Chicago street railway situation, is of more than local or passing interest. The Act of May 18, 1903, known during its stormy passage through the two houses of the General Assembly as "Senate Bill No. 40," is believed to be the first general legislative act in the United States providing for the municipal ownership of street railways. Its final passage after six years of earnest effort, despite the utmost opposition of public service corporations and their political allies, is one of the most notable triumphs of public opinion within recent years.

The street railways of Chicago were constructed and have been maintained under statutes and ordinances enacted from time to time since 1858. All statutes enacted prior to the State Constitution of 1870, which prohibited such acts, were special. By enactments of 1859 and 1861 three street railway corporations, for the several natural divisions of the city, were created, each to have corporate life for twenty-five years. In 1865, by act passed at the instance of the companies, and by means which have never been defended, over the veto of Governor Oglesby, their corporate life was extended to ninety-nine years. They claim that this act also operates to extend their rights in the streets of Chicago for a like period. The city has always protested against this legislative disposition of its streets as a violation of the principle of home rule. It also contends that the act violates the State Constitution of 1848 in certain particulars.

There are wide differences of view as to the scope of the Act of 1865. The city contends that, if valid, it only affects the streets occupied by the companies at the date of its passage. This view is practically that of the Chicago City Railway Company, which occupies the south division of the city, and is owned by local capitalists. This company only claims that about fifteen percentage of its mileage, including important portions of its terminals in the centre of the city, is covered by the act. The allied companies which occupy the north and west divisions of the city, and are largely owned by the Widener-Elkins syndicate of New York and Philadelphia, after accepting during many years grants from the city for extensions and cross lines, strictly limited to twenty years, have recently

sought to repudiate all limitations in favor of the city, claiming that the General Assembly of 1865 really intended a system grant, and that every concession since made by the city added so much to their ninety-nine-year possessions.

The city, on July 30, 1883, to set at rest for the time being its controversy with the companies over the Ninety-Nine-Year Act, made a general extension grant for twenty years without prejudice to the conflicting claims of the parties. Under this and many subsequent grants similarly limited for extension and cross lines, the cable and electric lines of the companies have been constructed and operated. At no time have the companies operated any of their lines under the Ninety-Nine-Year Act unsupported by city grants.

The state, by a general act of 1874, provided for corporations to construct, maintain, and operate "Horse and Dummy Railroads." Under its provisions the cities of the state might make grants of rights in their streets for terms not exceeding twenty years. This act, never sufficient for the protection of the public and private interests involved, gradually became more and more inadequate for these purposes. With the transformation of pioneer horse lines into costly cable and electric systems having hundreds of miles of trackage, great power plants, thousands of employees, and millions of dollars in annual receipts, the need of new legislation became more and more apparent. However, the growth of the public service corporation from small beginnings had been so rapid, its corrupting influence was so insidious, and the citizens were so occupied with their private concerns, that as yet there was no clearly defined public policy to be expressed in new legislation.

The people of Chicago, while still groping for a policy, as long ago as 1896 realized that the employment of private capital in the conduct of the public business is the direct cause of municipal misrule and the real issue in municipal politics; that the question in every American city is whether the public authority shall be exercised by the people for public ends, or by allied public service corporations for incorporated greed; and that it will soon be determined whether the city of the people is to become a private municipality.

The City Council, for oft-repeated good and valuable considerations, had long been a corporate possession of the street railways and their allied corporate interests. With the first attempt of the people to recover possession of the legislative authority of the city, these interests took alarm. Under cover of the exciting national campaign of 1896 they in advance acquired title to the incoming Governor and General Assembly of the state. Early in the legislative session of 1897, the street railway companies caused to be introduced into both houses of the General Assembly a bill to extend for fifty years their disputed rights in the streets of Chicago, in wanton disregard of public interests. This bill promptly passed the Senate by a large majority. It was bitterly opposed by the people and press of Chicago, and was finally defeated in the House. The companies thereupon caused to be introduced and passed a simple measure authorizing the several cities of the state to make grants to street railway companies for periods not exceeding fifty years.

The Act of 1897 operated to extend the term for which franchise grants might be made by municipalities from twenty to fifty years. It was passed by means that disgraced the state, and aroused bitter feeling from Chicago to Cairo. How keenly the people of Illinois resented this debauchery of their state government was shown a year and a half later, at the next election of members of the General Assembly. Of sixteen retiring senators who voted for the obnoxious measure of 1897 but two were reëlected; and of the eighty-two represen-

tatives who so voted but fourteen secured reëlection. There was, perhaps, never such a slaughter of state legislators. The memory of the tragedy of 1898 still haunts the corridors of the state capitol at Springfield. Indeed, since that memorable election the General Assembly of Illinois has dealt with much fear and trembling with the subject of street railway legislation. At its next session, by unanimous vote in the House, it repealed the Act of 1897, and restored the former statute. The Governor who signed the obnoxious measure of two years before gave his official sanction to the new act restoring the situation. Meantime the street railway companies, which for two years had vainly sought fifty-year extensions from the City Council of Chicago, stood idly by, unable to avert the bitter humiliation of utter defeat.

Thus closes the first chapter of the story of recent street railway legislation in Illinois. Pending the struggle above outlined, an affirmative public policy for the better control of street railways was taking form in Chicago. Leaders in the movement for the protection of public interests had framed a comprehensive bill looking to public control and possible public ownership, which they offered at the legislative session of 1899. However, public opinion was not yet ripe for constructive legislation in the public interest; and the General Assembly, almost entirely composed of new members, was afraid to experiment with so dangerous a subject.

The movement to make the City Council representative of public interests had so far succeeded, that from the year 1900 its able Committee on Local Transportation properly assumed the leadership on behalf of Chicago in the effort to secure adequate street railway legislation. The committee, having made an extensive study of the conditions, submitted to the General Assembly of 1901 a comprehensive bill for a general street railway law. It was assumed by the framers of this measure that local transportation should be treated as a monopoly; that, while conducted by the public service corporation, it should be subjected to strict public control; and that the right of municipal ownership should be reserved and safeguarded. The bill, drawn on these lines, although ably supported by the Council Committee at Springfield, was strangled in the House Committee to which it was referred. After repeated public hearings this committee simply failed to report. The bill was not relished by certain of the street railway interests; and it is believed that the inaction of the House was not solely due to legislative timidity.

Two years now quickly passed, during which the struggle on behalf of public interests steadily gained ground in Chicago. The general extension ordinance of 1883 was to expire on July 30, 1903. In the spring of 1902, under a recent act permitting the submission of public questions to popular vote, the electors of the city, by a majority of about five to one, expressed their opinion in favor of the municipal ownership of the street railways. However, as many grants of particular streets made at different times to the companies will not expire for several years, and the city is not in financial condition for so great a purchase, early municipal ownership is impracticable even if desirable. The popular vote of 1902 favoring it must be regarded as an expression of hostility to the street railway companies rather than as a demand for immediate municipal ownership.

The failure of the comprehensive street railway bills of 1899 and 1901, and the conservative attitude of leading country members to legislation uniformly branded "socialistic" by the owners of the securities of public service corporations, led the Committee on Local Transportation of the City Council of Chicago and its supporters to propose a more simple measure at the session of the General Assembly of 1903. The end

sought was to reverse existing conditions, and place the city, instead of the companies, in control of the situation. To accomplish this, it was deemed necessary to obtain for the city power to acquire, own, and operate its street railways. Hence there arose, prior to the opening of the session, a wide demand for enabling legislation as a condition precedent to the further extension of the expiring franchises of the street railway companies. Bills to empower the cities of Illinois to acquire street railways, and to reserve the right of municipal acquisition in franchise grants, were promptly offered by the Council Committee and others.

It was known prior to the organization of the House that the effort to pass such a measure would be the chief feature of the session. The Governor, representing the spoils faction of his party, of course desired to have his supporters control the House. The party boss of Chicago, Mr. William C. Lorimer, for purposes of "politics" wished to possess the House. The editor of the Inter-Ocean, Mr. George W. Hinman, — brought from New York by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes when he purchased that stalwart party organ and made it the avowed champion of the street railway corporations, — had, in his capacity of organ grinder, acquired some party influence outside Chicago, which gave him a place in the combine to control the House. These allies, by the utmost effort, including the use of state patronage, controlled the caucus by a bare majority and secured the organization. They chose for Speaker a weak and unknown man, pledging him to obey orders. It was subsequently understood in the House that as a condition of his election the Speaker was required to promise to carry out Hinman's orders on all street railway measures, and to use the gavel when necessary to defeat objectionable legislation. Mr. "Gus" Nohe, — Lorimer's member from his own legislative district, — when asked whether there was to be any traction legislation, replied: "I don't know. I do whatever the old man tells me to; and he tells me to do about traction as Hinman says." Hinman himself announced that there would be no traction legislation at that session. The companies, thus safeguarded by the organization of the House, were not openly represented at Springfield.

The City Council of Chicago sent to the General Assembly, with its indorsement, a bill for an enabling act prepared by its Committee on Local Transportation. A special committee, composed in part of members of the Council, presented a somewhat more radical measure. Several members offered individual bills largely copied from these two. A bill, mainly drafted by the Secretary of the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago, and offered in the Senate by Senator Mueller, became known as Senate Bill No. 40.

While the situation at Springfield was thus confused, the mayoralty campaign came on in Chicago. The platform of the Municipal Voters' League, on which more than two thirds of the members of the Council had been elected, was heartily indorsed by the conventions of both parties. The Mayor had actively participated in the development of the street railway programme embodied in the League platform. His Republican opponent, who was without a traction record, actively exerted his influence to advance the "Mueller Bill" at Springfield. In part because of his efforts, and in response to the unanimous demand of the public press of Chicago, Senate Bill No. 40 passed the Senate just after the municipal election in Chicago.

The House organization now set itself to suppress the Senate measure and to defeat all street railway legislation, meanwhile pretending to meet the popular demand. Messrs. Lorimer and Hinman went to Springfield and openly assumed personal direction of the House.

The municipal committee, composed almost entirely of machine puppets, promptly suppressed the Senate bill, reporting a substitute prepared by its chairman, Mr. Cicero J. Lindley, under the immediate supervision of Messrs. Lorimer and Hinman. These open supporters of the Yerkes legislation of 1897 now posed as saviors of the city from the alleged evil designs of the reform leaders. They insisted that there should be no grants, even if made from time to time in succession, for more than twenty years in the aggregate. They claimed that their "Lindley Bill" was the only genuine municipal ownership measure. The bill itself was a blundering abstract of parts of the Senate bill. The provision of that measure authorizing cities to borrow money on special certificates with which to acquire street railway property was carefully emasculated. Other changes and omissions pointed unmistakably to a desire to protect the existing companies.

It may be asked, why did Lorimer, absolute dictator of the House organization, offer a substitute for the Senate bill in the House? Why did he not suppress the obnoxious measure and have done with the matter? The answer is that public opinion was so aroused in favor of enabling legislation, the suspicion of corporate interference with the public programme was so general, that even Lorimer did not dare openly to defy it. The plan was for the House to pass pretended enabling legislation, and to have it fail between the two houses.

The popular demand for the Mueller Bill became so insistent that on the night before the substitute was set for second reading, Mr. Lorimer became alarmed. The Democrats and minority Republicans that night held separate caucuses to plan for the substitution of the Senate measure. How many votes could be mustered against the organization, believed absolutely to control the fate of all pending measures in the then closing hours of the session, was not clear; but it was evident that the revolt was formidable.

Late that night a memorable conference was held at the call of William C. Lorimer. The place was his private chamber at the Leland House, in Springfield. The time was from about 11.30 P. M. to 3.30 A. M. The subject discussed was the pending street railway legislation. There, in his lair, the boss and his subordinates received the representatives of public interests. Mr. Lorimer was supported by Mr. Hinman, and Messrs. Lindley, David E. Shanahan, "Gus" Nohe, and "Ed" Morris of the House. Mr. Frank O. Lowden was present in the dual capacity of friend of the organization and of the city. Messrs. Bennett, Mayor, and Eidman, of the Council Committee, and Mr. Graeme Stewart (late Republican candidate for Mayor of Chicago), Mr. E. L. Reeves, and the writer, of the Chicago delegation, were present on Mr. Lorimer's invitation.

We were promptly asked, "What do you want?" Our reply was, "We care nothing for names; but, in substance, we want the Senate bill. Nothing less will serve." Mr. Lorimer emphatically told us that the Senate bill was dead and buried, and that the only hope of legislation at that session lay in the enactment of the Lindley substitute. We were urged to accept that measure, and invited then and there to submit amendments. It was assumed throughout the conference that we were "up against the real thing;" that whatever amendments Mr. Lorimer might accept that night would go through the House the next day. The attitude of the members of that body on the principal question of the session was assumed to be wholly immaterial.

It makes one, who regards the people as the source of political authority and the General Assembly as a means for the expression of their will, feel somewhat queer to participate in a midnight gathering called by a voluntary political boss to dispense legislation of vital public con-

cern. However, under present conditions, only thus may one be sure to get next to the "powers that prey." Thus only may one reach the source of legislation affecting privileged interests and study it in process. In this instance we knew full well that our presence that night behind the scenes was solely due to ominous signs of revolt in the House. The boss sought to avert the storm.

The night wore on in discussion — often heated discussion — of the defects of the substitute bill. That measure, as it then stood, was a bungling imitation of the Senate bill, so emasculated as to render it practically valueless. It bore unmistakable marks of tender regard for the traction interests. It appeared on its face to provide for municipal ownership, but withheld the means for its accomplishment. By the omission of the provision of the Senate bill, broadly authorizing the municipality to grant streets already occupied by street railways to any corporation, without new frontage consents, it was sought to make it necessary for the city to deal with the present companies and to confirm them in their possession of the streets.

These chief defects of the substitute bill were stoutly defended, the first as an alleged protection to the public from the possibility of grants for more than twenty years; the second out of a professed regard for abutting property owners. Amendments to cure several minor defects, and one covering frontage consents so worded as not to fall within the title of the bill, were finally offered us. The boss thereupon delivered his ultimatum, in substance as follows: "You must accept the Lindley Bill with these amendments, pull down all opposition on the floor of the House and from the Chicago press, and actively support the bill. It is the Lindley Bill or nothing."

A few hours later, as the House assembled to consider the Lindley substitute on second reading, the Chicago delegation, about twenty in number, — composed of the Mayor, citizens appointed by him, and the Council Committee, — rejected by practically unanimous vote the Lorimer ultimatum. This action, taken with full knowledge that it might mean present defeat instead of a weak compromise with the machine, was taken the more readily because Lorimer by giving out the proposed amendments had already committed himself to them, and because the representatives of the city believed that it was his intention to pass the amended substitute through the House and kill it in the closing hours of the session.

The fight on the floor of the House was now on. The Speaker, who, the day before, on the written demand of a majority of the House, declined to say whether he would recognize the constitutional demand of five members for a yea and nay vote on all proposed amendments, arbitrarily postponed the second reading of the bill to two o'clock that day, and then until nine o'clock the next morning. Meanwhile the recalcitrant members were subjected to one of the most severe of machine tests. Some seventy-five bills making appropriations for the state government and the public institutions throughout the state, and many other bills of local or special interest to the members, stood on the calendar on third reading. Those favoring the Senate traction bill, led by Mr. Oliver W. Stewart, the able prohibition member, had given notice that none of these measures should pass until the traction question was acted on by the House.

The organization leaders now presented two carefully chosen appropriation bills for passage. The first was the appropriation bill for the maintenance of the State Normal School at Macomb, the home of Mr. Sherman, leader of the Republican opposition. It was permitted to fail, the friends of Senate Bill No. 40, including Sherman, refusing to vote. A second appropriation bill shared the fate

of the first. Thereupon the House transacted some unimportant business and adjourned for the day. That night representatives of the city declined an invitation by Mr. Lorimer to another conference.

All now anxiously awaited the morrow. Would the Speaker obey his oath of office, permitting a roll call? Was the will of William Lorimer to be more potent than the Constitution of Illinois? Was the Speaker's gavel to be used to make a minority equivalent to a majority? The action of the Speaker would plainly demonstrate to an entire people whether the public service corporation regards its wants superior to all law, whether corporate influence has become the supreme law of a great state. The opponents of the Lindley Bill believed that the Speaker would finally observe his oath. Even they had not fathomed corporate and political insolence.

The next morning, when the House met with packed galleries, "the organization" made a final effort to break the ranks of the majority. The "Child Labor Bill," the most popular measure on the calendar, was called on final passage. The vote disclosed the exact strength of the opposing forces. Fifty members voted aye. Ninety-six sat mute. The majority against the Lindley Bill was almost two to one. Had William Lorimer been present, he might have changed the programme; but, having given his Speaker orders for the day, he awaited results at his hotel. No one having authority was there.

The crisis now came. The Lindley Bill was called on second reading. The Speaker, deathly pale, stood at his desk, gavel in hand. Behind him were several ladies. Massed about his desk were twenty or more strong men prepared to defend him. Mr. Lindley offered his first amendment. The opposition leader moved to lay it on the table. Ninety-six members rose in their seats and shouted, "Roll call! Roll call!" The Speaker, refusing to hear them, declared the amendment adopted by *viva voce* vote. "You lie!" shouted Representative Allen of the minority. Then amid the utmost confusion and excitement, with the majority members standing on their desks shouting, "Roll call! Roll call!" Mr. Lindley hastily offered his six other amendments. The Speaker, without the formality of reading or a vote, declared them all adopted. Without motion, he also declared the bill passed to its third reading, beyond the reach of further amendments.

It is impossible to describe the scene or to convey an adequate idea of its intensely dramatic interest. The pale and trembling Speaker, protected from flying inkstands by the women placed for that purpose at his back, hastily executed his orders. But he was not thus to escape the utmost personal humiliation. While in the act of declaring the bill passed to a third reading, Representative Burke of Chicago, unsupported, made a rush for him, only to be roughly thrown to the floor. This was the extent of the so-called "riot" in the House. There was a rush of members to the support of Burke; but the cowardice of the Speaker averted a general fight. The rush of one outraged member was quite enough for him. Without waiting for more, he precipitately fled to his room, declaring that the House had taken a recess until afternoon.

All this took place in much less time than it has taken to describe it. The turmoil and excitement at this point are indescribable. The Speaker's hasty flight led to a quick transformation. Representative Murray of Springfield, standing on his seat near the Speaker's desk, solemnly called the House to order and said: "It appears that the House is without a presiding officer; I move that Mr. Allen of Vermilion be chosen Speaker *pro tem.*" The motion carried, Mr. Allen took the deserted chair, and the confusion quickly subsided. Within per-

haps a minute after the Speaker fled, the reorganization was perfected, and a roll call of the House was in progress.

The manner in which the ninety-six members, whose high duty it was to restore constitutional government in Illinois, performed their unexpected task left nothing to be desired. Their action on that memorable day and in the remaining days of the session will forever remain conspicuous among the landmarks on the difficult road to really representative government. There are men in our public life who are not the creatures of the corporations, men who care for something higher than spoils.

The House now proceeded to recall the Lindley Bill from its third reading. When each amendment had been reconsidered and laid on the table, the Senate bill was substituted, and the Lindley Bill became in fact, if not in name, Senate Bill No. 40. Meanwhile the leaders of the majority, in conference in an adjoining committee room, prepared the following preamble and resolution: —

"*Whereas*, The Speaker of this House has by revolutionary and unconstitutional methods denied a hearing in this House on a roll call constitutionally demanded upon measures of grave import, prepared by those not members of this House, and has attempted by the same methods to force the same beyond the point where they can be amended or calmly considered upon their merits,

"*Therefore, be it resolved*, That, until the House records shall show a reconsideration of the action of this House on House Bill No. 864 [Lindley Bill] and all amendments thereto, and shall show the adoption of this resolution, and the House shall be assured of the continuous observance during the remainder of this session of the constitutional right of a roll call on all questions and the due consideration of the business of this House, no further votes be cast upon any pending bill by the members of this House without a permanent reorganization of this House."

The foregoing preamble and resolution were thereupon signed by the ninety-six opposition members and spread on the Journal of the House. The Speaker *pro tem.* was also instructed to read it to the Speaker in the presence of the House on his return to the chair. This was done by Mr. Allen with great solemnity that afternoon. Whereupon the House took a recess, during which the Speaker conferred with Mr. Lorimer, Mr. Hinman, the Governor, Mr. Lindley, and a few others. Upon his reappearance he presented the following written statement to the House: —

"I have been approached at different times by parties who intimated to me that I could make money by allowing a roll call on what is known as the Mueller Bill or permitting its passage. I do not know whether the parties making the statements were authorized to make them or not, but the statements having been made to me, and some of them recently, fully convinced me that there was something wrong with this effort on the part of outside parties to push this bill. For this reason, I denied the roll call, and have stood firm on this proposition up to the very limit. A majority of the House having signified their desire to have a roll call on this proposition, I wash my hands of the entire matter, and will permit a roll call to be had."

Thereupon Mr. Rinaker, the able leader of the majority, promptly moved the appointment by the Speaker himself of a committee of five members to investigate his charges. Upon Mr. Rinaker's suggestion it was determined that no action should be taken on traction or any other important legislation pending the investigation of the charges made by the Speaker reflecting on the House, and that the time of adjournment, already agreed upon, should be postponed as long as might be necessary for a thorough investigation of the charges, and for the

consideration thereafter of the pending street railway measures.

The next morning the press contained a statement from Governor Yates, in which he said: —

"As to Speaker Miller's action in opposing a roll call on the Mueller Bill, . . . I am glad to have the opportunity to say that I believe him to be a brave and honest man, pursuing the only course such a man can pursue under the circumstances. . . . I repeat, that I believe that in opposing what he believed to be corruption, his action is honest and brave, and entitles him to the thanks of every good citizen of Illinois."

The following morning Representative Schlagenhauf of the majority called the attention of the House to a recent editorial published by Mr. Hinman in the Chicago Inter-Ocean, which was in part as follows: "And the boodle is ready. And it is in use. And some members already have been bought. And others are negotiating for it. . . . Can money buy the Forty-Third General Assembly of the State of Illinois?" Thereupon the House voted to call Mr. Hinman before its bar to give such information as he might have in support of his charges. Afterwards the House referred this matter to the investigating committee. The Speaker in appointing the committee passed over Mr. Rinaker, placing on it members a majority of whom it was feared could be depended upon to make a whitewashing report. Thereupon Representative Darrow of Chicago, after a hasty consultation, moved to amend by adding six names of leading members, including Mr. Rinaker. This motion was carried on roll call.

This committee on April 30 made its report, finding in part as follows: —

"1. That the evidence produced before us does not establish any real attempt to corruptly influence the action of the Speaker of this House.

"2. That there was no reasonable or substantial ground for the editorial entitled 'Boodle,' published in the Chicago Inter-Ocean on April 21, 1903, and recited in the resolution introduced by Representative Schlagenhauf; and that the charges therein contained, and as specified further in the testimony of Mr. Hinman, were wholly without truth or foundation as to any member or officer of this House, so far as we have been able to discover. Your committee feels it due to it to say, in view of the publication by Mr. Hinman of his statement read before it, that it regarded the 'rumors' so frequently referred to by him, and the jocular remarks attributed to members and others, as utterly unworthy of notice, and the charges reflecting upon citizens of Chicago, employed or selected to represent it, who, in the opinion of your committee, deservedly stand high in the estimation of its best citizens, as wholly outside the purposes of this investigation. It also, in the light of the evidence before it, upon the specific charges made by him, placed no credence upon any of his charges of improper conduct or motives upon their part in connection with the subject of this investigation."

The report of the committee was adopted by a unanimous vote of the House on roll call. Messrs. Lorimer and Hinman, at the close of Mr. Hinman's testimony before the committee, had left Springfield, not to return during the session. Upon the adoption of the report of the committee, the House by unanimous vote directed its Municipal Committee to report Senate Bill No. 40. Mr. Lindley at once complied, and the bill was promptly passed, with certain amendments proposed and accepted by the representatives of the city, by both houses. It went to the Governor the day before final adjournment. He promptly called on the Attorney-General for an opinion as to its constitutionality, meanwhile requesting both houses of the General Assembly not to adjourn until he had had time fully to consider its terms. The Attorney-General on the last night of the

session gave his opinion to the effect that the constitutional objections to the measure were not well founded. The friends of the bill in both houses, believing that to comply with the Governor's request would lead to a veto, and that if the whole responsibility was thrown on him he would approve it, adjourned *sine die.*

The Governor took the full ten days allowed by the Constitution to determine whether to veto or sign the bill. After two public hearings, and after receiving much advice, both public and private, he finally on the last day approved it with extreme reluctance. How difficult it was for him to do so appears from the memorandum explaining his action, which he filed with the Secretary of State. In that remarkable document, he said: —

"I would veto this bill, were it not that I have great confidence in the City Council of 1903, and great confidence in the people. . . .

"It has been urged against this bill by the one man in Illinois who was so courageous as to argue for its veto after it was passed . . . that this bill was passed under the whip and spur of a few newspapers in the city of Chicago. This is true. Worse than that, it was passed by default in the Senate and by riot in the House. Intimidation of every possible kind has been resorted to, and within the ten days during which the Governor has the right, under the wise and wholesome and hitherto unquestioned veto power of the Constitution, to consider and examine a bill, these same newspapers have endeavored to complete their usurpation of governmental functions — their 'government by newspapers' — by ridiculing and abusing the executive.

"I approve the bill in spite of this clamor, because the real question is, shall the city councils of cities, and the people thereof, be permitted to do a right thing, and not, has the right thing been brought about in the wrong way?

"I believe that this bill should be vetoed, were the General Assembly in session, and that then either this bill should be amended, or a new bill passed without the faults of this bill."

Thus after six years of strenuous conflict between public and private interests, Senate Bill No. 40 became a law of the State of Illinois. This struggle, if it be as significant as it seems to the writer, means that the employment of private capital in the conduct of the public business has led us to the brink of government by corporations. If the public service corporation is permanently to participate in the public administration, it must submit to public control. Some basis other than that of vested right must be sought for the security of private capital employed in the public business. That, however, is another story.

It is sufficient here to add that present conditions are intolerable. By means of the Act of 1903 the people of Chicago have sought to create conditions that will make the interests of the city and of the companies much more nearly identical, and lead to greatly improved relations, with adequate public control. Conservative men hope that this attempt will succeed. If other solution of the problem be not found, and that speedily, public ownership is inevitable and desirable.

Edwin Burritt Smith.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

STOPS OF VARIOUS QUILLS.

I.

THE present commentator wishes to offer for consideration several books of verse which seem to him to merit more than ordinary attention. It is always interesting to examine a first book of verse by a writer who has won a reputation in prose. Who knows but it may bring us into a new and more intimate relation with an old acquaintance? Who knows — and human nature faces this possibility with almost equal complaisance — but the verse may bring into clear outline certain suspected limitations, and so settle the question once for all. In taking up the first collection of Josephine Daskam's poems,[1] one is struck anew with the remarkable flexibility of her talent. She touches with no little adroitness the stops of various quills; she satisfies the ear with metres and the taste with images. Once or twice she stirs the imagination. In short, she writes excellent verse, most of which seems the product of an inspiration from without. She has written, one surmises, from some motive other than the desire for self-expression; perhaps from a private wish to prove herself possessed of something more than the worldly cleverness upon which her popularity is founded. As a result, her verse, skillful and interesting as it is, lacks personal distinction; it is not her "right-hand mode of expression;" it is not, perhaps, in the very strictest sense, poetry.

This is high ground, but one is excused for taking it by the quality of several other new books of verse which seem to possess both spontaneity and distinction. Young persons still dream dreams of startling the world by some outburst of metrical frenzy which shall write their names upon the skies. Few persons of any age are ready to devote themselves, for better or worse, to "the homely slighted shepherd's trade." Few of us are worthy to be so slighted; we do not deserve the tribute of contempt which the vulgar world is ready to pay to those who brazenly pursue the best. No American writer of verse is now moved by a more sincere poetic impulse than Miss Peabody. Among her lesser qualities is a cleverness which might easily have been employed to win popular success in some of the forms of literature now most sure of a wide, and casual, audience. It has not been cultivated to that end, and the writer's reward is to have produced, in a period during which good versifying has become the rule, not a little true poetry.

As "a book of songs and spells" The Singing Leaves[2] differs in some evident respects from Miss Peabody's former books of verse; but its essential qualities are the same. This is to say that they are the reverse of commonplace. Her poetry has a delicate savor of its own, a mystical sweetness, a purity of ways untrodden and apart, yet not remote from the common field of this our strife. I am almost sorry to have used the word "mystical," lest some brethren of robust sense, who connect the word with a vague condition of inspired foolishness, should mistake my meaning. It means nothing of the sort to me. However simple the diction, one cannot always be sure, on first reading, of the distinct "meaning" of some of Miss Peabody's songs. Very

[1] *Poems.* By JOSEPHINE DASKAM. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *The Singing Leaves.* A Book of Songs and Spells. By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

likely there might be difficulty in paraphrasing them; perhaps one might find it hard to reduce them to logical form. Miss Daskam's verses are characterized by the same alert common sense which is the mark of her prose work. Miss Peabody's poems are the product of a sense uncommon and subtle, a divining sense; and whatever appearance of obscurity there may be in its expression is due to the diviner's method of suggesting truth by adumbration rather than by definition. This seems a clumsy way of explaining what is, after all, a sufficiently simple thing. One does not need to have the difference between this Road-Song and a mathematical proposition set forth with diagrams: —

"At home the waters in the grass
Went singing happy words;
But here, they flicker through my hands
As silent as the birds.

"I see a Rose. But once they grew
All thronging, thronging, — wild,
And white, and red, before I came
To be a human child."

Perhaps it is in her "spells" that the poet's sense of intangible relations is most clearly expressed. We may quote only one, a Charm: to be Said in the Sun: —

"I reach my arms up to the sky,
And golden vine on vine
Of sunlight, showered wild and high,
Around my brows I twine.

"I wreathe, I wind it everywhere,
The burning radiancy
Of brightness that no eye may dare,
To be the strength of me.

"Come, redness of the crystalline,
Come green, come hither blue
And violet — all alive within,
For I have need of you.

"Come honey-hue and flush of gold,
And through the pallor run,
With pulse on pulse of manifold
New largess of the Sun!

"O steep the silence till it sing!
O glories from the height,
Come down, where I am garlanding
With light, a child of light!"

The latest book of verses by Mr. Yeats [1] does not show an increase of control over his instrument. One has admired the childlike quality of his genius while deploring its occasional lapses into childishness. A poet must for proof of greatness show independence even of his own fancies. Mr. Yeats is often spiritualistic rather than spiritual, vaguely superstitious rather than mystical. How much of his work is the product of creative imagination, how much of indulged whimsy, remains to be determined. In form the present volume is deliberately queer. The printer has been encouraged to use red ink in certain passages which do not seem especially to cry for rubrication. A preface is let fall unexpectedly in the middle of the book. Here and there the sign for "and" is substituted for the word. Is there something symbolic in the usage? Several of the poems seem to mean nothing, and one or two are not recognizably metrical, as, for instance, the lines called The Arrow: —

"I thought of your beauty and this arrow
Made out of a wild thought is in my marrow.
There 's no man may look upon her, no man,
As when newly grown to be a woman,
Blossom pale, she pulled down the pale blossom
At the moth hour and hid it in her bosom.
This beauty 's kinder, yet for a reason
I could weep that the old is out of season."

This is rather too much for the old-fashioned ear, which is used to expect that a poem shall be written in some kind of verse and shall make some kind of sense. It is an extreme instance of Mr. Yeats's irresponsible manner. There are many passages of pure poetry in the book: —

"We sat grown quiet at the name of love.
We saw the last embers of daylight die,
And in the trembling blue-green of the sky
A moon, worn as if it had been a shell
Washed by time's waters as they rose and fell
About the stars and broke in days and years."

With such lines for evidence, one must continue to hope that time will prove

[1] *In the Seven Woods.* By W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

this brilliant writer priest of a true poetic faith, and not merely victim of a minor obsession.

Mr. Yeats is childlike in his lack of humor; to the profane, indeed, humorlessness seems a main quality of these symbolistic people. We are really not ready to be persuaded that the sublime and the ridiculous are precisely the same thing. When Mr. Yeats writes gravely: —

> "Michael will unhook his trumpet
> From a bough overhead,
> And blow a little noise
> When the supper has been spread.
> Gabriel will come from the water
> With a fish tail, and talk
> Of wonders that have happened
> On wet roads where men walk,"

one must be allowed to think it funny; though one may keep his face straight as he does before a child whose speech is equally ingenuous and cryptic.

II.

There is no mysticism in Gawayne and the Green Knight,[1] and there is a great deal of humor. It is, in fact, an agreeable reversion to a type of poetry now little cultivated. The present reviewer confesses that he sighed over the title, expecting to find some aerated treatment of the familiar Arthurian material. A glance at the first page relieved his mind at once. "Bless me!" he murmured, rubbing his eyes, "couplets!"—

> "My tale is ancient, but the sense is new, —
> Replete with monstrous fictions, yet half true; —
> And, if you 'll follow till the story 's done,
> I promise much instruction, and some fun."

The promise is kept. The story shall not be told here. One might say that the style combines something of the mellowness of Holmes with the airy familiarity of Byron; but it is not especially graceful, after all, to express admiration of one person in terms of two or three others. Mr. Lewis is not an imitator; his little work bears all the marks of spontaneity. It belongs to a school of English poetry older and clearly more indigenous than that of Mr. Yeats; a school of which the first and greatest master is Chaucer. For a brief sample of its quality we may quote the description of the heroine: —

> "Her face was a dim dream of shadowy light,
> Like misty moonbeams on the fields of night,
> And in her voice sweet Nature's sweetest tunes
> Sang the glad song of twenty cloudless Junes.
> Her raiment, — nay; go, reader, if you please,
> To some sage Treatise on Antiquities,
> Whence writers of historical romances
> Cull old embroideries for their new-spun fancies;
> I care not for the trivial, nor the fleeting.
> Beneath her dress a woman's heart was beating
> The rhythm of love's eternal eloquence,
> And I confess to you, in confidence,
> Though flowers have grown a thousand years above her,
> Unseen, unknown, with all my soul I love her."

Mr. Zangwill's verses[2] are modern, and, as a whole, impressive. They possess the poignant racial note which has given the key to his best prose work. Few among the inspired sons of Israel have concerned themselves so frankly and forcibly with the issues of Zion. There are, to be sure, many bits of verse in the present volume which, unless as they remind us of Heine, seem the work of a poet, and not especially of a Hebrew poet: —

> "Of woman and wine, of woods and spring,
> And all fair things that be,
> The poets have sung, of everything:
> What *is* there left for me?
> Why, songs of thee."

But the poems which strike deepest are those which express the poet's sombre fidelity to the truth of that racial fate in which his own fate is involved. Mr. Zangwill has never shrunk from recording the sordidness as well as the grandeur of the Hebrew character.

[1] *Gawayne and the Green Knight.* By Charlton Miner Lewis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[2] *Blind Children.* By Israel Zangwill. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1903.

The conclusion of the whole matter seems to be expressed in the verses which he calls simply Israel: —

"Hear, O Israel, Jehovah, the Lord our God is One,
But we, Jehovah, his people, are dual and so undone.

. . . . . .

"Reeling before every rowdy, sore with a hundred stings,
Clothed in fine linen and purple, loved at the courts of Kings.

"Faithful friends to our foemen, slaves to a scornful clique,
The only Christians in Europe, turning the other cheek.

"Priests of the household altar, blessing the bread and wine,
Lords of the hells of Gomorrah, licensed keepers of swine.

. . . . . .

"Blarneying, shivering, crawling, taking all colors and none,
Lying a fox in the covert, leaping an ape in the sun.

"Tantalus — Porteus of peoples, security comes from within;
Where is the lion of Judah? Wearing an ass's skin!"

This is vigorous speech, bitter speech; for there is nobody more loyal to the ideals of his race than the speaker.

Not a few of the poems possess an almost classical grace and finish. Here is one of the best of them: —

"Silly girl! Yet morning lies
In the candor of your eyes,
And you turn your creamy neck,
Which the stray curl-shadows fleck,
Far more wisely than you guess,
Spite your not-unconscious dress.
In the curving of your lips
Sages' cunning finds eclipse,
For the gleam of laughing teeth
Is the force that works beneath,
And the warmth of your white hand
Needs a God to understand.
Yea, the stars are not so high
As your body's mystery,
And the sea is not so deep
As the soul in you asleep."

[1] *The Eastward Road.* By JEANNETTE BLISS GILLESPY. New York: James Pott & Co. 1903.

Miss Gillespy's bent is reflective rather than impassioned, and finds an especially happy expression in the measured phrase and balanced structure of the classical forms of English verse.[1] Possibly her tendency toward didacticism is a little too strongly marked, but that is a fault easily to be detected in other people; and it is something like ingratitude to animadvert upon an impulse which can produce such a quatrain as this: —

"'O clear-eyed daughter of the gods, thy name?' —
Gravely she answered, 'I am called Success.'
'The house, the lineage, whence thy beauty came?' —
'Failure my sire; my mother, Weariness.'"

But classical versification is also, in the right hands, an instrument for the expression of impassioned feeling which none of the modern exuberant forms have excelled. So pure a technique as Mr. Watson's, applied to the expression of so pure a passion, could hardly fail to make his verses, "written during estrangement,"[2] unusually impressive. The very restraint which his chosen medium imposes upon him is to the ultimate advantage of his poetry. If Mr. Kipling was the laureate of imperialism during the Boer war, Mr. Watson was the laureate of England; and this, in after years, when The Absent-Minded Beggar and other popular doggerel of the sort is forgotten, England will not be slow to feel. What is there in such verse as this, unless the prick of truth, to have aroused a popular clamor of resentment? —

"When lofty Spain came towering up the seas
This little stubborn land to daunt and quell,
The winds of heaven were our auxiliaries,
And smote her, that she fell.

"Ah, not to-day is Nature on our side!
The mountains and the rivers are our foe,
And Nature with the heart of man allied
Is hard to overthrow."

[2] *For England: Written During Estrangement.* By WILLIAM WATSON. New York and London: John Lane. 1903.

The popular clamor did, as we know, arise. If the poet had written blatant nonsense about the Briton's Duty to Strike for his Altar and his Birthright, his verse would have been accepted as quite suitable for the occasion. His position needs no further defense than is given by his own noble lines, On Being Styled "Pro-Boer:" —

"Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The Immortal England whom I, too, have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love."

Surely this is worthy to be set among the "noble numbers" of old England.

III.

Signs increase of a tendency on the part of our verse writers to approach the dramatic form. Miss Daskam's volume ends with a dramatic sketch in blank verse which is, perhaps, the best thing in the book. Mr. Yeats's collection includes a fresh play for his new Irish stage, — apparently (how can a plain person be sure?) only another leaf out of Maeterlinck. There are, moreover, since last accounts, several new volumes of metrical plays upon the market, only two of which can be mentioned here.

The first [1] is especially interesting because in presenting "five modern plays in English verse," the author is actually trying to interpret the present moment in blank verse; and she comes very near success, nearer, perhaps, than any one else has come. The three briefer numbers can hardly be called plays, but they are extremely good poetic dialogues, and one of them, at least (At the Goal) is, with all its brevity, not only dramatic, but tragic. One is not sure that the two longer pieces should have been cast in verse at all. Perhaps it is simply their novelty which one resists; I am inclined to think there is a real incongruity between their substance and their form. It is hardly possible to doubt that the author has found her key-note in Sudermann, and Sudermann is essentially a prose interpreter of life. There is plenty of human intensity in his plays, but no precipitation of immortal passion. Like Ibsen, he studies conditions and types; the record of his observations is a marvel, but it is not poetry. In Miss Monroe's two plays we find similar materials. Each of them presents a pregnant psychological episode in the lives of a group of persons; and there is nothing in either situation which prose could not have taken care of. Such, after several careful readings and some serious thought, is my unwilling conclusion with regard to the absolute merit of these interesting studies.

Mr. Torrence's play [2] is both less novel and less questionable in quality. It is tragic both in substance and in form. Its theme has the inestimable advantage of possessing already a hold upon the imagination of the general; an advantage which great dramatic poets from Æschylus to Shakespeare have sedulously pursued, and which the best of their successors down to Mr. Stephen Phillips have continued to pursue. Mr. Torrence has, like Mr. Phillips, successfully avoided the Shakespearean manner. How difficult a feat this is can hardly be understood by those who disbelieve in the existence of a poetic diction. Observing the usage rather than the theory of Wordsworth, we perceive that every age has its noble and familiar forms of speech; and the poet's only folly is to fail of recognizing the loftier instrument

[1] *The Passing Show.* By Harriet Monroe. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[2] *El Dorado.* By Ridgely Torrence. New York and London: John Lane. 1903.

which, in his own day, is ready to his hand. This is the variety of folly which produces pseudo-Elizabethan plays and plays in modern colloquial verse.

Mr. Torrence's play is dignified and original. He does not altogether discard old forms, but he does not slavishly follow them. The Prologue and Epilogue are so admirable that one wishes to quote them entire. This much, at least, we may give from the Prologue : —

"*Shadow.* Into this world where Life is born of Light
I, Shadow, have been sent to bring you peace,
To make you wise; within my tragic themes,
Lost Love, A Sullen Will, Dead Hope and Dread,
You shall find balm, pleasant with secret nard
To heal your discontent, for all men know
That he for whom noon's brightest radiance glows
Is he who waked and shuddered at midnight
. . . . . .
The gold, five-keyed Elizabethan horn
Shall be for us the soothing instrument.
Then for the tale's sake I do kneel for help,
To sky-browed Æschylus, who, down the years,
Mourns deeply through a sterner, briefer shell,
Making men hear the eagle wheel and shriek
Round the sea rock on which all hope lay bound."

There is no mistaking the firm, sustained touch of these verses; and their promise is not belied in the drama which follows. If the characterization were of as rare quality as the theme and the verse, the play would be great indeed. Just at that point in the poet's effort there seems a little suggestion of strain. Beatrix d' Estrada is admirable, but Perth and Coronado, the leading male characters, are not altogether free from that overt appeal to the sympathies which is a known property of melodrama. The dialogue is, for the most part, rapid and compact, and the action, while it does not attempt to preserve the unities, is dramatically true and complete. We ought to be grateful for so pure a product in dramatic poetry from the hand of an American.

In the end, one finds that the study of these contrasting experiments in poetic drama has served simply to reaffirm an ancient article of faith. No great dramatic poetry, no great epical poetry, has ever dealt with contemporary conditions. Only the austere processes of time can precipitate the multitude of immediate facts into the priceless residuum of universal truth. The great dramatists have turned to the past for their materials, not of choice, but of necessity. Here and there in the dark backward and abysm of time, some human figure, some human episode, is seen to have weathered the years, and to have taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth; and upon this foundation the massive structure of heroic poetry is builded.

H. W. Boynton.

Platonic Poetry.

One envies Mr. Harrison the many months of earnest study which must have gone to the making of his account of Platonism in English Poetry.[1] To walk familiarly, when one is young, with the ideal forms of Beauty, Truth, and Goodness which loom over the pages of Plato, and ennoble by their presence so many fine English poems, is to insure genial and humane thinking when years shall have brought the philosophic mind. Yet the wisdom of allowing such delightful studies to be erected into a volume is not so clear. Indeed, the book seems to fall between the academic and literary stools. "Its method," says Mr. Harrison, "is purely critical. It has not attempted to treat the subject from the standpoint of the individual poet, but has tried to interpret the whole body of English poetry of the period under survey as an integral output of the spiritual thought and life of the time." Unluckily the "purely critical" method is not justified in the result. The book is disabled for both

[1] *Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By John Smith Harrison. New York: The Columbia University Press. (The Macmillan Co.) 1903.

the scholarly and the general reader by lack of perspective and of definition. Spenser and John Norris are mentioned in the same breath, despite the century of changing ideals between them. Henry More, an interesting man, but one of the most lamentable of poets, is made to bulk as large as Sidney; yet Joseph Beaumont, the 40,000 lines of whose Psyche was one vast fabric of Platonism, is not mentioned at all. Save in the preface, nothing is said of those Continental forces from which English Platonism can never be disentangled, and there is no account at all of any of those personal groups and influences on which the actual life of any Platonism has always depended. To a purely critical book the lack of definition is a more serious drawback. No clear distinction is made between the theoretical and almost systematic Platonism which appeared in the poetry of the period, and the more intimate Platonism of mood which has never been absent from the poetic temperament; nor is any line of cleavage laid down between Platonism proper, and Cabbalism, Cartesianism, Rosicrucianism, Catholic mysticism, and the hundred other isms too tedious to mention, which engaged the men of those moody and unquiet times. It is a pity that so much detraction must be made from an earnest book which contains many interesting poetical extracts, some pages of excellent expository writing, and a useful bibliography, yet it is important that persons having authority in such matters should consider the dangers which beset the belletristic student when he ventures upon the strange seas of philosophic thought.

An interesting volume for collateral reading with Mr. Harrison's book is Mr. Cooke's anthology of Transcendental poetry.[1] It is a workmanlike compilation made with information and taste. It presents a striking racial embodiment of the Platonic mood in poetry, and offers some curious points of similarity and opposition to the specimens of Platonizing poetry furnished by Mr. Harrison. The Transcendental poets themselves would have disclaimed the analogy; for Platonism was but a drop in the vast bucket of their omniscience. They accepted the universe, and all one to them were

> "The grand and magnificent dreamers;
> The heroes and mighty redeemers;
> The martyrs, reformers, and leaders;
> The voices of mystical Vedas."

Yet considering their poetry as a finished product, its spiritual sense of life — its constant sense of the unity and sempiternity of beauty — makes it more comparable to the body of English Platonic poetry than to any similar body of verse in the world, not excepting the flights of the German Transcendental lyre. On the other hand, the racy, indigenous quality of the verse which Mr. Cooke has collected makes a difference as striking as the likeness. Where the typical Platonizing poem is florid with imagery drawn from the beauties of sky and meadow and the female sex, the typical Transcendental poem is as scrawny and pungent as a rock-rooted pine. Indeed, poetic Transcendentalism seems almost the cult of the pine; and there are few stanzas, and fewer poems, in Mr. Cooke's books, that do not allude to it. We hear a great many such ejaculations as this: —

> "O tall old pine! O gloomy pine!
> O grim gigantic gloomy pine!
> What is there in that voice of thine
> That thrills so deep this heart of mine?"

Yet there is as fine poetic impressiveness in the poet's suggestion that in the sighing of the pines he catches a sound of

> "The soul's unfathomable sea,
> The ocean of eternity,"

as in Vaughan's

> "I saw eternity the other night
> Like a great Ring of pure and endless light."

[1] *The Poets of Transcendentalism.* Edited by George Willis Cooke. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903

In both the English Platonics and the American Transcendentalists there was a growing tendency toward artificiality; the lesser men constantly tended to accept as mere current counters the phrases and images which the leaders had used to express real emotions and sincere thoughts. In the long run the Transcendentalists fall far behind the Platonists not only in the music and color of their verse, but in *élan* and suggestiveness as well. Yet when it becomes a question of which set of poets concealed the ink-horn more successfully the advantage goes the other way. The Platonist poets were largely young men in libraries or courts or taprooms, and most of them died young. The Transcendental poets were of both sexes; they seem, when out of the pulpit or parlor, to have been walking woodland roads. We discover from Mr. Cooke's biographical notes that few of them failed to weather threescore and ten, while many of them — half a century after the flowering of their school — still survive at an even more advanced and honorable old age. *F. G.*

Two Books about New England.

We do well to cherish the remains, whether recorded or legendary, of our Colonial phase. It is pleasant to feel that, with all our youthfulness as a nation, we have a local past of some venerableness. It did not express itself in any form of art, but we have ceased to take for granted on this account that Virginian life was all laxity and unintelligence, or Puritan life all primness and fanaticism. Fiction has done much of late to invest the Colonial period with a romantic glamour; but our new sense of its mellowness and completeness we owe rather to the diligence which keeps unearthing and classifying old chronicles, town records, legal documents, journals, and letters.

To this useful order belong our two books.[1] The reader who has an eye for such chronicles will remember Miss Crawford's recent Romance of Old New England Roof-Trees. It was a much less sentimental book than its title led one to suppose, a piece of simple, clear, readable annal-writing. The present book is of the same sort. In this case, also, the title fails to suggest the exact nature of the contents. The narrative concerns itself little with the history of churches, though here and there interesting data are presented in compact form, in connection, for instance, with King's Chapel, the Old South Church, Old Trinity, and other churches as old though less widely known. But the book will not be mainly acceptable for its data. The chapters, most of them, chronicle the varied lives of certain members of the old ecclesiastical aristocracy of New England. It is pleasant to note how much more satisfaction the writer takes in dealing with the experiences of Elizabeth Whitman or Esther Edwards or Samuel Sewall, than in recording the history of church organizations, sites, and edifices. Her treatment of these themes is historical rather than literary. She does not fail to suggest her interpretation of the incidents which she records, but her main purpose is to make the record; yet, as is not uncommonly the reward of such an effort, the literary quality of her work is the sounder for being less fanciful.

Old Paths and Legends of New England is a much more bulky and compendious book. It is, indeed, a little too bulky and heavy to serve, as it might otherwise admirably serve, as a way-book for Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. The large number of illustrations are responsible for its size and weight; but they need not be ashamed of the responsibility. They are as good pictures as can be made by the reproduction of good photographs, and

[1] *The Romance of Old New England Churches.* By Mary C. Crawford. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1903.

Old Paths and Legends of New England. By Katharine M. Abbott. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

are really a valuable supplement to the text. Each chapter deals with some historic town, concisely, yet not mechanically, matters of guidebook information being relegated to a separate note under the heading "Landmarks." The text is spirited and intelligent. It contrives, in presenting many facts, to preserve their value in perspective, and, a more difficult thing, to suggest the emotion inherent in old places and structures which, only less convincingly than the written word, embody the past for us. A New Englander may harbor a prejudice against sightseeing and still be unable to lay down this book without an impulse to look up some of the ancient haunts, which, it reminds one, lie well within a Sabbath day's trolley of the home-spot. This is to say that the volume is particularly worth the care of the pilgrim from Chicago or Oklahoma who wishes to do the East and not be done by it.

The reasonable and sympathetic spirit in which the author has undertaken her task is well suggested by the opening sentences of her Preface: "Once upon a time it might have been said, 'Who knows an American town?' . . . Some travellers thought we were too young to be interesting; others, in the words of the Old Play, directed their search 'to farthest Ind in search of novelties,' blinking owl-like at 'ten thousand objects of int'rest wonderful' before their very thresholds, and even the most indefatigable lovers of America became discouraged by difficulties in the way of travelling almost insurmountable. The American found it a far more simple affair to journey with the immortals from Loch Katrine to Mont Blanc than to follow the course of Whittier's Merrimack with its sheaf of legends from source to sea. To-day . . . our history-loving countryman, with his favorite volume in his pocket, may step down by the wayside from the wheel, the electric car, or automobile, and explore some little stream to the spot where the grist-mill's wheel turns still, and, in the hand-made nails of a primitive garrison, live over again, as it were, his great-great-great-grandfather's experiences."

With such a traveler this volume might well be a chosen favorite. It will not go into his pocket, but perhaps a lighter and more compact edition may follow. *H. W. B.*

THE MEANING OF RHODE ISLAND.[1]

"THE meaning of Rhode Island" implies a problem, the solution of which is attempted in every comprehensive work on American history, but which still remains a problem to those who are trying to understand the past and the present of this puzzling little commonwealth. The circumstances which led to the founding

[1] *Rhode Island, its Making and its Meaning*, 1636–1683. By IRVING BERDINE RICHMAN, with an Introduction by JAMES BRYCE. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations at the End of the Century. A history [by CLARENCE SAUNDERS BRIGHAM] edited by EDWARD FIELD. Three volumes. Boston and Syracuse: Mason Publishing Company. 1902.

Correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island, 1723–1775. Edited by GERTRUDE SELWYN KIMBALL, for the Colonial Dames of America in Rhode Island. Two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

Harris Papers [with an Introduction by IRVING B. RICHMAN and Notes by CLARENCE S. BRIGHAM]. Collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society, X. Providence. 1902.

of the colony, and the conditions under which it developed during the second quarter of the seventeenth century, were most exceptional. To no other American community were offered such opportunities for experimenting with the theories of democratic government, along the lines in which progress has been made toward freedom for the individual and power for the body politic. Bancroft, picturing the development of the nation with the eye of a painter seeking the general effect, and Charles Francis Adams, sketching the details with realistic accuracy, alike see in Rhode Island the original suggestion for more of the ideas which are embodied in the present scheme of government for the United States than in any other of its constituent parts. Such a reputation demands that the history of this state shall be made known, so as to reveal why these ideas originated there, how they were experimented with, and what led to their ultimate acceptance by the nation.

The annals of Rhode Island's formative years have been set forth with abundance of detail, and their record shows clearly that the men who projected the first settlements on Narragansett Bay fully appreciated their opportunities. They deliberately prepared the foundations for a society in which the members might enjoy the utmost individual liberty in civil and social as well as in religious affairs. It is such a society as exists to-day, more than anywhere else, in the United States of America; which was made possible, and which was on the verge of coming into being, in the settlements at Providence and Aquidneck in 1640. The story of those two communities during the five years preceding that date is in many respects unsurpassed in interest or importance by any equal period of Colonial history. It has received from historical writers the attention it so fully merits. No community, however, and least of all an independent commonwealth, is entitled to be judged by a single half decade of its career. The friends of "Little Rhody" are far from asking for any such limitation of judgment. The temptation is nevertheless very strong for the historian to look at the succeeding years through the halo created by the ideas which dominated that formative period. Even Mr. Richman, searching for the truth with the broad outlook of a dweller on the prairies beyond the Mississippi, is carried by the impulse of the idyllic beginnings through half a century of rancorous squabblings over land and bloody altercations about cattle, of bitter theological recrimination and hypocritical neglect of social safeguards. Rhode Island's part in the making of the United States is less significant than is her contribution to the more important history of human society; and the meaning of this must be sought in the periods beginning where it would be more agreeable to leave the story of colony and state.

Rhode Island has suffered because of the reputation given her by writers who have formed their opinions without taking into account two essential factors, — the development of similar ideas contemporaneously in other parts of the world, and the relation between what her people have said and what they have done. Roger Williams was in a remarkable degree, to quote Mr. Richman's admirable

The Fourth Paper presented by Major Butler, with other Papers edited and published by Roger Williams in London, 1652. With an Introduction by Clarence Saunders Brigham. Providence: The Club for Colonial Reprints. 1903.

The Early Records of the Town of Providence, Vol. XVII. Town Papers, 1682–1722. Providence: Record Commissioners. 1903.

The Early Records of the Town of Portsmouth, edited by the librarian of the Rhode Island Historical Society [C. S. Brigham]. Providence, for the State. 1901.

The Dorr War, or the Constitutional Struggle in Rhode Island. By Arthur May Mowry. Providence: Preston & Rounds. 1901.

The Finances and Administration of Providence. By Howard Kemble Stokes. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1903.

phrase, "the exponent in America of the time-spirit of Toleration." Mr. Brigham, the librarian of the state Historical Society, in his essay on a tract which Williams published in London in 1652, presents abundant evidence to prove that the founder of Rhode Island was one of a large company of Englishmen, — undoubtedly well-nigh the foremost among them, — with Milton and Cromwell and a score of others, who believed as thoroughly as he did in the right of all men to have their own opinions regarding the best way of worshiping God. The others realized, as Williams, despite his exceptional opportunities for observing the theory in practice, apparently never realized, that most people in 1650 were not sufficiently sure of their own opinions to disregard in every-day life the opinions of their neighbors. Roger Williams also failed to perceive that the Englishmen who joined him in settling Rhode Island were among those most deeply imbued with the "time-spirit," and that they, better than he, understood its full import. Mr. Richman shows with much skill that it was not Williams, but the general body of settlers, their ideas shaped by constant friction, who developed the practical conception of individual freedom for opinions regarding social and political, as well as religious matters. A great deal of gratitude is due to the founders of Rhode Island who put these ideas, which had been agitating men's minds all over Europe for a hundred years, to the test of actual experiment. The experience and the example of Rhode Island were kept constantly in mind by those who were responsible for the administration of the neighboring colonies, and they, and the nation which they founded, profited inestimably by the lessons taught by Rhode Island.

It is surprising that Mr. Richman, keenly in touch as he is with contemporary tendencies in historical study, did not take advantage of his opportunity to depart from the traditional notion that the ideas of the founders constitute the substance of Rhode Island's history. The theories practiced by Roger Williams and his fellow settlers make up an important chapter in the record of the evolution of religious, political, and social ideas. It is a chapter to which Mr. Richman contributes some noteworthy additions, chief of which is his explanation of what became of Williams, theologically, after his brief mental sojourn with the Baptists. The passages by which he is traced to the Seekers, a sect among whom he became a leader in the quest for something believable, are among the best in Mr. Richman's many brilliant pages. But the true meaning of Rhode Island, its important contribution to the history of institutions and of society, is to be found, not in these ideas, but in the use which has been made of them. Rhode Island had a start incomparably more favorable for the development of democratic institutions than any other of the communities out of which has grown this freest of republics. She has still a reputation for freedom in speech and action beyond any of her neighbors. It is, according to the repeated statements of the man whom the people of the state have elected to be their governor, the freedom which tends to license and libertinism. These statements, and the current daily news from Rhode Island, are curiously significant commentary upon two facts in her earliest history. Providence organized itself into a government absolutely without control, restraint, or guidance from beyond its own narrow limits, and such control as its neighbors undertook to impose was successfully rejected. Newport, organized under similar external conditions, began its career by selecting as its first governor one of the richest men of his time in English America. Students of society and of political organization are fairly entitled to information regarding the way in which the existing

state of affairs has developed out of the seed planted by Roger Williams, William Coddington, and Samuel Gorton. The chapters of Rhode Island history which need to be written will deal with the periods associated with the names of William Harris and John Clarke, the governors Wanton, Hopkins, and Ward, and Thomas W. Dorr. Material additions to an understanding of each of these periods have recently been made, and more will follow when the long-expected work of Mr. Sidney S. Rider appears, wherein there are likely to find expression more of the distinctive characteristics of Rhode Island than in anything that has yet been printed.

Rhode Island is essentially a problem in social organization. Its beginnings, unprecedented in ideals and opportunities, were sadly like those of other frontier settlements in personnel. As the growth of the surrounding colonies shut it in, the aggressive qualities developed by frontier responsibilities disappeared. Rhode Island after a few years became a sort of back water, an eddy into which was gathered the flotsam cast off by the main current of New England life. A large proportion of the population of Rhode Island in its earlier days appears to have been made up of those who had not succeeded in making a place for themselves in the other colonies. Harris, described by Williams as "an impudent Morris dancer in Kent," who, under a very ragged "cloak of separation, got in with myself," was doubtless a fair specimen of the crowd that flocked toward the new settlements at Providence and Portsmouth. At Portsmouth, where the followers of Mistress Hutchinson built the first houses on the island at the mouth of Narragansett Bay, the unruly ne'er-do-wells became so large a majority that most of the first-comers, who had been men of substance and standing in Boston, withdrew and chose new homes for themselves at the less fertile Newport. In Providence, the lawless members of the community, who refused to vote taxes and resisted execution of the decrees of town meeting with bludgeon and flint-lock, were driven out after a bitter struggle, to resettle down the bay toward Warwick, or deep in the Pawtuxet woods.

Newport, settled by men of property, and so situated that unusual diligence was necessary to secure a livelihood, soon became a prospering seaport. It is, in consequence, Newport which represents Rhode Island in external dealings throughout the pre-Revolutionary period. This fact is made very clear by the two volumes of letters to and from the governors and the agents who represented the colony in London, edited by Miss Kimball, for the Colonial Dames of America in Rhode Island. These volumes are like a breath of Newport's own refreshing sea air to the reader who turns their pages after a sitting with the town meeting records of disputes about land and cattle, of bastardy and divorce, tax-dodging and log-rolling, and the other details which engrossed the local Solons. The mercantile interests of Newport controlled the Colonial administration down to the middle of the eighteenth century, and even after the increasing wealth of the northern capital enabled it to compete for the rural vote — the cash price of which was as well known in 1760 as in 1903 — the Newporters continued to direct the policy of the colony in its dealings with the English authorities. The natural result is that the letters of the London agents show that, so far as they were concerned, Rhode Island was very much like the other colonies of New Hampshire and New Jersey. They were alike slow in making payment for long past services, equally liable to sudden and unreasonable contradictions in giving instructions whenever temporary advantages loomed before the Provincial legislators, and equally averse to furnishing data concerning their local commerce and industries. The agents' letters re-

veal a most interesting phase of Colonial life, the importance of which has only come to be recognized since historical students awoke to the fact that the American settlements were an integral portion of the British kingdom, directly affected by European political changes, and vitally concerned with the commercial news from Lisbon, Copenhagen, and Marseilles.

In the commercial and industrial life of Rhode Island lay the hope for its future. Therein was dormant whatever of public spirit the colony possessed. The example of Coddington, scheming to organize a government wherein he might wear all the gold lace, and of Harris, anxious to serve any interest, for or against the colony he had helped to establish, provided he could thereby increase the value of his landed possessions, sank deep into the popular imagination and still dominates the standards of a large part of the community. Public spirit implies education, which means expenditure without immediate visible return, and to this the earlier inhabitants of town as well as country were immovably opposed. Rhode Island was settled by men who were unwilling to pay for the religious teaching desired by a majority of the people among whom they had been living. Most of them possessed each his own religion, sufficient unto himself, and they quickly acquired an indisposition to contributing toward any sort of merely spiritual service for the community as a whole. Public spirit has existed from the beginning, and as commercial prosperity increased it becomes evident more and more frequently against the background of popular indifference regarding posterity. Before the Revolution, Hopkins in Providence and Redwood in Newport established libraries which continue to exert an active influence on the intellectual life of these cities. Manning was guaranteed a living in order that a school might be set up in Warren. Nicholas Brown & Co. agreed to pay all the bills for erecting the college edifice in Providence, when it became certain that many of the subscribers toward the cost of the building were expecting to evade their obligations. Members of the same firm of "the Four Brothers," when the Boston Port Bill threw the Massachusetts mechanics out of work, engaged them to put up the famous First Baptist Meeting House, "for the worship of God and to hold Commencement in," which is still the pride of Providence. There is to-day no lack of evidence of generous, public-spirited willingness to do everything for the public except trust it politically. The fault is obviously with the people, who do not care about being trusted, doubtless because they do not trust themselves. From the standpoint of the political theorist, the need of Rhode Island to-day, quite as much as when Dorr began his "rebellion," is a modern constitution of democratic government. Practically, this is insignificant in comparison with the need for citizens who care whether their governor closes gambling houses and stops the playing of policy. The "lively experiment" of Roger Williams succeeded for a time because the people who made up his community did not care what other folks thought so long as each could do as he or she liked. It afterwards failed, in the opinion of many, because most persons object to living in the neighborhood of those who are likely to do extremely disagreeable things. The outcome is a commonwealth which is still trying to solve the problem of how to prevent the doing of things that are unpleasant and unprofitable to the body politic, without the use of compelling force. Rhode Island continues to be a very lively experiment, carried on by the lineal and spiritual descendants of Williams and Harris and Gorton and Arnold and John Clarke and Mary Dyer, and the thousands of others who have followed them out from Massachusetts, — and its full meaning is yet to be told.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Honorable Point of Ignorance.

To add anything to Mr. Crothers's invaluable plea for the protection of ignorance would seem to be as unfitting as to attach footnotes to Charles Lamb. I shrink from doing it, but a hardened missionary spirit within me makes me yearn that his message should prevail to the largest possible extent. I fear that too many will look upon his delightful achievements in not knowing too much, long for the same freedom and happiness, and then fall back discouraged again into the old ways, as defenseless against knowledge as poor Robert Elsmere was said to have been against the truth.

Mr. Crothers has lifted up the vision. Our hearts have gone out to it and been lifted up to it, but when we came back to the common life again we hardly knew how to go to work to keep the vision permanent. Of the actual disciplines which are to produce in others his own freedom Mr. Crothers has hardly a word to say. He acts as if it were perfectly easy and perfectly feasible for any one to be ignorant, and as if all one has to do is to let himself go. Not so easily, however, does one escape from the lifelong habit of knowledge. It would have been kinder had he furnished us a few hints as to how to begin. I have begun, and should my experience be of use to others it is freely offered.

I was looking about for some good chance to begin over again, and I found it. It was New Zealand. It was the only subject I could think of which could be taken in time. It was the only one which so far had not intruded on me to the point of making ignorance ever after impossible. Without the least intention I had gotten implicated in the China business before I was aware of it, and it is now too late to withdraw. I cannot shake off what I know of China, — it has gotten a right of way in me, and I am resigned to it. No one knows what I have suffered from the Philippines. Five years ago I should have said that of all things in this world the Philippines were the least likely ever to invade my ignorance, but now I can never hope to shake them off. I shall go through life knowing about the Philippines. I have no use for them, but must act as if I had. Our old religious weekly, which for years had been a faithful protector of ignorance, suddenly capitulated to the enemy and went over. After that we were fortunate to get off with one editorial a week on these distant islands. We now speak of the paper at our house as The Philippine Weekly. Occasionally the editor gives us something of the old sort, but it is manifest that he does not like it. Henceforth my mental background is full of unwelcome bolomen and friars and tariffs. Nothing can be done about it now.

But New Zealand is my providential opportunity, and with gratitude I take it. I am determined not to know anything about New Zealand. New Zealand shall have a fair chance. My mistake hitherto has been in supposing that my ignorance would take care of itself, hence I was always endangering it and risking it here and there too carelessly. Now I know that one must watch it with all diligence as too good a thing to be left to chance. Whenever, therefore, I see anything about New Zealand I say to myself, "Now is the time to put your professions and aspirations to the test," and I deliberately turn away. Temptation comes to me in many forms, but I remain resolute. No matter if nearly everybody in our club does know about it, what is that to me? Ignorance ought to cost something. There are weeks in which it seems as if the whole magazine

and newspaper world were in a conspiracy to make New Zealand gain a footing in my soul. At such times I fight it off hour by hour, as the mariner does the storm, and when after a day of it a fine glow suffuses my soul, as I go down to join the family at dinner, they wonder what has happened to me. But, alas, it would be useless to tell them, for such things are best confessed only to "the great congregation." I could never get any of my family to believe that it cost me anything to remain ignorant. They suspect nothing of what I suffer.

Once or twice I have recklessly imperiled all. In a moment of wool-gathering one evening I had allowed a friend of sociological tendencies to get going without noticing what he was about. I was trimming the wick at the time, and when I sat down I found him launched out into a full course of the wonders of New Zealand. I shut my inward ears and professed to be bored, when in reality I was frightened. Finally, I said that I was not interested in New Zealand. A sociological friend needs no more than this to set him going. "What," said he, "are n't you interested in the finest specimen of economic freedom and courage in the world?" "Not a bit," I replied. Then, scornfully, "What *are* you interested in, may I ask?" That particular day I had been dwelling with profound delight upon Charles Lamb's aunt at Calne, whom he had never seen engaged in any more arduous occupation than dropping large beans into a fair basin of cool water, and I confessed it. When he recovered his speech he asked if it was not true, as he had heard, that I once had an uncle living in Australia. This was true, but I cut off this method of approach by telling him of a native in the backwoods of Connecticut who, on hearing that I came from Bangor, said he thought we ought to get on finely together as he was well acquainted up in those parts, having a daughter living in Fitchburg, and five or six sisters buried in Prince Edward Island.

On another occasion I nearly succumbed to temptation through my innate love of what Dean Stanley called an ecclesiastical curiosity. It was just a line in some paper, which began by stating that in New Zealand there was a movement toward the union of Presbyterians and Congregationalists. There I stopped and painfully examined my resolutions. Had the tempter caught me at last? If it had been a scientific announcement that at last some way had been discovered of blending oil and vinegar, it would have left me without surprise, because I was accustomed to the thought that in nature almost anything was possible; but when it was a case of two kinds of ecclesiastical oil being coaxed into unity, I confess it was a great temptation to go on and know more no matter what happened. But I turned toward another page, and to this day remain guiltless of any knowledge as to the reunion of our brothers in Australia.

What Mr. Crothers speaks of so gently and winningly is heroic business down at the bottom. It demands ways and means coolly planned and relentlessly carried out. I thought to drift pleasantly into it, but found that for me the only way to it was strenuously to let New Zealand remain new. It is only a beginning, yet it has made me feel that I have read the fine essay on The Honorable Points of Ignorance as Augustine advises when he says, "So read that you may deserve to understand."

The Waning Art of Making Believe.

I AM told concerning one of the plays now running in New York that the piano that appears upon the stage in the third act is a real one, that the silver service is marked sterling, and that the books on the shelves are the literature of the genuine library. I can see for myself that the children who scamper about the playroom in the first act are real children,

and within a year or two of the age for which they are dressed. The acme of realism is achieved in the properties, and if the acting sometimes fails to convince, the background is irreproachable. For my part, I rather like this honest, downright method of creating atmosphere for a play, and I judge that most of my companions among theatre-goers also like it. We have the feeling of the child whose Christmas doll turns out to have in its wardrobe an umbrella and a mackintosh, and a pair of bona fide rubbers to protect its impervious feet. We are conscious of a sense of superiority over our neighbor who attends plays in which wobbling walls are shaken by the slightest tap upon the equally uncertain door, in which the jewels are paste, and the silver is something worse than pewter. Thus it is that we are being trained by those who provide our pleasures to scorn shams and rejoice in the lovely truth. One doubt only is occasionally whispered by the still small voice of my mind in the presence of these aids to sincerity. Are we possibly in danger of losing thereby a very precious possession, our happy faculty for making believe? I remember a servant who came from the lower order of Irish peasantry, and who upon reaching this country was obliged to learn how to walk upstairs. The same atrophy of function has been discovered in children born in apartment houses, and raised and lowered by the public elevator. And then I recall the dolls of my childhood, made out of rags, with mouths indicated by a red cotton thread. They called forth all my power of transmuting prose of fact into poetry of feeling. They may be said to have prepared the way for my becoming in later life that most imaginative of writers, — a biographer. My fancy waxed as sturdy upon their uncompromising surfaces as the puppy gnawing at his *pièce de résistance*, a bone stripped of its meat. I learned from them to use the concrete as merely a symbol of the abstract, and to work with my mind upon the most uninspiring material. In those days all my world was a stage and I the only player. I composed theatrical performances after the manner of children, in which I was cast for the double rôle of actor and audience. I remember that the scene of one of my tragedies was laid in the arctic regions, and for iceberg and snowy plain I appropriated my grandmother's parlor pier glass with a marble slab at its base. It was the most realistic of my properties.

In after years I went frequently to melodramatic performances, and I found that my practice in making believe stood me in excellent stead. It was nothing to me that the scenic backgrounds were as wrinkled as the brow of old Polonius, and that the solid earth rose and fell like the waves of the sea at any gust of air. The heroine's cotton velvet gown was the emblem of elegance to my initiated mind. There was no disillusionment possible, as the illusion was supplied by my faithful and trained imagination.

Now all this has changed. I have not tried myself on dolls, but the other day after an interval of many years I went again to a melodrama. The theatre teemed with sad and sweet associations. I loved the signs upon the walls warning me that my seat ticket did not include a babe in arms, and that I must not whistle or hang my wraps on the balcony rail. When the good old curtain went up and I saw the noble-hearted sub-hero pacing the stage, inquiring in stentorian tones what he could do to save his friend, I could have wept in an ecstasy of reminiscence. But there for me it ended. As the play advanced I found myself lazy and listless, unwilling to take my part in the performance and translate the whole shabby and superficial show into sound reality and legitimate art. And the fault was not chiefly with the acting; of that I am convinced.

The heroine had her moments of real passion and her expressions of sincerity. Certainly her poor young bones must have ached with the thumping ardor of the swoons which sent her crashing to the floor in every second scene. As for the hero, there were notes in his voice, forced elocutionary notes, that I had heard frequently enough in the little theatre of the piano and the solid silver service. But the "business" of the stage was so stupidly false to life that after a time I ceased even to be amused by it. The scenery was so tawdry that it bored me. The die cast by Irving in his splendid settings had spoiled for me the theatre of my youth. I was like the formal city guest at the friendly country table, — stiffly unaccustomed to reaching and passing, uncomfortably conscious of missing the luxury of service. Certain critics assure me that this is my good fortune, that my taste has been elevated, but I have my moments of indecision when I mourn my ancient knack at making believe.

The Punster and the Poet.

A PUNSTER is an incipient poet; a poet may well be a perfected punster. Charles Lamb was the one, William Shakespeare was the other; and yet the man who makes a pun is relegated to the ranks of those "who would not scruple to pick a pocket." Scorners of the pun have no right to self-congratulation; rather should they lament their lack of appreciation of a very telling order of genius. If the potential power of the pun-maker were directed along artistic lines he would very soon achieve distinction by reason of a gift desired by all poets, and one that only a poet can properly appreciate.

The link that unites the punster and the poet is neither wit nor worth, but words. These two do not meet in the high realms of imaginative fervor, but on a material, linguistic plane. The poet loves to win from human speech its fullest beauty and significance, he delights in delicate discriminations, he lingers over melodious and expressive turns of phrase. So, also, does the punster; is not he, too, *punc*tilious in the use of language?

What is a pun? It is a perversion of words, a willful interference with the sober meaning of a word or phrase. Lamb said of a certain man, "From his gravity Newton might have deduced the theory of gravitation." In this species of pun we can see the whole relation of poet and punster. The latter has a sensitive ear, he is quick to notice resemblances between sounds, and on the rapidity of his associative powers depends his success. The more exact and close the purely external association of words, the mere skeleton of sound, and the more remote the intellectual content and signification, the greater the incongruity, the more ludicrous the pun.

Was not the instinct for puns, which gives spirit to so much of the literature of the Age of Elizabeth, simply a manifestation of the poetic impulse of the time? Does it not represent for us one side of the vigorous love of language, that excessive pleasure in music and in harmonious adjustment of letters? Shakespeare was an inveterate pun-maker, brilliant, euphuistic, delighting in chance allusions and incongruous resemblances. His full and rounded genius did not shrink from verbal nonsense. In King Henry IV. how he carries it to extremes.

> *Falstaff.* . . . And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy grace, — majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —
>
> *Prince.* What, none?
>
> *Falstaff.* No, by my troth, not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

But the poets who make no puns, who have none of that sensitive affection for pure sound! Are not our poorest makers of rimes those who pun not? They have no ear for the softer correspondences, the subtle cadence of the syllable. Cannot the taste for well-sustained rimes be learned from the punster who would censure such lines as these: —

"I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a Woman too!
. . . . . .
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Let us withdraw the opprobrium we have been pleased to attach to the punster. Indeed, let us establish a new school of criticism of poetry, and have rightfully associated with the serene lover of wisdom the lover of puns, who has devoted his best and worst service to *a muse.*

"Handsomely Illustrated."

Since the Atlantic is not illustrated (save in its advertisements) I may hope to find place in its uniform pages for my quarrel with the "handsomely illustrated." Being in precarious relations with the editors of illustrated magazines, I prefer to exhibit my views anonymously in the department of Clever-Things-Guess-Who-Wrote-'Em. It is safer sometimes to fight with a mask.

Illustrations include two sorts of pictures, — those which decorate, and those which elucidate. To pure ornaments no one need object; it is proper for any book or magazine to bear designs on the cover, and to contain illuminated initials, tail-pieces, scrolls, swirls, and other fanciful embellishments. My objection is to most pictures the function of which is indicated by the intellectual sense of the word illustration.

In a novel of American society I find both in the book and in the numbers of the magazine which offered the story in serial parts a dozen pictures "handsomely illustrating" the text. "She smiled and looked up at him expressively." Half-tone picture of her smiling expressively. The picture does not give a better idea of her smile or of his manner of receiving it than the reader could get from the printed words. Unless the illustrator has had personal conference with the author he derives his idea from the text just as the reader derives his. "'Good-evening,' he remarked, removing his hat politely." Half-tone drawing of a brick pavement on which stands a young man with his hat held in his right hand four inches from his hair. In the story this polite incident is recounted by a few words tucked into the narrative. It is a passing detail which the illustrator has raised to the importance of a full page. The young man may be worth looking at, but so he is in that mental picture which the skill of the writer has conjured forth in the mind of the excited reader. Here, again, the illustrator proceeds with no more certain or ample knowledge than the author affords to any human being who reads his words. Indeed, the picture may hinder perfect understanding, for the modern illustrator frequently leaves his author behind, and tracks off into the human wilderness in independent quest of the model young man. The gesture as represented in the picture has no significance; neither has the hat. We all know how hats are removed. If the picture appeared in a book of fashions, published by a merchant tailor, the shape of the hat might increase our grasp of the prevailing styles. Possibly, too, the kind of hat depicted may tell us something of importance by indirect exposition. A silk hat would indicate that the courteous episode took place in the afternoon. An opera hat would fix the time after six o'clock. A derby hat might establish the hour broadly between seven in the morning and five in the afternoon. The significance might be still deeper. A slouch hat would indicate that the story is laid in the South, or that the young man is a college student. But here, again, we should learn only facts which we could descry by such scrupulous study of the text as most of us devote to current fiction.

Illustrations have thorough value in exemplifying printed information about unknown things and unusual people. An article on the compass should contain both a diagram of the compass and a good picture of the arrangement of a

compass on a real ship. A photograph would be best because it would be accurate, and with modern photographic improvements it might be beautiful and interesting in itself. Similarly an essay on Thibet should be illustrated with views of the people, the houses, and the landscape. Likewise some Personal Reminiscences of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln might be accompanied by good portraits of those great men.

In addition, there is value in illustrations of strange and difficult fiction. Suppose an American magazine publishes an expurgated story of modern French life, in which occurs a fight between two of the villains. "'La-la-la!' cried Aston, kicking Galphonse deftly behind the ear." This needs an illustration. We do not understand that kind of fighting. The magazine should send to Paris a staff of artists to get valid pictures of typical footfights, and should publish a good picture, carefully studied, whereby we should see with full knowledge and an understanding heart this thrilling encounter and know the technicalities of the contest. The corresponding episode in an American novel of Indiana life would need no picture. "The big fellow was almost laid away by the left hook jab, but negotiated heavily with his right, and landed on the point of Percy Frederick Billington's jaw." No picture is necessary. Every true American, every honest Englishman, would understand that incident at the first flash of the words.

In some other modern stories illustrations are legitimate, especially in realistic fiction, which is so perplexingly unreal. I should like to own an illustrated edition of Henry James for my wife and children. The vague, interthreaded abstractions would, under the touch of a really great illustrator, solidify into visual actualities which any child could apperceive — were he not enfolded by the veil of a temperamental density, were he not of a weakness relating to certain ocular defects of heredity, which, had he known it, would have deterred him, no doubt, for a time, at least, from essaying with show of hope of success any visual activity whatsoever. The style is easy to write, but difficult to read (*propter hoc*). The illustrator who could depict James's women probably does not exist. If he could be found, what a benefactor would he be of his race and generation.

The whole matter is clear. Decorations should decorate; illustrations should illustrate. Other sorts of pictures reduce a book or a magazine to a mere picture album.

The Pilgrim Fathers: Their Debt to Us.

The Pilgrim Fathers. What words these are to conjure with, and how the modern conjurers, historic, literary, and social, have exercised that privilege! From the first epoch of our youth when we are saddened by the recital of that poem which pictures their landing amid "breaking waves" upon a "rock-bound shore" (from which all rocks save one have strangely disappeared), through the times when we are harassed by text-books telling of the forefathers' stay in Holland, and why they failed to do it longer, and on through all the entire Pilgrim's Progress, we are reluctantly conveyed. In after years we focus our attention upon their social, educational, and ethical conditions, and our declining days are punctuated by books regarding them, memorials to them, societies commemorating them under all phases and circumstances.

"Posthumous glory" has been defined as "a revenue payable to our ghosts," and such a revenue we have paid gladly and abundantly to those grim Pilgrim ghosts. We have awarded them a wealth of fame beyond the wildest dreams that their imaginations might have formulated.

We hear much of our debt to these hardy and conscientious pioneers. We have been trained to estimate our present blessings, our country's vast possessions, the land's prosperity, and then to

give thanks to Heaven and to the Pilgrim Fathers.

What is our debt to them?

In the first place, they came here to suit themselves. They were dissatisfied with their surroundings and wanted a land where they could follow their own sweet wills, and be quite free to order others about and make them attend meeting for as many hours at a time as they saw fit. They did not come on our account. If any thought of us entered their minds, it must have been formed upon apologetic lines. They must have realized the problems and perplexities they were bequeathing us, helpless posterity. In place of "merry England," arranged, mapped out, and in good running order, we had a wilderness, peopled with savage tribes, in which to demonstrate our right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Gratitude is most fittingly bestowed on those who *intentionally* benefit their kind, and not on those who do it *incidentally* or *accidentally*.

What did the Pilgrim Fathers give us intentionally? Little compared with that which they relinquished for us; even the admirable traits of character which they bestowed were cultivated not on our account, but rather as a kind of fire insurance against an equatorial atmosphere in the hereafter; and then the other traits which formed our small inheritance, they were not much to be desired. That stern intolerance, that torturing New England conscience, that self-repression, that jealous mistrust of simple joy for its own sake; all those and similar possessions were our unasked-for legacy. Is the debt vast or not, on our side?

And how is it on theirs?

What have we done for them? We, who had power to consign them to total oblivion. We have immortalized them; glorified their aims and endeavors. In song and story, in bronze and marble, we have commemorated their most minute concerns. We have erected innumerable monuments to their memory. Our art and literature are permeated with appreciative tributes to these first comers. No modern cruiser, or ocean greyhound, may ever hope to vie with the fame of that little boat that landed its valuable cargo on Plymouth Rock. We may "remember the Maine" for a brief season only, but we can never forget the Mayflower.

It were too difficult a task to enumerate what we have done for these our Pilgrim ancestors, we whom they introduced to a rough country and then deserted, with small thought of our welfare, leaving us to work out our own salvation through very troublous times. We have done them much credit, and have amply bestowed the same upon them. We have done all that any grateful posterity may do in this free country, where we have not the Chinese prerogative of ennobling our forefathers.

Each year a splendid gathering of members of the New England Society meets in the city of New York to celebrate that chilly and auspicious day which brought the Pilgrim Fathers to these shores. At every such assembly eloquent tones voice our indebtedness to those first immigrants. Is it not time some voices were lifted to proclaim the vastness of the debt which has accumulated upon the Pilgrim Fathers' side?

On Traveling.

In old literature life is compared to a journey, and wise men rejoice to question old men because, like travelers, they know the sloughs and roughnesses of the long road. Men arose with the sun, and toddled forth as children on the day's journey of their lives, and became strong to endure the heaviness of noonday. They strived forward during the hours of early afternoon while their sun's ambition was hot, and now as the heat is cooling they have reached the crest of the last hill, and their road dips gently to the valley where all roads end. And on into the quiet evening, until, at

last, they lie down in that shadowed valley, and await the long night.

This figure has lost its meaning, for we now travel by rail, and life is now expressed in terms of the railway time-table. As has been said, we leave and arrive at places, but we no longer travel. Consequently, we cannot understand the hubbub that Marco Polo must have caused among his townsmen when he swaggered home. He and his crew were bronzed by the sun, were dressed as Tartars, and could speak their native Italian with great difficulty. To convince the Venetians of their identity Marco gave a magnificent entertainment, at which he and his officers received, clad in gorgeous Oriental dresses of red satin. Three times during the banquet they changed their dresses, distributing the discarded garments among the guests. At last, the rough Tartar clothing worn on their travels was displayed and then ripped open. Within was a profusion of priceless jewels of the Orient, the gifts of Kublai Khan of Cathay. The proof was regarded as perfect, and from that time Marco was acknowledged by his countrymen, and loaded with distinction. And it is neither the first time, nor the last, that the flash of wealth has served as a letter of introduction. When Drake returned from the Strait of Magellan, and, powdered, wigged, and beflunkied, told his lies at fashionable London dinners, no doubt he was believed. And his crew, let loose on the beer-shops, gathered each his circle of listeners, drank at his admirers' expense, and yarned far into the night. It was worth one's while to be a traveler in those times.

But traveling has fallen on evil days. The greatest traveler now is the brakeman. Next is he who sells colored cotton. A poor third pursues health and flees from restlessness. Wise men have ceased to question travelers, except to inquire of the arrival of trains and of the comfort of hotels.

To-day I am one thousand miles from home. From my window the world stretches massive, homewards. Even though I stood on the most distant range of mountains and looked west, still I would look on a world that contained no suggestion of home; and if I leaped to that horizon and to the next, the result would be the same, — so insignificant would be the relative distance accomplished. And here I am set down with no knowledge of how I came. There was a continuous jar and the noise of motion. We passed a barn or two, I believe, and on one hillside animals were frightened from their grazing as we passed. There were cluttered streets of several cities and villages. There was a prodigious number of telegraph poles going in the opposite direction, hell-bent as fast as we, which poles considerately went at half-speed through towns, for fear of hitting children. The United States was once an immense country, and extended quite to the sunset. For convenience we have reduced its size, and made it but a map of its former self. Any section of this map can be unrolled and inspected in a day's time.

In the books the children read is the story of the seven-league boots, wonderful boots, worth a cobbler's fortune. If a prince is escaping from an ogre, if he is eloping with a princess, if he has an engagement at the realm's frontier and the wires are down, he straps these boots to his feet, and strides the mountains and spans the valleys. For with the clicking of the silver buckles he has destroyed the dimensions of space. Length, breadth, and depth are measured for him but in wishes. One wish and perhaps a theatrical snap of the fingers, or an invocation to the devil of locomotion, and he stands on a mountain top, the next range of hills blue in the distance; another wish and another snap and he has leaped the valley. Wonderful boots, these! Worth a king's ransom. And this prince, too, as he travels thus dizzily may remember one or two barns, animals frightened

from their grazing, and the cluttered street of cities nested in the valley. When he reaches his journey's end he will be just as wise and just as ignorant as we who now travel by rail in magic, seven-league fashion. For here I am set down, and all save the last half-mile of my path is lost in the curve of the mountains. From my window I see the green-covered mountains, new to me this morning, so different from city streets with their horizon of buildings.

I fancy that, on that memorable morning when Aladdin's Palace was set down in Africa after its magic night's ride from the Chinese capital, a house-maid must have gone to the window, thrown back the hangings and looked out, astounded, on the barren mountains, when she expected to see only the courtyard of the palace and its swarm of Chinese life. She then recalled that the building rocked gently in the night, and that she heard a whirling sound as of wind. These were the only evidences of the devil-guided flight. Now she looked on a new world, and the familiar pagodas lay far to the east within the eye of the rising sun.

There are summer evenings in my recollection when I have traveled the skies. I and my pipe, and quiet companionship which does not intrude on my fancies, have landed from the sky's blue sea upon the cloud continent, and traversed its mountain ranges, its inland lakes, harbors, and valleys. Over their wind-swept ridges we have gone, like gods watching the world-change, seeing

> "the hungry ocean gain
> Advantage on the Kingdom of the shore,
> And the firm soil win of the watery main,
> Increasing store with loss and loss with store."

The greatest traveler that I know is a little man, slightly bent, who walks with a stick in his garden or sits passive in his library. Other friends have boasted of travels in the Orient, of mornings spent on the Athenian Acropolis, of visiting the Theatre of Dionysius, and of hallooing to the empty seats that reëchoed. They warn me of this and that hotel, and advise me concerning the journey from London. The usual tale of travelers is that Athens is a ruin. I have heard it rumored, for instance, that the Parthenon marbles are in London, and that the Parthenon itself has suffered from the "wreckful siege of battering days;" that the walls to the Piræus contain hardly one stone left upon another.

And this sets me to thinking, for my friend denies all this with such an air of sincerity that I am almost inclined to believe his word against all the rest. The Athens he pictures is not ruinous, the Parthenon stands before him as it left the hand of its sculptor Phidias. The walls to the Piræus stand high as on that morning, now almost forgotten, when Athens awaited the Spartan attack. Men, women, and children have wiped the sweat from their faces, as they lay down their motley tools and surveyed their work complacent. For him the Dionysian Theatre does not echo with tourists' shouts, but gives forth the sound of many-voiced Greek life. He knows, too, the people of Athens. He walked one day with Socrates along the banks of the Ilissus, and afterward visited him in his prison when about to drink the Hemlock. It is of the grandeur of Athens and her sons that he speaks, not of her ruins. The best of his travels is that he buys no ticket of Cook, nor, indeed, of any one, and when he has seen the cities' sights, his wife enters and says, "Is n't it time for the bookworm to eat?" So he has his American supper in the next room overlooking Attica, so to speak. Oh, there are many ways of traveling, and my brakeman's view from his box-car is not the only view.

A LETTER FROM ENGLAND: THE ISSUE OF PROTECTION.

I MAY be pardoned, I hope, for opening the present letter by recalling the fact — however immaterial — that last January, when summarizing 1902, I hazarded a reference to Protection as one of two questions "*rapidly stealing upon us to the exclusion of all others*, the decision of which may be destined to bring about more far-reaching changes in our civic and commercial life than the inventions or reforms of the century." The dramatic fulfillment of this modest prophecy, enacted by Mr. Chamberlain, I cannot certainly pretend to have foreseen; but, in writing to-day, there can be no difference of opinion as to the predominance of the issue. In wisdom or folly, for good or ill, we are inevitably committed to a very searching and exhaustive inquiry into the situation.

Meanwhile, the particular manner in which this crisis has been precipitated involves us in one incidental element of danger, and in another of no less significant security. In the first place we may wander, at least temporarily, from the vital issue toward a too curious study, or a too enthusiastic partisanship, of the attitudes adopted and the characters displayed by individual statesmen. The ex-Colonial Secretary, who shares with the German Emperor a genius without parallel for absorbing public attention, has thrown himself in the face of English tradition with an impetuosity which lends to his proposals a certain glamour of knight-errantry. He declaims our difficulties so fearlessly that he may hurry us into the adoption of his panacea. The middle position of Mr. Balfour is too intellectual and too apparently temporizing for the average mind to trust its sincerity; while the most zealous and most thoughtful Free Traders can with difficulty escape the suspicion of having set their faith on shibboleths and of out-Cobdening Cobden. Leader-writers in support of the new commercialism are forever crying out: "Free Trade may be an ideal, but it is unattainable. Trade has never been free, it is not free, it cannot be free. Drop the moral attitude and face facts." Thus they ignore, and in time they may tempt us to forget, that Free Trade — as taught by all economists — is no more an absolute theory or dogma than Protection. Both are practical policies or systems, "in one of which the protective element is slight and accidental, while in the other it is considerable and avowed." We should do well to avoid either catchword and speak of "Tariff Reform," through the investigation of which any given proposal may be fairly stated and discussed on its own merits.

But a compensating consequence of the sensational dénouement of the last few months may be found in the precise contrary of what it seems on the surface to have produced. Though Mr. Chamberlain might be accused, with some show of justice, of having split up the Tory camp by his latest sortie as effectually as he broke the ranks of Liberalism by opposing Home Rule, it is by no means improbable that his present campaign may have the ultimate effect of restoring to almost stable equilibrium the balance of parties, on which our system of government is generally believed to depend. The Home Rule rupture dislocated old landmarks, and they were finally demolished under the war fever. Unionism has never been a healthy growth. But we are confronted to-day — on Mr. Chamberlain's initiative undoubtedly — by a broad and definite parting of the ways. We are face to face with a problem in which the genuine and traditional spirit of the Liberal is unflinchingly opposed to the stout Tory. An

honest fight in the open field should clear the air. Maybe even the Whigs will find their feet again, and, once the temporary confusions of nomenclature are eradicated, we shall every one of us know where we stand. The issue is modern, inasmuch as it is essentially at once imperial and commercial; but the most cherished of our national ideals are equally involved, and a fair poll on Protection would nail the electorate to its colors.

On the eve of the struggle, perhaps, amidst the clamor of tongues and the hailstorm of political pamphlets, it may not be immediately easy to discern why the English peoples should have been summoned, thus suddenly and imperiously, to the settlement of a controversy which in reality consists, as one of our younger economists has written,[1] of two cries and four problems.

"The cries are, on the one hand, that our national prosperity is threatened by foreign competition, and, on the other, that the fabric of imperial unity is crumbling away. The problems have reference to the desirability, or otherwise, of the following suggestions: first, a return to some form of general Protection, especially in the case of manufactured articles; secondly, a special and limited application of Protection against the aggressive action of Trusts and Kartels; thirdly, a modification of tariff policy, designed to increase our power of bargaining with other nations; and, lastly, a system of reciprocal preferential arrangements within the British Empire."

Impartial judgment will probably in a short time decide that the plea of urgency based on these cries, by which some of our protectionist friends have tried to shout down opposition, is not justified by facts. In the first place, though trade statistics are formed from very complicated detail of which the significance may be variously interpreted, the consensus of responsible opinion does not sanction either the vague alarms of "depression" or the assumption of alien underselling as its cause. The common deduction is taken entirely from import and export returns, whereas "the richer a country becomes, the greater in all probability will be the disparity between advances in its real wealth and prosperity and the upward movement of its foreign trade." It is obvious that, "in the limiting case of a nation already rich enough to buy all the foreign goods of which it has any need, these latter figures will go no higher, however great the leaps and bounds by which wealth continues to increase."

The second, that is the imperial, cry of "Rocks ahead" may be silenced by statements at once simple and convincing. Amid much of certain evil, of doubtful promise, recent events in South Africa have at least proved beyond cavil that the ties of sentiment between Great Britain and her distant daughter-lands are more than verbal. And through the present crisis the leaders of Colonial thought have been unanimous in declarations that contain "no hint or suspicion of any anxiety to force a preferential market upon us as the price of their continued loyalty."

If, then, we can rest assured that reform is not, in fact, immediately imperative, it becomes possible to dispassionately investigate "certain rival schemes of fiscal policy," which may still, of course, for other reasons be desirable toward our ultimate prosperity. And we may further admit in passing, on the one hand, that foreign protected competition, like all trusts and dumping, is *one* of the elements producing crises in commerce; and, on the other, that all advantages claimed for Protection have a far greater appearance of cogency for young and undeveloped countries (as trusts have for new industries) than for those of established status like our own.

Reverting to the four practical suggestions named above, it will be easily rec-

[1] The Riddle of the Tariff. By A. C. Pigou.

ognized that, while the first "has been advocated only by irresponsible persons upon grounds implying an imperfect understanding of economic analysis," the second and third are now admitted into the official programme of Mr. Balfour and his present Cabinet, while the fourth presents the distinguishing item of Mr. Chamberlain's personal campaign, the chosen corner stone of the New Imperialism.

The Prime Minister claims to "approach the subject from the free trade point of view,"[1] and, *theoretically*, the proposal to increase our bargaining power — by retaliation or concession — does not involve the introduction of the protection principle. Our present tariff policy, aged twenty-five years, would "confine that part of our revenue which is derived from customs" (with one special exception from which the protective element is eliminated by excise) "to duties on commodities not produced at all in the United Kingdom." It would, therefore, seem feasible to open tariff negotiations in some quarters by raising or lowering the duties on such commodities, without in any way disturbing home industry. But to "compensate ourselves for the harm done us by a given rise in our own tariff, we should need to secure a *fall about equal to that rise in the tariffs of all the world;*" a triumph of diplomacy surely Utopian; while retaliation would be even more dangerous. On the contrary, we must remember that our free trade policy has not tempted other nations to any hostile discrimination. "It has everywhere, and in all important particulars, secured for our goods 'most favored nation' treatment, — an advantage of which there is no reason to suppose that they are the least likely to be deprived." And in practice it is almost certain that "the conversion of the nation to tariff bargaining would mean the erection of a customs system under which more than one British interest benefited at the public expense."

Arguments for the principle of Protection, whether generally applied or limited to the attack on Trusts and Kartels, are too intricate for full discussion within the limits of this letter. Every one is familiar with the outlines of the crusade against the threatened encroachments of foreign monopolists. It remains for the English electorate to consider how far the injury undoubtedly inflicted upon us by the high customs duties of other nations is really different in kind, or even in degree, from any other form of "check upon exchange;" and whether it would not, in fact, be increased by any "burden we might ourselves put upon the inward branch of our foreign trade," similar to that now put by others upon the outward. The protectionist can easily show that small temporary benefits would accrue from the erection of tariff walls to particular industries, or, more accurately, to the capitalists controlling them; but he must prove that such a nursing of vested interests will be permanently advantageous to the community. He must maintain, in fact, what would seem contrary to the laws of economy, that any deliberately imposed artificial restraint of capital and labor from those occupations, to which it is being impelled by the broad economic forces of the time, would *not* produce a loss of total efficiency. Finally, he must face the grave disadvantages (if an advocate of limited Protection) "which are bound to arise when ordinary human beings endeavor in practice to select the proper cases for intervention, the right time for beginning it, and, above all, the moment at which the temporary duty ought to be removed;" since, once the protective element has been introduced, powerful interests are perennially opposed to any reductions. "There are also to be apprehended those evils other than material which Protection brings in its train, — the loss of

[1] Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade. By the Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, M. P.

purity in politics, the unfair advantage given to those who wield the powers of jobbery and corruption, unjust distribution of wealth, and the growth of sinister interests." [1]

It is not difficult to see that Mr. Chamberlain's preferential scheme involves unlimited Protection, and, indeed, presents the most natural and consistent completion of the new policy. We cannot give a preference to some without taxing all; we cannot effect anything substantial for the Colonies by confining our action to goods not produced at home. We shall be pledged to full retaliation, because the Colonies have plainly declared that any return concessions from them to us will *not* take the form of lower rates to the Motherland, but of higher to the foreigner. Should an Imperial Fiscal Unity be established, we may lose the "most favored nation" treatment as a retaliation to Colonial action. Preferences, therefore, can only be recommended by evidence of very strong internal advantages, which mostly vanish with a denial of the urgency plea. They are commonly also defended as the surest means of encouraging the development of agricultural resources, which, however, are bound in nature to make rapid strides whatever our attitude toward them; and for certain political considerations, which will not bear close inspection. It is said that a protected supply of food within the Empire would be invaluable in case of war; but the emergency presupposes the hostility of *all other markets;* which is most improbable, for example, in the case of the United States. It is said that we must make any sacrifices to secure the fighting service of our sons "over the water;" but, in fact, the difficulties of adjustment between the Colonies would be infinitely provocative of friction, as they were in the first half of the nineteenth century, and a cash nexus may easily snap the thread of disinterested affection. Here, more emphatically than in any other form of Protection, we dare not go back in case of failure. "The old preferences of sixty years ago were not done away without rousing very bitter feeling among the Colonists. To grant them a second time, and again to withdraw them, would be scarcely possible without the risk of grave disaster. *There is at present no evidence* of a tendency on the part of the Empire to 'fall to pieces and separate atoms;' but it is doubtful if the same could be said, should it ever come to be subjected to so severe a strain as this."

Any one of the present schemes for fiscal reform, or any compromise between all, more likely to override the free trade tradition, is accompanied by certain danger; and it remains for the protectionist to prove that evils exist demanding the change or amenable to the remedy. Popular opinion sees that Protection must make food dearer. It is not yet convinced that our commercial difficulties are due to Free Trade, or that a change of policy would secure us an increase of wealth to meet the greater cost of living.

R. Brimley Johnson.

[1] From a Letter to the Times, signed by fourteen academic economists.

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WALL STREET AND THE COUNTRY.

THE perturbations to which prices have been subjected on the New York Stock Exchange during the past year have naturally caused revulsions of feeling among those who have suffered from them, and much questioning of the wisdom of some of the recent operations of prominent American financiers. It is a familiar aphorism that "Wall Street" is very popular in periods of ascending prices, and is very unpopular in periods of declining prices. The public often seem to forget that quotations in Wall Street are only the mirror of their own estimate of the value of securities, and that most financiers would be as well pleased as outsiders if they could warp this mirror to give the reflection of a constantly ascending value to the properties which they control. There are many lessons to be learned from recent experiences, one of the most obvious being that the outsider should not enter the stock market in the gambling spirit, but only for investment, and then only when he has made a careful study of values of properties and their earning power, and of the conditions which affect the market.

The creation of industrial companies during the past five years and the ascending prices of their securities until within the past year have written a new chapter in the history of the world's effort to work out its economic destiny. It has afforded a new illustration of the law of the survival of the fittest. Practically every form of financial enterprise has had to go through the same birth-pangs when it was a new and untried project; and only those features of it have survived which have been found to possess real economic value. It is usually those who initiate the new methods who take the greater risks. If their projects will not stand the test of competition, they carry down their projectors with them to disaster; if they succeed, they sometimes confer rich rewards upon the far-sighted and venturesome pioneer; but in the latter case they render a net economic service to the community. It is the experience through which the new methods of finance have passed, and that through which they are yet to pass, which is to determine whether they have in them elements of survival.

The mechanism of modern finance has been devised piece by piece to meet the constantly growing demand for more efficient methods of giving mobility to capital. By mobility is meant facility for transferring capital promptly and without loss from one person to another. It was the use of money which primarily made possible the transfer of capital when trade began to emerge from the condition of barter. It has been the function of modern commerce and finance, as capital grew in volume, to devise new means of transferring it from place to place and from industry to industry. Hence has arisen the complicated but symmetrical structure of deposit banking, note issue, the joint stock company, the negotiable security, the produce and stock exchanges, the bank-

ers' clearing house, the stock exchange clearing house, the cable transfer for credit, and the arbitrage of stock and exchange transactions, by which the change of a fraction of one per cent in the rate indicating the demand for credit in one market would put at its command the resources of the other markets of the world.

This great fabric has been rendered necessary by the growth of the fund of capital seeking investment. This growth in the volume of capital has been the phenomenon of our generation. It has been a growth of astonishing rapidity, because the increase in the investment fund has been much more rapid than the increase in the total capital of the community. This has resulted from a simple process of mathematical increment. If an agricultural producer in 1850 had an annual producing power which might be expressed by $350, of which $300 was necessary to supply his actual physical necessities, he would have a surplus of $50, to be made a part of the investment fund of the community. If ten years later, in 1860, he had increased his producing power by one seventh, his total annual product would be $400; but the effect would be felt upon the investment fund of the community, not merely by the increase of one seventh, or about 15 per cent, in his total product, but by an increase of 100 per cent in the net product. Assuming that his actual needs were still supplied by $300, he would have $100 for investment where he formerly had $50. If by 1880 his annual producing power further increased by one fourth part of its efficiency in 1860 to a total of $500, the surplus funds seeking investment in the market would have risen by another 100 per cent within twenty years, or by 400 per cent within thirty years.

These conclusions, based upon hypothesis, are sustained by the evidence. The increase in the capital employed in manufactures over and above the normal increase in proportion to population is one of the gauges of the increased fund of saving in the community. This increase was from $2,118,208,769 in 1870 to $9,835,086,909 in 1900. This increase of more than $7,700,000,000 in manufacturing capital since 1870 is paralleled by the increased application of capital in another direction, — the construction and equipment of railways. The total liabilities of American railways, chiefly upon their capital stock and funded debt, increased from $3,784,543,034 in 1873 to $12,326,491,526 in 1901.[1] The proportional increase called for by the growth of population was only to about $7,000,000,000, leaving a residue of about $5,300,000,000 as the result of the increased producing power of the people of the United States under modern conditions. The two items of manufacturing capital and railway investment thus account for an investment fund of $16,000,000,000, which has been accumulating during the past generation, and these are only illustrations of the great fund of saved capital seeking investment which has been accumulating in recent years in every field of productive industry.

Capital available for investment is subject to the law of supply and demand. In this respect, it does not differ from commodities of a more specific character. Other things being equal, two important elements operate upon the price paid for an investment, — its safety and the net return paid in interest or dividends. A high degree of safety will contribute toward raising the price of an investment, but this rise in price will render it less attractive upon the other side by reducing the return upon it. For the owner of an investment security, and especially for him who has it to sell, a scarcity of safe securities and a rise in their price are acceptable and desirable. For the owner of capital seeking investment, however, an excess of such capital in the market and a high price for securi-

[1] U. S. Statistical Abstract, 1902, p. 407.

ties are an injury, because they reduce the earning power of his capital, in whatever particular securities he may invest it. To meet his needs, new demands for capital must be found from time to time, equal to the amount of capital created.

To find such openings for investment is the business of the financier and promoter. He found them early in the nineteenth century without difficulty, because new demands for capital were springing up faster than they could be met. When society is in a stationary state, — that is, when there are no important new inventions or changes in social conditions, — saved capital accumulates faster than opportunities for secure and profitable investments present themselves. The tendency of such a condition is to correct itself by creating new wants, and hence invoking a demand for the capital to provide the mechanism to supply them; but this tendency has not prevented on several occasions the serious congestion of savings beyond effective demand and a consequent fall in the rate of interest.

In modern times, even more than in those more remote, there has been a frequent tendency to the accumulation of saved capital temporarily beyond the legitimate demand for it for the creation of new enterprises. The eminent French economist, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, in discussing this subject in L'Économiste Français of January 28, 1899, calls attention to the fact that there were interruptions in the downward course of interest when steam came to be generally employed as a motive power between 1850 and 1865, and again after the great destruction of capital in the Franco-Prussian war. But, he declares, "after each of these interruptions, the rate of interest again tended to decline to a level lower than before; so that, in taking as the point of departure the beginning of the last quarter century, or that of the last half century, or that of the last century, — the year 1874 or the year 1850, — it may be noted that the rate of interest has considerably fallen, not in a straight line, it is true, but in a broken line, and that never in our history was it as low as in 1897."

One of the best proofs of this superabundance of capital in the market about 1897 was the great number of cases in which governments and stock companies successfully sought to convert old obligations on which they were paying a high rate of interest into new ones paying a low rate of interest. Great Britain refunded her consolidated debt in 1888 at two and three quarters per cent, and in 1897 and 1898 the quotations of these new issues reached 112, and even a maximum of 113⅛. The great Prussian conversion was operated during 1897, and applied to $850,000,000 of consolidated four per cent securities. These four per cents were quoted at 104.5, and the three and a half per cents were quoted at 104.2 in October, 1896. The three per cent obligations issued in 1890 and then quoted at 86.5 reached par on July 5, 1895, and stood at 99.6 on October 5, 1896. Herr Miquel, the Prussian Minister, in announcing his project, recalled the fact that in 1894 France had converted her four and a half per cents into three and a half per cents; that Sweden, Norway, Luxembourg, Zurich, Saxe-Gotha, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria had converted four per cent into three and a half per cent securities; and that Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Bremen, and Berne had converted three and a half per cents into three per cents, not to speak of the great Russian conversion of five per cents into four per cents.

In the United States, in spite of the fact that a new country usually makes large demands for capital, the supply tended to exceed the legitimate and effective demand down to 1897. The fact that this increase in the supply had greatly reduced its capacity to earn interest is plainly indicated by the facts set forth in the spring of 1903 by Professor Meade:

"For the last thirty years the investment rate of interest has been steadily sinking. In the early Seventies seven per cent railway bonds were common. In the next decade these were largely replaced by five per cent bonds, and in recent years three and a half per cent bonds have been generally issued by railway companies. At the same time that the interest rate was falling, the price of a $1000 bond increased. In the Seventies railway companies often paid ten per cent for money. At the present time three and a half per cent is the ordinary rate."

It is clear that this great accumulation of capital would be employed with great difficulty but for the organization of a system of transferring it readily from hand to hand and place to place. If every one who saved was compelled to employ his savings under his own personal care and direction in order to make them fruitful, many difficulties would arise and serious blunders would be made. Large savings would seem in the natural course of events, therefore, to have suggested the organization of means of employing them without imposing the burden upon each individual who had made savings. This has been the case in advanced commercial society, but has not been the case in undeveloped society.

The economic efficiency of Europe and America is due in a large degree to the fact that saved capital does not repose in idle hoards, but is transferred as fast as it is saved into hands which are able to put it to productive use. In all civilized countries the mechanism of credit has now attained a considerable degree of efficiency, but this efficiency varies to a marked extent from country to country.

Among the methods of putting capital into negotiable form these may be enumerated: attracting deposits to banking institutions; the organization of stock companies for banking and other large enterprises; the organization of railroad companies; the capitalization of industrial enterprises as stock companies; the diversification of banking methods and of the forms of security investment.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the expansion of banking in its simpler forms. This has been more obvious to the ordinary observer as a means of accumulating and transferring capital than some of the other features of the modern organization of credit. Next in order to banking deposits as a part of the new mechanism of finance comes the joint stock company. A joint stock company affords the means for dividing the ownership of properties in such a way that, on the one hand, an individual of small means may become part owner in a great enterprise, and, on the other hand, enterprises may be successfully carried out, of a magnitude which could not well be undertaken by a single individual. The creation of share companies divides the risk of an undertaking among many persons, and places the enterprise beyond the accidents of a single human existence by giving it a fictitious body dowered by law with perpetual life. When these properties are listed on the stock exchange they are afforded a general market, in which it is easy to obtain a definite test of their value. A mill or a factory which is in private hands is salable or not according to individual and local circumstances. When not converted into the form of shares, a small property of this character has a market which is narrow and uncertain. The property may pay a fair dividend upon the capital invested or upon the cost of replacement, but unless it happens to attract the attention of a capitalist who is also an expert in the same line of industry, it cannot be sold at the will of the owner. When, however, it is a part of a property which comprises many other mills, and this property is represented by bonds, preferred stock and common stock, distributed among a multitude of own-

ers and listed on the stock exchange, then it is in the power of the individual owner to part with his property at will at the quotations of the market.

One of the natural consequences of the abundance of capital seeking investments is the tendency to produce new forms of securities. The evidence of this is afforded by the great variety of securities which are now at the command of the investor in Great Britain and America. The first form of investment offered in the stock markets was government obligations. These represented capital taken from the community and often applied in a manner which was not economic, for the purposes of war or preparations for war. Then came the primitive form of the stock company, which was simply the issue of shares establishing a common and divisible right in a large property. It has remained for recent years to develop the preferred share, the mortgage bond, income bonds, convertible bonds, debentures, and many other forms of obligation. These various types of securities offer a variety of investment which permits each investor to choose among them according to his individual valuation of the relative advantages of risk with large returns, security with small returns, prompt returns or ultimate profit. The mortgage bond of a first-class railway, varying little under ordinary conditions in its market quotations because it pays a fixed income, is the most secure investment after the government bond, and the most appropriate for the investment of trust funds. The preferred stock of a well-established investment enterprise offers a fixed return with perhaps a higher degree of risk, and is, therefore, likely to pay a larger return in relation to the price than the bond. The convertible bond offers a high degree of security, with the additional allurement of admitting the bondholder to a share in the expanding profits of the preferred shareholder when the price of stock rises above the price of the bonds.

Every form of investment which proves more attractive to a certain class of investors than previous forms adds to the means for drawing capital out of hoards and private hands and putting it at the command of the community. If bonds and ordinary shares prove unattractive to a certain type of investor, then the market where only those forms of investment are available does not afford the highest facilities for drawing hoarded capital from idleness into utilities. This was the case until recently in France, where the issue of preferred shares was not permitted by law, but only common shares and bonds. The device so frequent in the organization of American industrial corporations, by which the assured earning power is capitalized as preferred stock and the contingent profits of bankers and promoters are converted into common stock, to be sold for what it will bring or laid away until it earns dividends, was not available for the French financier. Hence the inducement was lacking to unify and strengthen French industry by consolidating old companies and putting the best equipment and most far-sighted management at the command of new companies.

The countries of Europe, especially those of the Continent, have much to learn from America in diversifying the forms of investment so as to put saved capital to its most productive use; but America has also something to learn from Europe. We have done much more than France and Germany to draw the small capitals of the masses into our commercial banks; but they have developed forms of investment which we have not tried, or which we have not managed with prudence.

A striking instance of the diversification of banking methods which has thus far failed to obtain a firm footing in America is the mortgage loan bank. The purpose of such an institution is to give to the ownership of real estate something of the transferability and divisibility of

other property. This is accomplished by converting the aggregate of many small mortgages upon real estate into negotiable bonds. In Europe great banks of this character exist in France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Spain, and several other countries, and recently the system has been extended to Egypt. By the sale of a block of debenture bonds, secured by mortgages upon the land upon which loans have been made, the investor has a security which is negotiable at any time on the market, instead of dealing with a single mortgage which he might find difficulty in selling, in case of need, for what he paid for it. There is no doubt of the perfect practicability and safety of the system, when loans are made to only a legitimate percentage of the ascertained value of the property and other proper precautions are taken. The Crédit Foncier of France, which is engaged in such business, has mortgage bonds out to the amount of about $350,000,000. In Germany thirty-three such banks have similar obligations to the amount of more than $1,500,000,000, scattered in every part of the empire; while the Land Mortgage Bank of Austria-Hungary has debentures of nearly $40,000,000, and the Mortgage Bank of Spain has similar obligations of $17,000,000. These institutions practically bring into the security market a large part of the land values of Europe. A mortgage bank of this sort is able to increase its loans to the limit of the debentures which it can sell, and every few months witnesses an offer of a block of such securities, which are eagerly subscribed for by those seeking a safe and steady investment.

The genius of American financiers and promoters has blazed out investment paths of its own. The path followed during the last few years has been the conversion into large corporations of industrial enterprises. The Wall Street Journal recently estimated the new securities thrown upon the market as a result of this process at nine billions of dollars, and declared: —

"The next stage was the sale of these securities to people who had up to that time neither been owners of plants and manufacturers, nor investors, but who, tempted by the novel opportunity, invested their money in the new industrial securities. The fact that the United States Steel Corporation now has something like 55,000 stockholders is the best demonstration of this that any one could wish. Consequently, the industrial promotions had the effect of tapping to quite a large extent a fund which had heretofore not been available to the security market, having found investment largely in savings banks, real estate," etc.

When capital began to accumulate rapidly, therefore, after the recovery from the long prostration of 1893–97, and only a limited outlet was found for it at first in the creation of new manufacturing plants and the extension of railways, the financier turned naturally to the project of organizing manufacturing industries upon the basis of stock companies. Other reasons, like the severity of competition, undoubtedly produced the tendency to consolidate industries by bringing to an end useless duplications of expenditures and getting rid of competition. These causes, however, could not have produced the phenomena of recent years if there had not been a great fund of capital in the money market seeking new investments. There would not have been the capital available in the hands of one manufacturer to buy out another, or in the hands of promoters to buy them both out, which has been found available under the conditions of recent years.

When, however, the earning power of a number of mills or factories could be capitalized into bonds and preferred stock, a supply of securities could be thus created which would meet the demand for new forms of investment arising from among those who were rapidly making

money under favorable commercial conditions. In many cases it was found that the owners of the old establishments were willing to retire from business and to accept a fixed income upon their capital. To others the original investment could be reimbursed from the savings of outsiders who became shareholders in the consolidated industries. The transfer of such considerable sums to the owners of the old plants, where they were paid in cash, added to the fund seeking investment, and thereby added to the capacity of the market for absorbing securities.

That this tendency to create securities has been overdone within the past few years is undoubtedly true. The inevitable operation of the law of supply and demand curtailed demand when the supply of capital available for such investments was absorbed. The process of creating new securities proved so profitable — or at least appeared so — that the demand was soon more than satisfied. Hence came the phenomenon of a mass of "undigested securities" which could no longer find the ready market of a few years before. The fault has not lain altogether with the character of the securities. The fall in quotations for industrials on the New York stock market is not due altogether to impairment of confidence in the value of such enterprises, but it is the inevitable result of an excessive offer in relation to effective demand. That effective demand depends upon the supply of capital. The evidence of deficiency of capital in Great Britain is afforded by the heaviness of British consols, which carried them down from 112 in 1897 to 94 in 1899, and finally below 88 in 1903. It was not that confidence had been impaired in the willingness and ability of the British government to pay interest in full on these securities as it became due, but the fact that new issues of such obligations increased the supply on the market beyond the demand for a safe security at the higher prices. To a like cause — absorption of the surplus capital in the market — may be attributed the fall in first-class railroad stocks and the hesitation of the market to absorb new stocks and bonds of the most gilt-edged character.

Undoubtedly, also, in the case of industrial securities issued on the American market, the character of those issued has tended in many cases to become worse as the issues have increased. This would not necessarily be the fact in each separate case, but would result from the natural tendency to consolidate industries and issue securities first where there was the best economic justification for it. The first consolidations were the result of the pressure of economic necessity in order to escape forms of competition which had become unprofitable. They promised real economies in management and increased earnings, in order to commend themselves to the promoters and investors who took them up. When consolidation, however, had become simply an imitative mania, and the investor, tempted by the large profits, or apparent large profits, of the first combinations, became eager to buy their securities, it was inevitable that the quality of new enterprises of this character should progressively deteriorate. When the demand for new securities was small, it was necessary that they should be of the highest character to find a market; when the demand became apparently insatiable, it was natural that shrewd and sometimes unscrupulous promoters should set themselves to provide a supply. It might be said in a broad sense that the early consolidations were forced upon promoters and financiers by industrial conditions, — while some of the later ones were the result of the efforts of such promoters to create conditions which would afford them opportunities for "a rake-off." In an economic sense, the later process was putting the cart before the horse. When mushroom trust companies were created for the purpose of imitating the large profits of the older and more conservative

companies, it was natural that they should greedily swallow any bait which promised large profits, without going behind the prospectus to inquire too closely into the solidity of the new projects, or even into the honesty of those who brought them forward.

But the public is to blame in such cases quite as much as misguided or dishonest promoters. If they pass by conservative companies and safe investments to seize upon glittering offers of speculative stocks by mushroom institutions, who is to stay them or retrieve their errors, so long as those who delude them keep barely within the line of indictable fraud? It is the same old story which has been told many times in periods of expanding trade. The public fail to discriminate between those securities which are proper for trust investments and those whose low prices are determined by the very fact that they are speculative. Each successive generation in a period of prosperity and ascending prices seems to forget the fundamental rule of finance, — that the return paid upon a security is inversely to its safety. To those financiers who inculcate this rule they turn a deaf ear, and the latter are perforce compelled to drift with the current or see themselves stranded without clients or profits.

Every new form of financial organization has to pass through the test of fire. Experience is required, to develop its elements of strength and weakness. When the principle of the stock company with limited liability was first recognized in modern industry, Adam Smith declared that its use was limited to a few special enterprises like banking, which followed a settled routine. Every one has gotten away from that prejudice, but the ultimate capacity of the joint stock system of organization is still untested. During the past century it has been extended to nearly every form of manufacture and to the complicated problems of transportation by land and sea. It contains, however, other possibilities which have not yet been developed. Among those which have recently been put into practice have been the consolidation of great industries, the leasing of one corporation's property to another, and the control of operating companies by companies holding their securities. Whether these new forms of joint stock enterprise will be successful must be determined by the same test which has been applied to all other enterprises, — the test of experience.

It is not surprising that the first experiments have afforded results which in some cases are subject to criticism. This was the case with some of the first joint stock companies in their simplest form, and was so conspicuously the case with banking in our earlier history that the innocent use of credit in the form of printed bank-notes has not yet shaken off the prejudice resulting from these experiments. Even the corporate organization of railways, with their issues of bonds and stock to create pathways through the wilderness, resulted in great losses in 1873, and nearly two hundred receiverships as recently as 1893. The London Statist has within a few weeks recalled to British investors that "in their early days many of the [American] railroads were over-capitalized much as industrial companies now are, but owing to their enormous betterment outlays for many years past, the water in American railway capital has now been in most cases effectively squeezed out, and the properties brought up to their book values."

But the joint stock principle, the railways and the banks have survived the trials resulting from early errors, and are now admitted by every one to be essential and beneficent parts of our financial machinery. Railway bonds and many railway stocks have reached a solid investment basis, superior to the storms of business disturbance which are sweeping over the newer enterprises. The older and larger banks and trust companies have also avoided the blun-

ders of early days, and have kept their assets in a form in which they could be quickly converted into cash in case of need. The fact that deposits payable on demand should be covered by assets convertible on demand has been well learned by American bankers. Only the amateurs and the incompetents among bankers and trust company managers have forgotten the famous distinction of Mr. Hankey between a mortgage and a bill of exchange. The more conservative of the New York trust companies in particular, making their advances exclusively on the best stock exchange securities, with a margin of twenty per cent between the market value and the amount loaned, have not failed since the first signs of a coming storm to husband their resources, to scan critically even high-priced collateral, and to give the benefit of the doubt always on the side of conservatism.

It remains to apply to the industrial trust and the new forms of financial organization the lessons so well learned in the school of experience in railroading and banking. To obtain a given result by the greatest possible economy of capital and of effort is the secret of success in finance, in industry, and in competition in foreign markets. The Bank of England does the great business of the British banking system with a metallic reserve many times less than that of the New York banks and the Treasury of the United States. In the early days of England's financial primacy, the reserve proved insufficient, and English finance was all but wrecked. So it may be that our industrial combinations must learn the lesson of larger reserves and sufficient working capital before they are planted on a solid basis; but in the end, even if they cannot realize the ambitious dream of putting an end to perturbations in industry, they are likely to vindicate their claim to increasing the productive efficiency and competitive power of our country.

It may well prove, also, that the principle of the operating company, and the security-holding company, in spite of the fact that they give a minority of strong holders the power to dictate the policy of the corporation under control, may serve the public interest by bringing unity and concentration into management which has been incoherent and incompetent. The system of the security-holding company permits far-sighted men, for instance, who are willing to postpone present dividends to future wealth, to study the needs of a growing community, and to promote its growth by building traction lines in advance of the public demand instead of waiting for such a demand to become imperative. It enables the managers of a great trunk line to put an end to transfers of passengers at state boundaries and local terminals, and to run the palatial trains across the continent upon harmoniously adjusted schedules which, far from being "in restraint of trade," have done more to promote it than all the laws for preventing combination or all the suits begun in pursuance thereof. The system of the holding company undoubtedly increases the power of the big financiers, but it enables them in many cases to go forward with far-sighted plans for meeting the certain expansion of local traffic in our imperial city, or of international traffic between the grainfields of Minnesota and the markets of Asia, which would be difficult or impossible under the old system of petty competing organizations governed by the restricted vision of some neighborhood magnate.

The voting trust is another system of organization designed to the same end, — to put properties into the hands of competent and responsible persons, and to remove them from the danger of manipulative control through the stock market. One of the greatest evils of our system of an unfettered stock market is the opportunity which it affords to rich buccaneers to upset values and threaten

the tranquil ownership of property. Against this danger the voting trust forms a safeguard. In thus making it easy to locate upon a few heads the responsibility for the conduct of great enterprises, the management of our financial projects follows the tendency toward the fixing of responsibility which has become the model under our best city charters, where the scattered authority of commissions and legislative bodies has been concentrated to a large degree in the hands of a single executive.

The concentration of banking resources and the power which is derived from coöperation among the banks and a few resolute leaders in times of crisis are generally recognized to be one of the most potent factors in our recent industrial progress and our present financial security. If the recent decline in the price of securities had found the market depending upon a large number of banking institutions with small capital, indifferently managed, and divided by petty jealousies, it might have tumbled them over like a row of bricks, and made the declining market of 1903 a repetition of the panic experiences of 1873 and 1893. Combination has vindicated itself the world over in banking; it remains to be seen whether, after due experimentation, it will not also vindicate itself in railway management and manufacturing.

America has a great destiny to perform in the industrial development of the world. She can perform it only by applying to every part of the machinery of production, transportation, and exchange the principle of the greatest economy of effort to obtain the greatest sum of results. The opportunity for every man to rise by his talents from the lowest to the highest place, the right to reap and hold the rewards of one's labor without excessive taxation or vexatious visitation, the privilege of transferring property on the stock exchanges without the fetters imposed on such transactions in Europe, and the freedom to extend new methods of economy and combination in trade and finance across the continent, untrammeled by local tariffs and state boundaries, are among the weapons which give our country its great advantages in dealing with older competitors. It is not surprising that, in the strenuous work of forging these weapons to their sharpest temper, mistakes have been made, capital has been lost, the subtile resentment has been aroused of those incompetent to meet the new conditions; but such errors are the almost inevitable incidents of a period of progress. They correct themselves in the furnace of competition better than they are likely to be corrected by paternal legislation, which is usually bungling and often ineffective.

A community which does not within proper limits encourage the enterprise of the promoter puts fetters upon the transfer of its capital to its most efficient uses and upon the development of the highest industrial efficiency. Upon the proper direction of capital rests the industrial development of a nation. Everything which tends to hamper the transfer of capital from an industry which has ceased to be profitable, because perhaps it has been too widely extended, tends to prevent the direction of the capital of the country into the channels where it is most efficient. The work of the promoter in recent years has tended to increase this transferability of capital by providing a method for getting rid of useless plants without direct loss to their owners, and adjusting the productive capacity of an industry to the actual demand for its products. More than this, in the organization of a new enterprise, like the opening of a new mine, the promoter actually adds to the efficient wealth of the community by opening sources of income which were before untouched. As Professor Meade well says in his book on Trust Finance: —

"In the present scheme of production the resources and the money are useless

apart. Let them be brought together, and wealth is the result. The unassisted coincidence of investment funds with investment opportunities, however, is fortuitous and uncertain. The investor and the land or patent or mine owner have few things in common. Left to themselves they might never meet. But the promoter brings these antithetical elements together, and in this way is the means of creating a value which did not before exist, and which is none the less a social gain because much of it is absorbed by the promoter and the financier."

The new methods and the new projects are going through the test of fire to-day, and some of them are being consumed. The tests which weeded out the badly organized and incompetent of the early stock companies, which drove to the wall the "wildcat" banks of antebellum days, and which wiped out dividends and stock rights in badly managed railways, are now being applied to the new forms of organization which have been the growth of the past decade. But the stronger and better organized of these new corporations are likely to meet these trials without disaster, or to modify their methods to conform to the teachings of experience, until there remains to the financial world a valuable residuum of new methods for giving flexibility to capital and promoting its transfer promptly and efficiently from the industries where it is not needed to those where it will render its highest service.

Charles A. Conant.

LYNCHING: A SOUTHERN VIEW.

[The author of this article is a native of North Carolina, and has been for several years editor of the Raleigh Progressive Farmer. — The Editors.]

That lynching is an evil is denied by no one. Even Mr. John Temple Graves, who defended it in his recent Chautauqua address, had to admit that it is demoralizing and criminal, and that its logical consummation is anarchy. The savage, we know, punishes by the mob or by personal vengeance, while "it is the first law of the social order that no man shall be the judge in his own cause," that the government alone shall have the right to fix penalties and punish criminals, and that each citizen shall uphold the majesty of the law and swear allegiance to the courts of justice. This is the basis of all order; on this depends the safety of life and property. And such unity obtains in our governmental fabric that we cannot disturb this fundamental principle in any manner without endangering the entire structure. If one pillar totters, all the pillars will totter. To protect anarchy at one point is to spread anarchy to all points. We cannot encourage a hundred men to disregard law without encouraging the individual to disregard law; we cannot encourage law-breaking to gratify vengeance without encouraging law-breaking to gratify hate or greed or lust. The mob spirit breeds disrespect for all law.

For yet other reasons is lynching to be dreaded and deplored. It threatens justice and engenders unrest. Our judges, as a class, are men of high character and ability, and our juries are composed of fair-minded and intelligent men. But the mob may be recruited from the worst element of the community, men of bad character and low intelligence; its members may even have private grudges against the alleged criminal. The court, too, acts in the open, seen and scrutinized by all; the judge and the jurymen are

known, and they know that their reputations will be injured if they act carelessly or unrighteously. But the mob has no such incentive to right action. It hides itself in the dark; it shrinks from the gaze of men; its members are not known to their fellow citizens; the fear of incurring individual condemnation does not restrain them from injustice. Moreover, the court considers evidence calmly and carefully. "If this man is guilty, let him be punished; if he is not guilty, let the real criminal be sought out and dealt with." But the mob works in the heat of passion and in great haste. Too often it hangs the man on incomplete circumstantial evidence, hangs the wrong man. But that ends the matter; there is no further investigation, and the guilty man goes free, — perhaps to repeat his crime. These are a few of the many dangers of mob law.

Hurtful and vicious as is the lynching evil, we have in the South another evil that is not less dark and diabolical. For every negro who is disturbed by fear of the mob, a hundred white women are haunted by the nameless dread. These are the twin perils that menace Southern peace, — twin perils, I say, for there is a vital connection between them. To say that men are lynched for other crimes than that against white women, and that therefore lynching cannot be attributed to it, is to be more plausible than accurate. It is with this crime that lynching begins; here and here only could the furious mob spirit break through the resisting wall of law and order. Once through, it does not stop. But it is only because lynching for rape is excused that lynching for any other crime is ever attempted. If there were no lustful brutes to deal with, it would be easy to develop a public sentiment that would make any form of lynching impossible.

There are, therefore, two ways of attacking the mob spirit. We may (1) assail lynching directly, or we may (2) seek to destroy the crime which nourishes and sustains it. Both direct and indirect methods, as I shall try to show in this paper, ought to be employed.

I.

Heretofore we have attacked mob law only in the most direct of direct ways. We have passed laws breathing out threatenings and slaughter against lynchers, only to find that it is useless to have an anti-lynching law on our statute books until the people have an anti-lynching law in their hearts and consciences. In the eyes of the court every man who kills without warrant of law — whether or not the victim be accused of crime — is a murderer. In North Carolina this principle was supplemented more than a decade ago by a special statute making it a felony to break into a jail for the purpose of lynching a prisoner. Judges have charged juries against the crime, and Governor Aycock — risking his political fortunes for his convictions — recently offered a reward of $400 each for the conviction of a party of seventy-five who lynched a negro near Salisbury. But never yet has the law punished a North Carolina lyncher.

We may as well admit, therefore, that this plan of action, unless supplemented by other measures, is a failure. When the flock is threatened, it is wiser to unloose the dogs than try to bind the wolves. When law is threatened, it is better to unfetter the courts than to try to fetter the mob. And the courts are fettered.

That the law at present is lacking in efficiency is not an idle assertion, a mere excuse of the bloodthirsty. It is not an unsupported supposition of editors and politicians, and of people not versed in legal lore. It is the testimony of men who know whereof they speak. One of the finest and gentlest men I know, an old-school Southern lawyer whose tenderness is such that he will not prosecute a man for his life, said to me two years ago that with our peremptory challenges,

habeas corpus proceedings, writs of error, changes of venue, exceptions, appeals, new trials, respites, pardons, etc., our lawmakers have labored so assiduously to protect the accused prisoner that they have become unjust to the accusing public. "Our civilization has gone too far in these matters," says the Georgia Bar Association, "and has overdone itself." "Enough has been done for those who murder," says one Chief Justice; "it is time the courts were doing something for those who do not wish to be murdered." And Justice Brewer of our United States Supreme Court, who speaks from wide experience and lifelong observation, said to the law class of Yale College a few months ago: —

"It has seemed to me at times that legislation was conceived in the spirit of obstruction to the punishment of criminals. To obstruct the administration of justice, the writ of habeas corpus, writs of error, and pleas for stays of proceedings have been resorted to by many lawyers, and, last of all, often and often stand tender-hearted executives to interpose clemency. It is not to be wondered at that some communities have arisen in their wrath and have inflicted the summary punishment that machinery of the law has delayed, and which they feared it might delay among them, too."

It may be claimed — and I know lawyers who do claim — that such expressions as these have themselves encouraged the mob spirit. But the mob gets ten times as much strength from the fact as from the publication of the fact; the danger is, not that the weakness is charged, but that it exists. Loyalty to law demands that we condemn lack of reverence for it, whatever its imperfections; but loyalty demands no less surely that we remove these imperfections that irreverence may be more readily destroyed.

Taking first things first, let us consider the matter of peremptory challenges of venire men. In most states the disparity between the number allowed the defendant and the number allowed the state is much too great. In this we have a survival of that early period of judicial history when the man accused of a capital offense was not allowed compulsory process to summon witnesses in his behalf, was without counsel to speak for him, and was supposed to be discriminated against by the officers of the law who selected the prospective jurymen. To protect the prisoner in the face of these unfair conditions, he was given much the larger number of challenges, — an advantage which he still largely retains, in spite of the fact that the defense is now on an equal footing with the prosecution. "The policy of those states which discriminate against the prosecution in this particular," says one of our best-known American authorities (Thompson and Merriam on Juries), "is not apparent. The government certainly has the same right to an impartial jury as an accused person has, and, it would seem, ought to be possessed of equal facilities for procuring it."

The latest statistics which I have been able to obtain, however, show that in the trial of prisoners for capital crimes only seven of the United States (New York, Massachusetts, Colorado, Illinois, Florida, Connecticut, and Rhode Island) have these "equal facilities for procuring an impartial jury." Three hundred peremptory challenges for the prosecution to six hundred and fifty for the defendant is about the aggregate for the several states. Massachusetts is unique in that it allows a greater number to the government than to the prisoner, — twenty-two to twenty. On the other hand, twenty for the defendant and two for the state is the rule in South Carolina, whose population is said to have furnished the largest number of murders last year, and the smallest proportion of legal hangings. In North Carolina the defendant has twenty-three peremptory challenges, the state four; and Chief Justice Clark

in a recent opinion referred to this disparity and the consequent weakening of the law as one reason for the increase of crime and lynching. "It is only necessary," he says, "for the defendant to 'run' for one man on the panel who is friendly to him, for if he can secure that man by the rejection of twenty-three others, besides those stood aside for cause, he has defeated the unanimous verdict which is requisite for conviction."

A case in point has just been brought to light in the writer's own city. In the trial of a man of wealth, charged with murder, it transpired that he had employed agents in each township to take a census of the men subject to jury duty and ascertain who were friendly to him and who hostile, who inclined to be friendly and who inclined to be hostile, — thus enabling him to use his larger number of challenges in a manner manifestly inimical to the interests of justice.

Clearly, therefore, to take away this unfair advantage given the criminal is one of the imperative tasks confronting those who would stay the mob spirit. It will make for surer punishment of criminals. But we must also have speedier trials. "Crime and punishment grow out of one stem," says Emerson; but the only way to teach the ignorant classes the logical connection between the two is to inflict the punishment while public interest is still fixed on the crime. Moreover, speed is required because punishment is sure only when it is speedy. The indignation and abhorrence which wrong-doing always excites effervesce too quickly. Let an unruly child induce its parents to postpone punishment for a week or a month, and the offense will be punished inadequately or not at all. At first the voice of our brother's blood may cry to us from the ground, but the voice grows weaker and weaker as time goes on. The legal principle, an eye for an eye and a life for a life, can be enforced only when there is a vivid realization of the victim's loss. As this becomes dimmer, the punishment of the criminal seems more and more like a new and useless effusion of blood. Thus "the law's delay," regarded even in Hamlet's day as one of life's grievous evils, is still a force for evil.

Of remedies, the most notable yet proposed is that advocated by Justice David J. Brewer. In cases of capital crime he would have the nearest judge convene court as early as possible for the trial of the accused. He would abolish appeals in all criminal cases, but would allow the prisoner to submit at once to the Supreme Court a stenographic report of the evidence, — a new trial to be granted should the court reach the conclusion that the wrong man had been convicted, but never for mere violation of legal technicalities. We may not wish to go so far, but the fact that a member of our highest court suggests such a remedy for the weakness of the judiciary and the spread of lawlessness is enough to convince all of the need of genuine reform. For example, it is stated on high authority that "not a single public official charged with wrong-doing in New York within the last fifteen years has actually received legal punishment. Many have been indicted; a number have been convicted and sentenced, but some higher court has interfered in every case, always on the ground of a flaw in the indictment or some other purely technical defect, and never on the relative merits of the question at issue." One inexcusable fault was pointed out by a Southern bar association some time ago in a resolution which declared that new trials should not be granted on account of error "unless it appear to the satisfaction of the appellate court that such error probably and reasonably affected the result adversely to the appealing party." The mere statement of such a condition is argument enough for a change. Let us not blame the criminal lawyer for using these opportunities for delay; let us blame ourselves for permitting them to exist.

The pardoning power ought also to be hedged about with greater restrictions. That it has been often abused there can be no doubt. A false idea of mercy has led many of our governors to do far-reaching harm to society. Where mercy can be given the criminal without injustice to the public, the pardoning power should be exercised. But often, to pardon means to lessen the criminal's fear of law, to weaken the citizen's confidence in it, and to strengthen the mob spirit among all classes. In such cases it is better to be merciful to a thousand law-abiding citizens than to one man whom the courts have pronounced guilty of crime. It would probably be well to restrict pardons and commutations — at least for those crimes of which the extreme penalty is death — to those recommended by the judge or solicitor of the court which tried the prisoner.

These are some of the changes needed in our general legal machinery. But we shall have to recognize the fact that the one crime which oftenest provokes lynching is a peculiar one and demands peculiar treatment. Whatever we may do in murder cases, in dealing with rape we shall have to adopt Judge Brewer's plan in its entirety.

Moreover, the Universal Peace Union and a number of prominent periodicals have recently suggested the unsexing of criminals of this class. In the South, at least, where the peril is most imminent, nothing less than death will ever be regarded as sufficient punishment. Imprisonment, however, is our only penalty for assault with intent, and for this crime the surgeon's remedy would doubtless prove more effective as a deterrent, while as a protection to society against the repetition of the offense it would be absolute. The Wilmington, Delaware, negro who was lynched last spring had once been in prison for attempted assault. Set free with the same lustful mania, a wolf in human form, he brought death to himself and to a pure-hearted victim, and shame to a great state. The law should effectively protect the public against the degenerate whose uncontrollable passion has once led him to threaten our women; if it will not, the mob will. The proposed legal remedy may be objected to as a reversion to barbaric custom, but, as Collier's Weekly observes, "no precedent for maiming as a general practice could be established in these days." And I repeat that we must recognize the fact that we have a peculiar crime, to be dealt with in a peculiar manner.

We should also take notice of the fact that lynching is often condoned because of the humiliation the wronged woman must endure in appearing against the prisoner in open court. As for the time-worn suggestion that the affidavit of the woman be accepted as sufficient, this is effectually barred by the Sixth Amendment to our national Constitution, which guarantees the right of the criminal to be "confronted by the witnesses against him." But the judge has power to keep the defendant's counsel within the bounds of decency and courtesy, even if the danger of outraging public sentiment were not alone enough to insure this. In a case of this kind a short time ago a Southern judge excluded all women and all boys under sixteen from the court house. He then requested that all "gentlemen" who were mere onlookers leave the room, and the majority left. Such methods as these might be more generally adopted. Better still, the law might empower judges in such cases to clear the room of all idle spectators. I believe it is generally admitted that this would not infringe upon the constitutional rights of the defendant.

"The establishment of greater confidence in the summary and certain punishment of the criminal," — this is Judge Brewer's remedy for lynching, and the changes we have considered will do much to bring it about. It will remove the cause of most lynchings that are regarded

as excusable, and will uncloak the inexcusable ones. For there are inexcusable, utterly inexcusable lynchings. The mob is not always actuated by fear of a guilty man's escape. Sometimes the ruling passion is only a savage, diabolical bloodthirstiness. Sometimes it is sheer and fiendish bullyism tormenting the weak and defenseless. Sometimes it is the mob leader's desire for personal vengeance, — murderous hate doing its work in the name of justice. But these criminals find refuge in the same defense which shields those who are impelled by an honest (however mistaken) desire to protect the sanctity of their homes, — the inefficiency of the law. We must deprive them of this protection and expose them to the penalties they deserve. Remove the legal shortcomings that cause law-loving men to condone lynching, and the lawless can no longer practice it with impunity. Excepting possibly for the most heinous crimes and in communities where the white population is entirely outnumbered by negroes of the lowest type, lynching can then be made odious and punishable (as it should be).

For our warfare on mob law will not be complete without a stringent, but flexible and enforcible anti-lynching law. First of all, the law must recognize the fact that the average lyncher, criminal as he is, does not deserve the punishment given for capital crime, and that to refuse to recognize lynching as anything but murder is equivalent to refusing to recognize it as a crime at all; for it cannot be punished as murder. There should be a wide range of penalties, beginning with a fine and brief imprisonment for the man who joins a mob, prompted only by a desire to punish crime, and ending with death for the possible enormity of using the mob to kill a personal enemy. If only a three months' term in jail stared every lyncher in the face, only the sternest sense of duty or the strongest of passions would cause men to take the law into their own hands. And not only should lynchers be punished, but all officers who tamely surrender prisoners to the fury of the mob ought to be severely dealt with.

Finally, good men everywhere must preach in season and out of season the sanctity of law and the peril of lawlessness. We must excuse lynching under no conditions, for as certainly as a fire, fanned to a fury in one room, will sweep on to other rooms, so certainly will the mob, if generally encouraged to punish one crime, sweep irresistibly on to supplant the court at all points. Instead of excusing it where the crime is horrible and the guilt of the criminal undoubted, we must teach that in such cases mob law is the more indefensible — because of the increased certainty and speed of legal punishment.

It is not the criminal's rights, but the court's rights, that we need to emphasize. In his heart of hearts every man must say with the lynchers that the rapist is a brute who has forfeited all human rights. But the law that we have set up in God's name, and in the name of all the people, — this has the highest and noblest of rights, and it is the law's right to try the criminal, not the criminal's right to a lawful trial, that is violated whenever and wherever an irresponsible minority usurps the powers which the whole people have vested in our courts of justice. We need to teach that, if Satan himself should commit a crime, we should try him in legal form, — not for Satan's sake, but for the sake of law and order and civilization; not that he would have the right to a court trial, but that our courts alone would have the right to try him; and that trial by any other body is, and will ever be, usurpation and minority rule, — un-American, undemocratic, and unendurable.

II.

So much for the direct ways of attacking the mob spirit. With these improvements in our judicial system, I believe that lynching for any other crime

than that against white women can be stopped within a reasonable period of time, and that lynching for this offense can be materially and steadily diminished. For this crime, however, the less intelligent classes will long regard the mob as the rightful executioner; and it is by this crime, and this only, that the lynching evil can be kept alive in the South. It is not without reason, therefore, that so much of this paper is devoted to a discussion of how to stop the offense which, under existing conditions, will continue to provoke outbreaks of mob violence, and which, even with a perfect law, would mightily stir the passions of the people.

There are two ways of working to this end. We should (1) endeavor to put such safeguards about those exposed to the crime as to make its commission less frequent, and (2) endeavor to destroy the spirit of savagery and backwardness of which this offense is but one of many evidences.

The first consideration of those who seek direct methods of preventing the crime is to provide better protection to residents of isolated country districts. Of course, the progress of civilization is itself contributing to the solution of this problem. As population becomes denser and the people get into closer touch with one another by means of good roads, the criminal's chances of escape correspondingly decrease, and crime dies when the hope of escape dies. The rural telephone system, where it has been introduced, is also a notable deterrent, for, as a correspondent in another county has just reminded me, "no sane man is likely to commit a heinous crime in a community where a network of wires makes it easy to put the entire neighborhood immediately on the alert."

But as yet these agencies are not widespread, and for some years to come we must depend on other remedies. In the first place, the vagrancy laws should be more strictly enforced, and the public should be continually on guard against the reckless, roving element of blacks from which the criminal class is chiefly recruited. The rural districts should also have better police protection. A member of the Georgia Legislature last winter presented a bill for a rural police patrol, — mounted patrolmen to guard country residents against tramps and criminals in much the same way that the "patty-rollers" of the Uncle Remus stories guarded the people against vicious or runaway slaves. This bill of Mr. Blackburn's attracted much attention and much favorable comment, and I shall not be surprised to find the idea generally adopted by Southern Legislatures within the next ten years.

And now we come to the deeper and profounder problem, — that of dealing with the spirit back of the crime, the spirit of degradation and animalism of which the rapist is the most horrible product. It is the old story of the white man's burden. And we have the old message so often repeated by the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry: "We must lift these people up or they will drag us down."

Fraught with much meaning is the fact that the crime against white women was practically unknown in slavery; that not one of the hundreds of graduates who have gone out from Hampton and Tuskegee has ever been guilty of it; and that of those who commit this crime to-day few are able to read, have steady employment, or own homes. Ignorance, idleness, thriftlessness, — out of these does crime come, and against these must our warfare be waged if we would destroy the spirit that breeds crime. The discipline of steady labor is a wonderful restraint on the passions, and the fact that women were not attacked by even the lowest negroes in slavery must be chiefly attributed to this. Of the negro prisoners in 1890 (the 1900 census figures on crime are not yet available), less

than one tenth had trades, and less than two fifths were able to read and write.

I look then to right industrial, educational, and religious training as our chief safeguard against negro crime. Only a few weeks ago a friend of the writer's reported this illustration: "Last year I spent some time on one of the islands off the Georgia coast where the negroes when emancipated were as depraved as anywhere in the South. They even offered libations to the moon. But into that mass of ignorant blacks two good teachers went, and set about uplifting the people, morally, industrially, intellectually. When I was there last summer the Southern lady with whom I stopped went with her young daughter on a night trip of five miles across the island, and without a thought of danger."

But do the general, nation-wide results indicate that education is helpful? It has often been claimed that they do not. And in proof we have the oft-repeated charge that the percentage of literacy among negro criminals in 1890 was higher than that for the total negro population, — in other words, that the literate negroes furnished a larger proportion of prisoners than the illiterate. This statement was made in an address before the National Prison Association in 1897. It was printed in one of our foremost magazines, the North American Review, in June, 1900. It was repeated by a governor of Georgia in a public message. A Mississippi preacher has sent it broadcast over the South, and it was doubtless used in the recent campaign in that state. Scores of papers have copied it. Even now a Southern daily which I have just received has a two-column argument against negro education, based on the alleged census figures. "To school the negro," says the writer, "is to increase his criminality. Official statistics do not lie, and they tell us that the negroes who can read and write are more criminal than the illiterate. In New England, where they are best educated, they are four and a half times as criminal as in the Black Belt, where they are most ignorant. The more money for negro education, the more negro crime. This is the unmistakable showing of the United States Census."

That such statements as these have thus far gone unchallenged should indeed excite our special wonder. It was only a desire to get the exact figures that led me to discover their falsity. The truth is, that of the negro prisoners in 1890 only 38.88 per cent were able to read and write, while of the total negro population 42.90 per cent were able to read and write.[1] And in every division of the country save one (and that with only a handful of negro criminals) the prisons testified that the literate negroes were less lawless than the illiterate. To make the matter plain, the following figures have been prepared by the United States Bureau of Education. They show the number of criminals furnished by each 100,000 colored literates, and the number furnished by each 100,000 colored illiterates, according to the Census of 1890: —

CRIMINALS IN EACH 100,000.

Section.	Literates.	Illiterates.
North Atlantic Division	828	1174
South Atlantic Division	320	426
South Central Division	317	498
North Central Division	807	820
Western Division	542	518

When we consider that there were only 258 negro prisoners in all the Western Division (out of the 24,277 in the Union), the mere accident that, of these few, seven more than the exact proportion came from the literate element loses all significance; the test is on a scale too small for general conclusions. Summing up, it appears that of our total colored population in 1890 each 100,000 illiterates furnished 489 criminals, and

[1] See Compendium of Census, part iii. p. 300, and Bulletin on Crime, Pauperism and Benevolence, part i. p. 173.

each 100,000 literates only 413 criminals. Even more striking testimony comes from the North Carolina State's Prison situated in the writer's own city. In the two years during which it has kept a record, the proportion of negro criminals from the illiterate class has been forty per cent larger than from the class which has had school training.

It is plain, therefore, that even with the pitifully foolish and inefficient methods which have obtained heretofore, the schooling the negro has had has been helpful and not harmful. But we must adopt a wiser policy. Industrial education, as exemplified in Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes, strikes directly at the evils which foster crime; and to breathe the spirit of these institutions into the general public school system of the race is the imperative and immediate duty of those who have the matter in charge. To delay in this means danger. It is the impotence and ineptness of the old systems that have brought people to doubt the wisdom of all negro education. A direct result is the triumph of Governor-elect Vardaman of Mississippi, on the platform, "No white taxes to teach negroes."

But even if the negro's schools were not to be improved and rationalized, to adopt the Vardaman policy would be disastrous. It means either that we are to abandon the black man to animalism, and honeycomb the South with African savagery, or that we are to surrender his education to incensed leaders and fanatical theorists, — and from their sowing of dragons' teeth we have had harvest enough. The present prevalence of negro crime is probably due in some measure to unwholesome notions of social equality and intermarriage that they have inculcated, — the natural, elemental passion to breed upward, to mate with a higher order, called forth in violent form. How much worse would be the condition if the teaching of millions of negro children were entirely surrendered to this class! We must abandon the errors in our educational work, but not the work itself.

And not only must we use the schools to guide the young negroes into right paths, but to stay the spread of crime there must be greater coöperation between the religious leaders of the whites and the religious leaders of the blacks. The strongest religious denomination in the South will make a step in this direction at its next general convention. As a factor in actual life negro religion now counts for almost nothing, and the moral instruction of the young is probably inferior to that given by the slaveholders of the Upper South. Hysterical preaching is more popular than Biblical teaching. A typical illustration has just come to my notice. An intelligent, educated negro pastor had been laboring earnestly with his congregation, trying to raise their morals and give them worthier ideals. He went away for a week, and found on his return that he had been supplanted. An old-time "mourner" preacher, appealing only to the emotions, had captivated the membership by making everybody "happy." Writing of this problem in a recent Hampton Institute publication, Frances A. Kellor says: "The religious life of the negro to-day, with its mysticism, superstition, and excesses, in some cases predisposes to crime. It accentuates an excess of emotion, which condition is traced in many criminal cases." And yet we are sending missionaries thousands of miles to Africa while the Africa at our own doors goes neglected.

The white people of the South should do their full duty in providing proper educational and religious training for the blacks, and then they should hold the negro leaders largely responsible for the moral condition of the race. As one of the most thoughtful and conservative North Carolina editors has said: "The negro preachers, teachers, and leaders must be made to feel their

responsibility for negro crime. They should manufacture an anti-raping sentiment, and force it down through the several strata of their society until it touches bottom; then outrages would cease. They have not done it. Instead they have virtually encouraged the crime by denouncing only its punishment by the mob." So careful a journal as the Review of Reviews has commented on this indifference on the part of the colored leaders. "Why do they bother themselves so much about the lynching of negro criminals and so little about the hideousness of negro crime?" asks Dr. Shaw. "Here we have the most painful aspect of the whole problem."

This condition, moreover, is reflected in the negro's general attitude toward law. Not a guardian protecting his rights, but an enemy restricting his freedom, has always been his conception of government. Lynching would be much less frequently resorted to, if the negroes, instead of concealing and shielding their criminals, would disown them and coöperate with the whites in the endeavor to punish them.

But let us also deal honestly with ourselves. Let us see to it that we place no stumbling-block in the path of the weaker race. Here, for example, is a charge which comes, I believe, from Dr. H. B. Frissell, of Hampton Institute: "The way in which many respectable, intelligent colored girls are hounded by white men of the baser sort does much to create bitterness among the negroes, and leads them to palliate the crimes of their own race." If this condition exists in any degree whatever we ought to free ourselves from the shame of it. The pressure of outraged public opinion should be strongly brought to bear on any white man who by any means encourages immorality among negro women. It is demoralizing. It is unworthy of our race. It reacts to our hurt. The bestiality of negro men is fostered by the unchastity of negro women. No form of racial amalgamation must find toleration among the whites.

Here, too, is a charge by Professor W. H. Council, one of our best-known negro educators: "The negroes are brutalized, prepared for a career of crime, by low saloons and dens of vice, and these vice-factories owe their existence to white people. The blacks make no laws, they execute no laws. No judge or board of aldermen would allow the establishment of a saloon on the petition of negroes alone." In view of the earnestness with which we have sought to protect the Indian against the demoralizing effects of drink and vice, it is surprising that the phase of the matter to which Professor Council alludes has not had more attention. I would commend to other states the action of our last North Carolina Legislature in abolishing all saloons in rural districts. In a community in which the whites are in a minority, and without police protection, it is little less than suicidal to keep a bar-room to inflame the passions and derange the reasons of criminally disposed negroes.

III.

And the outlook — what of it? I see no reason whatever for pessimism. The careful reader has probably anticipated this point, and has perceived that three notable forces are making against the progress of the mob spirit.

1. The delays, the technicalities, the solemn plausibilities of our legal machinery have done much to promote the evil. But now there are unmistakable signs of a public awakening. Reforms will follow, and lynching will become less frequent as law becomes more effective.

2. The sudden translation of the negro from a state of slavery to that of freedom and political prestige engendered unnatural aspirations and unwholesome tendencies. With many, to avoid manual labor and to get social recognition among the whites became a ruling passion. But now the leaders of the race are

beginning to lay emphasis on the fundamentals, industry and character, as of more importance than political ambition or a veneering of impossible "culture." A Booker Washington, who trains workers, and who preaches peace and self-reliance, has succeeded a Frederick Douglass, whose business was politics, and who preached social equality and practiced miscegenation. The change is to uplift negro character, and to decrease lynchings by decreasing the crimes which provoke lynching.

3. The isolation of our rural districts has made effective police protection impossible, thus widening the opportunities for crime and the opportunities for the punishment of crime by the mob. But with the coming of denser population and quicker means of communication, the diminished number of crimes and the greater efficiency of the law will alike insure the decadence of the mob spirit.

In its deepest meaning, lynch law is only a belated outcropping of primitive anarchy, a symptom of an immature civilization. The development of the reforms I have indicated will bring the day when it can no longer exist in an American atmosphere.

Clarence H. Poe.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN.

[The following recollections of Abraham Lincoln are from the pen of the late Henry Villard, war correspondent and financier, and form part of his autobiography, which is shortly to appear in book form. Mr. Villard came to the United States from Germany in 1853, and as soon as he had mastered the English language began newspaper work, contributing to various New York and Western journals. He first met Mr. Lincoln while reporting the Lincoln-Douglas debate for the New York Staats-Zeitung, as stated below. From that time on it was his good fortune to see a great deal of Mr. Lincoln, and to accompany him to New York on his journey to Washington for his inauguration, and to win Mr. Lincoln's confidence. He was in turn able to be of service to Mr. Lincoln in various ways, as, for instance, in bringing to the President the first authentic account of the condition of the Army of the Potomac after the battle of Fredericksburg. — The Editors.]

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.

The first joint debate between Douglas and Lincoln which I attended (the second in the series of seven) took place on the afternoon of August 27, 1858, at Freeport, Illinois. It was the great event of the day, and attracted an immense concourse of people from all parts of the state. Douglas spoke first for an hour, followed by Lincoln for an hour and a half; upon which the former closed in another half hour. The Democratic spokesman commanded a strong, sonorous voice, a rapid, vigorous utterance, a telling play of countenance, impressive gestures, and all the other arts of the practiced speaker. As far as all external conditions were concerned, there was nothing in favor of Lincoln. He had a lean, lank, indescribably gawky figure, an odd-featured, wrinkled, inexpressive, and altogether uncomely face. He used singularly awkward, almost absurd, up-and-down and sidewise movements of his body to give emphasis to his arguments. His voice was naturally good, but he frequently raised it to an unnatural pitch. Yet the unprejudiced mind felt at once that, while there was on the one side a skillful dialectician and debater arguing a wrong and weak cause, there was on the other a thoroughly earnest and truthful man, inspired by sound convictions in consonance with the true spirit of American institutions. There was nothing in all Douglas's powerful effort that appealed to the higher instincts of

human nature, while Lincoln always touched sympathetic chords. Lincoln's speech excited and sustained the enthusiasm of his audience to the end. When he had finished, two stalwart young farmers rushed on the platform, and, in spite of his remonstrances, seized and put him on their shoulders and carried him in that uncomfortable posture for a considerable distance. It was really a ludicrous sight to see the grotesque figure holding frantically to the heads of his supporters, with his legs dangling from their shoulders, and his pantaloons pulled up so as to expose his underwear almost to his knees. Douglas made dexterous use of this incident in his next speech, expressing sincere regret that, against his wish, he had used up his old friend Lincoln so completely that he had to be carried off the stage. Lincoln retaliated by saying at the first opportunity that he had known Judge Douglas long and well, but there was nevertheless one thing he could not say of him, and that was that the Judge always told the truth.

I was introduced to Lincoln at Freeport, and met him frequently afterwards in the course of the campaign. I must say frankly that, although I found him most approachable, good-natured, and full of wit and humor, I could not take a real personal liking to the man, owing to an inborn weakness for which he was even then notorious and so remained during his great public career. He was inordinately fond of jokes, anecdotes, and stories. He loved to hear them, and still more to tell them himself out of the inexhaustible supply provided by his good memory and his fertile fancy. There would have been no harm in this but for the fact that, the coarser the joke, the lower the anecdote, and the more risky the story, the more he enjoyed them, especially when they were of his own invention. He possessed, moreover, a singular ingenuity in bringing about occasions in conversation for indulgences of this kind. I have to confess, too, that, aside from the prejudice against him which I felt on this account, I shared the belief of a good many independent thinkers at the time, including prominent leaders of the Republican party, that, with regard to separating more effectively the anti-slavery Northern from the pro-slavery Southern wing of the Democracy, it would have been better if the reëlection of Douglas had not been opposed.

The party warfare was hotly continued in all parts of the state from early summer till election day in November. Besides the seven joint debates, both Douglas and Lincoln spoke scores of times separately, and numerous other speakers from Illinois and other states contributed incessantly to the agitation. The two leaders visited almost every county in the state. I heard four of the joint debates, and six other speeches by Lincoln and eight by his competitor. Of course, the later efforts became substantial repetitions of the preceding ones, and to listen to them grew more and more tiresome to me. As I had seen something of political campaigns before, this one did not exercise the full charm of novelty upon me. Still, even if I had been a far more callous observer, I could not have helped being struck with the efficient party organizations, the skillful tactics of the managers, the remarkable feats of popular oratory, and the earnestness and enthusiasm of the audiences I witnessed. It was a most instructive object-lesson in practical party politics, and filled me with admiration for the Anglo-American method of working out popular destiny.

In other respects, my experiences were not altogether agreeable. It was a very hot summer, and I was obliged to travel almost continuously. Illinois had then only about a million and a half of inhabitants, poorly constructed railroads, and bad country roads, over which latter I had to journey quite as much as over the former. The taverns in town and

country, as a rule, were wretched; and, as I moved about with the candidates and their followers and encountered crowds everywhere, I fared miserably in many places. Especially in the southern part of the state, then known as "Egypt" and mostly inhabited by settlers from the Southern states, food and lodging were nearly always simply abominable. I still vividly remember the day of semi-starvation, and the night with half-a-dozen room-mates, I passed at Jonesboro', where the third joint debate took place.

I saw more of Illinois than I have since seen of any other state in the Union, and I acquired a thorough faith, based on the immeasurable fertility of her prairies, in the great growth that she has since attained. I also formed many valuable acquaintances, a number of which have continued to this day. It was then that I first saw my lifelong friend Horace White, who accompanied Mr. Lincoln as the representative of the Chicago Tribune, and R. R. Hitt, the official stenographer of the Republican candidate. He was one of the most skilled shorthand writers in the country, and his success as such led in due time to his appointment as reporter of the United States Supreme Court. This position he resigned for a successful career as diplomat and Congressman.

I firmly believe that, if Stephen A. Douglas had lived, he would have had a brilliant national career. Freed by the Southern rebellion from all identification with pro-slavery interests, the road would have been open to the highest fame and position for which his unusual talents qualified him. As I took final leave of him and Lincoln, doubtless neither of them had any idea that within two years they would be rivals again in the Presidential race. I had it from Lincoln's own lips that the United States Senatorship was the greatest political height he at the time expected to climb. He was full of doubt, too, of his ability to secure the majority of the Legislature against Douglas. These confidences he imparted to me on a special occasion which I must not omit to mention in detail before leaving this subject.

He and I met accidentally, about nine o'clock on a hot, sultry evening, at a flag railroad station about twenty miles west of Springfield, on my return from a great meeting at Petersburg in Menard County. He had been driven to the station in a buggy and left there alone. I was already there. The train that we intended to take for Springfield was about due. After vainly waiting for half an hour for its arrival, a thunderstorm compelled us to take refuge in an empty freight car standing on a side track, there being no buildings of any sort at the station. We squatted down on the floor of the car and fell to talking on all sorts of subjects. It was then and there he told me that, when he was clerking in a country store, his highest political ambition was to be a member of the state Legislature. "Since then, of course," he said laughingly, "I have grown some, but my friends got me into *this* business [meaning the canvass]. I did not consider myself qualified for the United States Senate, and it took me a long time to persuade myself that I was. Now, to be sure," he continued, with another of his peculiar laughs, "I am convinced that I am good enough for it; but, in spite of it all, I am saying to myself every day: 'It is too big a thing for you; you will never get it.' Mary [his wife] insists, however, that I am going to be Senator and President of the United States, too." These last words he followed with a roar of laughter, with his arms around his knees, and shaking all over with mirth at his wife's ambition. "Just think," he exclaimed, "of such a sucker as me as President!"

He then fell to asking questions regarding my antecedents, and expressed some surprise at my fluent use of English after so short a residence in the United States. Next he wanted to know

whether it was true that most of the educated people in Germany were "infidels." I answered that they were not openly professed infidels, but such a conclusion might be drawn from the fact that most of them were not church-goers. "I do not wonder at that," he rejoined; "my own inclination is that way." I ventured to give expression to my own disbelief in the doctrine of the Christian Church relative to the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, and immortality. This led him to put other questions to me to draw me out. He did not commit himself, but I received the impression that he was of my own way of thinking. It was no surprise to me, therefore, to find in the writings of his biographers Ward Hill Lamon and W. H. Herndon that I had correctly understood him. Our talk continued till half-past ten, when the belated train arrived. I cherish this accidental rencontre as one of my most precious recollections, since my companion of that night has become one of the greatest figures in history.

I went from Jonesboro' to Chicago, and remained there till after the election. I considered the outcome so uncertain that I did not venture any predictions in my correspondence. Douglas himself, I knew, was much in doubt; Lincoln and his friends were very confident, and therefore bitterly disappointed by the result.

LINCOLN AND THE BUFFALO ROBE.

[In 1859 Mr. Villard went as correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial to Colorado to report upon the newly discovered gold regions. On his return journey over the plains, which was made in a two-horse wagon, there occurred the meeting described by him as follows: —]

About thirty miles from St. Joseph an extraordinary incident occurred. A buggy with two occupants was coming toward us over the open prairie. As it approached, I thought I recognized one of them, and, sure enough, it turned out to be no less a person than Abraham Lincoln! I stopped the wagon, called him by name, and jumped off to shake hands. He did not recognize me with my full beard and pioneer's costume. When I said, "Don't you know me?" and gave my name, he looked at me, most amazed, and then burst out laughing. "Why, good gracious! you look like a real Pike's Peaker." His surprise at this unexpected meeting was as great as mine. He was on a lecturing tour through Kansas. It was a cold morning, and the wind blew cuttingly from the northwest. He was shivering in the open buggy, without even a roof over it, in a short overcoat, and without any covering for his legs. I offered him one of my buffalo robes, which he gratefully accepted. He undertook, of course, to return it to me, but I never saw it again. After ten minutes' chat, we separated. The next time I saw him he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency.

SPRINGFIELD.

[In the last days of November, 1860, the Associated Press sent Mr. Villard to Springfield, Illinois, to report current events at that place by telegraph, until the departure of Mr. Lincoln for Washington. This duty brought Mr. Villard into daily relations with the President-elect, who gave him a most friendly welcome and bade him ask for information at any time he wished it.]

Mr. Lincoln soon found, after his election, that his modest two-story frame dwelling was altogether inadequate for the throng of local callers and of visitors from a distance, and, accordingly, he gladly availed himself of the offer of the use of the governor's room in the Capitol building. On my arrival, he had already commenced spending a good part of each day in it. He appeared daily, except Sundays, between nine and ten o'clock, and held a reception till noon, to which all comers were admitted, without even the formality of first sending in cards. Whoever chose to call received the same hearty greeting. At noon, he went home to dinner and reappeared at about two. Then his correspondence was given proper attention, and visitors of

distinction were seen by special appointment at either the State House or the hotel. Occasionally, but very rarely, he passed some time in his law office. In the evening, old friends called at his home for the exchange of news and political views. At times, when important news was expected, he would go to the telegraph or newspaper offices after supper, and stay there till late. Altogether, probably no other president-elect was so approachable to everybody, at least during the first weeks of my stay. But he found in the end, as was to be expected, that this popular practice involved a good deal of fatigue, and that he needed more time for himself; and the hours he gave up to the public were gradually restricted.

I was present almost daily for more or less time during his morning receptions. I generally remained a silent listener, as I could get at him at other hours when I was in need of information. It was a most interesting study to watch the manner of his intercourse with callers. As a rule, he showed remarkable tact in dealing with each of them, whether they were rough-looking Sangamon County farmers still addressing him familiarly as "Abe," sleek and pert commercial travelers, staid merchants, sharp politicians, or preachers, lawyers, or other professional men. He showed a very quick and shrewd perception of and adaptation to individual characteristics and peculiarities. He never evaded a proper question, or failed to give a fit answer. He was ever ready for an argument, which always had an original flavor, and, as a rule, he got the better in the discussion. There was, however, one limitation to the freedom of his talks with his visitors. A great many of them naturally tried to draw him out as to his future policy as President regarding the secession movement in the South, but he would not commit himself. The most remarkable and attractive feature of those daily "levees," however, was his constant indulgence of his story-telling propensity. Of course, all the visitors had heard of it and were eager for the privilege of listening to a practical illustration of his preëminence in that line. He knew this, and took special delight in meeting their wishes. He never was at a loss for a story or an anecdote to explain a meaning or enforce a point, the aptness of which was always perfect. His supply was apparently inexhaustible, and the stories sounded so real that it was hard to determine whether he repeated what he had heard from others, or had invented himself.

None of his hearers enjoyed the wit — and wit was an unfailing ingredient — of his stories half as much as he did himself. It was a joy indeed to see the effect upon him. A high-pitched laughter lighted up his otherwise melancholy countenance with thorough merriment. His body shook all over with gleeful emotion, and when he felt particularly good over his performance, he followed his habit of drawing his knees, with his arms around them, up to his very face, as I had seen him do in 1858. I am sorry to state that he often allowed himself altogether too much license in the concoction of the stories. He seemed to be bent upon making his hit by fair means or foul. In other words, he never hesitated to tell a coarse or even outright nasty story, if it served his purpose. All his personal friends could bear testimony on this point. It was a notorious fact that this fondness for low talk clung to him even in the White House. More than once I heard him "with malice aforethought" get off purposely some repulsive fiction in order to rid himself of an uncomfortable caller. Again and again I felt disgust and humiliation that such a person should have been called upon to direct the destinies of a great nation in the direst period of its history. Yet his achievements during the next few years proved him to be one of the great leaders of mankind in adversity, in

whom low leanings only set off more strikingly his better qualities. At the time of which I speak, I could not have persuaded myself that the man might possibly possess true greatness of mind and nobility of heart. I do not wish to convey the idea, however, that he was mainly given to trivialities and vulgarities in his conversation; for, in spite of his frequent outbreaks of low humor, his was really a very sober and serious nature, and even inclined to gloominess to such an extent that all his biographers have attributed a strongly melancholic disposition to him.

I often availed myself of his authorization to come to him at any time for information. There were two questions in which the public, of course, felt the deepest interest, and upon which I was expected to supply light, namely, the composition of his Cabinet, and his views upon the secession movement that was daily growing in extent and strength. As to the former, he gave me to understand early, by indirection, that, as everybody expected, William H. Seward and S. P. Chase, his competitors for the presidential nomination, would be among his constitutional advisers. It was hardly possible for him not to recognize them, and he steadily turned a deaf ear to the remonstrances that were made against them as "extreme men" by leading politicians from the Border States, particularly from Kentucky and Missouri. As to the remaining members of his Cabinet, they were definitely selected much later, and after a protracted and wearisome tussle with the delegations of various states that came to Springfield to urge the claims of their "favorite sons." I shall refer again to this subject.

No one who heard him talk upon the other question could fail to discover his "other side," and to be impressed with his deep earnestness, his anxious contemplation of public affairs, and his thorough sense of the extraordinary responsibilities that were coming upon him. He never refused to talk with me about secession, but generally evaded answers to specific interrogatories, and confined himself to generalizations. I was present at a number of conversations which he had with leading public men upon the same subject, when he showed the same reserve. He did not hesitate to say that the Union ought to, and in his opinion would, be preserved, and to go into long arguments in support of the proposition, based upon the history of the republic, the homogeneity of the population, the natural features of the country, such as the common coast, the rivers and mountains, that compelled political and commercial unity. But he could not be got to say what he would do in the face of Southern secession, except that as President he should be sworn to maintain the Constitution of the United States, and that he was therefore bound to fulfill that duty. He met in the same general way the frequent questions whether he should consider it his duty to resort to coercion by force of arms against the states engaged in attempts to secede. In connection therewith I understood him, however, several times to express doubts as to the practicability of holding the slave states in the Union by main force, if they were all determined to break it up. He was often embarrassed by efforts of radical anti-slavery men to get something out of him in encouragement of their hopes that the crisis would result in the abolition of slavery. He did not respond as they wished, and made it clear that he did not desire to be considered an "abolitionist," and that he still held the opinion that property in slaves was entitled to protection under the Constitution, and that its owners could not be deprived of it without due compensation. Consciously or unconsciously, he, like everybody else, must have been influenced in his views by current events. As political passion in the South rose

higher and higher, and actual defiance of Federal authority by deeds of violence occurred almost daily after his election, culminating in the formal secession of seven states and the establishment of the Southern Confederacy under Jefferson Davis at Montgomery, Alabama, the belief, which he doubtless had originally, that by a conciliatory course as President he could pacify the rebellious states, must have become shaken. Still, I think I interpret his views up to the time of his departure for Washington correctly in saying that he had not lost faith in the preservation of peace between the North and the South, and he certainly did not dream that his principal duty would be to raise great armies and fleets, and the means to maintain them, for the suppression of the most determined and sanguinary rebellion, in defense of slavery, that our planet ever witnessed.

The Jacksonian "doctrine" that "to the victors belong the spoils" was still so universally the creed of all politicians, that it was taken for granted there would be a change not only in all the principal, but also in all the minor, Federal offices. It was also expected that the other time-honored party practice of a division of executive patronage among the several states would be carried out. Accordingly there appeared deputations from all the Northern and Border States at Springfield to put in their respective claims for recognition. Some of them came not only once, but several times. From a number of states several delegations turned up, representing rival factions in the Republican ranks, each pretending to be the rightful claimant. Almost every state presented candidates for the Cabinet and for the principal diplomatic and departmental offices. The hotel was the principal haunt of the place-hunters. The tricks, the intrigues, and the manœuvres that were practiced by them in pursuit of their aims came nearly all within the range of my observation, as it was my duty to furnish the earliest possible news of their success or failure. As a rule, the various sets of spoilsmen were very willing to take me into their confidence, but it was not always easy to distinguish what was true in their communications from what they wished me to say to the press purely in furtherance of their interests. Among the political visitors the most prominent I met were: Simon Cameron, S. P. Chase, Thurlow Weed, Lyman Trumbull, N. B. Judd, Richard J. Oglesby, Francis P. Blair, Sr. and Jr., B. Gratz Brown, William Dennison, D. C. Carter of Ohio, Henry J. Winter, and Oliver P. Morton. Thurlow Weed was by far the most interesting figure and the most astute operator among them all.

From what I have said, it will be understood that the President-elect had a hard time of it with the office-seekers. But as he himself was a thorough believer in the doctrine of rotation in office, he felt it his duty to submit to this tribulation. The Cabinet appointments, other than those already named, were especially troublesome to him. There was an intense struggle between Indiana and Illinois, most embarrassing inasmuch as there were several candidates from his own state, all intimate personal friends. Then came the bitter contest between the Border States of Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland, and the Pennsylvania cabals pro and contra Simon Cameron. Amidst all his perplexities, Lincoln displayed a good deal of patience and shrewdness in dealing with these personal problems. His never-failing stories helped many times to heal wounded feelings and mitigate disappointments. But he gradually showed the wear and tear of these continuous visitations, and finally looked so careworn as to excite one's compassion.

THE JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

During the month of January, 1861, there appeared in Springfield one W. S.

Wood, a former hotel manager and organizer of pleasure excursions, I believe, from the interior of New York state, who, on the recommendation of Thurlow Weed, was to take charge of all the arrangements for the journey of the President-elect to Washington. He was a man of comely appearance, greatly impressed with the importance of his mission, and inclined to assume airs of consequence and condescension. As he showed a disposition to ignore me, I made a direct appeal to Mr. Lincoln, who instructed him that I was to be one of the presidential party. In fact, I was the only member of the press forming part of it as far as Cincinnati, although Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, for some unexplained reason, fail to mention me in naming the members of the party.

The start on the memorable journey was made shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of Monday, February 11. It was a clear, crisp winter day. Only about one hundred people, mostly personal friends, were assembled at the station to shake hands for the last time with their distinguished townsman. It was not strange that he yielded to the sad feelings which must have moved him at the thought of what lay behind and what was before him, and gave them utterance in a pathetic formal farewell to the gathering crowd, as follows: —

"My Friends, — No one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him, and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

I reproduce this here, as but for me it would not have been preserved in the exact form in which it was delivered. It was entirely extemporized, and, knowing this, I prevailed on Mr. Lincoln, immediately after starting, to write it out for me on a "pad." I sent it over the wires from the first telegraph station. I kept the pencil manuscript for some time, but, unfortunately, lost it in my wanderings in the course of the civil war.

Our traveling companions at the start were (besides Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and their three sons) W. S. Wood; J. G. Nicolay and John Hay; two old personal friends of Mr. Lincoln, Judge David Davis of Bloomington, afterwards Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and N. B. Judd of Chicago, who had the promise of the Secretaryship of the Interior; Dr. W. S. Wallace, a brother-in-law; Lockwood Todd, a relative of Mrs. Lincoln, who was employed on several important political missions during the next few months; and Ward Hill Lamon, a lawyer of Bloomington, who afterwards became United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, and as such a sort of major-domo at the White House, and finally the author of a biography of Abraham Lincoln. For describing him in this as an infidel Lamon was much and unjustly attacked. He brought a banjo along, and amused us with negro songs. There was also a military escort, consisting of Colonel Edwin Vose Sumner, the white-haired commander of a cavalry regiment of the regular army, and of Major David Hunter, Captain John Pope, and Captain

Hazard of the same service. Colonel Sumner, Major Hunter, and Captain Pope became well-known commanding generals during the war. Another "military" character, a sort of pet of Mr. Lincoln, was Colonel E. E. Ellsworth, who, though a mere youth, of small but broad figure, curly black head, and handsome features, had achieved considerable local notoriety as a captain of a crack "Zouave" militia company in Chicago. He was one of the first victims of the civil war, being shot by a rebel while raising the United States flag at Alexandria, Virginia.

The party had a special train, composed at first only of an ordinary passenger car, — there were no parlor or drawing-room or sleeping cars in those days, — a baggage-car, and engine. The first day's journey took us from the capital of Illinois to that of Indiana. Until we reached the boundary of the latter state, the demonstrations along the route were insignificant, except at Decatur, where a great crowd, headed by Richard J. Oglesby, then a hotel-keeper, but subsequently a general in the war, Governor, and United States Senator, greeted the future Chief Magistrate, who delivered another farewell speech. At the boundary, the train was boarded by a large delegation of leading Indianians, including Schuyler Colfax, Henry S. Lane, Caleb B. Smith, and Thomas H. Nelson. At Lafayette, a great crowd awaited our coming, and the President-elect had to appear and speak to them. At Indianapolis, where the first day's journey ended, he was formally welcomed by Governor Oliver P. Morton, and replied to him at length. His speech was remarkable for the first public intimation that he should consider it his duty as President to retake the properties of the United States, including the forts unlawfully seized by the rebellious states, and otherwise reëstablish the authority of the Federal Government.

The next stage of the journey was from Indianapolis to Cincinnati; the third, from Cincinnati to Columbus; the fourth, from Columbus to Pittsburg; the fifth, from Pittsburg to Cleveland; the sixth, from Cleveland to Buffalo, where a rest was taken over Sunday. The eighth day the journey was continued as far as Albany, and on the following day we reached New York. Everywhere there were formal welcomes by the state or municipal authorities and by great crowds of people, with brass bands, and public and private receptions. In different localities pleasant variations were offered in the way of serenades, torchlight processions, and gala theatrical performances. Altogether, the President had every reason to feel flattered and encouraged by the demonstrations in his honor. But the journey was a very great strain upon his physical and mental strength, and he was well-nigh worn out when he reached Buffalo. He must have spoken at least fifty times during the week. In the kindness of his heart — not from any love of adulation, for he really felt very awkward about it — he never refused to respond to a call for his appearance wherever the train stopped. While he thus satisfied the public curiosity, he disappointed, by his appearance, most of those who saw him for the first time. I could see that impression clearly written on the faces of his rustic audiences. Nor was this surprising, for they certainly saw the most unprepossessing features, the gawkiest figure, and the most awkward manners. Lincoln always had an embarrassed air, too, like a country clodhopper appearing in fashionable society, and was nearly always stiff and unhappy in his off-hand remarks. The least creditable performance en route was his attempt to say something on the question of tariff legislation in his Pittsburg speech. What he said was really nothing but crude, ignorant twaddle, without point or meaning. It proved him to be the veriest novice in economic matters, and strengthened my doubts as to his capacity for the high office he was to fill.

So poor was his talk that most of the Republican papers, while they printed it, abstained from comment.

After ten days of the wearisome sameness of the "performances" at the several halting-places, I was very sick of the "traveling show," and I therefore asked to be relieved from my duties on reaching New York. My request was granted, and I remained behind. It turned out that I lost only the reception in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, as the journey was cut short by the incognito night run of the President from Harrisburg to Washington. This sudden move on his part created at the time considerable disappointment, even among his warmest political followers, being regarded as an evidence of unwarranted fear. But subsequent events and developments proved his course to have been a wise one.

Henry Villard.

STRANGE INSTRUMENT OF MANY STRINGS.

THOU instrument of many strings
For men to play on, slaves and kings,
Let me but keep thee, Life, in tune,
That fall what may, by night or noon,
Still in the heart shall sing for me
One clear and constant melody.

Too oft the clamor and the strife
Of living quench the notes of life;
Too oft they lose their customed way,
In alien sequences to stray.
Yet ever stealing back, they fall
Into the cadence sought through all.

Then grief and gladness, love and pain
Blend all their harmonies again;
The heavens uplift a shining arch
Spacious above the soul's brave march:
If I but keep thee, night and noon,
Ever and truly, Life, in tune—
Strange instrument of many strings
For slaves to play on, and for kings.

M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

THE SHADOW.

JOHN BARRINGTON, whose sombre and exceptional history I am going to tell, suggested, when I first knew him, nothing either sombre or exceptional. He was an undergraduate at Harvard in the earliest eighties, and will be recalled by all his contemporaries there as big Jack Barrington. The mention of this name, so far from suggesting to those who knew him anything tragic, may, if their memories are acute, evoke a vision not only commonplace, but touched with reminiscent humor. For before their mind's eye will rise a youth, tall, florid, and handsome, to be sure, but dressed in the height of the absurd style of those days, — an incredibly shallow derby hat, a cutaway coat of rough material, a high-cut waistcoat of gorgeous colors, with a brilliant watchchain extending from one upper pocket to the other, and patent leather shoes preposterously long and pointed. Still, after all, the clothes — as much extravagant apparel has done before and will do again — expressed the joy and glory of youth.

He was a Western man, rich, lavish, very popular. His success with the fellows he owed to his smile, and to the democratic, indiscriminate way in which he lavished it. His cordial eye, his regular white teeth, his whole round, fresh-colored, good-humored face, made this smile very charming. Health and good humor radiated from him; he seemed to like every one, and certainly every one liked him. I can see him now — the centre and the leader of a group of exclusive youths — sauntering through the yard, and smiling his irresistible smile upon the unfashionable, the poor, the shy, the "grinds," — upon every one whom so magnificent a creature might be expected not to want to know, and I fully understand his amazing popularity.

A butterfly he doubtless was, but one who did not seem doomed after that one sunshiny hour. There seemed no reason why he should not live through all of a long life in the same care-free, happy way. Some brilliant urban society seemed his natural playground in winter; Newport or Europe his natural place of recreation in summer. I think that many a poor classmate envied him his roseate future.

A man, as I discovered afterwards, of much sensibility, he had the gift of graceful expression — whether with tongue or pen. This — with the smile — carried him on to the staff of one of the college papers. As I also was chosen an editor, I met him, and underwent the charm of his splendor and affability. For some reason — perhaps because all men like a faithful, unquestioning worshiper — he liked me, and I, happy in his friendship, followed him about, as much a slave of his as the bulldog which usually trotted at his heels. I was not ashamed of my subjection: I had much company, and the post was one of honor.

When Barrington was graduated, he went to New York and bought a seat in the Stock Exchange. I, on the other hand, became principal of a high school in a small and rather remote village in New Hampshire. As it happened, none of my classmates lived very near me, and all I could learn of my college friends was what I gleaned from the periodic reports of our class secretary. Barrington's accounts of himself were meagre in the extreme: in fact, I can remember but one item. Five years after his graduation, he reported his marriage to a girl whose name I recognized as one I often saw in the "society columns" of the New York newspapers. That was quite as it should be, and I smiled at this confirmation of the prevision I had had in

college days of his worldly success. Obviously, the butterfly was still as gorgeous as ever.

More than fifteen years went by before I strayed from my country solitudes; then I went to New York for a brief holiday, and at once sought out Barrington. When I saw him I was shocked. Although but thirty-seven, his hair was not only thin, but quite gray. That he should be stout and florid was perhaps no more than I should have expected, but his flesh and his color suggested drink rather than health, and his face had a strained, nervous look, quite at variance with the air of careless good humor which it had worn in college days. The familiar splendor of garb was there, but it accented, rather than concealed, his misery and ill health. I wondered if he were engaged in any dangerous speculation.

His smile, as I marked with much relief when he greeted me, had, at any rate, lost none of its old charm. He explained that his wife had gone South for the winter for the benefit of her health, and that he was leading what, with an obvious attempt at gayety, he was pleased to call a merry bachelor existence. We dined at one of his clubs, — he knew, no man better, how to order a dinner, — went to the theatre, and then wandered again to the club for a late supper and a chance to talk over old times. As the evening passed I could not help studying him. On the street, his eyes, traveling constantly from right to left, studied the crowds as if there were some one whom he expected, yet dreaded, to meet, and he showed a certain distinct if very slight nervous shrinking as we turned corners or approached his places of habitual resort. I gave up the idea of risky speculation. His worry was of a different kind: he acted like a man afraid.

As was natural, it was over our late supper that we grew confidential. Seeing that the old intimacy still had its rights, I ventured to speak of his altered appearance, and to ask him what was the trouble.

He looked up in unaffected surprise. "What," he said, "is it possible you do not know? In New York I'm a marked man. Every one knows my history. How does it happen that" —

"But you forget my backwoods existence," I interrupted him. "You are the first of the fellows whom I have seen since we graduated."

Then he told me his history. But before I repeat it I want to mention a fact which, as it gradually grew plain to me, increased a thousandfold the pitifulness of his tale. The man actually enjoyed telling the tragedy of his life. I have mentioned his literary gift: he used it to deepen the contrasts, to heighten the effects. I saw that, by a quality in human nature easy enough to understand, he had grown to prize his calamity for the distinction it gave his life. I divined that it was not only a glory, but that it was also — as, for example, in the matter of his drinking — a never-failing excuse. My classmates, at any rate, will understand that, if I make this comment on my friend, it is because he and his wife are dead, and no one remains who might be pained by it. Were this not so, indeed, I should not tell any of his story.

"I was only a year or so out of college," he began, "when I met Eleanor. She was not exactly in my social set. She was an orphan, alone in New York, without friends. She had money, — plenty of money; but she lived a life which I fancy is not uncommon in New York. There must be many solitary women of means, the last surviving members of good families, who come to the city to escape the dullness of country life. Too proud to make the acquaintances that offer, and unable to know the people whom they would naturally choose to meet, they lead lives of practical solitude. An aunt lived with Eleanor and played respectability. I think that among ordinary people this aunt would have

seemed a woman of some force of character, yet Eleanor ruled her absolutely. Eleanor was quiet in manner, but she always had her way. The two women, domiciled in an apartment in a good quarter of the town, found their amusement in the streets and in the shops. They shopped a great deal, they went to concerts and to the theatre, but they had no social life.

"A classmate of ours who had known Eleanor in other days wrote and asked me to call upon her. We all get such letters: we call once, we find some provincial and uninteresting little girl, and — well, the most of us never call again. Such a girl I expected to find when I made my first call, and I went without enthusiasm, — from a sense of duty. What I found was a girl of twenty, of somewhat shy and sullen manner, to be sure, but surprisingly beautiful, and far from dull. Her manner I put down at once to social inexperience; I found myself pitying her lonely life, and, in short, I fell in love with her. Not tentatively, self-indulgently, as a man often does with lonely and pretty girls who are not quite — well, you understand what I mean; but deeply, absorbingly, without reserve. I burned all my bridges; we became engaged.

"Then I began to find out what sort of a woman I had promised to marry. You are an old friend; I may tell you things I might not tell to every one. She was jealous and exacting beyond belief. I do not mean that she was jealous of other women only, — although her recluse life had made her suspicious of what she called my fashionable women friends, — but of anything and everything which kept me away from her, even for a moment. She was jealous of the men I knew, of my clubs, of my business, of my books, of my very thoughts. Whenever I saw her, I was met with questions — questions — questions — adroit, persistent, suspicious — which searched out everything, which turned my soul inside out for her terrible inspection. To this jealousy I had to sacrifice my friends, — women first, then men. My man had to go; she did not trust him. To please her, I destroyed photographs that I cared for, until none but her own was to be found in my rooms. Finally, she made me sell my dog; think of it, my dog! I lavished upon it too much affection. Can you imagine it? — she was jealous, actually jealous of the poor beast. Then my letters, — she read every one of them, and each was the subject of irritating cross-examination. And woe to me if I contradicted myself. She had a memory for what interested her that was like a burr: facts clung to it forever. If what I said to-day varied by a hair's breadth from what I had said a week, or a month, or even a year before, the discrepancy was at once detected, and had to be explained on the spot, — minutely, comprehensively explained and justified.

"And she had the mania of control. Where she loved, she wished to rule. She insisted upon dictating what I should do, where I should go, what I should eat, what I should wear, what I should spend. The complaint seems petty, but I assure you nothing can be more exasperating, more humiliating, than this tyranny of a loving woman.

"Why did I not rebel? Man, this woman had a will like steel, and a pride in ruling that would not be thwarted. You might murder her — if you dared; but while she lived, you obeyed. And I have shown you but one side of the shield. She was not merely beautiful, — she was fascinating. There are women whom if you have once kissed, you will go through any humiliation, any loss of self-respect, if only you may come to kiss them again. Eleanor was such a woman. Besides, I did rebel — in a fashion. Dreading the ordeal through which I always had to pass at the beginning of our interviews, I dared now and then to give myself a holiday. But

when I returned to her, I paid heavily for my stolen day of liberty. Never losing control of herself, she drove me to fury by the most humiliating questions, by making me satisfy the most cruelly injurious suspicions. These scenes left me stricken with shame both for myself and for her, left me stripped bare of self-respect.

"These are things which a man does not usually tell; but I want you to understand why I left her, — jilted her, broke my vows. Flesh and blood could not stand her exactions, and the prospect of a lifetime with her became a thing to drive one insane. There came a time when it seemed to me that if I saw her any more, I should kill her — or myself. Yet, for a time, I continued to endure all her injuries, her cool insults. It seems incredible, and I hardly know how to explain, — to find the words. She was proud, imperious, passionate, feline, — all suspicion and jealousy one instant, all caresses and affection the next. She had infinite surprises, she was infinitely interesting. In going to her, I knew only that I should be intensely happy, or intensely miserable, or both. Do you wonder that she owned me morally, physically; that I was her slave, her plaything! Some of the old Italian women must have been like her.

"Was she of foreign blood? Not at all! She was a Yankee, the daughter of a man of rare force of character, I believe, whose mills created the prosperous town from which she came. You have read Miss Wilkins's new novel Pembroke, perhaps. It 's a horrible story of the force of perverted wills, but it has helped me to understand Eleanor.

"But at last I summoned every bit of moral strength I had and broke from her. I cannot make you understand what the struggle cost me, so strong was the desire which now and again came over me to return to my bondage. But I did not go to her. I refused to see her. I refused to answer her letters, though they revealed to me a depth of passion I had not guessed before. Finally, I refused — partly through fear of the emotion they caused me — even to read them. I returned them all — unopened. Then she sent me telegrams. As I could not, of course, guess from whom these might be, I had to open them. They were — unbelievable!

"Finally, they stopped. For a while I breathed more easily. Little by little I gained — so I thought — an assured self-control. Only one thing spoiled my pleasure in my recovered freedom, — I knew that she still loved me even more deeply, perhaps, than I had loved her. I knew she never would, never could love again. I knew how much against her were the circumstances of her lonely life. I knew how — without friends, without social distractions — she would have every opportunity to brood morbidly over my desertion. I knew how deep and cruel would continue to be her despair, how bitter and fierce would be her resentment of the insult I had given to her pride. I knew — and the burden was heavy — that I had ruined a life.

"Well, the weeks went by: these painful impressions lost something of their sharpness. I began again the interrupted round of my usual social routine. Calls, dinners, dances, the play, and the opera became again a part of my life. I thought only occasionally of the desolate woman going about her apartments, too proud, as I imagined, to seek the one source of possible sympathy, — the old aunt. One night I had been with a theatre party to the play. It was a winter evening, bitterly cold, with a wind that cut like a knife. When we left the theatre we were all talking and laughing, and I had stepped forward to help one of the women — a pretty girl, radiant at the moment with pleasure — into one of the waiting carriages, when a familiar perfume made another woman rush back into my memory, and filled me with the most disturbing, the

most poignant emotion. I turned instinctively. Dressed in black, thin, pale, her resolutely compressed lips blue with cold, her eyelids with their dark lashes cast down, there at my elbow stood Eleanor. She did not look at me, she did not speak, she did not move. She simply stood there in the cutting wind, a living reproach. And there she remained until all of us had entered the carriages and been driven away. My wonder as to what accident brought her there at that hour, and in that garb, did not prevent the spectacle of her desolate and pathetic figure from striking deep home to my conscience. It made me realize the depth of her misery, and for that misery I, and I alone, was responsible. Only by recalling with all possible vividness the somewhat blunted memory of her jealous exactions could I keep myself from going to her at once. For that evening all power even to appear cheerful went from me.

"More surprises followed. The next evening when I went to the club for dinner, she stood on the curbstone, in the same black gown, with the same pallor, the same controlled quiet, the same downcast eyes. Oppressed by the thoughts and emotions which these unexpected meetings evoked, I went that night again to the theatre, on the chance of finding there some slight self-forgetfulness. She stood by the door as I passed in, she was standing on the curb when I came out. The next morning when I went down town to my office, she was there, — a black, accusing figure against one of the white pillars that upheld the portico of the great building. And so it was for a week, a month. Everywhere I went, there she was patiently waiting on the sidewalk near where I must pass, — in rain, in shine, in cold, in snow, — always in black, always silent and motionless, like a statue with downcast eyes. I soon saw that these meetings were not accidental: they were planned. I thought I divined. I had left her no way to win back her happiness except by this dumb, pathetic appeal."

Barrington paused and wet his dry lips from the glass of whiskey and water which stood by his hand on the table. He had been drinking steadily all the evening, but the liquor seemed to have no other effect than to flush his cheeks, and to brighten the lustre of his restless, fear-struck eyes.

"You can imagine," he continued, "how this would affect a man. Her appearance so moved me, so filled me with pity, that all I recalled was the charm, the affection of her good moments. And bear in mind her beauty, her seductiveness, her strong will, which I felt upon me even through her always downcast lids. It was like magnetism. Remember, I had been under her powerful spell for months, — and to the last degree of possible humiliation. Remember that I had the habit of yielding to her. Habit, desire, pity, remorse for the wrong I had done her were the powerful enemies I had to fight. For a time, wherever I saw her, my face turned white, my knees were like broken reeds; I seemed to suffocate; I had an almost irresistible impulse to surrender. Then came a period when I was visited with an even more overwhelming emotion. It took the form of a strange anger and terror, a mastering desire to escape or to resist! Is it strange that in those few moments when I saw the situation sanely, — how utterly impossible it was that I should ever return to her, — I was afraid of her, doubly afraid of myself?

"Then came a new trouble, — petty, but real. My friends began to notice. No one asked questions, but veiled allusions were made, adroitly managed opportunities were offered me to explain. Women whom I was with grew silent when we passed a certain black figure, and cast discreet sidelong glances full of inquiry. Men sauntered, as if accidentally, to the club windows and gazed. Sudden hushes fell among people as I

approached. Some — and among them were the best women I knew — grew cool in their demeanor. I received fewer invitations.

"The mere spectacle of her had hitherto so moved me, so preoccupied my thoughts, that I had never questioned the accuracy of my first guess as to her motive in so showing herself to me. But in the third month little by little came doubt. In all that troubled period, I had given myself courage by saying to myself that she would see that this last appeal was, like all the others, quite vain and would pursue me no longer. But she had never let me see her eyes, which might have revealed to me something of her thoughts. Now, I had certainly proved my firmness, yet she showed not the slightest sign of discouragement. Perhaps, I said to myself, passion has so wrought in her that she must see me, and that sight of me is her sole object. Then, once or twice, it came into my unwilling mind that her motive might be revenge, that she sought to cause me misery rather than to allay her own. That thought I dismissed. It was unworthy.

"As another slow month went by, other questions began to form themselves in my mind. How long did she intend to continue this strange appeal, — if it were one; this senseless persecution, — if it were that? And whence did she obtain so close a knowledge of my movements? As to that, I began to test her powers, — or, rather, it was with a blind wish to avoid her that I began to change my hour of arriving at my office, to dine at unusual hours at clubs I did not ordinarily frequent, or at obscure restaurants. But this I soon found out: change my ways as I would, I could not long avoid her. Before the day was over, somewhere, early or late, I saw her. The nervous dread of seeing that pale face was every moment with me. I found myself asking, 'Will it be on the steps of my office? On the curbstone by this restaurant? Will I meet her as I turn this corner?' Dread of her became an acute mental torture impossible to describe.

"I became wretchedly nervous, unfit for work, unfit for pleasure. Once I stayed for two days in my rooms without stirring from them; but on the second, chancing to look from my window, I saw her there in the street before my door. There was no escape for me even in cowardly retreat. I hope you can understand why, as the months passed, I found this strange, silent battle wearing me out, slowly killing me. I hope you will understand how the idea of retreat, escape, hiding, — no matter how cowardly, — grew more and more attractive. Pride struggled hard, self-respect said no; all my manhood revolted; nevertheless, one day — it was now early June — I threw some things into a bag and left for Bar Harbor. There, for one blessed day and night, I was a free man, walking the earth without dread. On leaving my hotel on the second day, there by the door, doubly conspicuous in that little town, was the silent, black-robed figure I had so learned to dread.

"I took the next train back to New York. I said to myself, I will stay in the city the entire summer; she cannot endure the heat. But she did. Then — for I was utterly unnerved and not myself — I did an unmanly thing: I went to the police. I asked to be protected from the persecution of a woman.

"'What does she do?' asked the high official to whom I had applied.

"'Nothing,' I was forced to answer, feeling how like an imbecile it was to say so. I tried to explain, and I saw by his look that he thought me demented. That a woman stood on the sidewalk, without so much as looking at me as I went by, did not seem to him serious persecution. The man had no imagination! He did not see, and I could not make him understand, the exquisite cruelty.

"Finally he said, 'I am sorry, Mr.

Barrington, but I can do nothing. She has the same right to the use of the streets that you have. If she should accost you, or make herself disagreeable in any way, of course — But until she commits some overt act I cannot interfere. Or, hold on; I *could* instruct policemen to tell her to move on if she stays too long in one place; but you say she 's a respectable woman? — and has means? There might be a difficulty. I think we 'd better not move in the matter. Come, sir, you 're worked up over nothing. Go along quietly, pay no attention to her; she 'll soon tire of that amusement. What can she get by it, after all?'

"'Accost you,' — 'commits some overt act,' — you can guess how these stale bits of the police vocabulary jarred on me. You can see how significant they were of a vulgar police interpretation of the facts. And then the question, 'What can she get by it?' It measured the comprehension of human nature which is given to the police. The man had no conception of anything more subtle than blackmail. I went away utterly disheartened.

"I went to my rooms and thought. I tried to divine her plan, her object. I could make nothing of the mystery. Broken as I was, I thought again of flight, of Europe. But I had yielded to cowardice once — and again; I would yield no more. I had unquestionably done the woman an irreparable wrong, and I would stay and face the punishment like a man. And, besides, flight to Europe, or anywhere, was vain. She had followed me to Bar Harbor; she could follow me anywhere. She had money enough, and I well knew she did not lack determination.

"Until winter returned, I kept my resolve to suffer in silence. Then again I felt the temptation to escape — by any means. With I hardly know what hope, I employed a private detective to find out what he could. Little enough he told me, — only that certain associates of his in the trade were hired by her to shadow me, and were well paid, and that they knew nothing of her motives. Thus I found out how she knew so well where to place herself where I must pass. Thus I was enabled to see with terrible clearness the lengths to which she was willing to go!

"Next, I consulted a lawyer. But all that he could suggest was an inquiry into her sanity. He thought that such an inquiry might result in her confinement in an asylum. But, much as I desired to escape, I had at least strength enough not to resort to that cruel expedient. If she was insane, — and I for one did not believe she was, — clearly it was I who had made her so. My hands were tied.

"Probably her detectives reported to her these proceedings. At any rate, when I next saw her, I detected for the first time a difference in her expression, — so slight, indeed, that I am not sure to this day that it did not exist solely in my imagination, morbidly active after a year of mental suffering. I had been making a call, — for, in spite of everything, I forced myself to lead my usual life, — and came down the steps of my friend's house late in the afternoon of a winter day. She stood under a gaslight, and as I passed her, I thought I detected in her face — I *know* I detected in her face — the subtlest look, a mere shadow of irony. You may guess I knew this face well. How could the minutest change escape me?

"The new expression dwelt in my memory, and seemed to suggest an explanation. Of course I inferred at once that she knew I had had recourse to detectives and to lawyers, but there seemed to be more in her look than that. I racked my mind with that intense effort which is common to us all when we are trying to recall anything which we greatly wish to remember, and which is, as we say, on the tip of our tongue. I seemed as near to the meaning of her expression as that.

But I could not catch the whole of its deep significance.

"That night I awoke in a cold sweat, starting up in bed as if with nightmare, my heart beating as if with uncontrollable terror. The scales had dropped from my eyes — I knew!

"She was not like the police; she did have imagination! And what an imagination it was that could conceive the plan which I had at last divined! She knew the danger of the 'overt act,' and indeed she would despise anything so clumsy. She had the courage and the will power to do anything, even murder, — of the long-planned, deliberate kind, which shows will. No sudden assault, nothing which might cause my death, such as might content a weak-willed woman, could be adequate to her ideal of revenge as it was now suddenly revealed to me. She wanted no scene, no physical attack which the police could stop, and which could terminate only in the vulgarity of the police court. She wished to subject me to a torture that was insidious and slow, against which I could make no protest, that would increase rather than diminish as time went on, that would be unending. Such torture as that must transcend the physical, it must be mental. Seeking such an end, she had imagination enough to conceive this plan of becoming my shadow, she had the strength of will — and a prodigious strength was required — to carry it out. But the horror lay in this, — her plan, to be perfect, must include the intention of being my shadow as long as I lived!

"If I well knew her unconquerable will, I knew, also, her devouring pride. Do what I would, she would rule my life in spite of me. Her love I might reject; but her pride, at least, I should be made to gratify. And to this passion, and to that of revenge, and to her distorted love, she would subordinate her whole life, — all her strength, all her fortune, all her prospects of happiness. No difficulty would daunt her, no discouragement reach her, no ill health weaken her. I quailed before the vision.

"For a moment, — but believe me only for a moment, — as I gazed ahead into the years and saw this life, — one the most stolid could not endure unmoved, — I thought of suicide. Then I said no: I will stay and fight. She shall never know — so far as I can help it — that I suffer from her persecution, nor will I again attempt to interfere. Her only punishment shall be to think her revenge a failure. I will try to make her think, hereafter, that I mind her no more than I do any casual passer-by, than a lamp-post, or a hydrant.

"This resolution calmed me, and I slept again. I awoke in the morning not so much fatigued. For in a way the full revelation of her purpose had freed me of one source of weakness. Pity for the woman vanished; intense aversion took its place. For a while thereafter I think I actually enjoyed the sight of her miserable face.

"Another year went by. My moods during this time alternated between abject dread and a certain savage joy as I met her. For I believed that to her I showed no sign of suffering. Of course my history gradually became known to my friends, and as it did so I observed a certain shifting of sympathy from her to me. I had had none while the affair remained a mystery. Now, people began to think I was being excessively punished. She became known as 'Barrington's ghost,' and the slur in the name was for her, not for me. All this gave me courage. I thought with joy that I should really, in time, become wholly indifferent. I might, perhaps, even enjoy a certain happiness.

"Now, if a man is in misery, there is always some woman who will love him, and her love will be measured not by his deserts, but by his suffering. I met such a woman, — a girl whose pure beauty, whose exquisite goodness, whose

great courage seemed to make a brightness round about her. I loved her, and I dared to tell her so. She knew, I said, what shadow haunted me: could she, in spite of that, dare to marry me? 'When this unhappy woman,' she answered, 'sees you married, happy, indifferent, surely she will know she is defeated and will cease to trouble you.' Although I knew I should see my shadow when I left the house that night, I allowed myself to believe her. Why not? I knew my recent indifference had been manifest; I knew she knew her revenge was failing. Would not such a new proof as my marriage show her that I was secure against her? As a matter of fact, I had put a new weapon into her hands.

"But, full of these hopes, I married. The Shadow was present when we left the church; the Shadow, in her black gown and with her white face, stood a little apart from the crowd in the railway station when we returned from our wedding trip. I afterwards learned that illness alone had prevented her following where we went. She never left us after our return. At first my wife never seemed to notice, she never complained, she never even mentioned the Shadow; she lived her life with a gay courage; but when the Shadow stood with us by the grave of our baby, born only to die — Well, I think I said my wife has gone South for the winter? The reason? She is a complete nervous wreck, — health, beauty, youth, all gone!

"Did I never make any appeal to that woman? Once. When, after the death of our child, I saw that my wife grew afraid, when I saw that her health began to fail, I did try. I went to her house, but I could not gain admission. I wrote, but without result. Then, much as I dreaded a scene in the streets, I determined to speak to her. That evening I went to a political dinner. At its close I saw her, and, for the first time in six years, I spoke to her. I begged her to let me say a few words. She turned, and by a gesture permitted me to walk up the street at her side. For a block, while men who knew the story stared in wonder, I poured forth remonstrance, denunciation, entreaty. Through it all, her even pace never changed, her cold face never altered, she spoke no word, made no gesture of assent or of dissent. At the end of the block was her carriage. Into this she stepped, and left me — without a word. She must enjoy the memory of that hour!

"Come," added Barrington, breaking off abruptly. "I've finished my story. It's late. We must go. For fourteen years I've endured this misery. Don't say anything — I know," and then, half under his breath, he added, "Poor Eleanor! her beauty is quite gone, too."

Out of doors, a drizzling rain was falling. The reflected light of the street lamps shimmered on the damp pavements. It was two o'clock in the morning; the strange odor of streets on a warm wet night filled the air; it was very still. Then, suddenly, the roar of an elevated train on Sixth Avenue, a block away, broke the silence. We turned down the street, and there, standing on the edge of the sidewalk, was an apparition at which I stared with instinctive, certain recognition. The woman was in black; she was very pale; her eyes were feverish and had deep shadows under them; her cheeks were hollow. As Barrington had said, her beauty had gone in these fourteen years, but her unconquerable will had not gone. A glance satisfied me of that. She was his fate, and could not leave him. She did not speak or move, but, as we passed, the expression of her eyes as she regarded Barrington — for she raised her eyes the second he had passed — was one I shall never forget. Then, turning, I saw her beckon to a waiting carriage. This she entered, and was driven rapidly away, the wet top of the vehicle flashing as it passed under successive electric lights.

Charles Miner Thompson.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COUSINS.

I HEARD on board ship, a few years ago, a discussion as to the comparative number of Americans visiting England and of Englishmen visiting America. None rated the proportion of the former class as less than ten to one; but the most experienced traveler among us laughed at this low estimate, and declared that five hundred to one would be much nearer. Be the difference less or more, it shows the utterly unequal ground on which the two national bodies meet, as to mutual acquaintance. Traveling on the Continent of Europe, soon after, with a party of young Americans, I was witness of their dismay at being assailed from time to time by friendly English fellow travelers with such questions as these: "Is it not very lonely in America? Are there any singing birds there? Any wild flowers? Any bishops? Are there booths in the streets of New York? Do people read English books there? Have they heard of Ruskin; and how?" These were from the rank and file of questioners, while a very cultivated clergyman lost caste somewhat with our young people by asking confidently, "Are Harvard and Yale both in Boston?" a question which seemed to them as hopelessly benighted as the remark of a lady, just returned from the wonders of the New World, who had been impressed, like all visitors, with the novelties offered in the way of food at the Baltimore dinner-tables, but still sighed with regret at having been obliged to come away without eating "a canvas-backed clam."

One needs to know but little of large families of collateral kindred to recognize that the nearer the cousinship, the closer the criticism. Theodore Hook profanely declares the phrase "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother" to designate a cousin, and Lord Bacon comes near enough to the same thought to point out that we are bidden by the highest authority to forgive our enemies, but are nowhere bidden to forgive our friends. It may be wise, therefore, for Americans to draw their compliments, not from their own newspapers, but from the verdicts of such English critics as Lord Lyons, who, as recorded in the delightful Letters from a Diplomat's Diary, declared on his return from a long residence in Washington that he "had never yet met a stupid American woman," or Mr. Froude, who, during his voyage around the world, records, "Let me say that nowhere in America have I met with vulgarity in its proper sense." These two compliments are undoubtedly so sweeping that perhaps no American citizen would think it quite safe to apply them to the people who live in the adjoining street; but they are at least worth a thousand vague newspaper libels. Even Matthew Arnold, who certainly cannot be said to have loved America much, or to have known much about it, — for what can a man be said to know about America who describes a Virginia mob as fortifying its courage with fish balls and ice water?[1] — was led, while making a comparison with those whom he had left at home, to say, "Our [English] countrymen, with a thousand good qualities, are really, perhaps, a good deal wanting in lucidity and flexibility."

In the same way, Americans might

[1] The Nineteenth Century, May, 1887, p. 317.

borrow their criticisms on England from those writing in that country. Thus, Mr. H. G. Wells, a novelist and scientist in one, but not himself a university man, writes in the Fortnightly Review of "the ordinary Oxford, Cambridge, or London B. A.:" "He has a useless smattering of Greek; he cannot read Latin with any comfort, much less write or speak that tongue; he knows a few unedifying facts round and about the classical literature; he cannot speak or read French with any comfort; he has an imperfect knowledge of the English language, insufficient to write it clearly, and none of German; he has a queer, old-fashioned, and quite useless knowledge of certain rudimentary sections of mathematics, and an odd little bite out of history. He knows practically nothing of the world of thought embodied in English literature, and absolutely nothing of contemporary thought; he is totally ignorant of modern political or social science. If he knows anything of evolutionary science and heredity it is probably matter picked up in a casual way from the magazines, and art is a sealed book to him."

And lest it be said that Mr. Wells, with all his knowledge and brilliancy, is not himself a graduate of any English university, it is fair to cite the opinion of Mr. Rudolph C. Lehmann (Trinity College, Cambridge, M. A.), who, after spending much time in America, where he was familiar with our university life, makes the following remark as to the English and American schoolboy. He writes: —

"There can be no comparison between the two. The English public schoolboy is one of the most profoundly ignorant creatures on the face of the earth. Of geography he knows only as much as he may have gathered by collecting postage stamps. With English literature he is not even on terms of distant politeness. The style and composition of his letters would make a housemaid smile, and modern history, whether of his own country or of the world in general, is a sealed book to him."

No criticism from Americans is more common than that as to the greater slowness of the English mind as compared with the American; and Professor Tyndall, when lecturing in this country, was amused to find, as he told me, that whereas in making experiments before a London audience he had to repeat his explanation three times, — once to make his hearers comprehend what he was about to do, then to show what he was doing, and then to explain what he had done, — he could after his first lecture in America omit the final explanation, and latterly the middle one as well. He also told a story to the same effect about an English manager of a "minstrel" troupe, traveling in America, who was accustomed to prolong his jokes by the aid of two end men, each bringing out a part of the joke, but who found with indignation that every American audience "caught on" without waiting for the second end man. Yet the careful American observer soon finds that the standard of quickness is to be determined in England, as everywhere else, by the point of view. People who go slowly on new ground may turn out to be quick enough when wholly at home with any particular line of thought.

How odious and complicated, for instance, seems to an American observer the computation of pounds, shillings, and pence! It seems strange that any nation should consent for a day to employ anything but a decimal currency; yet with what lightning rapidity does a London bookkeeper make his computations! Again, what a life of tedious formality seems that of an English house servant; yet there was no slowness of intellect in that footman, in an earl's family, who, when his young lord fell over the banister, and his younger brother called to ask if the elder boy was hurt, answered promptly, "Killed, my lord!" thus pro-

moting the second son to the peerage while the elder was falling over the banister. Even in the House of Commons, the difference from an American deliberative body is found to vary according to the point from which you look at the discussion. The Englishman begins with a curious air of hesitation, whereas the American glides into his speech at once; but the difference is that the Englishman suddenly surprises you by coming to his point with clearness and decision, after which he amazes you yet more by sitting down; whereas the American, after his first good hit, is apt to seem intoxicated by his own success, and feels bound to keep on indefinitely, waiting for another. You are left under the impression that an ideal speech in any debating body would be achieved by having an American to begin it and an Englishman to end it.

Such plain facts as these show the injustice of attributing to our cousins any deliberate unfairness to ourselves, and any conscious spirit of boastfulness. We have only to read the newspapers to see that party spirit rises, on the whole, higher in England than here; and certainly it is impossible for our cousins to criticise us with more formidable frankness than that which they apply to one another. No man who ever lived was more universally claimed as a typical Englishman than Walter Savage Landor, and yet he wrote to Lady Blessington, "I would not live in London the six winter months for £1000 a week. No, not even with the privilege of hanging a Tory on every lamp arm to the right, and a Whig on every one to the left, the whole extent of Piccadilly."

It must be remembered that the progress of events is in one respect, at least, distinctly drawing the two nations into closer connection. The advance of colonization undoubtedly tends to democratize England, while the same development has the opposite effect in America. Froude, in his travels, found the British colonists, here and there, thinking that Tennyson must have lost his wits to accept a peerage, and it is well remembered that at least one of those who came to the Queen's Jubilee to represent different regions of the globe refused a proffered knighthood on the ground that his constituents would not endure it. Anglo-Indian life, to be sure, shows no such results, the conditions there being wholly different; but I speak of the self-governing colonies like Canada and Australia; and no one can have stayed any time under the same roof with such colonists in England, or paced the quarter-deck with them on board ship, without feeling them to be nearer to Americans than to Englishmen in their general mental attitude. Both would probably be criticised by Englishmen as having that combination, which a high educational authority once selected as the quality most frequently produced by the great English public schools, — "a certain shy bumptiousness."

Perhaps the best single key to the lingering difference between English and American temperament is to be found in that precept brought to the front in almost any text-book of morals or manners one can open in England, bidding each man to be faithful to that station of life to which he is called. For the American upon whom has always been imposed the duty of creating for himself his own station, this seems to explain all the vast and unsatisfactory results which seem to follow from the English method. Is the calling equally providential and even sacred, no matter from whom the voice proceeds? The first glance at the history of the English peerage shows us six peerages created to ennoble the offspring of Charles II, who left no legitimate child. Seven more were created by William IV for his illegitimate sons; and his two illegitimate daughters were the wives of peers. All these families are entitled to use the royal liveries. Next to this lineage of degrada-

tion come the peerages and other grades of rank founded primarily on wealth, — a process naturally beginning with the lower grades. Hume tells us that James I created the order of Baronets in 1611 by selling two hundred of those titles for a thousand pounds each. Mr. Pitt went so far as to say that all men whose income was rated at more than twelve thousand pounds should be in the House of Lords. How systematically this method has been carried on to this day may be seen in the following passage from the Spectator of May 23, 1896: —

"The Birthday Honors published on May 20 hardly call for comment. Lord Salisbury does not distribute them eccentrically, but according to the regular custom, taking wealthy squires like Mr. E. Heneage and Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch for his peerages; and giving baronetcies to Mr. R. U. P. Fitzgerald, Mr. W. O. Dalgleish, Mr. Lewis McIver, Mr. J. Verdin, and Mr. C. Cave, because they are wealthy men who have done service to the party."

If it be said that this process does not vary essentially from the method by which social rank is created in America, the reply is plain enough. Grant that the two forms of aristocracy have much in common, both in their sense of power, and in that comforting fact which Lady Eastlake so finely pointed out, that both of them often "return to the simplest tastes; they have everything that man can make, and therefore they turn to what only God can make." Nevertheless there is this further difference, that, as Mr. Howells has so well shown, though the rich man may look down as distinctly as the lord can, the poor man does not equally look up. Note, too, that in the next place, the prestige of the rich American vanishes with his wealth, and in case he dies poor, his children inherit nothing; whereas inherited rank in England goes by blood only, and is not impaired by the fact that it passes afterwards into the hands of a bankrupt or a scoundrel. The same limitation applies to the riches of the brain, which may also refuse to be hereditary. One can hardly cast so much as a glance at the United States Senate in session, and then at the English House of Lords in session, without recognizing the American elective body to have a far more intellectual aspect than the other assemblage; or without further observing that nine tenths of the visible intellect in the British House is to be seen in the faces and foreheads of the Bench of Bishops, or the so-called Law Lords, whose origin may have been of the humblest. "Why noble Earls should be so ugly," wrote one English observer of some note in his day, "is a problem in nature;" but the question is not that of mere beauty or ugliness; it is of visible mental power.

Even so far as a possible heredity goes, it must be recognized that a republican life is what makes grandparents most truly interesting. Free from the technical whims of an organized peerage, — such, for instance, as primogeniture, — one is left free to trace for good or for evil his inheritance from the various lines of ancestry. Those lines may be drawn with especial interest from public service or social prominence; from pursuits, or education, or even wealth. Whittier's Quaker inheritance was as important to him as Longfellow's parentage of judges and landed proprietors was to him. I knew an American radical, who, on going to England, paid some one at the Heralds' College to look up his ancestry. Coming back to London some months later, he found that the inquirer had gone back no farther, as yet, than to reach one of his name who was hanged as a rebel under the Tudors. "Just as I expected," said the American in delight; "do not follow it any further. I am perfectly satisfied."

Fifty years ago, so far as mere traveling was concerned, the distinctions of rank in the mother country did not intrude themselves on the American cousin.

It was the frequent habit of traveling Americans, visiting England for the first time, to assume that their hosts would be ungracious, and that they themselves must necessarily wear a hedgehog suit. As a matter of fact, however, even then, the American traveler usually laid aside his prickles on the second day, finding that there was no use for them in those small railway carriages. Traveling Englishmen of all conditions, at least on their own soil, turned out quite as ready to offer a railway guide, or a bit of advice, as in this country. It is to be remembered, moreover, that the whole system of traveling habits in England — railways, hotels, and all — has greatly expanded and liberalized within that time. No doubt much of the former American injustice was due to the example of Englishmen of the last generation in doing injustice to one another. Horace Walpole said that he should love his country very much if it were not for his countrymen. "I hate Englishmen," said Keats, "for they are the only men I know." Heinrich Heine, that Parisian German, said that he was firmly convinced that a blaspheming Frenchman was regarded with more favor by the Almighty than a praying Englishman, and one might find, even among Englishmen themselves, almost equally piquant self-reproaching.

On the other hand, the sense of truthfulness, of national rectitude, of a certain solid quality, comes over you like a whiff of English air in the very tone of voice of the first railway porter you meet. I recall vividly, as a type of this trait, a certain little English sergeant, with hair as fiery as his uniform, whom I met in an Irish post office in 1870. I had landed at Cork the day before, on my first trans-Atlantic trip, soon after the civil war; and having been lately familiar with our own troops, felt a great desire to see those of the mother country. Having readily obtained information from him as to the barracks near by, we carried the conversation a little further. My new acquaintance seemed pleased at hearing that I had taken a modest part in the civil war, and rather disappointed to find that I had been on what he evidently regarded as the wrong side. He told me in return that although now a sergeant of the Guards, he had previously served in another regiment. Leaving him presently, I went to purchase some stamps at the office, where I was somewhat delayed by other applicants, and also by a natural inexperience in handling British money. During this time I observed that my friend of the brilliant coloring was lingering and keeping his eye on me, as if waiting for some further interview; and as I went toward the door he approached me, and begged my pardon for saying something more. "I told you, sir," he said, "that I was a sergeant of the Guards, which is true. But I wish to explain that I was not originally a member of that regiment, but was transferred to it after the battle of the Alma, where I was severely wounded. I give you my word of honor, sir, that I am the very shortest man in the corps!" I could only think of the phrase attributed to the Duke of Wellington, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders!"

The name of the Guards suggests to me a striking instance where an English friend and distant kinsman of mine, then in command of the Grenadier Guards, found himself under the need of testing very suddenly the essential manhood of a body of Englishmen on the dangerous verge of what seemed for the moment an insurrection. It was on that well-remembered night when the London mob tore down the fences of Hyde Park, to be used either as bonfires or as barricades, as the case might be. On that perilous evening, this officer was dining at a friend's house, all unconscious of impending danger, when he received a summons from the War Department, telling him that his regiment was ordered out to deal with a mob. Hurrying

back to his own house, and calling for his man servant to saddle his horse, he found that the man had gone by permission for the evening, and had the key of the stable in his pocket; so that the officer, after hastily donning his uniform, must proceed on foot to the Guards' Armory, which lay on the other side of Hyde Park. Walking hastily in that direction, he came out unexpectedly at the very headquarters of the mob, where they were piling up the fences. Already his uniform had been recognized, and angry shouts began to rise. It must have seemed for the moment to the mob that the Lord had delivered their worst enemy into their hands. There was but one thing to be done. Making his way straight toward the centre of action, he called to a man mounted on the pile, the apparent leader of the tumult, "I say, my good fellow, my regiment has been called out by Her Majesty's orders. Will you give me a hand over this pile?" The man hesitated for an instant, and then said with decision, "Boys, the gentleman is right! He is doing his duty, and we have no quarrel with him. Lend a hand, and help him over." This was promptly done, with entire respect, and the officer, in his brilliant uniform, went hastily on his way amid three cheers from the mob, which then returned to its work, to be completed before he whom they had aided should come back at the head of his regiment, and, if needful, order them to be shot down.

Surely the most travel-worn American, one would think, when recalling such scenes, can never revisit London without being reminded of the noble description of that great capital in Milton's Areopagitica, written in 1644: "Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching reformation; others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement. . . . Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and jealous thirst after knowledge and understanding which God hath stirred up in this city."

When it comes to the use of their common language, the English and American cousins have no doubt those variations which habitually mark kindred families, even in adjacent houses; and, as between those families, there are always arguments on both sides, and many dictionaries and even lexicons need to be turned over before coming to a decision. In the same way, when a New England farmer says, "I don't know nothin' about it," we are apt to forget that this double negative was a matter of course in the Anglo-Saxon (see Hickes's Thesaurus), as it still is in the French; and it may be found abundantly in Chaucer and in Shakespeare, as in Romeo and Juliet (act iii, scene v), —

> "a sudden day of joy,
> That thou expect'st not nor I look'd not for."

In the same way, when our country people say "learn me," instead of "teach me," they have behind them the authority of the English Bible, "learn me true understanding," and also of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, the latter, curiously enough, sometimes employing both words in the same sentence, as in The Tempest (act i, scene ii) where Caliban says, —

> "You taught me language; . . .
> . . . The red plague rid you
> For learning me your language!"

The French *apprendre* combines the meaning of the two words in the same way.

All the cousins must admit that such phrases are everywhere better preserved in rustic communities than elsewhere.

Even in America, we get nearer the Chaucerian and Shakespearean dialect in the country than in the city. Old people are also necessarily nearer to it than the young, whatever the language. Thus M. Pasquier, who died in France in 1615 at the age of eighty-seven, remembered that in his youth the French word *honnête* had still an *s* in it, as in the English "honest," and complained that he lived to see the *s* dropped and a circumflex accent substituted. It is to be noted, also, that in a new country all changes, when once introduced, make their way much faster than in an older one. We still see English critics laying the whole responsibility for the dropping of the *u* in "honor," "favor," and the like, on Webster's Dictionary, when it really originated in England long before the publication of that work. It is stated in The Gentleman's Magazine for 1803 (No. lxxiii, part i, p. 146) that there was at that time in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, a copy of Middleton's Life of Cicero printed with the omission of the *u* in such words, — a volume in which some pious student had taken the pains to reinsert them all. It would, at that time, have been thought an equal outrage to drop the closing *k* from physick, musick, publick, and the like, the only difference being that the *u* has thus far held its own, and the *k* has not. The English language simply changes faster in America than in England; and in this respect, as in some others, we are more like the French in our qualities. Vaugelas, an old French translator of Quintus Curtius, after devoting thirty years to the work, had to correct the language and spelling of the earlier part to make it conform to that of the latter pages; so that the critic Voiture applied to his case the Latin epigram of Martial on a barber who did his work so slowly that the hair began to grow again upon one half the face, while he was shaving the other.

When we pass from the comparative dialects of the English and American cousins to their respective intonations, we find that, as Mr. William Archer has admirably pointed out in the Pall Mall Magazine, there are so many whims and inconsistencies to be counted up in each family that it is hardly worth while to strike the balance. In colloquial utterance it is a curious fact that the nation which uses the more even and uninflected tone is the more impetuous and impulsive of the two, namely, the American; while the Englishman, slower and more staid, has yet a far more varied intonation. The most patriotic American, after a stay of some months in England, is struck by a certain flatness and monotony in the prevailing utterance of his fellow countrymen, on the quarter-deck of the returning steamer. Here, as in most things, there is a middle ground, and the two families are much less distinguishable in this respect than formerly. The American nasality is also toned down, and it is more and more common for two English-speaking strangers to meet and try in vain to guess the national origin of each other. When it comes to the actual pronunciation, it is a curious fact to notice, that special variations of speech in the English lower class have ceased to be accidental and unconscious, if they ever were so, but are more deliberate and, so to speak, premeditated, than those of the corresponding class — so far as there is such a class — in America. I heard with interest, for the first time, in a third-class railway carriage in London an evidently conscientious and careful mother impressing on her child as a duty that extraordinary transformation of the letter *a* into *i* or *y*, of which the best manual is to be found in Mr. Whiteing's inexhaustible tale, No. 5 John Street. His neighbors on that street usually transformed "paper" into "piper," "lady" into "lidy," and "always" into "alwize." In my own case, when a sudden shower came up, the little boy called attention to it, in what would seem to us a natural enough dialect, "Mother,

it's rainin'!" "You should n't say rainin'," said the anxious mother; "you should say rynin'!" It brought home to me a similar attempt, on the part of an Irish-American orator, to correct Senator Lodge's habitual and very proper pronunciation of the place of his summer residence, Nahant. "Mr. Lodge of Nahant," said the orator, with a contemptuous prolongation of the last two vowels. He then paused for a sympathetic response from a Cambridge audience, but receiving none, he repeated, "Mr. Lodge of Nahant; that's the way he calls it. Common people call it Năhănt."

The conclusive statement as to the future relation of English and American cousins may perhaps be found in that quiet sentence in which Emerson's volume called English Traits sums up (in 1856) its whole contents: "It is noticeable that England is beginning to interest us a little less." Toward this tends the whole discussion of that in which the mother country differs from her still formidable rival, France, on the one side, and from her gigantic child, the American Republic, on the other. As against both of these, England still clings to the toy of royalty and all which it implies. Against countries where aspiring intellect finds nothing too high for it to aim at, there still remains in England the absolute precedence of the House of Lords. I knew a young American girl, who, going to England under the care of an ambassador's family, and attending her first large dinner party, selected, upon looking about her, as the most interesting guest in the room, one man of distinguished aspect, whom she resolved to watch. When the guests were ushered into the dining-hall according to the laws of precedence, she found herself at the very end of the brilliant procession, as one of two untitled plebeians, in company with the very man who had interested her, and who proved to be Samuel Rogers, the poet and patron of art, and the recognized head of literary society in London. She always said that she secured two things at that entertainment, namely, the most delightful companion that she ever had at a dinner party, and, moreover, a lesson in the outcome of mere hereditary rank that would last a lifetime. Rogers's poems are not now read so much as formerly, but at that time the highest attention a literary American visitor could receive in London was to dine with him. He was also one of the richest bankers in that city, and was very possibly the only person in the room who had won for himself a reputation outside of his own little island; but he was next to nobody in that company, and the little American girl was the nobody.

Max O'Rell points out that the Frenchman who takes no notice of a duke will turn to take a second look at a great literary man or savant. No doubt the English aristocracy, as is always the case with aristocracies, often goes out of its way to do honor to literature and art in the form of courtesy or patronage; but this, too, has its limits. It is easy enough for a literary man in England to dine with a lord who shares his own tastes; it is only when he is asked to dine with a stupid lord that the attention can be counted as a social recognition. Even in this case it may be in the hope of finding the barbaric guest amusing; and it was said that the immediate cause of the artist Haydon's suicide was his despair at being hopelessly eclipsed in polite society by Tom Thumb. If this is true, what fatal instances of self-destruction may not have taken place among American artists and authors who found themselves equally outshone in the English fashionable life by Buffalo Bill!

But let us turn from these trifles and go deeper. No American could possibly have passed through England during the anxious days of President McKinley's final ordeal and death, without being profoundly impressed with the inalienable tie between the two nations

whose cousinship never before was so strikingly visible. I happened to be at Exeter, a city as marked, perhaps, as any in England for all that is non-American in church and state. All through that fatal Sunday the telegrams conveying the latest returns were put out, from time to time, at the windows of the office, and all day long one might see groups or single observers coming, going, and pausing to inspect; even children eagerly transmitting the successive items of news from one to another. There was no religious service held in the city, from the most conservative to the most liberal, where there was not some reference made to the incident. In all of these there was reported — and as to three or four I can personally testify — a fullness of feeling such as touched the heart of every American. On the next morning, whole pages of the country newspapers, usually so barren of American items, were crowded with reports of Sunday services in various towns and villages. Driving through the country, in any direction, during those sorrowful days, one saw mourning flags here and there, on the streets, on public buildings, and before private houses. In London the very omnibus drivers sometimes carried them. We were constantly told that no European sovereign's death had ever brought forth so much testimonial of grief, and we could well believe it. No American who happened to be in England during that experience can ever again doubt the depth and reality of English and American cousinship.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

VERSES TO COLONEL THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

PREACHER of a liberal creed,
Pioneer in Freedom's cause;
Ever prompt to take the lead
In behalf of saner laws,
Still your speech persuasive flows
As the brooks of Helicon.
You have earned a fair repose,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson!

You have never stooped to fear
Taunt of opulence or place,
Smug convention's frosty sneer,
Fashion's elegant grimace.
In your youthful vision pure
Truth a constellation shone.
Truth is still your cynosure,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Throbbing with indignant zeal,
Lawlessly you sought to save
From the law's relentless seal
Burns the fugitive, a slave.

Your indictment came to naught,
For some flaw was hit upon.
Time is an enshrining court,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Wounded where the bravest fell
To redeem your fellow men;
Working by the double spell
Of your eloquence and pen;
Now that eighty years are scored,
Busy souls may pause to con.
'T was the service of the Lord,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

You have printed many lines
To inspire an eager age.
Counsel wholesome as our pines,
Timely essays keen and sage.
Memories of "Oldport Days"
Which we love to dwell upon,
With your "Cheerful Yesterdays,"
Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Eighty years are but a crown
When the soul is true and kind,
And sparse locks of grizzled brown
Grace a vigorous active mind.
Soldier, patriot, and seer,
Writer, scholar, gentleman,
To the native heart more dear
For the gauntlet which you ran
In pursuit of many a goal
Which the creeping world condemned;
Aspiration kept your soul,
And you feared not to offend.
Lo! amid your autumn leaves
What men scorned now truth appears,
And your dreams are bearing sheaves
In the harvest of your years.

Preacher of a liberal creed,
Pioneer in Freedom's cause;
Ever prompt to take the lead
In behalf of saner laws,
Still your speech persuasive flows
As the brooks of Helicon.
You have earned a fair repose,
Thomas Wentworth Higginson!

Robert Grant.

IS COMMERCIALISM IN DISGRACE?

It must be admitted that a certain ignominy rests upon "Commercialism" as that term is commonly used. It is not merely that, in the recent months, we have witnessed something like a national outburst of mingled indignation and cynicism because the poker mask has been torn from certain giddy schemes of the "high finance." Such obloquy as exists dates from days older than Christianity. Neither Plato nor Cicero conceals his scorn of the trader. So long as the heroic energies of the race were given to war, it was inevitable that some odium should be associated with mercantile pursuits. These obscure callings then brought no splendor of social distinction. They were honestly believed to be squalid occupations. Every enlarged privilege of the trader had to be gained by cunning, by bribes, or by slavish importunities. There is quite enough humiliating economic history in our own civil war to make this clear. A man of science in the employ of the Government went to Mr. Lincoln, in 1863, to tell him how the large contractors were debauching our politicians and fleecing the Government. Mr. Lincoln heard his story, but at its end surprised the visitor by saying, "Mr. ——, I know all that and a good deal more, but to stop this thieving would stop the war."

Every gluttonous passion for gain had so instantly allied itself with the desperate practical needs to which war gives rise, that to stop the looting was to imperil the work of the army in the field. The financial orgies connected with modern wars in Russia, France, and England are well known. Even of the German war of 1870, a Berlin banker has said that the secret history of supplying the army at that time would, if allowed to be published, shock the whole Fatherland. If this be true to-day, it is easy to understand how business methods must have suffered in ages that were prevailingly military.

It is less clear why the reproach should appear among the scholastic economists who had come to disapprove of war and to recognize the social service of trade. Yet a world of proof is at hand that the trader had a sorry task to account for himself morally. The ethical censure was severest against those whose main occupation it was to take interest on moneys, and it was long before usury was distinguished from interest. In spite of civil laws, as late as the fourteenth century the church prohibited usury on moral grounds. Aquinas condemns it as against nature and all precepts of religion, while Dante in the Inferno has the usurers in his low seventh circle of Hell. One might charge interest to an enemy as a means of punishing him, —

> "If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
> As to thy friend, — for when did friendship take
> A breed of barren metal of his friend?
> But lend it rather to thine enemy."

If the military era be thought to characterize race effort until the modern industrial régime fairly begins, this would go far to account for these earlier disgraces of money-getting as a primary occupation. It is the soldier in Napoleon that taunts England with being a nation of shopkeepers. It was meant in derision, and was taken in the polite world as an insult. Even Ruskin delights to hold up the soldier as a gallant figure, in comparison with which the trader is but a shabby creature.

Yet this conflict between military and industrial ideals but partially explains the aversion to commercialism. Other hostilities have arisen which, in their origin, are quite apart from this tradition of war *versus* peace. Three terms are

now in current use: "industrialism," "capitalism," "commercialism." While a literature of vituperation has appeared against capitalism and commercialism, there is rarely a word of abuse for industrialism, probably because it stands popularly for the quieter and better behaved processes of wealth production. This inoffensive term represents, however, the principles applicable to industry as now organized and carried on. Yet it goes scot free, while capitalism and commercialism take their scathing. As the one term is taken at its best, the other two are taken at their worst.

One could fill an encyclopædia with picturesque and vehement denunciation of commercialism from the pulpit, from men of letters, from social and political reformers, and especially from the whole world of art. We hear a great deal about the commercializing of the church; the exclusion of the poor by the money standard of high pew rents, and the undue influence there of rich men. From political reformers we hear no less incessantly about the impudent disregard of every civic decency, if only franchises or legislative immunities are required. It is against these dangers to our political health and well-being that the moral revolt culminates. Yet neck to neck in this tilt against commercialism, everywhere may be found the artist. It is the artist in Morris, in Zola, in Ibsen, that flames out against "the sordidness of our huckster age." In Carlyle, in Ruskin, in Tolstoi, one is uncertain whether the anger springs first from the moralist or first from the artist.

The moral reproach is directed largely against the passion for gain when it becomes an end in itself. Once the amplest competence has been won, why, it is asked, should the fever and the strain go on until the victim has no other joy left but this accumulating for its own sake? In one of his later essays Max Müller maintained that this disease was under our control. His remedy took the form of an appeal, to those who had gained this competence, to quit work, not merely for their own sake, but to open the way for younger men. There appears to be no eagerness to take this counsel so long as the "disease" is there. It is precisely this unnatural stimulus to mass unnecessary gains which has brought against our competitive system the most convincing ethical reproach. Commercialism, in its current bad sense, has come to stand for all this abnormal overdoing, as well as for the incidental frauds that may accompany it.

It was Ruskin's opinion that we should not become a civilized people until men went into business to serve their fellows. Men with genuine spiritual elevation go into the church under the influence of this motive. Why, asks Ruskin, should we not take up business with the express object of doing good? I once heard this view stated before a group of business men of the better sort. It was taken first as a sally of humor. When the speaker grew serious about it, the audience still regarded it as food for merriment. It was like telling a soldier that he was in the army for the purpose of forgiving his enemies. Men go to business with the very distinct aim of making money. Multitudes of them have high and unselfish motives about the use to which the money shall be put when gained. First, and most general, is the support and education of the family. The affections which centre there are the spring of much of the hardest work men do in business. Nor is money ever used to better purpose. Others, obviously in considerable numbers, are moved by the hope of enriching the community life by gifts. For beauty, health, recreation, educational opportunity, several hundred millions have been given to our people in the last generation.

To say that men go to business solely for money conceals more truth than it discloses. It is true that the first object is not to do good, but to get money, and

it is this primary and engrossing aim which brings it into conflict with those who are striving first for other ideals. An architect, if he have the serious passion of the artist, insists first upon the fitness, symmetry, and beauty of his design. To say that he thinks first of money is to say that he is not first an artist. To the business man who employs the architect, the controlling aim is likely to be the return upon his investment. "Fitness" to him and to the designer is not the same word. Symmetry and beauty must take their chances. They are subservient and secondary to other purposes. There is no sphere of art, science, politics, or religion in which this conflict is not felt. So long as the money motive acts on its own plane, it is without offense; but let it once invade the field of other arts, conflict arises so far as it essays to dominate there. It is this attempted domination against which all those who are loyal to other ideals enter protest.

The very existence of the Arts and Crafts Societies is owing to the rude ascendency of commercialism in a sphere where it should serve and not rule. Quantity, and not quality, will be the business aim; specialization will separate the designer from the craftsman, and every art value will become accidental. The heroic effort of these associations to keep the designer and craftsman together, to give the conditions and leisure for perfect workmanship, to safeguard the utmost freedom of the artistic impulse, is a valiant attempt to keep the enemy at bay. The more definite form which the enemy takes in this special field is the machine. It is the body, of which commercialism may be called the soul.

The embittered diatribes of Ruskin against this monster are now seen to be whimsical in their extravagance. In its place the machine, like commercialism, is as much a part of civilization as a statue, a symphony, or the Stones of Venice. It is only when machinery is allowed to enslave us, or is set to tasks for which its automatic character forever unfits it, that objection is raised. The artist must have structure and raw material on which to work. The imprint which the pliant spirit of his genius leaves on this material is art. Those who deserve the name of artist fret and are jealous when the machine is out of place. They feel, and feel rightly, that, out of place, its results are mischievous. In no sphere better than that of the artist can one see that the contest is not against the proper service of the machine, or the business spirit that works through it, but against specific perversities traceable to man's ignorance and greed. The artists are, however, not alone in this crusade.

Three men of such splendid equipment as John Stuart Mill, Professor F. A. Lange, and Herbert Spencer would class awkwardly as artists, yet each writes himself down among the sharpest censors of commercialism. Though the displeasure of the socialist is primarily against *capitalism*, because the world's machinery is so narrowly owned that it turns interest, rent, and profits into the private purse, rather than into the common treasury, yet socialists never weary of defaming the mercantile spirit. To make things for profit and gain, rather than for use, is a sin they never allow us to forget. We read, without surprise, in Belfort Bax: "In the commercial relation, as such, the moral relation is abolished. . . . Conscience, which has its ground in social union, can have no part nor lot with commerce which has its ground in anti-social greed." No one, indeed, quite matches the thorough-going socialist in damnatory phrases. Yet if our social destinies ever fall under collectivist control, trade and commerce, with political management, would still go on. They assure us that capitalism would cease, as the mechanism of production — railways, banks, mills, mines — slowly passes to public ownership.

The formidable task that socialism

sets itself is to do the world's work directly by the community, without the help of the individual money lender and profit maker. The community, *as* community, is to furnish the capital and the management, and is, therefore, to retain the fruits of both. If only the community (city and state) could do this effectively, capitalism, as now understood, would cease. Commercialism in some sense must go on. The socialist's easy answer to a hard question helps us in this inquiry. He assures us that every fang of commercialism would be drawn if it were once freed from certain abuses. With this the sturdiest individualist agrees, only he would fix upon another order of abuses as the chief source of danger. To him, the first and supreme difficulty is neither in the "incubus of the three rents," nor in the private control of machinery. So far as these are evil, they are secondary and not primary. Thus, when Spencer, the "High Priest of individualism," criticises trade, he is of more help to us than Mr. Bax.

It is Spencer who has made the great plea of our time in favor of industrialism as against the military spirit. He is the doughtiest individualist in the arena, yet in his Morals of Trade he writes: "On all sides we have found the result of long personal experience to be the conviction that trade is essentially corrupt. . . . To live in the commercial world it appears necessary to adopt its ethical code: neither exceeding nor falling short of it, — neither being less honest nor more honest. Those who sink below its standard are expelled; while those who rise above it are either pulled down to it or ruined. As, in self-defense, the civilized man becomes savage among savages; so, it seems that, in self-defense, the scrupulous trader is obliged to become as little scrupulous as his competitors. It has been said that the law of the animal creation is — Eat and be eaten; and of our trading community it may similarly be said that its law is — Cheat or be cheated. A system of keen competition, carried on, as it is, without adequate moral restraint, is very much a system of commercial cannibalism. Its alternatives are — Use the same weapons as your antagonists, or be conquered and devoured."

This essay was written nearly a half century ago, when the position of a tradesman in England was something better than that of a lackey. No son of the great Argyle yet sold tea, nor had the scions of stately houses begun to flock to city markets with the express object of making money in trade. They do not thus far take gayly to retailing useful commodities, but they take almost greedily to various forms of money lending; though, in the hands of Jews, this was thought by Christians, for centuries, to be but a scurvy pursuit. This knightly approval of the hitherto vulgar has much to encourage us, though it may not wholly rescue the higgling of the market from its knaveries.

Of the tart comments of Lange and Mill on commercial practices, it may be said confidently that their own writings show that they were dealing with the abuses of trade, and not with its uses. The cheating and the buccaneering connected with trade sting Spencer into indiscriminate protests that seem an impeachment of the entire industrial and trade process, which *is* commercialism, unless we choose arbitrarily to apply this word to whatever is evil in our industrial life. The products which constitute wealth must in some way be exchanged, and the methods of these exchanges must be organized. What names shall we give to those trade functions? Shall we invent a new word, or shall we retain commercialism, with the knowledge that it must, like other race forces, include the evil with the good?

After writing the words "trade is essentially corrupt," Spencer shows us that he does n't quite mean it. He not

only speaks of "the large amount of honest dealing," but adds, "There is no good reason for believing that the trading classes are intrinsically worse than other classes." He then straightway exposes with much skill the frailties in other professions. Nor does he fall into the error of many socialists, who would have us believe that, if it were not for our present business régime, all other callings, like medicine, letters, law, and politics would forthwith be clean and disinterested.

By no torturing of the word can commercialism be made to bear so heavy a burden. Average human nature, with its undisciplined hungers, underlies this and all other ways of winning power. It has come about that no symbol of what man desires has quite the fascination that attaches to money. With neither question nor delay, it exchanges for all other forms of wealth. As no other, it opens the way to every satisfaction, save the rarest and highest, for which ordinary folk do not agonize. To possess this medium of exchange a part of the race will sacrifice most other values.

Because the most dazzling prizes in this kind are connected with the market and trade, ambitious men flock thither and play the game according to their character, as they play all other games, — love, war, or politics. Even in the excesses of these "men of the market," they usually act with the consent of the community in which they live. A corporation wants a franchise for a street railway, and it wants it at the earliest possible date. The bolder officials say plainly, that, if it is to be done in business fashion, legislatures or city councils must be manipulated.

Now it happens that the whole community wants quickness, as the business man wants it. Society is impatient for speedy and imposing results. This is the atmosphere in which our hardiest business men live in common with most of their neighbors. If there is a twist in the character of the petty retailer, he plays the game just as disreputably as the most rakish millionaire. Blood sister to these is the woman who, with more or less indirection, lies her pretty things through the Custom House in known violation of the law of her own land. Of the same kin is that multitude of those whose delight is in extremes of cheapness that are a direct premium on dishonesty, or inconsistent with a living wage to the workers, as in the sweat-shop, or in the many uses of child labor.

While low-priced commodities are as much a boon to people of small resources as are higher wages, there are countless forms of cheapness under which dishonesty is organized with deliberate intent to trick the public. They may take shape in arbitrary rebates to favored persons, or in a "cut-price" drug store, where articles known for their genuineness and excellence are advertised at cost. If one asks in these jugglers' shops for the honest article, the main occupation behind the counter is to persuade the customer that some adulterated article, at half the price, is quite as good. This succeeds often enough to make the imposition profitable. Necessity, ignorance, or greed on the part of the customer gives enormous scope to these humbug wiles.

It is again the very essence of the whole gambling spirit, and the protean shapes it takes in the community, to get an advantage without an equivalent. Yet from top to bottom, this temper permeates society. It may be nearly as common among factory operatives as in a club of the idle rich. Newsboys, miners, and dagos may do far more gambling in proportion to their means than any class of the well-to-do, as it is almost a primary occupation among many primitive peoples who have no commercialism whatever.

Admitting, then, to the full the dreary list of sinister facts that are a part of

trade, there is no namable class among us that has not its deliberate share in a common guilt. Most of us directly or indirectly are "in it," and give continuance to the ills by our own easy acquiescence in accepting the fruits.

I have often heard a literary man in a fine frenzy of resentment against commercialism, although at regular intervals he went into deliberate partnership with the object of his scorn. I have heard a clergyman very eloquent against trade abuses upon which much of his church and charitable work directly depended, and still more indirectly depended. I have known an Arts and Crafts Society many of whose members were very superior in their belief that commercialism was the best synonym for general degeneracy, yet this admirable association, as it got to work, became definitely commercial. One of the leaders told me, "The truth is, we can't do any work as an organization, without adopting trade principles."

This was said apologetically and with regret, yet the society was justified from its own point of view. It was in no sense primarily a money-making institution. This would have been its defeat. Its controlling aim was the artistic education of the community. That a market had to be organized, and trade relations established to connect the worker and the buyer; that the society came to act as middleman, taking a profit on articles sold, was commercial, but it was this wholly freed from abuses.

I have known a society to fail and close its doors because it would not compromise even to this extent, and its failure was deserved. It was trying to meet a problem by running away from it. Trade alliances may be formed that are as honorable as any of life's activities. Our first plain duty is to stop telling lies about trade as a whole. By far the larger part of business is carried on in decent and uneventful ways, with open competition on every hand. Innumerable shops, mills, stores, — even the department caravansaries, — are so pitted against one another in unfenced fields, that their very existence is conditioned on serving the public with better and cheaper products. They rest solidly upon a credit system that *assumes* the competence and general integrity of those in control. Much more than three fourths of our wealth-making and distributing is of this character.

The so-called trust touches hardly ten per cent of our commodities. No class that can be named has, upon the whole, more readiness and ability for good citizenship than that of those who have gained their moral strength by carrying business burdens. Proofs of this are at hand in most communities where hard and unpaid service to the public is given by business men. It is as unfair to say that the trade activities which engage these men are in disgrace, as to say that religion, education, or law is in disgrace. There are men who direct science and invention to evil objects. To this degree, such persons are, or ought to be, under ban. In no other sense should commercialism be under condemnation. The use of its mechanism to further huge schemes has set its ugly stamp on so many shady ventures, that we confuse this occasional use with the incalculably greater service which organized industry renders.

It is these excesses of the "dramatic tenth of business" which justly excite our pessimistic humors. The winners in this game often have the gamblers' vices. They riot in showy expenditures. Their pleasures must have the glare and spice of extravagance. Order and restraint become as intolerable to them as to a prostitute. Yet the very glitter and loudness of their lives fix upon them a degree of attention grotesquely out of proportion to their real share in our national life. They are as exceptional as purposed fraud is exceptional in the entire volume of business. Seen upon the background of the whole, it is partial

and occasional, rather than uniform and organic.

The world's first and most imperious concern is to get its living. The methods through which this is accomplished cannot always bear the seal of the later and the higher virtues. Practical exigencies are first in order, and will long remain so. Though, for the most part, bereft of beauty, they are not necessarily immoral. The exchange of commodities by the help of money, or by primitive swapping, may carry, and usually does carry, an advantage to both parties. If it were not generally so it could not go on.

Ills enough are here, as in every walk of life, but they are evils to be distinguished from things not evil. Immense energy is devoted to the art of healing, but shameless quackeries are practiced every day by armies of men and women who play upon the elemental fears and superstitions of the race. To this extent an excellent profession is in disgrace. Except by a belated theologian here and there, we no longer hear science anathematized. The dignity and universality of its service are conceded, yet it, too, is in disgrace precisely as commercialism is in disgrace. As electricity may light either a brothel or a village library, science may have many perverse uses. It enables trained men to use their skill in adulterating foods, medicines, drinks, knowing that lying labels will be attached with express intent to deceive the buyer. A stigma so far rests upon science, or, more strictly, upon the men who use it basely. In no other sense can commercialism be brought to judgment. There is this large difference. Into trade and commerce the main energies of our people are poured. It is overwhelmingly the occupation of the many and of the strong. In bulk and intensity it is supreme. In proportion to this mass of effort, has it more abuses than chemistry? Has the average business man more or subtler temptations than the doctor, the lawyer, or the clergyman? I do not believe it, different as the temptations may be. It is, moreover, by this yielding to temptation that the case is to be judged in every calling. It is in each case the *man* we are criticising, and not the field in which he works. We do not say that electricity is good or bad, farther than men direct it to social hurt or to social welfare. Politics is in disgrace enough, yet no jot or tittle farther than men demean themselves in working it. In the hand of the gamester, commercialism may turn to piracy or petty pilfering, but it is against him and his kind that the gravamen always holds.

Nor is much bettering likely to come, faster than the intellectual and moral recognition of this fact. President Hadley is right when he asks that business turpitude be met by social ostracism. It must be met, too, not by easy and safe abstractions, but definitely and personally. In a social club, I once saw a man not only refuse to shake the proffered hand of a well-known financier, but deliberately turn his back upon him. The reason was given to me thus: "He gives regularly the largest amounts in my ward to corrupt members of the city government. He has done it systematically for years, because he wants to break certain ordinances, or get an extension of franchises for a corporation in which he is a heavy owner. When I charged him with this, he got mad and said, 'Well, do you think me fool enough to want what you call honest men there?' I cut him for that, and shall never recognize him socially or personally again."

This gentleman had large interests of his own, and ran some risks because of this uncompromising act. Yet the strongholds of ill-doing are never taken, and the area of social morality extended, by any other means. A hundred men in that club knew this freebooter's character as well as the man who cut him. Most of them would have been very lofty and severe with a rogue in fustian, but before this well-groomed financier, with

power, a palace, and costly toys, there was general and smiling deference. There is no knavish ruse in trade so dangerous as this humiliating fact of our common cowardice. Nor is there any cure apart from its cure in ourselves. As long as the fleshpots of utmost attainable wealth are desired above all things, we shall be speciously busy in framing excuses why we should not show the mettle of this gentleman at the club.

Given in any community men and women enough of his moral valor, and the most scandalous practices of commercialism would begin to diminish. It is true, they would have to be scandalous in the sense of being conspicuously and provably evil, — an evil as definite and heinous as that of using company funds to purchase walking delegates; of promoting combinations known from the start to be fraudulent, or, as in the case just cited, in which dignified officials permit the use of corporation resources to strengthen the political party from which it expects to get lawless privileges.

We are very squeamish about such unpleasant words as boycott. It is associated with insolent perversities, yet there is about as much social morality in any community as there is boycotting of persons definitely known to be evil. The eminent and telling service which a small group of plucky men has rendered to cleaner politics in Chicago has been through the boycotting of men found on examination to be personally unfit for office. It is to a Philadelphian that we owe the sentence, "Until we get moral stamina enough to begin to boycott certain very influential persons in our city and state, we shall retain our distinction of being the worst governed city in the country."

This by no means denies the need of many legal and administrative reforms: some approach to equity in taxation; an extension of community power over the franchises and values that are distinctly social in their origin, and the utmost furtherance of the non-partisan conception of municipal politics. These, and many other practical duties, are still undone. They are measures, every one, that strike at private privilege in its most dangerous form. Many outer changes must go hand in hand with the transformation of our inner temper, purpose, and aim in life. There is, nevertheless, no darker delusion from which we suffer than this: that we are abject and helpless until the external and administrative reforms have been effected.

It would be but the fool's paradise to cozen ourselves with the hope that the evils of commercialism will much abate until we desire other objects more eagerly than we desire what the overdoing of commercialism gives us, — that is, the too long list of our materialistic excesses; the unnatural lust for bigness, glare, intensity, display, strain, and needless complication. In coming days, when the national heart, perhaps from very surfeit, sickens of all this, and looks for peace and health in simpler and less distracted ways, it may then be that our span can be lived out with new capacity for achievement more consistent with serenity, repose, and gladness.

John Graham Brooks.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

IV.

THE next morning Jackson Hart was at work once more on the plans for the Denver hotel. Now that he knew his fate, the draughting-room under the great skylights of the Dearborn Building seemed like a prison. The men in the office, he felt sure, had read all about the will, and had had their say upon his affairs before he had come in. He could tell that from the additional nonchalance in the manner of the head draughtsman, Cook. Early in the afternoon a welcome interruption came to him in the shape of an urgent call from the electricians working on the Canostota apartment house on the South Side. The head of the office asked Hart to go to the Canostota and straighten the men out, as Harmon, their engineer, was at home ill.

As Jackson crossed the street to take the elevated he met his cousin. They walked together to the station, and as Wheeler was turning away, the architect broke out: —

"I 've been thinking over uncle's will. I can't say I think it was fair — to treat me like that after — after all these years."

The lawyer smiled coldly.

"We both got the same deal," he remarked.

"Well, that don't make it any better; besides, you have had as good as money from him long ago. Your position and mine are n't just the same."

"No, that 's so," the lawyer admitted. "But what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know yet. I want to think it over. How long" — he started to ask.

"How long have you to give notice you want to contest? About three weeks," Wheeler replied coolly. "Of course, you know that if you fight, you 'll put your mother's legacy in danger. And I guess Hollister and the judge would fight."

"And you?"

Wheeler shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I suppose I should stick with the others."

Then Wheeler nodded and was off down the street. He was as much disturbed as if his cousin had told him it was going to rain on the morrow. Hart continued on his way to the Canostota. There he found the foreman for the electrical contractor, and spent a busy hour explaining to the man the intricacies of the office blue prints. Then the steam-fitter got hold of him, and it was nearly five o'clock before he had time to think of himself or his own affairs. As he emerged from the basement by a hole left in the floor for the plumbers and steam-fitters to run their pipes through, he noticed a section of the fireproof partition which had been accidentally knocked out. Through this hole he could see one of the steel I-beams that supported the flooring above, where it had been drilled to admit the passing of a steam pipe. Something unusual in the thickness of the metal caught his eye, and he paused where he was, halfway out of the basement, to look at it again. The I-beam seemed unaccountably thin. He was not quite familiar, even yet, with the material side of building in America; but he knew in a general way the weights of steel beams that were ordinarily specified in Wright's office for buildings of this size.

"How 's this, Davidson?" he asked the steam-fitter, who was close at his heels. "Is n't that a pretty light fifteen-inch I-beam?"

The workman looked absolutely blank.

"I dunno. I expect it 's what 's called for."

[1] Copyright, 1903, by ROBERT HERRICK.

Even if the man had known all about it, he would have said nothing. It was silly to ask a subcontractor to give evidence damaging to his employer. The architect stooped, and asked the man to hand him his rule. As he was trying to measure the section of steel, he saw a man's face looking down at him from the floor above. Presently a burly form appeared in the opening. It was Graves, who was the general contractor for the building.

"We have n't begun to patch up the tile yet," the contractor observed, nodding to the architect. "We thought we 'd leave it open here and there until Mr. Harmon could get around and look into things. I 'm expecting Mr. Wright will be out here the first of the week, too."

The contractor talked slowly, without taking his eyes from Hart. He was a large, full-bearded man, with a manner self-confident or assuming, as one chose to take it. Hart was always at a loss how to treat a man like Graves, — whether as a kind of upper workman to be ordered about, or as a social equal.

"Is that so?" he asked in a noncommittal tone. "Mr. Harmon has n't been out here much of late?"

"No, sir. It must be three weeks or more since Mr. Harmon was here last. He 's been sick that long, ain't he?"

The steam-fitter had slipped away. Hart had it on his lips to ask the contractor to show him the specifications for the steel work. Graves kept his cool gray eyes fastened on the young architect, while he said: —

"That 's why I 've been keeping things back, so as Mr. Wright could satisfy himself that everything was all right. A terribly particular man, that Mr. Wright. If you can please him!"

He was studying the young man before him, and very ably supplying answers to the architect's doubts before he could express them. The contractor did not pause to give Hart time to think, but kept a stream of his slow, confident words flowing over the architect.

"You fellows give us a lot of bother. Now take that tile. Mr. Wright specifies Caper's A1, which happens to be out of the market just now. To please him I sent to Cleveland and Buffalo for some odds and ends they had down there. But there are a dozen makes just as good!"

He spoke like a man who did always a little more than his duty. Although the architect was conscious of the skillful manner in which his attention was being switched from the steel beams, he felt inclined to trust the contractor.

Graves was not one of the larger contractors employed on the firm's buildings. He had worked up from small beginnings as a master mason. Wright had used him on several little commissions, and had always found him eager to do his best. This was the first job of any considerable size that Graves had done for the firm, and he had got this by underbidding considerably all the other general contractors who had been invited to bid on the work. These facts Hart did not happen to know.

"Are you going north, Mr. Hart?" Graves asked, as they turned to the street entrance. "My team is just outside. Shall be pleased to give you a lift."

Speaking thus he ushered the architect from the Canostota where the dusk was already falling.

The contractor's horse was a nervous, fast little beast. The light runabout whirled into the broad avenue of Grand Boulevard, and there Graves let the animal out for a couple of blocks. A thin smile of satisfaction wrinkled the contractor's bearded lips. Then he pulled on the reins, and turned in his seat to face the architect.

"I 'm glad of this chance to see you, Mr. Hart," he began pleasantly. "I have been thinking lately that we might be of some use to each other."

He paused to let his words sink into

his companion's mind. Then he resumed in a reflective manner : —

" I ain't content to build just for other folks. I want to put up something on my own account. Oh, nothing like as fine as that Canostota, but something pretty and attractive, and something that will pay. I 've just the lot for it, out south alongside Washington Park. It 's a peach! A corner and two hundred feet. Say! Why won't you come out right now and have a look at it? Can you spare the time? Good."

The little runabout whisked around, and they went speeding south over the hard boulevard.

" Now 's about the time to build. I 've owned the property ever since the slump in real estate right after the fair. Well, I want an architect on my own account! I suppose I could go to one of those Jews who sell their dinky little blue prints by the yard. Most of the flat buildings hereabouts come that way. But I want something *swell*. That 's going to be a fine section of the city soon, and looks count in a building, as elsewhere."

Hart laughed at this cordial testimony to his art.

" There 's your boss, Wright. But he 's too high-toned for me, — would n't look at anything that toted up less than the six figures. And I guess he don't do much designing himself. He leaves that to you young fellows! "

Hart could see, now, the idea that was in the contractor's mind. They pulled up near the south corner of the Park, beside some vacant land. It was, as Graves said, a very favorable spot for a showy apartment building.

" I want something real handsome," the contractor continued. " It 'll be a high-priced building. And I think *you* are the man to do it."

Graves brought this out like a shot.

" Why, I should like to think of it," the architect began conventionally, not sure what he ought to say.

" Yes, you 're the man. I saw the plans for that Aurora church one day while I was waiting to talk with Mr. Wright, and I said to myself then, 'There 's the man to draw *my* plans. That feller 's got something out of the ordinary in him! He 's got style! '"

Praise, even from the mob, is honey to the artist. Hart instinctively thought better of the self-confident contractor, and decided that he was a bluff, honest man, — common, but well meaning.

" Well, what do you say, Mr. Hart? "

It ended with Hart's practically agreeing to prepare a preliminary sketch. When it came to the matter of business, the young architect found that, notwithstanding the contractor's high consideration of his talent, he was willing to offer only the very lowest terms for his work. He told the contractor that he should have to leave Wright's office before undertaking the commission.

" But," he said with a sudden rush of will, " I was considering starting for myself very soon, anyway."

It was not until after the contractor had dropped him at his club in the down-town district that he remembered the steel beams in the Canostota. Then it occurred to him that possibly, had it not been for the accident which had brought Graves to that part of the building just as he was on his knees trying to measure the thickness of the metal, the contractor might not have discovered his great talent. As he entered the club washroom, the disagreeable thought came to him that, if the I-beams were not right, Graves had rather cleverly closed his mouth about the Canostota. In agreeing to do a piece of work for Wright's contractor, he had placed himself where he could not easily get that contractor into trouble with his present employer.

As he washed his hands, scrubbing them as if they had been wood to remove the afternoon's dirt, he felt that there was more than one kind of grime in the city.

V.

There were very few men to be found in the club at this hour. The dingy library, buzzing like a beehive at noon with young men, was empty now except for a stranger who was whiling away his time before meeting a dinner engagement. The men that the architect met at this club were, like himself, younger members of the professions, struggling up in the crowded ranks of law, medicine, architecture. Others were in brokers' offices, or engaged in general business. Some of them had been his classmates in Cornell, or in the technological school, and these had welcomed him with a little dinner on his return from Paris.

After that cheerful reunion he had seen less of these old friends than he had hoped to, when he had contemplated Chicago from his Paris apartment. Perhaps there had been something of envy among them for Jackson Hart. Things had seemed very pleasantly shaped for him, and Chicago is yet a community that resents special favors.

Every one was driving himself at top speed. At noon the men fell together about the same table in the grill-room, — worried, fagged, preoccupied. As soon as the day's work was over, their natural instinct was to flee from the dirt and noise of the business street, where the club was situated, to the cleaner quarters north or south, or to the semi-rural suburbs. Thus the centrifugal force of the city was irresistible.

To-night there were a number of men in the cardroom, sitting over a game of poker, which, judging from the ash-trays about them, had been in progress since luncheon. Several other men with hats on and coats over their arms were standing about the table looking on.

"Well, Jackie, my boy!" one of the players called out, "where have you been hiding yourself this week?"

Ben Harris, the man who hailed the architect, had apparently been drinking a good deal. The other men at the table called out sharply, "Shut up, Ben. Play!"

But the voluble Harris, whose drink had made him more than usually impudent, remarked further: —

"Say, Jack! ain't you learned yet that we don't pattern after the German Emperor here in Chicago? Better comb out your mustache, or they 'll be taking you for some foreign guy."

Hart merely turned his back on Harris, and listened with exaggerated interest to what a large, heavy man, with a boy's smooth face, was saying: —

"He was of no special 'count in college, — a kind of second-rate hustler, you know. But, my heavens! Since he struck this town, he 's got in his work. I don't believe he knows enough law to last him over night. But he knows how to make the right men think he does. He started in to work for those Selinas Mills people, — damage suits and collecting. Here in less than five years he 's drawing the papers for the consolidation of all the paper mills in the country!"

"Who 's that, Billy?" Hart asked.

"Leverett, Joe Leverett. He was Yale '89, and at the law school with me."

"He must have the right stuff in him," commented one man.

"I don't know about that!" the first speaker retorted. "Some kind of stuff, of course. But I said he was no lawyer, and never will be, and I repeat it. And what 's more, half the men who are earning the big money in law here in Chicago don't know enough law to try a case properly."

"That 's so," assented one man.

"Same thing in medicine."

"Oh, it 's the same all over."

The men about the card-table launched out into a heated discussion of the one great topic — Success. The game of poker finally closed, and the players joined in the conversation. Fresh drinks

were ordered, and cigars were passed about. The topic caught the man most eager to go home, and fired the brain most fagged.

"The pity of it, too," said the large man called Billy, dominating the room with his deep voice and his deliberate speech, — "the pity of it is that it ruins the professions. You can see it right here in Chicago. Who cares for fine professional work, if it don't bring in the stuff? Look at our courts! Yes, look at our doctors! And look at our buildings! It 's money every time. The professions are commercialized."

"Oh, Billy!" exclaimed Ben Harris. "Is this a commencement oration you are giving us?"

A quiet voice broke in from behind the circle: —

"There 's much in what you say, Mr. Blount. Time has been when it meant something of honor for a man to be a member of one of the learned professions. Men were content to take part of their pay in honor and respect from the community. There 's no denying that 's all changed now. We measure everything by one yardstick, and that is money. So, the able lawyer and the able doctor have joined the race with the mob for the dollars. But" — his eye seemed to rest on the young architect, who was listening attentively — "that state of affairs can't go on. When we shake down in this modern world of ours, and have got used to our wealth, and have made the right adjustment between capital and labor, — the professions, the learned professions, will be elevated once more. Men are so made that they want to respect something. And in the long run they will respect learning, ideas, and devotion to the public weal."

"That 's all right, Pemberton," Harris retorted. "That 's first-class talk. But I guess I see about as much of human nature in my business as any man, and I tell you, it 's only human nature to get what you can out of the game. What men respect in this town is money, — first, last, and all the time. So it 's only natural for a man, whether he is a lawyer or anything else, to do as the other Romans do."

Harris brought his bony, lined hand down on the card-table with a thump, and leaned forward, thrusting out his long, unshaven chin at the older man who had spoken. His black hair, which was thin above the temples and across the middle of his head, was rumpled, his collar bent, and his cuffs blackened about the edges. Hart had known him as a boy twelve years before at the South Side High School. From the University of Michigan Harris had entered a broker's office, and had made money on the Board of Trade. Lately it had been reported that he was losing money in wheat.

"Yes, sir," he snarled on, having suppressed the others for the moment. "It don't make much difference, either, how you get your money so far as I can see. Whether you do a man in a corner in wheat, or run a pool room. All is, if you want to be in the game, you must have the price of admission about you. And the rest is talk for the ladies and the young."

The older man, Pemberton, said in a severe tone: —

"That is easy to say and easy to believe. But when I think of the magnificent gift to the public just made by one of these very men whom you would consider a mere money-grabber, I confess I am obliged to doubt your easy analysis of our modern life!"

Pemberton spoke with a kind of authority. He was one of the older men of the club, much respected in the city, and perfectly fearless. But the broker, also, feared no man's opinion.

"Gifts to education!" sneered Ben Harris. "That 's what they do to show off when they 're through with their goods. Anyway, there 's too much education going around. It don't count.

The only thing that counts, to-day, here, now, is money. Can you make it or steal it or — inherit it!"

He looked at Jackson Hart and laughed. The architect disliked this vulgar reference to his own situation, but, on the whole, he was inclined to agree with the broker.

"I am sorry that such ideas should be expressed inside this club," Pemberton answered gravely. "If there is one place in this city where the old ideals of the professions should be reverenced, where men should deny that cheap philosophy of the street, by their acts as well as by their words, it should be here in this club."

Some of the other men nodded their approval of this speech. They said nothing, however; for the conversation had reached a point of delicacy that made men hesitate to say what they thought. Pemberton turned on his heel and walked away. The irrepressible Harris called after him belligerently: —

"Oh, I don't know about that, now, Mr. Pemberton. It takes all kinds of men to make a club, you know."

The little group broke up. Harris linked his arm in Hart's.

"I've got something to say to you, Jackie," he said boisterously. "We'll order some dinner, if you are free, and I'll put you up to something that's better than old Pemberton's talk. It just occurred to me while we were gassing here."

The young architect did not quite like Harris's style, but he had planned to dine at the club, and they went upstairs to the dining-room together. He was curious to hear what the broker might have to suggest to him.

Hart had agreed with Pemberton's ideas, naturally enough, in the abstract. But in the concrete, the force of circumstances, here in this roaring city where he found himself caught, was fast preparing him to accept the Harris view. He was neither an idealist nor a weak man: he was merely a young man, still, making up his character as he went along, and taking color more or less from the landscape he found himself in.

His aspirations for art, if not fine, were sufficiently earnest and sincere. He had thought of himself as luckily fortuned, so that he could devote himself to getting real distinction in his profession. So in Paris. Now, brought back from that pleasant world into this stern city, with all its striving, apparently, centred upon the one business of making money, then deprived by what seemed to him a harsh and unfair freak of fortune of all his pleasant expectations, he was trying to read the face of Destiny. And there he seemed to find written what this gritty broker had harshly expressed.

"Say, you've got a good friend in Mrs. Will Phillips," Harris began bluntly when they were seated opposite each other.

Hart remembered that he had not followed the widow's invitation to call upon her, all thought of her having been driven out of his mind by the happenings of the last few days.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Oh, I know all right. She's a good customer of ours. I've been talking to her half the afternoon about things."

His next remark had nothing to do with Mrs. Phillips.

"You fellows don't make much money building houses. Ain't that so? You need other jobs. Well, I am going to give you a pointer."

He stopped mysteriously, and then began again: —

"I happen to know that the C. R. & N. Road is going to put a lot of money into improvements this summer. Among other things they're getting ready to build new stations all along the north line, — you know, up through the suburbs, — Forest Park, Shoreham, and so on. They've got a lot of swell patronage out that way, and they are making ready for more."

Hart listened to the broker intently. He wondered why Harris should happen to know this news ahead of the general public, and he tried to think how it might help his fortune.

"That 's where they are going to put a lot of their surplus earnings. Now, those stations must be the top of the style, — real buildings, not sheds. I don't think they have any architect."

"Oh!" objected Hart, disappointed. "The president or one of the vice presidents will have a son, or nephew, or some one to work in. Or, perhaps, they will have a competitive trial for the plans."

"Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't," Harris answered knowingly. "The man who will decide all that is their first vice president, — Raymond, Colonel Stevens P. Raymond, — know him?"

Hart shook his head.

"Well, Mrs. Phillips does. He lives out in Forest Park, where she 's thinking of building a big house."

"Is Mrs. Phillips thinking of building in Forest Park?" the architect asked.

Harris looked at him in a bored manner.

"Why, I thought you were going to draw the plans!"

"She asked me to come to see her," Hart admitted. "But that was all."

"Well, if a rich and good-looking woman asks you to call, I should n't take all year about making up my mind."

Hart could not help thinking that it would be harder to go to Mrs. Phillips now than if he had not had this talk with the broker. Their meeting in Paris had been pleasant, unalloyed with business. He remembered how he had rather patronized the ambitious young woman, who had desired to meet artists, to go to their studios, and to have little dinners where every one talked French but her stupid husband.

"The widow Phillips thinks a lot of your ability, Jackie, and old S. P. R. thinks a lot of the widow. Now do you see?"

The architect laughed nervously. He could see plainly enough what was meant, but he did not like it altogether.

"She can do what she likes with the old man. The job is as good as yours, if you do the proper thing. I 've given you the tip straight ahead of the whole field. Not a soul knows that the C. R. & N. is going in for this kind of thing."

"It will be a big chance," the architect replied. "It was good of you to think of me, Ben."

"That 's all right. It popped into my head when that ass Pemberton began his talk about your uncle's gift to the public. I must say, it seemed to me a dirty trick of the old man to cut you out the way he did. Are you going to fight the will, or is it so fixed that you can't?"

"I don't know, yet."

"To bring a fellow up as he did you, and then knock on him at the end, — it 's just low-down."

That was the view Jackson Hart was more and more inclined to take of his uncle's will, and he warmed to the coarse, outspoken broker, who had shown him real friendliness. Harris seemed to him to be warm-blooded and human. The young architect was beginning to feel that this was not a world for delicacy of motive and refinement. When Hart suggested diffidently that some large firm of architects would probably be chosen by the C. R. & N. people, Harris said: —

"Rats! Raymond won't hunt round for references, beyond what Mrs. Phillips will give him. You see her as quick as you can, and tell her you want the chance."

The opportunity which Harris had suggested would be given to him by a woman. Yet, however much he might dislike to go to a woman for such help, the chance began to loom large in his imagination. Here was something that Wright himself would be glad to have. He saw himself in his own office, having two

large commissions to start with, and possibly a third, — Mrs. Phillips's new house in Forest Park.

Perhaps Wright did know, after all, about the C. R. & N. matter. Hart's fighting blood rose: he would do his best to snatch the good thing from him, or from any other architect! He forgot his contempt for that American habit of pull, which he had much deplored in studio discussions. All that had been theory; this was personal and practical.

Within the day Fortune had smiled upon him twice. Neither time, to be sure, was the way to her favor quite what he would have chosen if he could have chosen. But one must not discriminate too nicely when one picks up the cards to play. . . .

Below, from the busy street, rose the piercing note of the city, — rattle, roar, and clang, scarcely less shrill at eight of an evening than at noon. From the bulkheads on the roof of the next building soared a drab-colored cloud of steam, eddying upwards even to the open windows of the club dining-room. The noise, the smell, the reek of the city touched the man, folded him in, swayed him like a subtle opiate. The thirst of the terrible game of living, the desire of things, the brute love of triumph filled his veins. Old Powers Jackson, contemptuously putting him to one side, had unconsciously worked this state of mind in him. He, Jackson Hart, would show the world that he could fight for himself, could snatch the prize that every one was fighting for, the prize of man's life, — a little pot of gold!

VI.

"How did young Mr. Hart take the news of the will?" Mrs. Phillips asked her brother-in-law the first time she saw him after the funeral.

"Why, all right, I guess," the judge answered slowly. "Why should n't he?"

"I hoped he would fight it," the widow replied, eyeing the judge calmly.

"I believe he is n't that much of a fool. Just because Powers looked after his mother, and fed him all these years, and gave him an expensive education, — why should he be obliged to leave the chap all his money, if he did n't want to?"

Mrs. Phillips avoided a direct reply, and continued to announce her opinions, — a method of conversation which she knew was highly irritating to the judge.

"Philanthropy! What 's the use of such philanthropy? The city has enough schools. It 's all foolishness to give your money to other people to eat up!"

"That is a matter of feeling," Judge Phillips answered dryly. "I should n't expect you to feel as Powers did about such things."

Harrison Phillips had few illusions concerning his sister-in-law, and she knew it. Years before they had reached the point where they dispensed with polite subterfuges. He had known her ever since she came to Chicago from a little Illinois town to study music. Indeed, he had first introduced his younger brother to her, he remembered unhappily. She was Louise Faunce, then, — a keen, brown-eyed country girl of eighteen. When Will Phillips wanted to marry her, the judge had already felt the girl's little claws, and had been foolish enough to warn his brother. Will Phillips was a dull young man, and had poor health. The older brother knew that Will was being married for his money, — a considerable fortune for a girl from Ottumwa, Illinois.

And the marriage had not been a happy one. The last years of his life Will Phillips had taken to drinking. The judge felt that the wife had driven his brother to his sodden end, and he hated her for it, with a proper and legal hatred. The last six months of her husband's life, Mrs. Phillips had spent in Europe with her two children. Why she had chosen to return to Chicago after her

husband's death was a mystery to the judge, who never gave Louise Phillips credit for half her character.

She told him that she had found Europe an unsuitable place in which to bring up the children, and proposed to build a new house, perhaps in Forest Park, — one of the older and more desirable suburbs to the north of the city.

"I must make a home for my children among their father's friends," she said to the judge with perfect propriety. "Venetia, especially, should have the right background."

Venetia, so named in one of the rare accesses of sentiment which came to Mrs. Phillips, as to all mortals, was now sixteen years old. Her brother Stanwood, a year younger, had been placed in a fashionable Eastern school, where he was preparing for Yale, and ultimately for the "career of diplomacy," as his mother called it.

The judge had been discussing to-day his sister-in-law's intentions in regard to the new house, and she had notified him that she should need presently a large amount of money.

"If you will wait," she remarked, having exhausted her opinion about philanthropy and Powers Jackson's will, "you might see my architect. I have asked Mr. Hart to call this afternoon."

"I don't pine to see him," the old man retorted testily. "So you have gone that far?"

"Yes! There is n't the slightest use of being disagreeable about it, you see. Nothing that you can say will change my mind. It never has. You would like to keep me from spending the money. But you can't without a row, a scandal. Besides, it 's a good investment for both the children."

"You were always pretty keen for a good investment!"

"You mean by that sarcasm that you think I was sharp when I married your brother, because I had nothing but my good looks. They were worth more than a husband — who — drank himself — to death."

"We won't go into that, please," the judge said, his bright blue eyes glittering. "I hope, Louise, to live to see the day when you get what you deserve, — just how I don't know."

"Thank you, Harrison," Mrs. Phillips replied unperturbed. "We all do get what we deserve, sooner or later, don't we?"

"Sometimes I give up hope!"

"There 's my young man now!" she exclaimed, looking out of the window. "If you want to know just what extravagances I am going into, you had better wait."

"I 'll know soon enough! Where 's Ven? I want to see her."

"She should be out riding with John."

Mrs. Phillips rose from her deep chair to greet the architect. All at once her face and manner seemed to change from the hard, cold surface that she had presented to the judge, the surface of a middle-aged, shrewd woman. Suddenly she expanded, opened herself graciously to the young man.

The old gentleman stalked out of the drawing-room, with a curt nod and a grunt for Hart. The architect looked to the widow for an explanation of the stormy atmosphere, but she smiled a warm welcome, ignoring the judge.

"So good of you to answer my note promptly," she murmured. "For I know how busy you are!"

"I had already promised myself the pleasure," Hart replied quickly, using a phrase he had thought up on his way into the room.

As he looked at her resting in her deep chair, he realized that it was a distinct pleasure to be there. In Chicago Mrs. Will Phillips was much more of a person than she had been in Paris. Still, the woman in her was the first and last fact. She was thirty-seven, and in the very best of health. To one who did not

lay exclusive emphasis on mere youth, the first bloom of the fruit, she was much more beautiful than when she married Willie Phillips. Sensitive, nervous, in the full tide of her physical life, she had, what is euphemistically called today, temperament. To this instinctive side of the woman, the handsome, strong, young man had always appealed.

It is also true that she was clever, and had learned with great rapidity how to cover up the holes of a wretched education. At first, however, a man could think of but one thing in the presence of Mrs. Phillips: —

"You are a woman, and a very pretty one!"

Doubtless she meant that men should think that, and nothing more, at first. Those who had come through the fire, to whom she was cold and hard, like an inferior gem, might say with the judge: —

"Louise flings her sex at you from the first smile. The only thing to do is to run."

Jackson Hart had not yet reached this point of experience. He was but dimly aware that the woman opposite him troubled his mind, preoccupied, as it happened to be, with business, like a too pronounced perfume. Here, in the hard atmosphere of an American city, he was not inclined to remember the sentimentalities of his Paris days. Accordingly, Mrs. Phillips, with quick perception, dropped the reminiscential tone that she had been inclined to take. She came promptly to business: —

"Could you consider a small commission, Mr. Hart?" she asked with apparent hesitation.

The architect would have undertaken to build a doll's house. Nevertheless, his heart sank at the word "small."

"I so much want your advice, at any rate. I value your taste so highly. You taught me how to look at things over there. And we should agree, should n't we?"

Then she unfolded more plainly her purpose of building in Forest Park. She had thought of something Tudor. (She had been visiting at a Tudor house in the East.) But the architect, without debating the point, sketched on the back of an envelope the outline of an old French château, — a toy study in part of the famous château at Chenonceaux.

"What a lovely roof!" Mrs. Phillips exclaimed responsively. "And how the thing grows under your hand! It seems as if you must have had me in mind for a long time." She leaned over the little piece of paper, fascinated by the architect's facility.

As he drew in the façade, he noticed that the widow had very lovely hair, of a tone rarely found in America, between brown and black, dusky. He remembered that he had made the same observation before in Paris. The arch of her neck, which was strong and full, was also excellent. And her skin had a perfect pallor.

By the time he had made these observations and finished his rough little sketch, the Tudor period had been forgotten, and the question of the commission had been really decided. There remained to be debated the matter of cost. After one or two tactful feints the architect was forced to ask bluntly what the widow expected to spend on the house. At the mention of money Mrs. Phillips's brows contracted slightly. A trace of hardness, like fine enamel, stole across her features.

"What could you build it for?" she demanded brusquely.

"Why, on a thing like this you can spend what you like," he stammered. "Of course a house in Forest Park ought to be of a certain kind, — to be a good investment," he added politely.

"Of course. Would twenty-five thousand dollars do?"

The architect felt relieved on hearing the size of the figure, but he had had time to realize that this agreeable client might be close in money matters. It would be

well to have her mind keyed to a liberal figure at the start, and he said boldly: —

"You could do a good deal for that. But not a place like this. Such a one as you ought to have, Mrs. Phillips," he added, appealing to her vanity.

Once he had called her Louise, and they both were conscious of the fact. She eyed him keenly. She was quite well aware that he wanted to get all the freedom to develop his sketch that a good sum of money would give, and also had in mind the size of his fee, which would be a percentage of the cost. But this did not offend her. In this struggle, mental and polite, over the common topic of money, she expected him to do his best.

"It 's no use being small in such matters," she conceded at length. "Let us say fifty thousand!"

"That 's much more possible!" the architect replied buoyantly, with a vague idea already forming that his sketches might call for a house that would cost seventy or seventy-five thousand dollars to complete.

The money matter out of the way, the widow relapsed into her friendly manner.

"I hope you can begin right away! I am so anxious to get out of this old barn, and I want to unpack all the treasures I 've bought in Europe this last time."

Judge Phillips would have shuddered to hear his brother's large brick house, with its neat strip of encircling green lawn, in Chicago fashion, referred to as a barn. And the architect, on his side, knowing something of Louise Phillips's indiscriminate taste in antiquities, was resolved to cull the "treasures" before they found a place in his edifice.

"Why, I 'll begin on some sketches right away. If they please you, I could do the plans at once — just as soon as I get my own office," he added honestly. "You know I have been working for Walker, Post & Wright. But I am going to leave them very soon."

"Yes," Mrs. Phillips replied sympathetically. "I know it ought to have been so different. I think that will was disgraceful! I hope you can break it."

"I don't know that I shall try," he answered hastily, startled at the widow's cool comment on his uncle's purposes.

"Well, you know best, I suppose. But I should think a long time before I let them build that school."

"I shall see. At any rate, it looks now as if I should want all the work I can get," he said, looking into her eyes, and thinking of what Harris had told him of the C. R. & N. job. He had it on his lips to add, "Can't you say a word for me to your friend Colonel Raymond?" But he could not bring himself to the point of asking outright for business favors at a woman's hand.

However, she happily saved him from the crudity of open speech.

"Perhaps I can help you. There 's something — Well, we won't begin on that to-day. But you can rest assured that I am your friend, can't you?"

They understood each other thus easily. He knew that she was well aware of what was in his mind, and was disposed to help him to the full extent of her woman's power. In his struggle for money and place, — things that she appreciated, — she would be an able friend.

Having come to a complete agreement on many matters, in the manner of a man and a woman, they began to talk of Paris and of other days. Outside in the hall there was the sound of steps, and a laughing, vigorous girl's voice. The architect could see a thin, tall girl, as she threw her arms about Judge Phillips's plump neck and pulled his head to a level with her mouth. He noticed that Mrs. Phillips was also watching this scene with stealthy eyes. When the door had closed upon the judge, she called: —

"Venetia, will you come here, dear. I want you to meet Mr. Hart. You remember Mr. Hart?"

The girl crossed the drawing-room slowly, the fire in her strangely extinguished. She gave a bony little hand to the architect, and nodded her head, like a rebellious trick dog. Then she drew away from the two and stood beside the table, waiting for the next order.

She was dark like her mother, but her features lacked the widow's pleasant curves. They were firm and square, and a pair of dark eyes looked out moodily from under heavy eyebrows. The short red lips were full and curved, while the mother's lips were dangerously thin and straight. As the architect looked at the girl, standing tall and erect at the table, he felt that she was destined to be of some importance. It was also plain that she and her mother were not sympathetic. When her mother spoke, the daughter seemed to listen with the terrible criticism of youth lurking in her eyes.

A close observer would have seen, also, that the girl had in her a capacity for passion that the mother altogether lacked. The woman was mildly sensuous and physical in mood, but totally without the strong emotions that might sweep her to any act, mindless of fate. When the clash came between the two, the mother would be the one to retreat.

"Have you had your ride, dear?" Mrs. Phillips asked in soothing tones, carefully prepared for the public.

"No, mamma. Uncle Harry was here, you know."

"I am sorry not to have you take your ride every day, no matter what happens," the mother continued, as if she had not heard the girl's excuse.

"I had rather see uncle Harry. Besides, Frolic went lame yesterday."

"You can always take my horse," Mrs. Phillips persisted, her eyebrows contracting as they had over the money question.

A look of what some day might become contempt shadowed the girl's face. She bowed to the architect in a way that made him understand it was no recommendation to her favor that he was her mother's friend, and walked across the room with a dignity beyond the older woman's power.

"She is at the difficult age," the mother murmured.

"She is growing beautiful!" Hart exclaimed.

"I hope so," Mrs. Phillips answered composedly. "When can you let me see the sketches? Won't you dine with us next Wednesday?"

She seemed to have arranged every detail with accuracy and care.

VII.

The Spellmans lived on the other side of the city from Mrs. Phillips, on Maple Street, very near the lake. Their little stone-front, Gothic-faced house was pretty nearly all the tangible property that Mr. Spellman had to leave to his widow and child when he died, sixteen years before. There had been also his interest in Jackson's Bridge Works, an interest which at the time was largely speculative, but which had enabled Powers Jackson to pay the widow a liberal income without hurting her pride.

The house had remained very much what it had been during Mr. Spellman's lifetime, its bright Brussels carpets and black-walnut furniture having taken on the respectability of age and use. Here, in this homely eddy of the great city, mother and daughter were seated reading after their early dinner, as was their custom. Helen, having shown no aptitude for society, after one or two seasons of playing the wall-flower at the modest parties of their acquaintance, had resolutely sought her own interests in life. One of these was a very earnest attempt to get that vague thing called an education. Just at present, this consisted of much reading of a sociological character.

Mrs. Spellman, who had been turning the leaves of a magazine, finally looked up from its pages and asked, "Have you seen Jackson since the funeral?"

Helen dropped her book into her lap and looked at her mother with startled eyes.

"No, mother. I suppose he is very busy."

She spoke as if she had already asked herself this question and answered it without satisfaction.

"I wonder what he means to do about the will," Mrs. Spellman continued. "It must have been a disappointment to him. I wonder if he had any idea how it would be?"

"What makes you think he would be disappointed?" the girl asked literally.

"Why, I saw Everett this morning, and he told me he thought his cousin might dispute the will. He said Jackson was feeling sore. It would be such a pity if there were any trouble about the will!"

Helen shut the book in her lap and laid it on the table very firmly.

"How can Everett say such things! You know Jackson would never think of anything so — mean, so ungrateful!"

"Some people might think he was justified. And it is a very large sum of money. If he expected" —

"Just because uncle Powers was always so good to him!" the girl interrupted hotly. "Was that any reason why he should give him a lot of money?"

"My dear, most people would think it was a sufficient reason for giving him more than he did."

"Then most people are very self-interested! Everett Wheeler might expect it. But Jackson has something else in life to do than worry over not getting his uncle's money."

Mrs. Spellman, who had known Jackson since he was a child, smiled wisely, but made no reply.

"What should he want more than he has, — the chance to do splendid things, to work for something better than money? That's the worst about Chicago, — you hear nothing but money, money, from morning to night. No one believes any man cares for any other thing. Everett does n't!"

"Poor Everett!" her mother said with quiet irony. "He is n't thinking of contesting the will, however."

"Nor is Jackson, I know," the girl answered positively.

She rose from her chair by the lamp, and walked to and fro in the room. When she stood she was a tall woman, almost large, showing the growth that the New England stock can assume in a favorable environment. While she read, her features had been quite dull. They were fired now with feeling, and the deep eyes burned.

Suddenly Mrs. Spellman remarked, "Why should n't we go away, to Europe? Would n't you like to spend a year abroad?"

"Why?" the girl demanded quickly, pausing opposite her mother. "What makes you say that?"

"There is n't much to keep us here," Mrs. Spellman explained.

The girl turned away her face, as she answered evasively, "Why should we go away? I don't want to leave."

She knew that her mother was thinking of what had occurred to her many times as these last days had gone by without their seeing the young architect. Possibly, now that he knew himself to be without fortune, he wished to show her that there could be no question of marriage between them. She rejected the idea haughtily. And even if it were so, she would not admit to herself the wound. It would be no pleasure for her to go away.

Could it be true that he was thinking of fighting the will? Her heart scorned the suggestion. She returned to her chair, resolutely picked up her book, and turned the pages with a methodical, unseeing regularity. As the clock tinkled

off nine strokes, Mrs. Spellman rose, kissed her daughter, silently pressing her fingers on the light folds of her hair, and went upstairs to her room. Another half hour went by; then, as the clock struck the hour, the doorbell rang. Helen, recollecting that the servants had probably left the kitchen, put down her book and stepped into the hall. She waited a moment there, but when the bell rang a second time she went resolutely to the door and opened it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Jackson! I thought it might be a tramp."

"You are n't so far wrong," the architect answered with a laugh. "Is it too late to come in?"

For answer she held the door wide open.

"I have been dining with Mrs. Phillips; she has asked me to draw some plans for her," Hart explained. "I thought I would tell you and your mother about it."

"Mother has gone upstairs, but come in. You know I read late. And I am so glad to hear about the plans."

The strong night wind brushed boisterously through the open door, ruffling the girl's loosely coiled hair. She put her hands to her head to tighten the hairpins here and there. If the man could have read colors in the dark hall, he would have seen that the girl's face, usually too pale, had flushed. His ears were quick enough to detect the tremulous note in her voice, the touch of surprise and sudden feeling. It answered something electric in himself, something that had driven him across the city straightway from Mrs. Phillips's house.

He followed her into the circle of lamplight, and sat down heavily in the chair that she had been occupying.

"What 's this thing you are reading?" he asked in his usual tone of authority, picking up the bulky volume beneath the lamp. "Hobson's Social Problem. Where did you get hold of that? It 's a queer thing for a girl, is n't it?"

His tolerantly amused tone indicated the value he put on women's education.

"Professor Sturges recommended it."

"Um," he commented, turning over the leaves critically.

"But tell me about Mrs. Phillips and the plans."

There was an awkward constraint between them, not that the hour or the circumstance of their being alone made them self-conscious. There was nothing unusual in his coming late like this. But many things had happened since they had been together alone: the old man's death, the funeral, the will, — most of all the will!

He told her of the new house in Forest Park. It had been decided upon that evening, his plans having been received enthusiastically. But he lacked all interest in it. He was thinking how the week had changed everything between them. Because of that he had not been to see her before, and he felt guilty in being here now.

"Mother and I have just been talking of you. We have n't seen you since the funeral," Helen said, speaking what was in her mind.

Her words carried no reproach. Yet at once he felt that he was put on the defensive; he did not care to explain why he had avoided the Maple Street house.

"A lot has happened," he replied vaguely. "Things have changed pretty completely for me!"

A tone of bitterness crept into his voice in spite of himself. He wanted sympathy; for that, in part, he had come to her. At the same time he felt that it was a weak thing to do, that he should have gone almost anywhere but to her.

"It takes a man a few days to catch his breath," he continued, "when he finds he 's been cut off with a shilling, as they say in the play."

Her eyes dropped from his face, and her hands began to move restlessly over the folds of her skirt.

"I 've had a lot to think about — to look at the future in a new way. There 's no hope now of leaving this place, thanks to uncle!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a low voice. The coldness of her tone was not lost upon the man. He saw suddenly that it would not do to admit to her that he contemplated contesting his uncle's will.

"Of course," he hastened to add magnanimously, "uncle had a perfect right to do as he liked. It was his money. But what could he have had against me?"

"Why, nothing, I am sure!" she answered quickly.

"It looks as if he had!"

"Perhaps he thought it was better so, — better for you," she suggested gently. "He used to say that the men of his time had more in their lives than men have nowadays, because they had to make all the fight for themselves. Nowadays so many young men inherit capital. He thought there were two great gifts in life, — health and education. When a man had those, he could go out to meet the future bravely."

"Yes, I know all that," he hastened to say. "But the world is n't running on just the same lines it was when uncle Powers was working at the forge. It 's a longer road up these days."

"Is it?" the girl asked vaguely. Then they were silent once more.

There was nothing of reproof in her words, yet he felt the strange difference in the atmosphere of this faded little Maple Street house from the world he had been living in. He had told himself for the last ten days that now he could not marry this woman, that a great and perfectly obvious barrier had been raised by his disinheritance. It had all been so clear to him that he had not questioned the idea.

That very evening he had had more talk about the will with the clever Mrs. Phillips, and he had come away from her resolved to contest the instrument. On the morrow he intended to notify his cousin and take the preliminary steps. Yet, on the very heels of that decision, there had come an irresistible desire to see this other woman, the longing for the antithesis which so often besets the feeble human will. Nothing was more unlike Mrs. Phillips in his horizon than this direct, inexperienced girl, full of pure enthusiasms.

Now he saw very clearly that nothing would remove him farther from Helen than the act he was contemplating. If she but knew his intention, she would scorn him forever! He had lost her somehow, either way, he kept saying to himself, as he sat there trying to think calmly. He put another black mark against his uncle's memory!

He had never cared to be near her so much as now. Every soreness and weakness of his spirit seemed to call out for her strong, capable hand. Even the sensuous Mrs. Phillips, by some subtle crossing of the psychological wires, had driven him to this plain girl, with the honest eyes and unimpassioned bosom. So also had the contractor and the men at his club. In fact, his world had conspired to set him down here, before the one who alone knew nothing of its logic!

"You have n't said anything about the school," Helen remarked after a time. "Are n't you glad!" she exclaimed, in the need of her spirit to know him to be as generous as she thought him. "It was so big, so large-hearted of him! Especially after all the bitter things the papers had said about him, — to give everything he had made, the whole work of his life, to help the people and the very ones who had so often misunderstood him and tried to hurt him. He was great enough to forget the strikes and the riots, and their shooting at him! He forgave them. He saw why they erred, and he wanted to lift them out of their hate and their ignorance. He wanted to make their lives happier and better! Were n't

you glad? Was n't it a splendid answer to his enemies?"

The warmth of her feeling lent her quiet face glow and beauty. She spoke fast, but in a distinct, low voice. It had a note of appeal in it, coming from her desire to rouse the man. For the moment she succeeded. He was ashamed to be unworthy in her eyes.

"Why, yes," he admitted; "as you put it, it seems fine. But I don't feel sure that I admire an old man's philanthropies, though. He does n't want the money any longer, — that 's a sure thing! So he chucks it into one big scheme or another that 's likely to bring him a lot of fame. Uncle Powers was sharp enough in gathering his dollars, and in keeping 'em too" —

"Oh! How can you say that! Don't," the girl implored, looking at him with troubled eyes.

If she had had much experience of men and things, she would have understood the architect's attitude long before this. But added to her inexperience was her persistent need of soul to see those she loved large and generous.

"Well," Hart resumed, less confidently, "I did n't mean any disrespect to the old man. It 's only the oldest law of life that he lived up to. And I guess he meant to have me learn that law as fast as I can. You 've got to fight for what you want in this world, and fight hard, and fight all the time. And there is n't much room for sentiment and fine ideas and philanthropy until you are old, and have earned your pile, and done your neighbor out of his in the process."

She was silent, and he continued, willing to let her see some of the harder, baser reaches of his mind: —

"It 's just the same way with art. It 's only good when it succeeds. It does n't live unless it can succeed. I see that now! Chicago has taught me that in two years. I 'm going to open my own shop pretty soon and look for trade. That 's what uncle wanted. If I get some big commissions, and put up a lot of skyscrapers or mills, why, I shall have won out. What does any one care for the kind of work you do? It 's the price it brings every time!"

"Don't say that! Please, please don't talk that way, so bitterly."

There was real pain in her voice, and her eyes were filmed with incipient tears. He leaned forward in his low chair and asked impetuously, "Why do you say that? Why do you care what I say?"

Her lips trembled; she looked at him piteously for a moment, as if to beg him not to force her to confess more openly how he had hurt her, how much she could be hurt by seeing in him the least touch of baseness. She rose, without knowing what she did, with an unconscious instinct of flight. She twisted her hands nervously, facing him, as he rose, too, with her misty, honest eyes.

"Tell me!" he whispered. "Do you care?"

"Don't," she moaned inarticulately, seeking in her whirling brain for some defense against the man.

They hung there, like this, for the space of several seconds, their hearts beating furiously, caught in a sudden wave of emotion, which drew them inexorably closer, against their reason and their will; which mastered their natures without regard for their feeble human purpose. . . .

He drew her to him and kissed her. She murmured in the same weak, defenseless tone as before, — "Don't, not yet."

But she gave herself quite unreservedly to his strong arms. She gave herself with all the perfect self-forgetfulness of an absolutely pure woman who loves and is glad. The little thoughts of self were forgotten, the preconceptions of her training. She was glad to give, to give all in the joy of giving to him!

The man, having thus done what his reason had counseled him for the past

week not to do, what he would have said an hour before was impossible for him to do, came out of the great whelming wave of feeling, and found himself alone upon the dark city street under the tranquil canopy of the city smoke. His whole being was at rest with the purification of strong passion, at rest and at peace, with that wonderful sense of poise, of rightness about one's self, which comes when passion is perfect and touches the whole soul. The fret about his affairs and his uncle's will, in which he had lived for the past week, had vanished with the touch of her lips.

He had committed himself to a very difficult future by engaging himself to a poor woman and struggling upwards in real poverty, instead of taking the decencies of a comfortable bachelorhood. But there was something inspiring in what had happened, something strangely electrifying to his nerves. He had stooped and caught the masculine burden of the race, but he felt his feet a-tingle for the road before him. And, best of all, in his heart there was reverence for that unknown woman who had kissed him and taken him to her — for always.

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

CANDLEMAS.

THE hedge-rows cast a shallow shade
  Upon the frozen grass,
But skies at evensong are soft,
  And comes the Candlemas.

Each day a little later now
  Lingers the westering sun;
Far out of sight the miracles
  Of April are begun.

O barren bough! O frozen field!
  Hopeless ye wait no more.
Life keeps her dearest promises —
  The Spring is at the door!

Arthur Ketchum.

A BASKET OF CHIPS.

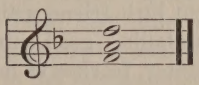
In the season when trees are bare and grass is brown the varied blossoms and bird songs are but a memory, or, if the mind be prophetic rather than retrospective, an anticipation. True, a few days of unusual mildness may induce a modest chickweed or veronica to open a sleepy eye here and there, particularly in the more protected park or lawn of the city, or a song sparrow or Carolina wren, or perhaps a tufted titmouse, meadow lark, or even a cardinal, to try its voice; but these are straggling and incidental occurrences that merely serve to accentuate the general emptiness of winter.

Still, though the musical spirit may be dormant or fled to another clime, the woods and fields are not absolutely silent. For the birds are not limited vocally to those æsthetic utterances that bring us so much delight. Many are the notes at their command, expressive of other emotions than the pure love of music, which so palpably governs them in their singing. Surprise, anxiety, alarm, contentment, happiness,—these and other states, doubtless, have their appropriate utterances. Mere chattering, for companionship's sake, may be heard, too. Often, as it seems, a mere habit — as though a human were to hum unconsciously to himself without reference to mental state or occupation — is the only cause of some of the little notes or phrases that thinly clothe the wintry woods.

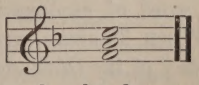
It is, therefore, worth while sometimes to take a winter's walk and gather a few of these "chips," as most of them are called. They may be drier and colder than the full-clad tree of song from which they are cut, but they have much power for warmth to the spirit, and the pursuit is full of interest.

Strictly speaking, such birds as kinglets, chickadees, and wrens do not *chip;* but then, very strictly speaking, neither do sparrows, — not even *chipping* sparrows, — so we need not balk at the term.

It must be confessed, too, that if we listen very closely, the chickadee[1] does not utter his name as he roves singly or in a merry band through the trees, gleaning such sustenance as the season permits. His common phrase, which has been thus anglicized, consists of two kinds of utterances, — a high note of a somewhat thick soprano quality, and a series of low notes, often very musical in tone. These low notes are very peculiar. They vary in pitch, apparently with the varying stress with which they are uttered, but by breaks, instead of gradually. The first I ever listened to attentively were confined to the three notes of the first inversion of the chord of D minor,



passing irregularly from each to the next above or below. For a while I heard these same notes in the *dee* part of each *chick-a-dee* that I noted closely, and concluded that it was likely that all the *dee* notes were similarly constructed, and that this probably accounted for the mournful tinge that attaches to this utterance despite its sprightliness. But I subsequently heard tones of other pitch that upset my supposed fact and its corollary, the major triad of F

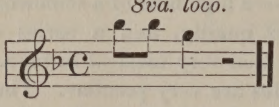


being among the chords represented.

Chickadee has also a very high, fine note, which he has, perhaps, borrowed from, or lent to, the kinglet, and which

[1] The chickadee referred to in this article is the Carolina chickadee, which is very abundant about Washington, particularly in winter.

may often be heard from the trees through which he is passing. This note, which is much higher than his *chick* note, he commonly uses as a preface to the clear notes of his song. He is also fond of introducing his *dee* note into his songs, giving an effect somewhat suggestive of the vocal efforts of the red-winged blackbird. Only last Christmas eve I heard this incongruous mixture as a chickadee flitted over a partly frozen stream. I also heard from the same bird a very clear, pretty song consisting of treble B flat, a second B flat an octave higher (the kinglet note), and treble G. This song



really has no more place in the present article than a flower would have had in the basket of Christmas greens I was gathering at the time; still, had I met with a flower during my quest it would probably have gone into my basket.

Our bright little friend with attractive garb and unfailing good spirits is a sociable youngster, fearless of man, and on excellent terms with his avian neighbors, through constant association with which he has become a very good linguist, and so is able to express himself to several of his associates in their own languages. Sometimes he utters a quacking *chip* like that of the English sparrow; certain of his notes suggest a speaking acquaintance with the house wren; and very frequently he may be heard reproducing the phœbe's song, though without the phœbe's silvery quality of voice. Anent the last a word of explanation is necessary. When Thoreau wrote of the "phœbe note" of the chickadee he probably had in mind the two long, clear whistles often uttered by the Northern chickadee; and these two tones have been referred to by other writers since as the phœbe note of the chickadee. But the chickadee of the South has another utterance, one of his various calls — not a song — in which he imitates almost perfectly, though with coarser, harsher tone, the *phœ-be'* which announces the spring arrival of the earliest flycatcher. This is more properly entitled to be called his phœbe note. Sometimes he mixes this with his *chick-a-dee*, producing a combination somewhat like *chick-er-a-be'*.

I cannot interpret these varied fragments of sounds other than as notes of content, sociable chattering, or semi-conscious utterances of habit, with a secondary object — or maybe it is primary — of serving to keep united the jolly little bands that go a-roving through the woods. That none are expressive of disagreeable emotions I am confident; for never have I seen the chickadee disturbed by fear or anger.

The tufted titmouse, in passing like the chickadee through the woods in a foraging band, makes his presence manifest by notes that are very suggestive of the *chick-a-dee* of his cousin, — that is, when the band is in a noisy mood, for frequently only the first of the dual notes is heard. The full utterance usually consists of a high note, followed by several slightly upward gliding chest notes, bringing to mind a brood of young pigs.

A lively crew it is that goes by, — flitting from tree to tree by a route laid out by some avian geographer or surveyor. Each voyager hastily snatches a bit from a limb, and hurries on with it to join his companions, fearful lest the strenuous pace (quite as needless in their case as in that of humanity) should cause it to be left behind, should it linger to select or enjoy a choice morsel; and each, all the while, calls to his mates his *tse-day-day-day*. As they pass they fill the trees before us with life, and for some distance the stir of their presence is yet to be perceived. When, however, as often occurs, the chest notes are omitted, there is merely an unobtrusive sound of icy tinkles, as though a few minute icicles were suspended and lightly clinked together.

This double-register utterance constitutes the characteristic conversational or call note of the tufted titmice, by means of which, probably, they come or keep together, but it does not exhaust their vocabulary. Indeed, I am strongly inclined to believe that if any species of bird be studied carefully, it will be found to have many unsuspected little quips and quirks of conversation. The fact that it is impossible to write *the* song of any species, because of individual variety, is becoming well known; and it seems probable that much of the same individuality is to be found in the chips and calls. And why should not the wild birds have something of the variety of articulations possessed by domestic fowls, — a slighter, earlier manifestation of man's articulatory powers? It never surprises me when I hear a familiar bird utter a strange note; nor am I inclined to question another's record of a song or call that has no correspondence with my own recorded experience.

Hence, when on a day of mid-May I heard a peculiar cry, which may be interpreted (as well as syllables will permit) *ts-yănh'*, the last syllable very nasal and with a metallic ring, and traced the unusual woodland sound to a tufted titmouse in a neighboring tree, it seemed quite natural that I should thus have stumbled upon a word of the titmouse language that I had not happened to hear before.

Nor was I surprised at another time, early in spring, to hear from a tufted titmouse another utterance that was new to me. This could hardly be called a word or call, but was probably intended for a musical performance designed to form an important factor in the courtship then in progress. The bird — doubtless a male — perched on a twig in some brush, was stooping with elevated and rapidly quivering wings, uttering a high-pitched, bell-like, vibratory note, very attractive to my ear, as, I have no doubt, it was also to that of his lady-love.

The usual note of the white-breasted nuthatch has been written *yank* and *hank*. My own observation would lead me to adopt the second of these terms as most closely representing the sound, but with the substitution of an *h* for the *k*, and with the explanation that the *n* represents nearly the sound of the French nasal, so that the call is a close rhyme for *vin*. When I first heard the call it suggested to my mind an old woman saying querulously, "Hanh, hanh?" But whether the tone of the first nuthatch I met was particularly light and uncertain, or whether the first impression has been altered by familiarity, there is now to my ears a sturdier ring to the note. It has a muffled quality, also, as though the bird were carrying in its mouth the nut it is designing to hatch. Sometimes it suggests one of the notes of a distant crow or the subdued *chimp* of a song sparrow. Again I imagine it to resemble a note from a far-off bluebird. There is a ventriloquial effect to it that seems to separate it from that little bluish bird that is so carefully inspecting the bark of the tree in the foreground.

Much has been said of the propensity of the nuthatch to progress head up or down indifferently, but his tendency is generally upward, though he does not hesitate to reverse his position for convenience' sake. Nor is he peculiar in the latter regard, as is supposed by many observers. I have seen the brown creeper move a short distance down a tree trunk with his tail pointed toward the zenith, and I am a competent witness to a somewhat related feat on the part of a downy woodpecker that was on the under side of a horizontal limb, and dropped off with his back toward the ground, but righted himself by an aerial somersault before he had fallen a foot.

The mention of the downy woodpecker floods my mind with memories. I never before fully realized how thoroughly the little elf is identified with my rambles through the separate domains of Nature,

— how many doors of my storehouse are ready to fly open at the sound of his strident voice. A sturdy, solitary, independent descendant of Thor, pursuing his own way up or down the tree trunk, hammering persistently at the end of a broken limb, or resting quietly after meals composedly making his toilet, — all the while utterly unmoved by the many alarms that perhaps send composite bands of tree and song sparrows, juncos, goldfinches, and other birds, from the field where they are feeding to seek shelter in his tree. I admire his isolation and independence as I admire the chickadee's good-fellowship and sociability; and though the harsh call that tells of his presence, and the clattering, scrambling descent of the gamut, his nearest approach to a song, have little of musical beauty, they are such sounds as properly harmonize with his cynical philosophy. How many days of solitary, undisturbed commingling with Nature are bound up in those jagged-edged tones! — Days spent in the heart of the wilderness, though but a few minutes' walk from my home in the suburbs of Washington; for the wilderness is not measured by miles, and he who seeks it in the right spirit will always find its heart. It needs not a railroad journey across a continent to enjoy the charm of the primeval forest. It often requires but the briefest walk to step into a domain where epoch and race no longer exist, — another world where a spell of enchantment seizes and enthralls us. We belong to no country, no age. Our identity falls from us like a discarded mantle, and we blend with our environment.

> "I steal
> From all I may be, or have been before,
> To mingle with the universe."

In the world we have left we are tied by a million bonds to a particular spot on the earth's surface, to a particular point in the earth's history, but here, in the land of woodpeckers and titmice, there is no such bondage, and we roam free and untrammeled. This little purling brook, this lichen-covered rock, these massive oaks and beeches, these dark, quiet pools may belong to any one of many ages or climes: they own no special master. Amid their unchanged beauties might meet on equal terms, as tenants, the savage of a prehistoric era and one of that noble race that shall inherit the earth when the present era shall have passed into the dark gloom of barbarism. We are in the presence of an eternal Now, and for the hour are one with it. Our occupation, even though it be but the gathering of chips, is transformed by its touch into a pursuit of prime importance, to which we may lend ourselves zealously without compromise of dignity. In fact, it must be confessed, the little local issues of ephemeral politics, shifting commercial and industrial systems, fluctuating empires, varying religions, which have such prominence in that remote world we have left, seem petty and ignoble objects of thought and attention in the majestic presence of this world of immutability we have entered.

To return to our birds, — the white-breasted nuthatch has a Canadian cousin that spends the winter with us, whose breast is red, instead of white; a trim little sprite, that seems designed for a perpetual example of staccato. He darts about in a series of quick, short jerks, uttering all the while a little *pit-pit-pit-pit-pit*, of very light notes, suggestive of dripping water. These notes he sometimes expands into a *hanh-hanh* closely resembling that uttered by his cousin, but distinguished by a brassier sound, that recalls the tones of the tiny toy trumpet whose music used to delight our childish ears for a full hour of a Christmas morning.

The first red-breasted nuthatch of my acquaintance gave me a surprise: he flew down to a stream to drink, and, as he lifted his bill skyward and *chewed* the water, after the peculiar manner of birds,

he uttered a funny little series of faint, spueaky notes that suggested the thought that the delicate machinery of his throat needed oiling. The purpose, if any, of these notes was not apparent.

One would think that the nuthatch method of earning a living would cause nearsightedness. Constantly and actively moving up or down the trunks and limbs of trees, with the focus of the gaze only an inch or two from the eyes, these birds might well be excused if objects a few feet away were but a blurred mass. Yet I have seen the red-breasted nuthatch dart out twenty feet from the limb on which he sat preening his feathers and capture a flying insect. The eyesight of birds and other creatures, however, teaches us to be cautious in judging others by ourselves. To say nothing of the eagle gazing at the sun without blinking, or the hawk on the top of a tall tree descrying the grasshopper in the meadow grass, we must remember that the eyes of birds are set so far back in the head that they cannot come to a focus; they must either see double or use only one eye at a time. Still further are we removed from the certain and proved ground of experience if we descend to the fish, whose eyes stare simultaneously in opposite directions. And when, as in the case of the flounder and others, each eye can be projected slightly and turned backward and forward independently of what, according to our experience, ought to be its mate, we can but focus our own interdependent eyes upon the peculiar creature in a helpless stare.

The brown creeper, like the nuthatches, looks at his food at close range. Clinging even more closely than they to the tree trunk, he progresses upward in the same jerky fashion, seeking his prey in the crevices of the bark, and uttering the while faint, high-pitched, and elusive notes. Usually his presence in the vicinity is indicated by a constantly repeated note that should be marked on a miniature staff with the point of a needle; though this is often replaced by a silvery, tremulous trill that might be a section cut from the reduced song of a chipping sparrow. Again, when flying from the upper part of one tree trunk to the base of another, he frequently transmits to the bird world a musical telegram, in which only such characters are used as c, e, h, i, and others that are represented solely by dots.

The chips thus far collected have been gathered in the woods, the usual place to pick up chips, it is true, but by no means the only one, particularly in the case of birds. Out in the brown meadow or idle winter field, where grasses and weeds furnish a full supply of provender to those birds whose bills are adapted to the fare they offer, are many more, blown about by the wind, perhaps, but easy to gather for our basket.

Here, close to protecting cover, — a bushy brook, or the edge of a wood, or, perhaps, a tangle of blackberry and brier, — we shall find many a motley throng of birds banded together by the gregarious spirit, rather than by community of interest, busily attacking the crop that the farmer can best spare. There may have been a heavy fall of snow, and only the tallest of the plants that retain their seeds through the season, such as amaranth and broom-sedge, are within reach; yet bountiful meals may still be had, and the enforced diet but gives greater zest to the variety attainable when the white cover has been removed.

But howsoever limited the choice of food, there is abundant variety in the notes that besprinkle the frosty air. There are the long-drawn, tremulous *tseets* of the white-throated sparrows; the dry *chips* of the song sparrows, replaced by louder, more resonant *chimps* when danger seems nigh; the goldfinches' light, staccato notes, uttered in groups of four or five with a tendency to rise at the end, and once in a while giving way to a sweet, sympathetic *ah-ee*, that suggests the idea of a most musical yawn;

and, perhaps, an occasional note from one or two big, overgrown fox sparrows that have lingered thus far north, either a high, chirpy *chip* or a *tseet* very much like that of the whitethroats. And underlying all, leaving no interstices, are the many bits of sound contributed to the general chorus by the loquacious tree sparrows and juncos. The former fill the air with liquid splinters, each of which sounds like a nasal *e-lick'*, and which have been aptly likened to the clink of a tiny stone chisel; the juncos, true genii of winter in this latitude, are a well-equipped battery of wintry notes, — icy tinklings, electric snappings, and peculiar muffled tones, such as accompany a stone skipping over a frozen pond.

It may be that in the cover to which these birds are making frequent trips *en masse* to escape a real or more often imaginary hawk, or other bugaboo, there is a cardinal. If so, it is easy to detect his loud, commanding *clink* above the twittering uproar of the frightened mob. Or we may hear from him a peculiar utterance, — a series of percussive notes, *to-to-to-to-to*, followed by a whirring sound that recalls the drum roll sometimes made by a horse with his lips.

It is, perhaps, from frequent association with the cardinal that the juncos have acquired a *to-to-to* that is the cardinal's own on a smaller scale, and that is often used by them as the expression of some emotion incident to their winter's sojourn in the South. Their commonest note, however, is the little crystalline tinkle. This bit of frosty music characterizes every winter ramble; for the juncos have appropriated our season of bare woods and fields and made it their own. Go where you will, the juncos, with their clean, neutral wintry colors, are there before you. That walk must indeed be barren of birds that does not yield sight or sound of at least one of these spirits of snow and ice. Sometimes I have come upon an immense flock of them in a corner of a pine wood, — for they are ubiquitous, and are as likely to be found in dense woods as in the open, — splitting its silence into tiny slivers with their multitudinous snappings and tinklings.

What trim little birds they are! And how demure their Quaker garb! They seem to have been colored by the same artist that painted the field of snow and the gray sky that meets it at the horizon. I am glad we do not have them with us in summer, for they belong so wholly to the winter.

But this last supply of chips has quite filled our small basket, and we must defer the gathering of more to that future day that may or may not dawn. A pleasant and profitable expedition it has been, for we have filled our souls as we have filled our basket, and have breathed the tonic air of purity and peace. Our spiritual lungs will be better able to resist the miasmatic atmosphere of the world to which we must return, — a world whose responsibilities and duties we cannot shirk if we would, but can only leave behind for a brief respite.

Yet, as we make our way from world to world, let us linger a moment to note this band of cedar birds resting motionless in the top of a tall tree, and seemingly all unconscious of the whining tone of a single pitch that oozes from their many throats. We have not yet passed the confines of this land of loitering, and may stop to listen and see without fear of reproach.

How still they are! Has not some whimsical taxidermist passed this way and filled the tree with samples of his skill? It is hard to believe that these sleek, fawn-colored bodies, rigid and upright, and that penetrating tone of complaint, are in any way related. The sound seems like a dog's whine, disembodied, and hovering for the moment above our heads. Only for the moment, for at some imperceptible signal the entire flock has suddenly risen with a single movement, and is on its way to a distant

tree to hold another solemn meeting in a different part of the field.

And now we, too, must be going. Bidding farewell to this land of eternity, we must step across the boundaries into the region where time and locality govern, and resume our trivial duties, temporarily abandoned, of guiding the Ship of State and making a living.

Henry Oldys.

FRA PAOLO SARPI.

II.

THE Venetian Republic showed itself duly grateful to Sarpi. The Senate offered him splendid presents and entitled him "Theologian of Venice." The presents he refused, but the title with its duty, which was mainly to guard the Republic against the encroachments of the Vatican, he accepted, and his life in the monastery of Santa Fosca went on quietly, simply, laboriously, as before. The hatred now felt for him at Rome was unbounded. It corresponded to the gratitude at Venice. Every one saw his danger, and he well knew it. Potentates were then wont to send assassins on long errands, and the arm of the Vatican was especially far-reaching and merciless. It was the period when Pius V, the Pope whom the Church afterwards proclaimed a saint, commissioned an assassin to murder Queen Elizabeth.[1]

But there was in Father Paul a trust in Providence akin to fatalism. Again and again he was warned, and among those who are said to have advised him to be on his guard against papal assassins was no less a personage than his greatest controversial enemy, — Cardinal Bellarmine. It was believed by Sarpi's friends that Bellarmine's Scotch ideas of duty to humanity prevailed over his Roman ideas of fealty to the Vatican, and we may rejoice in the hope that his nobler qualities did really assert themselves against the casuistry of his brother prelates which sanctioned assassination.

These warnings were soon seen to be well founded. On a pleasant evening in October, 1607, a carefully laid trap was sprung. Returning from his day's work at the Ducal Palace, Father Paul, just as he had crossed the little bridge of Santa Fosca before reaching his convent, was met by five assassins. Two of his usual attendants had been drawn off by the outburst of a fire in the neighborhood; the other two were old men who proved useless. The place was well chosen. The descent from the bridge was so narrow that all three were obliged to march in single file, and just at this point these ruffians from Rome sprang upon him in the dusk, separated him from his companions, and gave him, in a moment, fifteen dagger thrusts, two in his throat and one — a fearful gash — on the side of his head, and then, convinced that they had killed him, escaped to their boats, only a few paces distant.

The victim lingered long in the hospital, but his sound constitution and

[1] This statement formerly led to violent denials by ultramontane champions; but in 1870 it was made by Lord Acton, a Roman Catholic, one of the most learned of modern historians, and when it was angrily denied, he quietly cited the official life of Pope Pius in the Acta Sanctorum, published by the highest church authority. This was final; denial ceased, and the statement is no longer questioned. For other proofs in the line of Lord Acton's citation, see Bellarmine's Selbstbiographie, cited in a previous article, pp. 306, *et seq.*

abstemious habits stood him in good stead. Very important among the qualities which restored him to health were his optimism and cheerfulness. An early manifestation of the first of these was seen when, on regaining consciousness, he called for the stiletto which had been drawn from the main wound and, running his fingers along the blade, said cheerily to his friends, "It is not filed." What this meant, any one knows who has seen in various European collections the daggers dating from the "ages of faith" cunningly filed or grooved to hold poison.[1]

As an example of the second of these qualities, we may take his well-known reply when, to the surgeon dressing the wound made by the "style" or stiletto, — who spoke of its "extravagance," rudeness, and yet ineffectiveness, — Fra Paolo quietly answered that in these characteristics could be recognized the *style* of the Roman Curia.

Meantime the assassins had found their way back to Rome, and were welcomed with open arms; but it is some comfort to know that later, when such conscience as there was throughout Italy and Europe showed intense disgust at the proceeding, the Roman Court treated them coldly and even severely.

The Republic continued in every way to show Sarpi its sympathy and gratitude. It made him many splendid offers which he refused; but two gifts he accepted. One was full permission to explore the Venetian archives, and the other was a little doorway, cut through the garden wall of his monastery, enabling him to reach his gondola without going through the narrow and tortuous path he had formerly taken on his daily journey to the public offices. This humble portal still remains. Beneath few triumphal arches has there ever passed as great or as noble a conqueror.[2]

Efforts were also made to cajole him, — to induce him to visit Rome, with fine promises of recognition and honor, and with solemn assurances that no harm should come to him; but he was too wise to yield. Only a few years previously he had seen Giordano Bruno lured to Rome and burned alive on the Campo dei Fiori. He had seen his friend and correspondent, Fra Fulgentio Manfredi, yield to similar allurements and accept a safe conduct to Rome, which, though it solemnly guaranteed him against harm, proved as worthless as that of John Huss at the Council of Constance; the Inquisition torturing him to death on the spot where, six years earlier, it had burned Bruno. He had seen his friend, the Archdeacon Ribetti, drawn within the clutch of the Vatican, only to die of "a most painful colic" immediately after dining with a confidential chamberlain of the Pope, and, had he lived a few months longer, he would have seen his friend and confidant, Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, to whom he had entrusted a copy of his most important work, enticed to Rome and put to death by the Inquisition. Though the Vatican exercised a strong fascination over its enemies, against Father Paul it was powerless; he never yielded to it, but kept the even tenor of his way.[3]

In the dispatches which now passed, comedy was mingled with tragedy. Very unctuous was the expression by His Holiness of his apprehensions regarding "dangers to the salvation" and of his "fears for the souls" of the

[1] There is a remarkable example of a beautiful dagger, grooved to contain poison, in the imperial collection of arms at Vienna.

[2] The present writer has examined with care the spot where the attack was made, and found that never was a scoundrelly plot better conceived or more fiendishly executed. He also visited what was remaining of the convent in April, 1902, and found the little door as serviceable as when it was made.

[3] A copy of Manfredi's "safe conduct" is given by Castellani, Lettere Inedite di F. P. S., p. 12, note. Nothing could be more explicit.

Venetian Senators, if they persisted in asserting their own control of their own state. Hardly less touching were the fears expressed by the good Oratorian, Cardinal Baronius, that "a judgment might be brought upon the Republic" if it declined to let the Vatican have its way. But these expressions were not likely to prevail with men who had dealt with Machiavelli.

Uncompromising as ever, Father Paul continued to write letters and publish treatises which clenched more and more firmly into the mind of Venice and of Europe the political doctrine of which he was the apostle, — the doctrine that the State is rightfully independent of the Church, — and throughout the Christian world he was recognized as victor.

Nothing could exceed the bitterness of the attacks upon him, though some of them, at this day, provoke a smile. While efforts were made to discredit him among scholars by spurious writings or by interpolations in genuine writings, efforts equally ingenious were made to arouse popular hostility. One of these was a painting which represented him writhing amid the flames of hell, with a legend stating, as a reason for his punishment, that he had opposed the Holy Father.

Now it was indeed, in the midst of ferocious attacks upon his reputation and cunning attempts upon his life, that he entered a new and most effective period of activity. For years, as the adviser of Venice, he had studied, both as a historian and as a statesman, the greatest questions which concerned his country, and especially those which related to the persistent efforts of the Vatican to encroach upon Venetian self-government. The results of these studies he had embodied in reports which had shaped the course of the Republic; and now, his learning and powers of thought being brought to bear upon the policy of Europe in general, as affected by similar papal encroachments, he began publishing a series of treatises, which at once attracted general attention.[1]

First of these, in 1608, came his work on the Interdict. Clearly and concisely it revealed the nature of the recent struggle, the baselessness of the Vatican claims, and the solidarity of interest between Venice and all other European states regarding the question therein settled. This work of his as a historian clenched his work as a statesman; from that day forward no nation has even been seriously threatened with an interdict.

Subsidiary works followed rapidly from his pen, strengthening the civil power against the clerical; but in 1610 came a treatise, which marked an epoch, — his History of Ecclesiastical Benefices.[2] In this he dealt with a problem which had become very serious, not only in Venice, but in every European state, showed the process by which vast treasures had been taken from the control of the civil power and heaped up for ecclesiastical pomp and intrigue, pointed out special wrongs done by the system to the Church as well as the State, and advocated a reform which should restore this wealth to better uses. His arguments spread widely and sank deep, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe, and the nineteenth century has seen them applied effectively in every European country within the Roman obedience.

In 1611 he published his work on the Inquisition at Venice, presenting historical arguments against the uses which ecclesiasticism, under papal guidance, had made of that tribunal.

[1] For the extent to which these attacks were carried, see the large number in the Sarpi collection at the Cornell University Library, especially volume ix.

[2] The old English translation of this book, published in 1736 at Westminster, is by no means a very rare book, and it affords the general reader perhaps the most accessible means of understanding Fra Paolo's simplicity, thoroughness, and vigor.

These arguments spread far, and developed throughout Europe those views of the Inquisition which finally led to its destruction. Minor treatises followed, dealing with state questions arising between the Vatican and Venice, each treatise — thoroughly well reasoned and convincing — having a strong effect on the discussion of similar public questions in every other European nation.

In 1613 came two books of a high order, each marking an epoch. The first of these was upon the Right of Sanctuary, and in it Sarpi led the way, which all modern states have followed, out of the old, vicious system of sanctioning crime by sheltering criminals. The cogency of his argument and the value of its application gained for him an especial tribute by the best authority on such questions whom Europe had seen, — Hugo Grotius.

Closely connected with this work was that upon the Immunity of the Clergy. Both this and the previous work were in the same order of ideas, and the second fastened into the European mind the reasons why no state can depend upon the Church for the punishment of clerical criminals. His argument was a triumphant vindication of Venice in her struggle with Paul V on this point; but it was more than that. It became the practical guide of all modern states. Its arguments dissipated the last efforts throughout Europe to make a distinction, in criminal matters, between the priestly caste and the world in general.

Among lesser treatises which followed is one which has done much to shape modern policy regarding public instruction. This was his book upon the Education given by the Jesuits. One idea which it enforced sank deep into the minds of all thoughtful men, — his statement that Jesuit maxims develop "sons disobedient to their parents, citizens unfaithful to their country, and subjects undutiful to their sovereign." Jesuit education has indeed been maintained, and evidences of it may be seen in various European countries. The traveler in Italy constantly sees in the larger Italian towns long lines of young men and boys, sallow, thin, and listless, walking two and two, with priests at each end of the coffle. These are students taking their exercise, and an American or Englishman marvels as he remembers the playing fields of his own country. Youth are thus brought up as milksops, to be graduated as scapegraces. The strong men who control public affairs, who lead men and originate measures in the open, are not bred in Jesuit forcing-houses. Even the Jesuits themselves have acknowledged this, and perhaps the strongest of all arguments supplementary to those given by Father Paul were uttered by Padre Curci, eminent in his day as a Jesuit gladiator, but who realized finally the impossibility of accomplishing great things with men moulded by Jesuit methods.

All these works took strong hold upon European thought. Leading men in all parts of Europe recognized Sarpi as both a great statesman and a great historian. Among his English friends were such men as Lord Bacon and Sir Henry Wotton; and his praises have been sounded by Grotius, by Gibbon, by Hallam, and by Macaulay. Strong, lucid, these works of Father Paul have always been especially attractive to those who rejoice in the leadership of a master mind.

But in 1619 came the most important of all, — a service to humanity hardly less striking than that which he had rendered in his battle against the Interdict, — his history of the Council of Trent.

His close relations to so many of the foremost men of his day and his long study in public archives and private libraries bore fruit in this work, which takes rank among the few great, enduring historical treatises of the world. Throughout, it is vigorous and witty, but at the same time profound; every-

where it bears evidences of truthfulness and is pervaded by sobriety of judgment. Its pictures of the efforts or threats by representatives of various great powers to break away from the papacy and establish national churches; its presentation of the arguments of anti-papal orators on one side and of Laynez and his satellites on the other; its display of acts and revelations of pretexts; its penetration into the whole network of intrigue, and its thorough discussion of underlying principles, — all are masterly.

Though the name of the author was concealed in an anagram, the book was felt, by the Vatican party, to be a blow which only one man could have dealt, and the worst blow which the party had received since its author had defeated the Interdict at Venice. Efforts were made, by outcries and calumnies, to discredit the work, and they have been continued from that day to this, but in vain. That there must be some gaps and many imperfections in it is certain; but its general character is beyond the reach of ultramontane weapons. The blow was felt to be so heavy that the Jesuit Pallavicini was empowered to write a history of the Council to counterbalance it, and his work was well done; but Ranke, the most unprejudiced of judges, comparing the two, assigns the palm to Father Paul. His book was immediately spread throughout Europe; but of all the translations, perhaps the most noteworthy was the English. Sarpi had entrusted a copy of the original to his friend, Antonio de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, and he, having taken refuge in England, had it translated there, the authorship being ascribed on the title-page to "Pietro Soave Polano." This English translation was, in vigor and pith, worthy of the original. In it can be discerned, as clearly as in the original, that atmosphere of intrigue and brutal assertion of power by which the Roman Curia, after packing the Council with petty Italian bishops, bade defiance to the Catholic world. This translation, more than all else, has enabled the English-speaking peoples to understand what was meant by the Italian historian when he said that Father Paul "taught the world how the Holy Spirit guides the Great Councils of the Church." It remains cogent down to this day; after reading it one feels that such guidance might equally be claimed for Tammany Hall.

Although Father Paul never acknowledged the authorship of the history of the Council of Trent, and although his original copy, prepared for the press, with his latest corrections, still remains buried in the archives at Venice, the whole world knew that he alone could have written it.

But during all these years, while elaborating opinions on the weightiest matters of state for the Venetian Senate, and sending out this series of books which so powerfully influenced the attitude of his own and after generations toward the Vatican, he was working with great effect in yet another field. With the possible exception of Voltaire, he was the most vigorous and influential letter-writer during the three hundred years which separated Erasmus from Thomas Jefferson. Voltaire certainly spread his work over a larger field, lighted it with more wit, and gained by it more brilliant victories; but as regards accurate historical knowledge, close acquaintance with statesmen, familiarity with the best and worst which statesmen could do, sober judgment and cogent argument, the great Venetian was his superior. Curiously enough, Sarpi resembles the American statesman more closely than either of the Europeans. Both he and Jefferson had the intense practical interest of statesmen, not only in the welfare of their own countries, but in all the political and religious problems of their times. Both were keenly alive to progress in the physical sciences,

wherever made. Both were wont to throw a light veil of humor over very serious discussions. Both could use, with great effect, curt, caustic description: Jefferson's letter to Governor Langdon satirizing the crowned heads of Europe, as he had seen them, has a worthy pendant in Fra Paolo's pictures of sundry representatives of the Vatican. In both these writers was a deep earnestness which, at times, showed itself in prophetic utterances. The amazing prophecy of Jefferson against American slavery, beginning with the words, "I tremble when I remember that God is just," which, in the light of our civil war, seems divinely inspired, is paralleled by some of Sarpi's utterances against the unmoral tendencies of Jesuitism and Ultramontanism; and these too seem divinely inspired as one reads them in the light of what has happened since in Spain, in Sicily, in Naples, in Poland, in Ireland, and in sundry South American republics.

The range of Sarpi's friendly relations was amazing. They embraced statesmen, churchmen, scholars, scientific investigators, diplomatists in every part of Europe, and among these Galileo and Lord Bacon, Grotius and Mornay, Salmasius and Casaubon, De Thou and Sir Henry Wotton, Bishop Bedell and Vossius, with a great number of others of nearly equal rank. Unfortunately the greater part of his correspondence has perished. In the two small volumes collected by Polidori, and in the small additional volume of letters to Simon Contarini, Venetian Ambassador at Rome, unearthed a few years since in the Venetian archives by Castellani, we have all that is known. It is but a small fraction of his epistolary work, but it enables us to form a clear opinion. The letters are well worthy of the man who wrote the history of the Council of Trent and the protest of Venice against the Interdict.

It is true that there has been derived from these letters, by his open enemies on one side and his defenders of a rather sickly conscientious sort on the other, one charge against him: this is based on his famous declaration, "I utter falsehood never, but the truth not to every one." ("La falsità non dico mai mai, ma la verità non a ogniuno.")[1] Considering his vast responsibilities as a statesman and the terrible dangers which beset him as a theologian; that in the first of these capacities the least misstep might wreck the great cause which he supported, and that in the second such a misstep might easily bring him to the torture chamber and the stake, normally healthful minds will doubtless agree that the criticism upon these words is more Pharisaic than wholesome.

Sarpi was now spoken of, more than ever, both among friends and foes, as the "*terribile frate.*" Terrible to the main enemies of Venice he indeed was, and the machinations of his opponents grew more and more serious. Efforts to assassinate him, to poison him, to discredit him, to lure him to Rome, or at least within reach of the Inquisition, became almost frantic; but all in vain. He still continued his quiet life at the monastery of Santa Fosca, publishing from time to time discussions of questions important for Venice and for Europe, working steadily in the public service until his last hours. In spite of his excommunication and of his friendships with many of the most earnest Protestants of Europe, he remained a son of the church in which he was born. His life was shaped in accordance with its general precepts, and every day he heard mass. So his career quietly ran on until, in 1623, he met death calmly, without fear, in full reliance upon the

[1] For this famous utterance, see notes of conversations given by Christoph, Burggraf von Dohna, in July, 1608, in Briefe und Acten zur Geschichte des Dreissigjährigen Krieges, München, 1874, p. 79.

divine justice and mercy. His last words were a prayer for Venice.

He had fought the good fight. He had won it for Venice and for humanity. For all this, the Republic had, in his later years, tried to show her gratitude, and he had quietly and firmly refused the main gifts proposed to him. But now came a new outburst of grateful feeling. The Republic sent notice of his death to other powers of Europe through its Ambassadors in the terms usual at the death of royal personages; in every way, it showed its appreciation of his character and services, and it crowned all by voting him a public monument.

Hardly was the decree known, when the Vatican authorities sent notice that, should any monument be erected to Sarpi, they would anew and publicly declare him excommunicate as a heretic. At this, the Venetian Senate hesitated, waited, delayed. Whenever afterwards the idea of carrying out the decree for the monument was revived, there set in a storm of opposition from Rome. Hatred of the terrible friar's memory seemed to grow more and more bitter. Even rest in the grave was denied him. The church where he was buried having been demolished, the question arose as to the disposition of his bones. To bury them in sacred ground outside the old convent would arouse a storm of ecclesiastical hostility, with the certainty of their dispersion and desecration; it seemed impossible to secure them from priestly hatred: therefore it was that his friends took them from place to place, sometimes concealing them in the wall of a church here, sometimes beneath the pavement of a church there, and for a time keeping them in a simple wooden box at the Ducal Library. The place where his remains rested became, to most Venetians, unknown. All that remained to remind the world of his work was his portrait in the Ducal Library, showing the great gash made by the Vatican assassins.

Time went on, and generations came which seemed to forget him. Still worse, generation after generation came, carefully trained by clerical teachers to misunderstand and hate him. But these teachers went too far; for, in 1771, nearly one hundred and fifty years after his death, the monk Vaerini gathered together, in a pretended biography, all the scurrilities which could be imagined, and endeavored to bury the memory of the great patriot beneath them. This was too much. The old Venetian spirit, which had so long lain dormant, now asserted itself: Vaerini was imprisoned and his book suppressed.

A quarter of a century later the Republic fell under the rule of Austria, and Austria's most time-honored agency in keeping down subject populations has always been the priesthood. Again Father Paul's memory was virtually proscribed, and in 1803 another desperate attempt was made to cover him with infamy. In that year appeared a book entitled The Secret History of the Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi, and it contained not only his pretended biography, but what claimed to be Sarpi's own letters and other documents showing him to be an adept in scoundrelism and hypocrisy. Its editor was the archpriest Ferrara of Mantua; but on the title-page appeared, as the name of its author, Fontanini, Archbishop of Ancira, a greatly respected prelate who had died nearly seventy years before, and there was also stamped, not only upon the preliminary, but upon the final page of the work, the approval of the Austrian government. To this was added a pious motto from St. Augustine, and the approval of Pius VII was distinctly implied, since the work was never placed upon the Index, and could not have been published at Venice, stamped as it was and registered with the privileges of the University, without the consent of the Vatican.

The memory of Father Paul seemed likely now to be overwhelmed. There was no longer a Republic of Venice to

guard the noble traditions of his life and service. The book was recommended and spread far and wide by preachers and confessors.

But at last came a day of judgment. The director of the Venetian archives discovered and had the courage to announce that the work was a pious fraud of the vilest type; that it was never written by Fontanini, but that it was simply made up out of the old scurrilous work of Vaerini, suppressed over thirty years before. As to the correspondence served up as supplementary to the biography, it was concocted from letters already published, with the addition of Jesuitical interpolations and of forgeries.[1] Now came the inevitable reaction, and with it the inevitable increase of hatred for Austrian rule and the inevitable question, how, if the Pope is the infallible teacher of the world in all matters pertaining to faith and morals, could he virtually approve this book, and why did he not, by virtue of his divine inerrancy, detect the fraud and place its condemnation upon the Index. The only lasting effect of the book, then, was to revive the memory of Father Paul's great deeds and to arouse Venetian pride in them. The fearful scar on his face in the portrait spoke more eloquently than ever, and so it was that, early in the nineteenth century, many men of influence joined in proposing a suitable and final interment for the poor bones, which had seven times been buried and reburied, and which had so long been kept in the sordid box at the Ducal Library. The one fitting place of burial was the cemetery of San Michele. To that beautiful island, so near the heart of Venice, had, for many years, been borne the remains of leading Venetians. There, too, in more recent days, have been laid to rest many of other lands widely respected and beloved.

But the same persistent hatred which, in our own day, grudged and delayed due honors at the tombs of Copernicus and Galileo among Catholics, and of Humboldt among Protestants, was still bitter against the great Venetian scholar and statesman. It could not be forgotten that he had wrested from the Vatican the most terrible of its weapons. But patriotic pride was strong, and finally a compromise was made: it was arranged that Sarpi should be buried and honored at his burial as an eminent man of science, and that no word should be spoken of his main services to the Republic and to the world. On this condition he was buried with simple honors.

Soon, however, began another chapter of hatred. There came a pope who added personal to official hostility. Gregory XVI, who in his earlier days had been abbot of the monastery of San Michele, was indignant that the friar who had thwarted the papacy should lie buried in the convent which he himself had formerly ruled, and this feeling took shape, first, in violent speeches at Rome, and next, in brutal acts at Venice. The monks broke and removed the simple stone placed over the remains of Father Paul, and when it was replaced, they persisted in defacing and breaking it, and were only prevented from dragging out his bones, dishonoring them and casting them into the lagoon, by the weight of the massive, strong, well-anchored sarcophagus, which the wise foresight of his admirers had provided for them. At three different visits to Venice, the present writer sought the spot where they were laid, and in vain. At the second of these visits, he found the Patriarch of Venice, under whose rule various outrages upon Sarpi's memory had been perpetrated, pontificating gorgeously about the Grand Piazza; but at his next visit there had come a change.

[1] For a full and fair statement of the researches which exposed this pious fraud, see Castellani, Prefect of the Library of St. Mark, preface to his Lettere Inedite di F. P. S., p. xvii. For methods used in interpolating or modifying passages in Sarpi's writings, see Bianchi Giovini, Biografia di Sarpi, Zurigo, 1847, vol. ii. pp. 135, *et seq.*

The monks had disappeared. Their insults to the illustrious dead had been stopped by laws which expelled them from their convent, and there, little removed from each other in the vestibule and aisle of the great church, were the tombs of Father Paul and of the late Patriarch side by side; the great patriot's simple gravestone was now allowed to rest unbroken.

Better even than this was the reaction provoked by these outbursts of ecclesiastical hatred. It was felt, in Venice, throughout Italy, and indeed throughout the world, that the old decree for a monument should now be made good. The first steps were hesitating. First, a bust of Father Paul was placed among those of great Venetians in the court of the Ducal Palace; but the inscription upon it was timid and double-tongued. Another bust was placed on the Pincian Hill at Rome, among those of the most renowned sons of Italy. This was not enough: a suitable monument must be erected. Yet it was delayed, timid men deprecating the hostility of the Roman Court. At last, under the new Italian monarchy, the patriotic movement became irresistible, and the same impulse which erected the splendid statue to Giordano Bruno on the Piazza dei Fiori at Rome, — on the very spot where he was burned, — and which adorned it with the medallions of eight other martyrs to ecclesiastical hatred, erected in 1892, two hundred and seventy years after it had been decreed, a statue, hardly less imposing, to Paolo Sarpi, on the Piazza Santa Fosca at Venice, where he had been left for dead by the Vatican assassins. There it stands, noble and serene, — a monument of patriotism and right reason, a worthy tribute to one who, among intellectual prostitutes and solemnly constituted impostors, stood forth as a true man, the greatest of his time, — one of the greatest of all times, — an honor to Venice, to Italy, and to humanity.

Andrew D. White.

TIMEO DANAOS.

Art proud, my country, that these mighty ones,
  Wearing the jeweled splendor of old days,
  Come bringing prodigality of praise
To thee amid thy light of westering suns;
Bidding their blaring trumpets and their guns
  Salute thee, late into their crooked ways
  Now fallen, to their sorrow and amaze,
Blood of whose hearts the ancient honor runs?

Nay, fear them rather, for they cry with glee,
  "She has become as one of us, who gave
All that she had to set a people free:
  She wears our image — she that loved the slave!"
Fear them, for there is blood upon their hands,
And on their heads the curse of ruined lands.

John White Chadwick.

TIMOTHEOS AND THE PERSIANS.

For a dead language Greek betrays a shameless vivacity. Not content with putting forth new shoots and fruits, — and Athens to-day is said to turn out more books and periodicals per capita than any other community on the globe, — the old trunk must needs revive at the roots. Dead, it may be, in the snap judgments of a little hour; yet the Philistine woodman may well be warned to spare this sacred olive, whose very stump gives promise of immortal aftergrowth.

The voluminous literature of contemporary Greece does not concern us here; but the "bursting forth of genius from the dust" is brought home to us once more in the recovery of Timotheos. It is hardly six years since we were welcoming back a far sweeter singer in Bacchylides; yet few may remember how this new lead was opened well-nigh fifty years ago by the finding of Alkman's maiden-song, — a song that admits us to the very dance of that Laconian herd of girls, with the radiant Hagesichora and Agido at their head. Since then every mummy-case is become a possible casket of hid treasure for the Hellenist, for even the embalmed crocodile is often wrapped in old Greek texts; and to such safe-keeping we are already indebted for not a few precious works long lost to the world, — among them considerable volumes of Aristotle, Bacchylides, and Herondas, and important fragments of Archilochos, Sappho, and Menander.

The earliest and latest of these finds come from the same neighborhood, that of old Memphis; and each restores an else lost form of Greek melic, — the parthenion, all the more precious because of Alkman's unchallenged mastery in that kind, and the nome in which Timotheos won his chief laurels.

This last recovery we owe to a German spade, as we owe its *editio princeps* to that prince of German humanists, von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf. While conducting excavations in February, 1902, at Abousir (ancient Busiris, a suburb of Memphis), Ludwig Borchardt struck an old Egyptian mummy-case tenanted (at second hand) by a stalwart Greek, whose well-kept anatomy shows once more how fully the Greeks in the Nile country had adopted Egyptian burial customs. From lesions in the skull it would seem that this strapping Greek had come to a violent end; and, indeed, he may have fought and fallen in that Egyptian campaign of Agesilaus and Chabrias (circa 358 B. C.). For his last long campaign in the undiscovered country, his outfit is slight enough, — chiefly, an empty leather purse, a pair of sandals, and a poet! Happily, in this instance, the poet had signed his work; and no sooner was the papyrus unrolled than it was seen to be the long lost Persians of Timotheos, and that in a copy well-nigh old enough to have come from the author's own hand.[1]

A volume that Demosthenes and Aristotle might have thumbed must stir even

[1] The papyrus measures some 42 inches in length, divided into five columns of about 26 lines each, and is written in clear-cut capitals, such as mark the lapidary inscriptions of the fourth century, — thus confirming the other archæological data, which fix the interment about 350 B. C., and so make this by far the oldest Greek book yet known to us. Strictly speaking, it is but half a book. The papyrus had been cut clean in two, leaving no margin, not to say fly-leaf, for our first column; and Wilamowitz judges from the text that more than half the whole poem is missing. Apparently, a stingy heir grudged our mummied Greek a full libretto; and, inasmuch as the roll always opened from the title-column, it is the first part (possibly including other pieces) that is lopped off, — leaving us, luckily, the poet's seal and signature.

a sluggish imagination. And, quite apart from that, Wilamowitz is not without warrant, in holding that these two hundred and fifty verses of Timotheos are historically worth a hundredfold more than as many new verses of Pindar or Sophocles, no matter how inferior in intrinsic value. On the other hand, some good Hellenists — regarding the Pindaric rule that "each ungodded thing is none the worse for being quenched in silence" — might be glad to give our poet another millennial lease of sleep. Certainly, no Hellenic god in his sober spells could have taken pure delight in a performance so un-Hellenic as The Persians, — as un-Hellenic, at first blush, as the "Artimis by Ephesus," on whom our sputtering Phrygian relies. Still, as no artist can pass quite unheeded that outlandish alabaster-bronze Diana of the Ephesians in the Naples Museum, so no student of literature can quite shut his eyes to a work, however unclassical, of this master-singer of his time.

In that conviction, I have had the temerity — in the face of the *editor princeps*, who declares it untranslatable — to undertake a transcript of The Persians, and, indeed, to try to hit off "the very turn of each phrase in as Greek a fashion as English will bear." How much of that fashion English will bear, now that the man in the street is our schoolmaster, it may not be easy to measure. Certainly, were he to-day asked for glosses on his great Pindaric ode, Gray could hardly plead again "too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take such a liberty." At all events, the present reader will hardly resent the liberty taken in some slight prolegomena, intended mainly to clear his way through a jungle of metaphor, and to set him in touch with the old singer and his audience.

If Timotheos was "the detestation of the old Athens, the darling of the new," we must remember that he was not Athenian born. "The town that nursed him," as he tells us in The Persians, was Miletus; and Milesian manners — Ionian crossed with Carian on the distaff side from the very start — would have somewhat of an Oriental cast even when the place ceased for a while to be a Persian outpost under the Peace of Kallias, concluded about the time of the poet's birth (circa 450 B. C.). And we know what strange fruits its proper breeding could yield, — fruits which Athens was even then proving, with no great relish, in the person of Aspasia.

To the young Milesian sane fifth-century Athens would be but a slow old town; and, when he bestirred him to set the pace anew, no wonder she detested him. In The Persians, indeed, the apology for his art may impress the reader as a bit abject, but then he is pleading to a Spartan bench. Contrast this frank avowal (Fragment 12), doubtless flung in the face of Athenian censors, who hardly went with Euripides in hailing Timotheos as the poet of the future: —

> "Nay, I sing no more the old songs,
> For our new ones are the better.
> Newly Zeus our king now reigneth,
> But of old was Kronos ruler.
> Get thee gone, then, thou antique Muse."

Of the new Muse's quality, the extant fragments — some thirty lines all told — had left us in small doubt. Notably, the first from the Hymn to Artemis, which Ephesian taste rated at a thousand gold pieces, and the Ephesian budget provided for accordingly, but which must have set Athenian teeth on edge. Its sole fragment is just a string of epithets,

θυιάδα φοιβάδα μαινάδα λυσσάδα

(as who should say, —

antical frantical mantical rant-ical!),

singularly suggestive of the Naples enormity; and we can but sympathize with lank old Kinesias, — something of a "song-twister" himself, — who, on the poet's repeating them at Athens, rose in the theatre and sang out, "May you get a daughter of your own like that!"

In one instance, happily, we can confront the new Muse with the old, and measure the celestial diameter that divides them; for we have the Milesian's "Wine of Ismaros" and its Homeric original. Here is the good old vintage (Odyssey ix, 208 f.): —

"Oft as they drank that red wine honey-sweet,
One cup he 'd fill and then on twenty parts of water
Pour it, and a sweet smell from the mixer smelled
And marvellous. Then, truly, 't were no pleasure to refrain."

And here is the Milesian brew (Fragment 3): —

"He filled one ivy-cup of the dark
ambrosial drop, with foam a-bubbling,
and that on twenty measures poured and blended
Bacchus' blood with Nymphs' fresh-flowing tears."

Shades of Byron and his "Chinese nymph of tears, green tea!" The ratio is Homeric, but the bouquet is fled; and for honest wine and water who could choose this drench of blood and tears!

From these bits we get a fair foretaste of the longer poem. Timotheos is nothing if not metaphorical. He cannot call a spade a spade. It is no plain javelin, but Ares himself, whose ether-borne body we see shot from men's hands, and lighting on limbs (of ships?), where it still quivers; the sword is a cutthroat minister ("ye murthering ministers"); and *hors de combat* is orphaned of battles. His ships have no gunwales and rowlocks, but mouths and teeth, — which are, to be sure, the children of the mouth; no oars, but hands or feet, — now fir-tree hands, and now long-neck-floating mountain-grown feet; no hulls, but limbs; no ram, but an iron skull or a side-assailing flash. They are not simply stripped of their oars, they are "disglorified," and, in lieu of keeling over, they just "toss up their manes." Quite the caper, this, for a sea-horse, and even Pindar sings "swift Argo's bridle," and makes Viking Poseidon Master of the Horse (ἵππαρχος), as he was, in fact, the primal Horseman; or it may be a concession to the "emerald-haired sea," which swallows many a wretch from "Mysia's tree-maned glens" before the "ship-drops" incarnadine it. As these ship-drops may be either flying brands or spurts of blood, my "ships' red rain" follows the poet in leaving the reader his choice. The bay of Salamis is "Amphitrite's fish-enwreathèd marble-girt bosom;" and to one who has watched the play of a glancing school of many-tinted fishes that were no bad posy for the sea-dame's breast. From his throne on Ægaleos the Great King "hems in with errant eyes" these floating plains (one thinks of the Lotus-Eaters' "wandering fields of barren foam"), — that is to say, he sweeps the battle scene with imperious glance. But he has already "built a solid roof o'er floating Helle," and "yoked down her haughty neck in a hemp-bound collar," — both variations on the familiar bridge of boats. Yet this protean sea fairly outdoes herself, when upon the Phrygian landlubber she rains "a foaming flood unbacchic," and plumps into — not his stomach, but — his bread-basket (τρόφιμον ἄγγος). But this sea-water cure is *sui generis;* and we can almost hear the roar of the groundlings, to whom, here and again flagrantly in the broken Greek of the Kelainæan, the poet is playing.

Still, there are redeeming touches: "the woven beauty of the limbs;" "Fire's lurid sprite with its fierce body burning up" the flower of Persia's youth; and "the Mountain-Mother's dark-leaf-kirtled queenly knees" and "fair-elbowed arms." There we can yet see, as the wretched suppliant saw in his mind's eye, the sculptured form of his far-away Phrygian goddess, with her embroidered drapery, like that of the kindred Mistress of Lykasoura now in the Athens Museum, and her bare forearms gleaming white, as we know them in many an old Greek marble.

But we must not anticipate too much,

needful as these glosses are to the apprehension of a poet who has so far abused the coining privilege and overworked the metaphor that the "dressing" bids fair to oust the dinner. Still, we may not forget that these multiple Massilian compounds, with their ringing numbers, were addressed not so much to the understanding as to the ear. It is no longer, as in the great Lyric Age, "music married to immortal verse," but verse harnessed in the triumphal car of music. The Queen of the Lyre is become its creature, the poet lost in the composer; and The Persians is an opera. But only its bare words have come down to us; for the old Greek who fell on sleep at Busiris was no singer, and so had not provided himself with the score. Justly to appreciate it, we must put ourselves in the place of its first hearers: we must take our seats in the great gathering of the twelve Ionian cities at Poseidon's sacred grove on the north slope of Mount Mykale in or about the year 396 before Christ.[1]

On this bold headland one vividly recalls that well-aimed blow at Persian power delivered here not so many years past, and one may even fancy that the Milesian singer in his new Persians is to celebrate that day and this scene. But not so. It is the scene and day of Salamis, already immortalized by a greater singer in a greater Persians, — by a poet who was there, and who is telling the story to his comrades in the Athenian theatre, whose upper benches, at least, look out on the strait where he and they pulled stroke for stroke, and fought shoulder to shoulder, only eight years before. If there be on Mykale to-day a centenarian who was in that fight and at that play, and who is looking for somewhat to stir his old Athenian blood, he is doomed to sore disillusion. For Athens the times are out of joint, and Sparta is in the saddle, — ay, in the front seats here at the Panionia. Even the Persian has more to do him reverence now than the City, — the Persian who in three short years is again to sit as satrap in Miletus itself, while Konon restores the Long Walls with the King's gold. And so in all our opera, a thinly veiled plea for an aggressive Eastern policy under Sparta's lead, we do not catch the name of Athens. But then it is all a story without a name, — even Salamis and Xerxes are nameless; and, indeed, the only persons named in the body of the piece are deities. How unlike our Æschylus's bristling bead-roll of Iranian grandees, his stately muster of the streams and isles of Hellas!

As the musician-poet enters in his singing robes, with the garland on his brow, and, smiting the lyre, leads off in the noble hexameter, —

> "Liberty's great and glorious jewel for Hellas achieving," —

our old Athenian may well think of Themistocles, but all eyes are upon Agesilaus,[2] as they are again when he portrays the strenuous Spartan's very features in the line, —

> "Revere ye spear-embattled Valor's helpmate, Modesty;"

and again, upon this ringing challenge, —

> "Ares is lord, but Hellas dreads not Gold."

For this Spartan Agamemnon of a new Iliad has turned the tables on the Persian, and satraps are learning to cool their heels on his doorsteps; while herds of Asiatics, spoil of his triumphant raids, are stripped and paraded in their soft, white limbs for athletic Greeks to crow over, and then — particularly the Phrygians — driven off to glut Ionian slave marts.

[1] Such, with good reason, Wilamowitz takes to be the time, place, and occasion of bringing out the piece.

[2] Anyway, it was so with Philopœmen some two centuries later, when, at the head of the stalwart, well set-up men whom he had recently led to victory at Mantinea (207 B. C.), he entered the theatre at Nemea just as Pylades, the first kitharoides of the age, was singing the same verse. We owe to Polybius this proof that the Persians held the stage so long.

Timotheos has caught the cue; and, having once set his battle in array, he passes to a series of scenes well chosen to heighten Hellenic scorn without too far outraging Hellenic taste.

There is, to begin with, the Phrygian landlubber afloat and — with all comic circumstance — swallowing the sea, which takes his tongue-lashing, and then swallows him in turn. Then the shivering wretches on the rocks, the pathos of whose appeal to their far-off fatherland and the Phrygian goddess strikes a true tragic note. Again, to split the ears of the groundlings, another Phrygian, haled by the hair of his head, grovels at his captor's knees, and in painfully broken Greek sues for life, in which suit a chorus of Asiatics join, as in a fugue. And, finally, we look upon the utter rout, and listen to the Great King's simple and not undignified lament.

If we have not perused a battle history, we have witnessed a battle drama; and we feel how fully the poet must have placed the scenes before his own eyes, and acted the parts in his own mind, before he could bring them, thus throbbing, home to us. He does not stay to celebrate the victory; but, with brief allusion to trophy, pæan, and dance, he drops the theme. Indeed, to compare slight things with sublime, he has just touched the theme "in points of light," as the Theban singer signals us from peak to peak in his Quest of the Golden Fleece.[1]

It remains to seal the performance with the poet's apology addressed to the Spartan who has flouted him and his muse, but who should now be mollified by the subtle flattery of his new song. It is a rather pedestrian "Progress of Poesy:" first, Orpheus; next, your own Terpander; now, Timotheos, — come not to pervert, but to perfect. And then, with his best bow to mother Miletus and the Panionian community, invoking on their heads Apollo's gift of Peace, with her mate Good Government, the singer quits the thymele (not Dionysos' altar, here, but Poseidon's), leaving us content with the sweet and insinuating music of his eleven strings, even if somewhat surfeited with his superfine metaphors and his coarse fun. All but our old Athenian: now that he has assisted at the great Persians and the small, he must be taking the true measure of his century as he muses grimly on the descent from Æschylus to Timotheos; from Salamis to Ægospotami; from that

> "Radiant, violet-crownèd, exalted in song,
> Bulwark of Hellas, glorious Athens,
> City of walls divine,"

to the flute-girl frolic in which the starved and stricken City has but lately seen those walls pulled down. And it is a son of Miletus, her eldest and best loved daughter, who can sing the song of Salamis without once remembering that Athens was! Between this lyre and those flutes our veteran surely has his fill of a music fit "to untune the sky."

But it is high time to let the poet speak for himself, albeit in broken numbers. With all the resources of free coinage, wherein German asks little or no odds of Greek, Wilamowitz pronounces The Persians untranslatable; and the reader may presently agree with him. But what follows is Timotheos unadulterated, with his metaphors gone mad, his long, loose-jointed epithets, his dithyrambic diction, — half riddle, half jargon, — in short, treading his own measure, so far as I dare let him, without leaving the reader quite in the dark. Something has been sacrificed to keep the prevailing iambic movement, while quite neglecting the lyric variations; for the transcript makes no claim to be anything but modulated prose, and the lining is merely for convenience in referring to the Greek text.

Of the first half of the poem, we have only the three random lines already quoted which it may be well to reset in their probable connection. The first col-

[1] Pindar's Fourth Pythian.

umn of the papyrus yields hardly one complete word, to say nothing of connected sense. In the second, though somewhat mutilated, the drift is clear. The battle is on, the ram is rampant. We get a glimpse of ships, "with cornice-lanced frame of teeth set round for the feet," — that is to say, red gunwales, with white rowlocks for the oars; and of rams, "with arched heads beset, that sweep aside the fir-tree hands." And now, from verse 8 of the editio princeps, we may take the plunge with the poet.

THE LIBRETTO.

Liberty's great and glorious jewel for Hellas
achieving . . .

(*The overture would align the great antagonists, Greek and Barbarian, and must have sounded a note of genuine national feeling. Then comes the contrast with Eastern swagger or Athenian hybris:*)

Revere ye spear-embattled Valor's helpmate,
Modesty!

(*And, now that the King's gold is again opening Greek city-gates, this defiance:*)

Ares is lord, but Hellas dreads not Gold.

. . . . . .

And oft as thence was dealt
the unforewarnèd blow,
thwart-breaking, all rushed upon
the foeman front to front.
And if upon the sides the lightning leapt,
with sweep of quick-stroke pine
the ships bore back again.
And some, with timbers riven all apart,
laid bare their linen-girthèd ribs;
some, 'neath the plunging *leaden* shaft,
tossed up their manes *and sank;*
and some on beam-ends lay,
of all their bravery shorn
by the iron skull.
Now, like to Fire, man-quelling
Ares loop-enleashèd
shot from hands and fell on limbs,
through all his ether-coursing frame
a-quiver still.
The hard-packed murderous *leaden bolts*
sped on their course, and on sped pitchy
balls
on galling ox-goads set and all aflame
with fire.
And life innumerous was sacrificed
to slender feathery bronze-tipt *flights*
from bow-string tense.

And, lo! the emerald-tressèd sea
in furrows 'neath the ships' *red* rain
incarnadined;
and shriek and shout commingled rose.

And now anear the ships' array
barbaric, pell-mell, bore down again
in Amphitrite's fish-enwreathèd bosom
marble-girt; where, sooth to say,
a Phrygian landsman,
lord of demense a day's run round,
plowing with his legs the showery plain
and paddling with his hands, an islesman
floated now,
lashed by winds and billow-buffeted,
still vainly seeking thoroughfare.

(*But there is no thoroughfare; and the next 25 lines are in as desperate case as the spent swimmer who meets us again as soon as the text closes up in Column III.*)

. . . When here the winds went down,
there in upon him rained
a foaming flood unbacchic
and down his gullet poured;
but when the upheaved
brine surged o'er his lips,
in shrill-pitched
voice and frenzied
mood of mind
thus, loathful, on that ruin of his life,
the sea, he railed
and gnashed his teeth
in mimic wise:

"Erewhile, bold brute,
thy furious neck thou got'st
yoked down in linen-lashèd bond;
and now my master, mine,
shall rouse thee up
with mountain-gendered pines
and hem in thy fields of flood with errant eyes —
thou oestrus-maddened ancient hate
and fickle leman
of the whelming wind!"

He said, with spent breath strangling,
and the loathly gorge outcast,
withal upbelching
at the mouth the deep-sea brine.

Anon, in flight back sped the Persian
host barbaric in hot haste.
And swirl on swirl of galleys crashed;
and out of hand they flung
the long lithe-plying highland
feet o' the ship, while from ship's mouth,
outleapt its marble-gleaming
offspring in the shock.

As sown with stars, with bodies now
bereft of life and breath
the deep sea swarmed
and laden were the shores.

Or on the sea-cliffs
stranded, naked-freezing,
with cry and moan and trickling tear,
breast-beating wailers
urged the mournful plaint
and called, the while, upon their fatherland:

"O Mysia's tree-maned glens,
rescue me hence, where we by blasts
are borne; else nevermore
shall earth receive my frame,
now that my hand hath touched the old-nymph-
breeding grot untrodden
. . . goal deeper than the sea.
O, have me hence, where once o'er
Helle's flood a solid roof —
a pathway far and firm —
my master builded me. Else Tmolos
I had not quitted, — nay, nor Sardes' Lydian town,
nor come to ward this Hellene Ares off.
And now how shall we win — of refuge all forlorn —
a refuge sweet from doom?
She that fares to Ilion sole deliverer
from woes might prove,
if haply at the Mountain-Mother's
dark-leaf-kirtled queenly knees
't were mine to fall
and I might clasp her fair white arms.
Deliver, golden-tressèd goddess
Mother, I implore,
my life, mine own — of refuge all forlorn;
for that right now
and here with cutthroat minister of steel
they shall make way with me,
or wave-dissolving ship-destroying
blasts, with nightly freezing Boreas leagued,
to pieces dash me. For round about
the billow wild hath broken all
the woven beauty of my limbs
and I shall lie here, pitiful,
for carrion crew of birds to batten on."

So made they moan and wept.
But oft as iron-hafted Hellene
took and haled
some denizen of many-flocked Kelainai —
now orphaned of the fight —
by the hair he 'd clutch and hale him;
while round about his knees the wretch would twine
and supplicate, Hellenic speech with Asian
intertwining and shrilly
shattering his lips' close seal,
the while he hunted out Ionian utterance:

"I — thee — me — how — and what to do?
Never would I come back again!
Even now my master 't was
that hither fetched me here.
Henceforth, no more, O sire,
no more to battle back here am I coming
but to home I keep.
I — thee — hither — nay — I
yonder by Sardis, by Sousa,
by Agbatana abiding.
Artimis, my great god,
by Ephesus shall guard me."

Now, when back-faring flight
they took, swift faring,
straightway two-edged darts
from out their hands they flung,
and face by nail was torn,
and Persian robe fine-spun
about the breast they rent,
and tense attunèd was
the Asian wail.
And then with many a groan and blow on breast
the King's whole muster fell
on panic fear, envisaging the doom to come.
And as the King beheld
that motley host urge on
the backward faring flight,
then on his knees he fell and marred his flesh
and in the flood-tide of his troubles spake:

"Alas! the ruin of my house
and scorching ships of Hellas —
ye that utterly destroyed my mated prime
of youth — full many a man;
and our ships . . .
shall bear them home again no more,
but Fire's lurid sprite
with its fierce body burn them up,
while groans and anguish
wait on Persia's land.
O heavy lot
that into Hellas led me!
Nay, go — no more delay — yoke ye here
the four-horse chariot,
and the uncounted treasure
bear ye yonder on the wains,

and fire the tents,
and may they get
no comfort of our wealth."

And so they raised their trophy, Zeus'
holiest shrine; Paian
hailed they loud, Iëian king;
and in full choir beat time
with flying feet.

O thou, who dost exalt the golden lyre's
new-fashioned strain,
come helper to my hymns,
Iëian Paian.
For Sparta's mighty leader-folk,
high-born, longeval,
yet swelling in youth's bloom,
with fiery blame upflaring
doth vex and drive me out —
for that with new-spun hymns
I put the elder Muse to shame.
But none, or young or old
or my co-eval,
from any hymns would I bar out.
Only the ancient-Muse-debasers —
them I ward away,
manglers of song
that quite outstrain
the shrill-loud-lungèd heralds' cry.

First, the shell of varied note
our Orpheus fathered,
Kalliope's Pierian son.
And next with ten chords
Terpander yoked the Muse —
him Aiolian Lesbos bred,
Antissa's boast.
And last Timotheos
ushers in his lyre
with measured rhythm of eleven beats,
thus opening a many-hymnèd store
of the Muses garnered.
The town that nursed him is Miletus,
that graces our twelve-castled commonwealth —
prime offshoot of the Achaian stock.

And now, far-darting Pythian, come
with blessing to this holy town;
and aye to this inviolate commonwealth
send Peace
that blooms as Order's mate.

J. Irving Manatt.

BY CATALOGUE.

The Doctor lifted the old lady out of his buggy, and carried her carefully into the hospital hall.

The transit would have been more dignified and less dangerous if she had not insisted on clinging to an uncommonly large bandbox, which, being of a light-hearted and irresponsible character, blew about in the fresh breeze, now banging the Doctor on the knee, now threatening to knock off his hat, now caroming lightly against the gate-post, and, finally, narrowly escaping its own destruction by getting underneath the old lady herself just as the Doctor put her down in the big chair.

"Now we 've got you where we can take care of you, Mrs. Parrish," he said cheerfully, as he wiped his brow with an expansive and immaculate handkerchief, and inwardly gave devout thanks that the goal was reached; for the hospital was directly opposite a house where lived a certain young woman with a sense of humor, and the Doctor, being similarly endowed, realized fully that it would not have been possible to view his tortuous course from the buggy to the hospital door without an outburst of mirth.

Mrs. Parrish looked about her in judicial criticism and qualified disapproval.

Her dingy gown refused to yield to the friendly advances of the chair, and had the appearance of holding itself gingerly aloof; a still dingier bonnet of mixed architecture sat upon her sparsely haired head with a questioning air; and her careworn face, seamed with the long war between inherent energy and discouraged resignation, turned restlessly as the sharp black eyes scrutinized that spotless hall in search of a vantage-point for unfavorable criticism.

"Well, I 'm here, right enough," she

said rather grimly. "I hope you did n't hurt that bunnit-box any, comin' in. You acted kind of keerless. Sounded to me 's if it hit that fence-post pritty hard.

"Won't you ketch cold in that calico dress?" she inquired sharply of the nurse who came toward her. "This 's as drafty a hall 's I ever see."

"Then you 'd like to go to your room at once, I 'm sure," responded the nurse pleasantly. "I hope you 'll like the view from the window as well as I do. You can see every one who goes down town. It 's like having callers all the time without the trouble of entertaining them."

Katherine Gray, Nurse, was one of those people whom you like instinctively at first sight.

Even Mrs. Parrish's time-battered face relaxed before the pleasant, sympathetic smile, which seemed to comprehend, in some occult way, the exact mental attitude of the person to whom it was given.

The Doctor sometimes wondered if Nurse Gray was as understandingly sympathetic as she looked, and, if so, why she was still alive.

One of the first signs of her conquest in the present instance was Mrs. Parrish's graciously accorded permission to carry the bandbox upstairs to the little room overlooking the main thoroughfare.

"I don't know what she has in it," said the Doctor to Nurse Gray later, in the corridor, "but from the way she guarded it coming down, I should suspect that it held the crown jewels, at least. You have n't heard that any of the crowned heads have been advertising that they 've lost theirs? — No? — Have her ready for the operation at eight to-morrow morning. Yes. Major operation, — pretty serious. McShane 's coming to help me. She has a fair chance if the heart behaves all right. Good-morning, Miss Gray."

It was a bright, cheery little room: the white-painted furniture, the white iron bed, the crisp white muslin curtain at the window, and the cool, fresh feeling of the bed linen gave Mrs. Parrish an unaccustomed sense of well-being; and her tired muscles, tense with the struggle of coping with the exigencies of life, permitted themselves the pleasure of a gentle relaxation.

Nevertheless, when Nurse Gray came into the room, Mrs. Parrish's eyes closed in apparent slumber; while beneath those deceptive lids the keen old eyes watched the nurse's every movement.

By accident, or design, the nurse kept her back to the bed as she deftly lowered the window shade just enough to shut out a sunbeam that was growing a trifle intrusive, and *not* enough to shut out the sight of the passers-by.

But when she turned and placed on the bedside table a perfect pink, hothouse rose, in a slender, clear, glass vase, Mrs. Parrish, suddenly wide-eyed, gave a gasp of surprise.

"'T ain't fur me," she said incredulously.

"Certainly it is," smiled the nurse; "the lady across the hall sent it to you with her kind regards. She is just sitting up after an operation much like yours, and she was interested in you at once. She is coming in to see you when she can."

A tear coursed its uncertain way down the furrowed cheek.

"It 's proper kind of her," said Mrs. Parrish, her mouth working at the corners.

Nurse Gray went quietly out of the room.

It was evening, and Mrs. Parrish sat up in bed, with a dull red spot on each cheek.

"You 're a good girl," she said to the nurse, "'n' I 'm goin' to tell you about it. It 's an even chance I don't git through that operation to-morrow, 'n' I want it off my mind anyway. Hand me my bunnit-box. I hed to bring it with me. I wa'n't goin' to have folks a-peekin' an'

pryin' round while I wuz gone, 'n' spec'-latin' on it. You see," she went on, working at the knot with trembling fingers, "I ain't got any too much money. I guess you could see that. But I 've tried awful hard to keep up 'pearances, 'n' to do the best I could. 'N' I 've paid my debts, 'n' hed a new bunnit once a year, 'n' kep' my mouth shet about half starvin' myself to git it. 'N' I expect I talked bigger 'n I spent, to the neighbors ; but you know how 't is : you 've *got* to keep up some in talk when you can't keep up much in spendin'."

"I know," said Nurse Gray gently.

"'N' I allus sent fur Morton 'n' Hurd's catalogue, — you kin buy anything on airth there, — 'n' picked out my bunnit from the pictures, 'n' ordered it by number ; 'n' I mus' say they was allus jus' like it, 'n' give me good satisfaction.

"Well, this spring I saved 'n' scrimped, 'n' I picked out a proper bunnit. It hed a feather 'n' a velvet bow ; 'n' 't was three seventy-five. The catalogue man hed printed under it, '*Really worth five dollars.*' I s'pose probably 't was. I wrote 'em jus' as I allus hed, 'n' ordered by number, 'n' sent the money. 'N' this," said Mrs. Parrish solemnly, "this is what come."

With the air of a priestess placing a sacrificial offering upon the altar, she took from her box, and presented to Nurse Gray's astonished eyes, a child's hat.

And such a hat! Coarse leghorn, decked out with ribbon whose blue parodied the Mediterranean, and a wreath of roses whose garish color and patent artificiality constituted a grotesque caricature which would have caused the Queen of Flowers to win in a libel suit.

"Well?" gasped Katherine Gray, for once nonplused.

"I 'd ordered from an old fall catalogue," answered Mrs. Parrish wearily. "This was the number in the new spring one."

"But would n't they exchange it?" The nurse was catching at straws now.

"I wrote 'em," said Mrs. Parrish, giving the touch of finality to the tragedy, "'n' they wrote back that they regretted that they could n't break their invariable rule not to exchange trimmed hats, 'n' they was sincerely mine. So was this hat," she added grimly.

"That 's all," she said, lying back on the pillows again, "except that I ain't got any money to git another ; 'n' I don't much keer *how* that operation comes out to-morrow. I 'd 'bout as soon die 's wear my ol' bunnit all summer. It 's easy enough to talk about not keerin' fur the things of this world, but the folks that does is mostly the folks that has 'em, I 've noticed."

From disaster to its remedy, Nurse Gray's mind took its usual logical course, — surmounted several obstacles to find itself in a blind alley, and came back, finally, to take, not at all to her surprise, the way which led to a personal sacrifice on her part.

For there were reasons why even three seventy-five looked a sizable sum to Nurse Gray just then.

"We must find some child whose mother will buy it," she said cheerfully. "Of course, if you paid three seventy-five for it, it is worth that. And I think if you will trust me with it, I can sell it for you."

"I guess I kin trust you, right enough," said Mrs. Parrish, with a grim smile. "I ain't a mite afraid you 'll wear it yourself ; 'n' if you could sell it" — The light of hope came back into her eyes.

Up in her own room, Nurse Gray extracted the sum in question from a pocket-book whose extreme emaciation suggested long lack of proper nourishment, and she laughed a little unsteadily as she did so.

The Things of This World are also desirable when one is twenty-four.

Then she fell upon the offending band-

box with superfluous energy, and jammed it, with its contents, on her brightly burning grate fire.

"You shall disfigure no human head," she said gayly, shaking her finger at the last rose as it burned to a crisp on its supposedly parent stem, "and you deserved death anyway."

Mrs. Parrish's eyes questioned her.

"Yes, it's sold," she said.

"Was the party responsible?" quavered Mrs. Parrish.

"Entirely," laughed the nurse. "I'll have the money for you when you wake up. Now you must take the ether nicely."

"Breathe slowly and deeply, Mrs. Parrish," said the Doctor, "slowly and deeply — slowly — deeply — slowly — deep— "

It sounded like the ticking of a clock to her as she slipped away down — down — down — into a black stillness.

The little room was bright with the glory of the noonday sun; the Doctor stood beside her, smiling like a schoolboy, Nurse Gray was adjusting the pillow comfortably under her head, and on the dresser she saw a little pile of silver coins.

"You 're a prize patient, Mrs. Parrish," said the Doctor exultantly, "and you are going to be a well woman. Now while you 're lying here perfectly still, you must think of the thing you 'd like most to have, first of all."

Mrs. Parrish looked at the nurse.

"If you 'd send fur Morton 'n' Hurd's spring catalogue?" she said hesitatingly.

"The very latest one," said Nurse Gray gayly.

"Oh, you women!" said the Doctor; but he smiled as he said it.

Mrs. Parrish closed her eyes contentedly.

Beatrice Hanscom.

GEORGE BORROW.

In that hour of precocious senility which marks the passing of boyhood, when it seemed quite clear to me that everything was known and nothing worth knowing, I had the luck to fall into the company of George Borrow. He took me in hand somewhat brusquely, and showed me how to break a way through the sophomoric thickets in which I had got myself entangled. I had about decided against immortality, for one thing, and this seemed to leave me a little languid, temporarily, as to the business of the present world. For the rest, I had been growing sickly over sundry questions of current literary contrivance. I wished (as much as it was convenient to wish anything) to write like Maupassant and to talk like Meredith; I should not have minded producing a story as good as Tess of the D'Urbervilles. I also wrote sonnets, after Rossetti, on love and death, and on other themes of which I was as well qualified to speak. Doubtless, contact with any hardy nature might have set me right, but the honor happened to fall to Borrow. He was prompt to assure me, in his blunt way, that life is not a quibble, nor literature a trick; and so made a Borrovian of me for good and all.

Borrovians are not a sect; I believe there is no society. They are simply the people who belong to Borrow. No better excuse can be made for the present estimate than the one which was offered nearly ten years ago by an English critic: "I think that he should be written about occasionally, if only for the reason that,

his name being so seldom heard, there is some danger of the right people going to their graves without encountering him,— a mischance that cannot be contemplated easily by any right-thinking man." It may be that the excuse is not so good as it was, for Borrow's work has been several times reprinted since then, and the little company of his friends has undoubtedly grown. Let us take refuge in the fact that his centenary is barely past; and that some fresh mention of him in these pages is therefore only a little overdue.

If Borrow opens a new world to the right people, it is not a world into which mere wandering led him. One finds little indication of his genius in the fact of those early roving experiences of his. The newspapers remind us daily how ordinary, as recorded fact, extraordinary conduct is. In his own time Borrow's exploits were barely a nine days' wonder; now they would not be thought worthy of remark. The slum, the dive, the hell, the joint, are among the popular exhibits of our Vanity Fair, and it is easy to get a respectable guide. Also, we have learned to fare forth, with notebooks, along the trail of the gypsy or the hobo, and to make a show-place of his most retired habitat. Borrow's motive differentiates him from us, to be sure. He was not a reporter or a student. He did not look forward to a Ph. D. in sociology, or to a display of higher journalism. His wayside studies in ethnology and philology were even less serious than he took them to be. The simple truth is that he had an instinct for vagabondage, and could not keep away from it. It was a part of him, and, as his talent was primarily autobiographical, it went far toward determining the substance of his work. But it is the world in Borrow which gives enchantment to the world through which he moved. If there are no new facts under the sun, there is, thank Heaven, no dearth of new personalities in the light of which the old facts continue to serve admirably.

George Borrow was born in July, 1803, of decent Cornish stock. His father was a captain of militia, a sturdy, simple-minded Briton, whose pride was to have been for one glorious day the conqueror of Big Ben, champion bruiser of all England. The son was also strong of frame and able with his fists, but there was nothing else about him for the father to understand. He bore, indeed, many of the marks of the ne'er-do-weel. He left undone many things which, from the parental point of view, he ought to have done, and did many things which he ought not to have done. He neglected his Greek for Irish, he neglected law for the company of law-breakers, and he preferred the acquaintances to be made in an inn or a stable to those which a respectable provincial drawing-room could afford. Yet there was much health in him. He went his own way not through viciousness, but through a hardy independence of nature. Unfortunately the world — and parents — have to make a rule of discountenancing irregularity and insubordination, because these are, in the ordinary instance, signs of moral and mental weakness. So, by this lamentable chance, it comes about that extraordinary exertions of force often look quite like the commonest laxities. It is easy enough to see now that Borrow was simply going about his business. He did not himself understand what that business was, and had even a quaint sympathy with the paternal disapproval. For whom shall we feel the greater sympathy as we listen to the last interview reported between Lavengro and the stout captain? —

"'I wish to ask you a few questions,' said he to me one day, after my mother had left the room.

"'I will answer anything you may please to ask me, my dear father.'

"'What have you been doing lately?'

"'I have been occupied, as usual, attending at the office at the appointed hours.'

"'And what do you there?'

"'Whatever I am ordered.'

"'And nothing else?'

"'Oh, yes, I sometimes read a book.'

"'Connected with your profession?'

"'Not always; I have been lately reading Armenian.' . . .

"'What 's that?'

"'The language of a people whose country is a region on the other side of Asia Minor.'

"'Well!'

"'A region abounding in mountains.'

"'Well!'

"'Amongst which is Mount Ararat.'

"'Well!'

"'Upon which, as the Bible informs us, the ark rested.'

"'Well!'

"'It is the language of the people of those regions.'

"'So you told me.'

"'And I have been reading the Bible in their language.'

"'Well! . . . And what does it all amount to?'

"'Very little, father; indeed, there is very little known about the Armenians; their early history, in particular, is involved in considerable mystery.'

"'And if you knew all that it is possible to know about them, to what would it amount? To what earthly purpose could you turn it? Have you acquired any knowledge of your profession?'

"'Very little, father.'

"'Very little! Have you acquired all in your power?'

"'I can't say that I have, father.'"

Upon such terms they soon after parted.

It was not his unconventionality alone which gave the family of young Borrow cause for uneasiness. He was subject to fits of what I suppose we should call acute melancholia, — he called it "the Fear," or "the Horrors," and it led him more than once to the brink of suicide. He never quite outgrew these seizures, but in later life he learned to control them by a prompt application of ale or port, — a remedy which he recommends, with an air of discovery, to whomsoever it may concern.

The death of his father put an end to Borrow's law studies, and dispatched him to London, the forlorn spot in which, with the customary fatuity of English provincials, he fancied that a fortune lay waiting for him. For the next ten years he had a hard struggle to keep alive, by dint of the meanest literary hack-work. Beyond the compilation of records of criminal trials, and the probably mythical Life of Joseph Sell of which Lavengro tells us, we are ignorant as to what specific tasks may have occupied him. It is clear that his appointment in 1833 as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society meant a rise in life. Thereupon followed the adventures in Spain, and, in 1840, his marriage to a widow of comfortable means. This brought an end to his struggles, and set him free to lead for the rest of his years (he died in 1881) a quiet and independent life in the country. By all accounts he was fonder to the last of his gypsies and his 'ostlers than, as he would have said scornfully, of "the genteel persons" of his vicinity.

Wild Wales is the only record of these later years, and the journey, made with the impedimenta of a wife and a stepdaughter, could not be expected to yield the most romantic episodes. It is by a lucky chance that we are not given the bill of fare at quite every meal. Yet the vintage, if milder, has the right bouquet, and the faithful Borrovian would sacrifice hardly a drop of it. Here, for example, is a little vignette (wife and stepdaughter being, it happens, some miles in the background): —

"The inn at Cerrig y Drudion was called the Lion, whether the white, black, red or green lion I do not know, though I am certain that it was a lion of some colour or other. It seemed as decent and respectable a hostelry as any traveller could wish, to refresh and compose

himself in, after a walk of twenty miles. I entered a well-lighted passage, and from thence a well-lighted bar-room, on the right hand, in which sat a stout, comely, elderly lady dressed in silks and satins, with a cambric coif on her head, in company with a thin, elderly man with a hat on his head, dressed in a rather prim and precise manner. 'Madam,' said I, bowing to the lady, 'as I suppose you are the mistress of this establishment, I beg leave to inform you that I am an Englishman walking through these regions in order fully to enjoy their beauties and wonders. I have this day come from Llangollen, and being somewhat hungry and fatigued, hope I can be accommodated here with a dinner and a bed.'

"'Sir,' said the lady, getting up and making me a profound curtsey, 'I am as you suppose the mistress of this establishment, and am happy to say that I shall be able to accommodate you — pray sit down, sir,' she continued, handing me a chair. 'You must indeed be tired, for Llangollen is a great way from here.'"

All of the writing which brought Borrow fame was done after his marriage. The Zincali (1841) lacked the vigor and discursiveness of the later books, but its theme was fresh, and its style had an odd tang of its own which caught not a few ears in Europe and elsewhere. The author was advised of his faults, and urged to do something better; and the something better which resulted was The Bible in Spain. A remarkable passage in one of his prefaces describes his manner of composing the book; it is in Borrow's characteristic style: —

"Mistos amande: *I am content*, I replied, and sitting down I commenced The Bible in Spain. At first I proceeded slowly, — sickness was in the land, and the face of nature was overcast, — heavy rain-clouds swam in the heavens, — the blast howled in the pines which nearly surround my lonely dwelling, and the waters of the lake which lies before it, so quiet in general and tranquil, were fearfully agitated. 'Bring lights hither, O Hazim Ben Attar, son of the miracle!' And the Jew of Fez brought in the lights, for though it was midday I could scarcely see in the little room where I was writing. . . . A dreary summer and autumn passed by and were succeeded by as gloomy a winter. I still proceeded with the Bible in Spain. The winter passed, and spring came with cold dry winds and occasional sunshine, whereupon I arose, shouted, and mounting my horse, even Sidi Habismilk, I scoured all the surrounding district, and thought but little of the Bible in Spain. . . .

"Then came the summer with much heat and sunshine, and then I would lie for hours in the sun and recall the sunny days I had spent in Andalusia, and my thoughts were continually reverting to Spain, and at last I remembered that the Bible in Spain was still unfinished; whereupon I arose and said, This loitering profiteth nothing, — and I hastened to my summer-house by the side of the lake, and there I thought and wrote, and every day I repaired to the same place, and thought and wrote until I had finished the Bible in Spain."

This is highly imaginative writing, though Borrow probably was conscious of giving nothing more than a simple autobiographical item. There is an odd reminder of Poe in it; the opening lines might almost be taken from The Fall of the House of Usher, — or is it "the dank tarn of Auber" of which this ominously agitated English lake reminds one?

The Bible in Spain was taken seriously by the English reviews. Borrow found himself compared to Le Sage, Bunyan, and Cervantes; the critic who pleased him most was the one who called the book "a Gil Blas in water colours." As a mere narrative of travels it would have gained a wider hearing than such

books can now hope for. It appeared during a dark age of English and American intelligence with regard to foreign lands and peoples. If we still manage to be reasonably ignorant of such matters, it is not because we have lacked the chance to learn. Just then even the European world lay dark to our eyes, and we were only beginning to ask for light. Americans were eager for the chance rays of Irving, and Englishmen were ready to look upon the unaccustomed scenes which Borrow brought before them.

This collocation of names suggests an odd contrast. The Tales of the Alhambra were published in 1832, and The Bible in Spain ten years later. Irving and Borrow must have been in Spain at nearly the same time; both were there primarily on other than literary business; both presently turned their experiences to literary account. Here the resemblance ends. Irving was the senior by twenty years, a writer of established reputation, a man of elegant tastes. He was loyal to the theory of democracy, but breathed comfortably only in the air of what Borrow called "gentility." He had a quick eye for the picturesque and the romantic, and a discreet blindness for the squalid and the obscene. He found in Spain a mighty treasure of romance, a tradition of past greatness, striking relics of the Moorish occupancy, a national temperament still full of grace and color. So he wrote The Tales of the Alhambra.

Borrow was an unknown hack-writer, a man of singular life and violent opinion, by instinct a democrat, and by practice a vagabond. Spain was not a land of romantic glamour to him. It was a land of gross ignorance and superstition, of duplicity, of kind hearts, of pleasantly various dialects, of engrossing wayside encounters. These are the materials from which the fabric of The Bible in Spain is wrought. How much weight the element of information had with Borrow's audience is shown by the remark of a contributor to Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature after the appearance of Lavengro and The Romany Rye: "These works are inferior in interest to his former publications, but are still remarkable books." The public was not prompt in recognizing the pure genius of this English colporteur and student of gypsies.

That genius found, of course, its best expression in Lavengro and its sequel, which together form one of the strangest narratives the world has known. I do not mean that it seems to me queer; the strange thing about it is its spontaneity. Nobody can feel that Borrow had to choose between modes of expression; it was discursive autobiography or nothing for him. Nor does there seem to have been possible question as to the period which he should record. At the end of The Romany Rye he has reached his twenty-fourth year. Of the next seven years he never gave any account, alluding to it as "the veiled period." One or two intimations he let fall as to extensive traveling, which must have been done, if at all, during this interval. His editor and biographer (Professor Knapp, an American) thinks this time was spent at dreary hack-work which he wished to forget and to have forgotten. However this may be, there is no doubt that the Lavengro narrative gives a full and fairly accurate account of the first twenty-three years of the author's life. During his later years, Borrow chose to assert, and to reassert, with a good deal of heat, that the narrative "was not what is generally termed an autobiography." Why he made so sweeping an assertion nobody knows. The researches of his biographer have shown that in its original manuscript form the narrative was frankly personal, and that the changes which he afterwards made to give it an impersonal turn were as slight as they could well be. That his characters were all drawn from the life, moreover, is a fact which has

been placed beyond doubt. What Borrow did, saw, felt, and was: these are the themes which give his work value.

This he never fully understood, or we should have been spared not only the unhappy Appendix of which I shall have to speak, but a good deal of material which obstructs the free course of his narrative. It is irritating that the Man in Black should be allowed to intrude upon so many of the precious moments which we have to spend in Mumper's Dingle with Lavengro and the glorious Isopel. It is well enough to be invited to hate the Pope of Rome, but there are moments when we should prefer simply to ignore him. Borrow prided himself on being a champion of Protestantism, a scholar, a philosopher. He was none of these, but a writer of unique genius; and upon this fact, if he suspected it, he prided himself not at all. Consequently, when his book is attacked, he sets himself to defend it as a work in theology, or philology, or morals. "Those who read this book with attention . . . may derive much information with respect to matters of philology and literature; it will be found treating of most of the principal languages from Ireland to China, and of the literature which they contain; and it is particularly minute with regard to the ways, manners, and speech of the English section of the most extraordinary and mysterious clan or tribe of people to be found in the whole world, — the children of Roma. But it contains matters of much more importance than anything connected with philology, and the literatures and manners of nations. Perhaps no work was ever offered to the public in which the kindness and Providence of God have been set forth by more striking examples, or the machinations of priestcraft been more truly and lucidly exposed, or the dangers which result to a nation that abandons itself to effeminacy, and a rage for what is novel and fashionable, than the present."

So Borrow looks upon his masterpiece when it is done. Was there ever a more extraordinary begging of the question? Of the voluminous commentary upon himself and his critics, from which I have just quoted (there are eleven chapters of it printed as an Appendix to The Romany Rye), one need only say that it shows him at his worst. His creative work was spontaneous and sound; but he was neither graceful nor convincing as a controversialist. There is open rancor with unstinted Billingsgate in this extraordinary effusion: an indiscriminate damning of gentility, Popery, Toryism, Whiggery, teetotalism, Jacobitism, Wellington-worship, and, in general, "the thousand and one cants and species of nonsense prevalent in England." It is not pretty to read or comfortable to remember. The truth is, Borrow never knew what was important in his own work; and when it was received with acrimony, on minor counts, among various classes of sticklers for the conventional, he was indiscreet enough to retort in kind. He had plenty of bees in his bonnet; it is lucky that they did not make greater havoc.

As a work of pure literature, Lavengro and its sequel needed no defense; they constitute a sort of English Odyssey of the Road. The hero has the Odyssean craft and power of arm, and a wholly English integrity; he goes his way as the wind blows, without fear or favor. What talk, what ale, what scenes, what blows! And what amazing figures: the Flaming Tinman, Mrs. Hearne, who "comes of the hairy ones," Mr. Petulengro the inconsequential, the postilion, Francis Ardry, the apple-woman, — there is no end to them, unless (and she ought to be the beginning) we make an end with the name of the great Isopel Berners. Her real name was Bess, late authorities say; I shall continue to love her as Isopel. I can forgive Lavengro anything else, even his Armenian verbs, but never his clumsiness in losing that magnificent young per-

son. Nor can I help thinking that last glimpse of her one of the most moving scenes in literature, though there is not much in the words, after all: "On arriving at the extremity of the plain, I looked towards the dingle. Isopel Berners stood at the mouth, the beams of the early morning sun shone full on her noble face and figure. I waved my hand towards her. She slowly lifted up her right arm. I turned away, and never saw Isopel Berners again."

In truth, this is not "what is generally termed autobiography." Each incident and character seems to have had a counterpart in Borrow's actual experience, but stands transfigured in his narrative. He was not, I have said, a reporter. He was a creative artist who worked with the chance materials which experience offered. It is well enough to rank him with Cervantes, Le Sage, and Bunyan; he has also been compared to Hawthorne, Sterne, and Defoe; and I have just been guilty of finding something of Poe in him. The truth is, one might go on with this kind of rating until one had completed the list of prose geniuses who have expressed themselves somewhat irregularly and discursively. So far, I believe, nobody has happened to name Rousseau or De Quincey in this connection. If it were profitable to make any detailed comparison, it would be with Defoe, the writer who first aroused Borrow from his childish lethargy, the only master whom he acknowledged: "Hail to thee, spirit of Defoe! What does not my own poor self owe to thee? England has better bards than either Greece or Rome, yet I could spare them easier far than Defoe, 'unabashed Defoe,' as the hunchbacked rhymer styled him."

Borrow stood as square upon his own feet as any one who ever wrote, and this has irritated the academic mind. He has yet to make his way, after Defoe, into the manuals of literary history. There are, as we have seen, confused elements in his work. When one cannot tell whether a writer is trying to express opinions, to communicate facts, or to interpret life, it is hard to make up one's mind as to what he has actually done. With Borrow the chief intention seems to have been to edify, the chief impulse, to interpret. His work seems too often to spring from the unamiable wedlock of these two motives.

In The Zincali, after speaking of the skill of the English gypsies as jockeys, he says impressively, "They are also fond of resorting to the prize ring, and have occasionally even attained some eminence in those disgraceful, and brutalizing exhibitions called pugilistic combats." Now the Borrows, father and son, were, as we have noted, skilled in the manly art, and not a few passages in Lavengro owe their charm to the gusto with which the artist and Briton describes a hearty bout with the natural weapon. What should we do without the battle between Jerry Grant and Bagg? — "Bagg says that he was quite satisfied with the blow, more especially when he saw the fellow reel, fling out his arms, and fall to the ground." — Or the mill with the Flaming Tinman, Belle seconding, and coaching Lavengro to the final triumphant application of "Long Melford"? — Or the salutary lesson given to a bully by the elderly disciple of Broughton?

Nor is Lavengro always a reluctant spectator at "those brutalizing exhibitions." He has, indeed, hardly a more memorable passage than that noble apostrophe of the bruisers of England: "Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England — what were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain, in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers? Pity that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them — but of that I wish not to talk; let us still hope that a spark of the old religion, of which we were the priests, still lingers in the breasts of Englishmen. There they come, the bruisers from far London,

or from wherever they might chance to be at the time, to the great rendezvous in the old city. . . . Hail to thee, Tom of Bedford. . . . Hail to thee, six-foot Englishman of the brown eye, worthy to have carried a six-foot bow at Flodden, where England's yeoman triumphed over Scotland's King, his clans and chivalry. Hail to thee, last of England's bruisers, after all the many victories which thou hast achieved — true English victories, unbought by yellow gold." A true Briton this ! we exclaim. With all his fondness for drifting among alien peoples and tongues, he retained the ground-anchor of his insular bias ; if England was, to his mind, full of cant and nonsense, his heart held that it was the best of all lands, containing the best bruisers, the best poets, the best aristocracy, and the best ale in the world.

He was, by his own account, of a morose and unsocial nature, but we find that he has no trouble in making friends everywhere, in spite of his blunt manner. He understood the people he met, instinctively ; and not only as individuals. His portraits of them are without exaggeration, leisurely, unquestioning, realistic in the best sense. His humor is saturnine. He makes no broad appeal to the sensibilities, never seduces us into whimpering, nor cajoles us into hearty laughter. His immobility often suggests apathy, but it really expresses his reluctance to meddle, — or, perhaps, rather his extreme independence. Lavengro is not going to be bothered with opportunities, either for action or for speech. He reserves the right to ignore any advances which Providence may make.

One of my favorites among the minor figures is that of the old 'ostler. Borrow might easily have made it more popularly effective by a little coarser method. He prefers to let the old boy speak for himself : as he does, at some length. His directions to Lavengro for making a journey on horseback, in case he should ever be a gentleman, and own a horse, and wish to take such a journey, would fill some five or six pages of the Atlantic. The tune goes like this : —

"Before you start, merely give your horse a couple of handfuls of corn and a little water, somewhat under a quart, and if you drink a pint of water yourself out of the pail, you will feel all the better during the whole day ; then you may walk and trot your animal for about ten miles, till you come to some nice inn, where you may get down and see your horse led into a nice stall, telling the 'ostler not to feed him till you come. If the 'ostler happens to be a dog-fancier, and has an English terrier-dog like that of mine there, say what a nice dog it is, and praise its black and tawn ; and if he does not happen to be a dog-fancier, ask him how he 's getting on, and whether he ever knew worse times ; that kind of thing will please the 'ostler, and he will let you do just what you please with your own horse, and when your back is turned, he 'll say to his comrades what a nice gentleman you are, and how he thinks he has seen you before ; then go and sit down to breakfast, and before you have finished your breakfast get up and go and give your horse a feed of corn. . . . When you have finished your breakfast and called for the newspaper, go and water your horse, letting him have one pailful, then give him another feed of corn, and enter into discourse with the 'ostler about bull-baiting, the prime minister, and the like."

One can imagine the gravity with which Borrow may have listened to this monologue, and the grim smile with which he may have set it down.

There is, in the end, no accounting for the excellence of Borrow's work except on the score of pure genius. A merely remarkable talent could hardly have been developed by his experience. He knew too much, for one thing. An acquaintance with thirty-odd tongues and dialects, and some sort of contact with as

many literatures, does not conduce to original work. On narrower grounds, a rover and a linguist is not likely to be master of one tongue; yet Borrow is both a master of English and a creator of literature. His style, in the small sense, is not without relation to the established literary manner of the day. It was a statelier manner than ours; it was not afraid of being even eloquent. Apostrophe was one of its most effective forms, and no modern English writer, unless De Quincey, has made such effective use of it as Borrow. As a mode of condensed retrospective description, what have we to take its place in the shamefaced English of our day? Borrow evidently rejoiced in it as an escape-valve for the emotion which his instinct led him to repress under ordinary circumstances.

How shall I make an end without quoting, for the benefit of those hypothetically ignorant "right people," this and that cherished passage of description or dialogue from the well-thumbed volumes? Yet how, if the brake were once let go, should I make an end at all? With one simple little scene I must be content: —

"'Young gentleman,' said the huge fat landlord, 'you are come at the right time; dinner will be taken up in a few minutes, and such a dinner,' he continued, rubbing his hands, 'as you will not see every day in these times.'

"'I am hot and dusty,' said I, 'and should wish to cool my hands and face.'

"'Jenny!' said the huge landlord, with the utmost gravity, 'show the gentleman into number seven, that he may wash his hands and face.'

"'By no means,' said I, 'I am a person of primitive habits, and there is nothing like the pump in weather like this.'

"'Jenny,' said the landlord, with the same gravity as before, 'go with the young gentleman to the pump in the back kitchen, and take a towel along with you.'

"Thereupon the rosy-faced, clean-looking damsel went to a drawer, and producing a large, thick, but snowy white towel, she nodded to me to follow her; whereupon I followed Jenny through a long passage into the back kitchen.

"And at the end of the back kitchen there stood a pump; and going to it I placed my hands beneath the spout, and said, 'Pump, Jenny;' and Jenny incontinently, without laying down the towel, pumped with one hand, and I washed and cooled my heated hands.

"And when my hands were washed and cooled, I took off my neckcloth, and, unbuttoning my shirt collar, I placed my head beneath the spout of the pump, and I said unto Jenny, 'Now, Jenny, lay down the towel, and pump for your life.'

"Thereupon Jenny, placing the towel on a linen-horse, took the handle of the pump with both hands and pumped over my head as handmaid had never pumped before; so that the water poured in torrents from my head, my face, and my hair, down upon the brick floor.

"And, after the lapse of somewhat more than a minute, I called out with a half-strangled voice, 'Hold, Jenny!' and Jenny desisted. I stood for a few moments to recover my breath, then taking the towel which Jenny proffered, I dried composedly my hands and head, my face and hair; then, returning the towel to Jenny, I gave a deep sigh and said, 'Surely this is one of the pleasant moments of life.'"

Borrow has more intense moods than this, as well as more trivial ones; but this will do to rest upon. It is the mood for which, after all, one is likely to return oftenest to the tale of the word-master. Manly health and courage, womanly bloom and strength, the delight of clear airs, pure waters, hearty fare, and honest buffets, — these are what Borrow has to offer. The haunt of his Muse is, it may be, the pump in the back kitchen; no matter: not the Bandusian rill, not smooth-sliding Mincius, not the very sisters of

Jove's sacred well can put her to shame. "Surely," says the right person, as, Lavengro in hand, he settles comfortably into his evening niche (there is a pile of new fiction at his elbow which ought to be looked over, the children have quieted down, the fire is in good condition, the cat has stopped fidgeting, and the pipe draws): "Surely, this is one of the pleasant moments of life."

H. W. Boynton.

CICERO IN MAINE.

When I was a girl attending the high school, — a *when* that opens the gateway into a magic land of youth, — we were fortunate enough to have a teacher who was, as I heard a college youth phrase it the other day, "dead stuck on Latin." It was not simply that this gifted man had a passion for Latin literature, but he was, or seemed so to our youthful imaginations, besotted with the grammar of the language. No degree of proficiency or distinction to which we could attain in the matter of fluent translations was ever allowed to excuse us from the daily collection of gems of knowledge from Andrews's and Stoddard's Latin Grammar.

The class of which I was a member was a small but unique aggregation. Our teacher had high hopes of classical triumphs for us because, though our intellectual gifts might not be of surpassing lustre, our critical faculties were abnormally developed. The heroic degree of discipline which enabled the immortal Light Brigade to feel that it was

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,"

would have found no favor in our ranks. The most uncouth lad in the class, the least hopeful of success in polite literary attainments, was the very one, it seems to me now, who oftenest voiced our united conclusions most clearly.

"If we ain't to ask questions, and ain't to say what we think, what *are* we goin' to do?" he queried; and one and all felt that to such a question there could be but one reply: we *were* to ask questions, we were to say what we thought, — for what else were we in school?

To this method of pursuing our researches our teacher had no objection provided we kept within reasonable bounds, and he had his own way of setting the limits.

"Ain't we ever goin' to git through studyin' grammar?" inquired the aforementioned awkward lad, after months of hope deferred.

"If Mr. Brown thinks he has learned all the grammar has to impart, perhaps he will kindly give us a little information about its contents," the teacher suggested blandly; and then followed a terrible ten minutes for Mr. Brown, during which every vestige of his fancied familiarity with Andrews and Stoddard fled from his grasp.

The victim sat down at last baffled, perspiring, but by no means entirely vanquished; no sooner was he seated than his hand began to wave frantically aloft, signaling the fact that he had yet a Parthian arrow to dispatch.

> "Obstupui, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus haesit,"

he quoted in a quavering voice from yesterday's lesson, while we looked at him open-mouthed at such erudition. "When I 'm all badgered up so, I know a good deal more 'n I 'pear to be able to tell."

"It would seem so, Mr. Brown, it would seem so," the teacher assented with a darkling glance which warned the

rest of us of sorrow to come, "and therein you differ from some of your classmates who are often able to tell more than they can know."

It was owing to this lively, though shallow, intelligence of ours, and the facility with which we engrafted pagan Rome on Puritan New England, that our instructor was encouraged to jump us from Cæsar to Virgil with no intervening stages. To him, as to Mr. Cooper, the commentator whose notes assisted our studies, the reading of Virgil was a joy of which one could not partake too soon or too copiously. He expected us to become rapturously interested in the progress of the story, to enjoy with him the favorite passages which he rolled out sonorously for our benefit; mouth-filling lines like

"Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum,"

or the softer modulations of

"Sunt lachrymae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Alas, how grievously we disappointed the good man's hopes! Virgil's poetic genius appealed to us little more than Milton's Paradise Lost would appeal to a primer class suddenly plunged into its mysteries. Even when we translated most glibly we were like creatures

"Moving about in worlds not realised."

The virtues of the pious Æneas were of a variety not mentioned in our Sunday-school lessons; we held his seamanship very cheap; we had reasons of our own for doubting the authenticity of the whole Trojan legend.

"How did they ever *git* to Troy?" our class orator inquired dubiously. "There wa'n't one in the whole lot 't knew any more 'bout navigation 'n a fly in a pan o' milk!" This was after we had learned from Mr. Cooper's preface to Book I that our friend Æneas had already been roaming the seas for seven years before presenting himself for the pleasure of our acquaintance.

From the first we had no use for Dido. Love was an emotion which had been mentioned in our hearing, and there were boys and girls among our number who "went together," and displayed varying degrees of what we called "softness" in so doing; but that any human creature could be soft enough deliberately to toast herself upon a funeral pile, simply because another human creature sailed away and left her, was beyond our wildest conception of the tender passion.

The uncouth lad, who frequently wrote notes for general circulation among the girls of the class, issued the following as soon as Dido's funereal intentions were announced: —

"*Pass this On.*

"Dido was a Fool; how 'd she know but Eneeus would be Blowed back by the first Wind?"

Some of the boys who were studying Greek originated a sort of class chant, and the schoolroom for a time resounded during play hours with the ringing notes of

"Dido, Dido, died ou' doors!"

As a result of such callousness to all the tender and lofty emotions, we were at last transferred to Cicero, and here, for the first time, we touched solid ground. We lived in an age when treason and traitors were matters of recent history, and philippics were something we were very familiar with, albeit under a different name.

The class lyric, by an easy transition, blossomed into

"We 'll hang old Cat'line to a sour apple tree,"

and without a dissenting voice we took the great orator to our homes and hearts.

The teacher, when he discerned our enthusiasm, and heard the uncouth lad vociferating genially, "He 's jest givin' it to the old Cat to-day, ain't he?" heaved a sigh, perhaps, over the incomprehensible vagaries of pupils, and wisely addressed himself to making the most of the situation.

One Saturday forenoon he brought Rufus Choate's Eloquence of Revolutionary Periods, and read us what a great American orator had to say about the genius of Cicero. Splendid words they were, these vibrating sentences of Choate's, and as we listened our eyes shone and our hearts beat: —

"From that purer eloquence, from that nobler orator, the great trial of fire and blood through which the spirit of Rome was passing had burned and purged away all things light, all things gross; the purple robe, the superb attitude and action, the splendid commonplaces of a festal rhetoric, are all laid by; the ungraceful, occasional vanity of adulation, the elaborate speech of the abundant, happy mind at its ease, all disappear; and instead, what directness, what plainness, what rapidity, what fire, what abnegation of himself, what disdain, what hate of the usurper and the usurpation, what grand, swelling sentiments, what fine raptures of liberty, roll and revel there!"

On the next declamation day, as soon as the class orator mounted the platform, we realized by the light in his dark eyes that he had something new to offer us. There never was a more moving speaker than our class orator. No matter how many times he declaimed Virginius, — and, owing to many pressing engagements which swallowed up his time for learning new "pieces," this happened with tolerable frequency, — with that slow, deliberate, musical accent he captured his audience. At every repetition,

"Over the Alban mountains the light of morning broke,"

as if it were for us a new birth; when, at the critical moment,

"Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown,"

we greeted its disappearance with the same shuddering breath; and that "hoarse, changed voice" in which he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!" never lost its magic for tears.

On this well-remembered day, however, the sorrows of Virginius were forgotten; it was Rufus Choate's magnificent version of a representative passage of Cicero's oratory that fell upon our charmed ears, and we listened to the swelling tones of the speaker with that quickened, thrilling breath which marks the hearer who has surrendered himself to the emotion of the moment.

"Lay hold on this opportunity of our salvation, conscript fathers — by the immortal gods I conjure you! — and remember that you are the foremost men here, in the council chamber of the whole earth. Give one sign to the Roman people that even now as they pledge their valor, so you pledge your wisdom to the crisis of the state," — thus the appeal opened. It was the ageless cry for liberty, the cry that is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

"Born to glory and to liberty, let us hold these distinctions fast, or let us greatly die!" — these are words that belong to every century and to every race of men. We did not know how to formulate what we felt, but it was a moment when Bull Run and Gettysburg, that worn face of Abraham Lincoln, and all the unmarked graves on Southern battlefields confused themselves within us in some indefinable passion, and took hold on the heroic memories of ancient Rome. — a moment when, as in all the high impulses of life, the barriers of time and place were melted away.

I believe, as I look back now, that our first conscious inspiration toward what was best in literature and noblest in statesmanship took root from that time. We were living in strenuous days of reconstruction after a great war, and the air was still full of battle echoes, but we drank in the influences of the hour as unheedingly as a plant drinks the sunshine and the dew; it needed this breath from ancient Rome to shape the cumulative forces within us into the beginnings of American citizenship.

No healthy young creature realizes the process of his own growth, but many of us can vaguely remember the period when

> "those first affections
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing,"

first reminded our bodies of the souls that dwelt mysteriously within. We received that reminder noisily or undemonstratively according to our varying temperaments, but in each one of us, none the less, life marked the hour when a new epoch began.

The regular daily session of the school closed at half-past four in the afternoon, but from that time until five o'clock a dark-faced, sweet-voiced woman, with what seemed to us a marvelous twist to her tongue, gave instruction in French to the ambitious few who aspired to a knowledge of that polished language. There was the girl who learned easily and forgot everything, the girl who learned ploddingly and forgot nothing, and another, still, who seems to me now the farthest away of all, although there are buoyant hours when her once overflowing youth and bounding vitality return to her pulses like the resurrection of a lost joy.

Of the three male members — for the class was a well-balanced one — the class orator and the uncouth lad constituted two, and the third was the genius of the school, the only scholar, perhaps, whose intuitions leaped unerringly to the goal, who saw a subject whole, and wrested the inwardness from it while the rest of us were laboriously pondering its earliest developments. Just why the uncouth lad elected to study the French language I could not then comprehend, though I have often told myself that the mere recollection of his recitations added a distinct flavor to life.

He himself accounted for his presence in the class by the statement that "as he took care o' the schoolhouse he might 's well be recitin' French as doin' nothin', seein' as he 'd got to stay anyway;" and to behold the vital interest which he displayed in the sugar and spice of the grocer, or the mahogany table of the cabinet maker, was only one degree less joy-inspiring than when he announced, giving to each syllable its full value, "Jay lese belles pantou-flees de ma bellemare," or clothed himself gayly in the ribbons of his father-in-law.

It was when the French recitation had ended, however, and the old brick schoolhouse was left to our undisturbed possession, that we sat around the great sheet-iron stove, with no light but the red blur of the setting sun through the western windows, and told all things that ever we knew. On one Tuesday afternoon in particular, I remember, the talk began with that tale of the celebrated wooden horse which Virgil makes Æneas tell as a sort of after-dinner story in the second book of the Æneid. Our teacher, always hoping against hope that he might some day interest us in his beloved Virgil, had that afternoon been dwelling on the great poet's talent as a raconteur.

It is needless to say that we rejected the whole narrative as puerile. The school genius, indeed, made some modifying reflections in regard to the primitiveness of the age in which the deception was located. "I s'pose we ought to consider" — he began deprecatingly, but the uncouth lad brusquely interrupted, —

"We ain't got to consider nothin'," he declared, "except that the' wa'n't any last one of 'em 't had any more head 'n a carpet tack."

"A wooden hoss," the class orator sneered, taking up the theme; — "poh! 't would n't fool a baby. My little brother had one for a Christmas present, an' 't would n't go into his stockin', so mother took an' hitched it on with a string."

"I 'll bait ye, sir," the uncouth lad

declaimed oratorically, "that we could n't 'a' fooled the rebels with any wooden hoss when we was tryin' to take Richmond. If they 'd seen us drawin' off an' leavin' any such contrivance round to hitch to their stockin', they 'd said, 'No, thank ye. We ain't keepin' Christmas this year, an' if we was, the Yankees ain't no Santy Claus.' "

"What do you think," asked the girl who was quick to learn, "of the man that came into school to-day?" It was a part of her adaptability that she knew how to change a subject in season to prevent it from growing threadbare.

We lived within two miles of the State capitol, and in all the high moments of life we felt ourselves enhaloed by the shadow of its dome. The state legislature was in session, and our visitor that day had been one of the members of this august body. Our generation was much less sophisticated than the present up-to-date class of young people, and for us very simple things frequently assumed heroic proportions. To our admiring eyes this visitor was not a mere country lawyer, with that taste for the literature of Latin which many country lawyers used to possess; he was a wise and powerful being, who created laws out of his inner consciousness, and hobnobbed with principalities and powers, and we venerated him accordingly. The teacher had informed him of our intimacy with Cicero, and when, at the close of the recitation, the great man "addressed" us, he had the acumen to leave the ordinary platitudes unsaid, and draw from the Roman orator's life and words the message of that nobler patriotism, that larger citizenship, whose ideal forever appeals to ardent souls with the thrill of a passion for which men have been content to die.

When the girl who was quick to learn recalled our visitor to our minds the thrill came back too, and our eyes turned toward the red streamers in the darkening west, as if they were the banners of victory beckoning us on.

"Le 's go up to the legislature to-morrow," the slow girl suddenly suggested, seized by an unwonted inspiration; and with one accord we assented, for Wednesday afternoon would be a holiday.

When, next day, we met at the appointed hour for our long walk, the afternoon seemed to have been created for our purpose. It was one of those clear, bracing winter days when the snowy path echoes crisply under one's tread, and snow and sky melt into a dazzle, whose blended light and color is emphasized by the dark shapes of feathery pine and fir trees.

It must not be thought that our little company dallied along in couples absorbed in any sentimental discourse. On the contrary, we marched by threes, the boys leading the way, the girls briskly keeping pace. The road which we followed was then, and to me is to this day, filled with childhood memories of "the war," and it was of these things that we discoursed as we went along. That commonplace-looking, hip-roofed farmhouse had been the military pest-house, and awesome associations lingered around it still; in yonder field a battery had once encamped, and one of the girls related the story of how, at the venturesome age of twelve, she, with several companions of equally mature years, having wandered within the limits of the camp, had been promptly arrested and haled before the commanding officer, the terrors of whose cross-examination had been little mitigated by roars of laughter from surrounding listeners. The echoes of marching infantry and the beating hoofs of cavalry horses seemed to us hardly to have died from the air, and when we reached the State House at last we were keyed for heroic doings.

The capitol building of our native state was to us, in those days, the grandest structure in the world. I confess here that it has never lost its ancient charm for me. It stands on high

ground, and I have seen its dome blur grandly into many sunrises and sunsets; when one begins to mount the successive flights of broad, granite steps that lead to the majestic front entrance, one begins to say to one's "inward ear," "Here is a centre of deeds; here events are shaped for good or ill;" and the fact that many of these shapings are trivial in themselves — sometimes, indeed, ill-shaped — does not altogether rob them of their significance in the eternal framework of things.

As we entered the rotunda that day, our footsteps resounding on the floor seemed almost an impertinence. We lingered to look at the portraits of the old-time governors in their gay coats; we paused in sincere homage before the clustering battle-flags, which were then being gathered into the State House as their last, honored resting-place. A copy of Moses Owen's stirring poem, the Returned Maine Battle-Flags, hung beside the sacred relics, and the class orator could not resist the opportunity to thrill us with its music. As he read he forgot himself and the place, and more than one hurrying foot checked itself at the sound, as if a sentinel had called "Halt!"

"As the word is given — they charge! they form!
And the dim hall rings with the battle's storm!
And once again through the smoke and strife
Those colors lead to a nation's life."

After numerous digressions we reached the gallery of the House of Representatives, and hung over the rail gazing at the mighty men below. The triviality of the subjects under discussion might, had we been maturer auditors, have served to dampen our heroic mood, but to us it was all mysteriously large and significant. When two honorable members chanced to indulge in lively recrimination, the uncouth lad was observed to murmur as in meditation, "How long, O Catiline," — the familiar phrase which had become to us like a household word.

Once during the afternoon a large, blond young man, with a cherubic visage, rose in answer to a question, and drawled forth a reply which commanded the instant and amused attention of the house.

"That 's Tom Reed," we heard somebody say, and we looked with quickened interest at a speaker who had already begun to make himself felt as a power.

By and by there was a stir in the rear of the great hall as loitering men in the corridor greeted a fresh comer. Now Cicero was indeed among us! We all knew that erect form, with the head gallantly thrown back, and the keen, dark eyes that had not then learned to question Fate otherwise than blithely; the eyes that had ever a smile of quick recognition, as we well knew, for every boy and girl to whom their glance had been directed. It was little wonder that we all loved Mr. Blaine, — there was much about him that was supremely lovable.

The usual routine of a visit to the State House included the climbing of the winding stairs which led to the cupola, to assure ourselves that Kennebec County remained securely anchored below; but, on this occasion, as the short winter afternoon was waning fast, we contented ourselves with a visit to the massive stone balcony which opens from the second story. A tinge of rosy light was already reflected in the eastern sky, and a few ambitious stars had begun to show themselves. In front of us lay the "state grounds," which had so lately been a bustling camp, empty now and solitary save where a marble shaft glimmered whitely to mark the spot where some departed statesman had wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lain down to pleasant dreams. Even the glimmering line of the river was white, too. As we stood at the balustrade's

edge, brooding over the landscape, life thrilled large within us, life uncomprehended, unformulated, the full cup, the fulfilled dream, which seem wholly possible only to the hopefulness of youth. When the

> "whole soul revolves, the cup runs over,
> The world and life 's too big to pass for a dream."

A large bird rose slowly in the distant sky, his wings showing black against the clear ether. "It 's funny, too," the genius said, thinking aloud; "the Roman eagles, the American eagle, — and those old chaps thought *their* birds were the emblems o' freedom jest as we think ours is! Well, I don' know 's I 'd change James G. Blaine for old Cicero."

In the middle of the Latin recitation next day the uncouth lad inquired abruptly, "What ever became o' him, anyhow, — I mean what end did he make?"

The teacher stared for a moment, uncomprehending. "Oh, you mean Cicero?"

"Course," the uncouth one replied laconically.

Then the teacher — how fortunate it was for us that this wise man always knew how to seize the heart of an opportunity — gave us a brief sketch of the great Roman's life, showing us how his true nobleness overbalanced his political weaknesses and vanity. He — the teacher — "knew a man" who had visited Tusculum and seen the spot where the ruins of Cicero's villa still stand, with the great ivy tree growing against the sunny wall. He told us of the neighbors whose country houses surrounded Cicero's dwelling, — Cæsar, Pompey, Brutus, the poet Catullus, Lucullus, celebrated for his feasts, with whom Cicero used to exchange books, — names these were to conjure with. He told us, too, of our hero's beloved daughter, his little Tullia, and her early death; and he made it all more real by reminding us that this was the same Tusculum with whose long, "white streets" we were so familiar in Macaulay's poem. Here the class orator's lips began to move, and we knew that he was muttering dumbly, —

> "From the white streets of Tusculum,
> The proudest town of all."

He had often declaimed it.

When the narrator went on to describe how Cicero, betrayed and deserted, was finally assassinated, the fatal blow being struck by a man whom he had formerly defended, the uncouth lad, forgetting the dignity of the place and hour, brought his hand down on his knee with a resounding smack, and declared in quivering tones, "I call it gol-darned mean!"

All this passed years ago. The girl who was quick to learn and the school genius both heard the call early in life to that land where naught but evil is ever forgotten, and where insight is divine and eternal. The girl who never forgot has spent her powers in patiently bestowing her accumulations on others; the class orator has disseminated his gifts of language through the pen rather than the persuasive voice; and it was, after all, the uncouth lad, uncouth no longer, magnificent in stature and in wisdom, who, on a well-remembered day, rolled grandly forth that noble address on Christian Citizenship.

There was a lump in my throat when I heard him say, "My own first conscious impulse towards making a good citizen of myself dates from the time when I was awkwardly but enthusiastically translating Cicero's orations in the old brick schoolhouse in my native town. I was fortunate enough to begin the study of Latin under a teacher who taught with the spirit and the understanding also, and who had the magnetic power of making his pupils realize that every great language possesses a soul as well as an anatomy."

When I stood before that former uncouth lad at the close of his discourse, and saw him look at me questioningly, as one who dimly divines a ghost of the

past, I said to him, — since it is generally wiser to laugh than to cry, — "Avez-vous les pantoufles de velours de l'épicier?"

He seized my hand in a mighty grasp of recognition and welcome: "I have, — and those of the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker as well. The women in my parish were always sending 'em to me before I was married."

But, when all is said, the true link between us, in the new as in the old day, was something in which the grocer's velvet slippers had little part: that which made our old school days worth remembering, the image which shaped itself in both our minds as we stood there, —

"One and one with a shadowy third,"

was that of the wise schoolmaster, who had known how to draw us into the grand circle where old Rome and young America, all nations, indeed, and all races of men, were made one and indivisible in the deathless continuity of a moral ideal.

Martha Baker Dunn.

CYNICISM.

One of the seeming waywardnesses of our human nature is the respect for a cynic that lurks in nearly every heart. The respect is not for his character, certainly not for his disposition; but it goes out to him as a man of intellect, and is often disproportionate to his ability. To hear that a man is cynical is to accept him as of superior intelligence. There is a universal deference to what is universally deemed an unlovely and undesirable attitude of mind. The entrance of the cynic into the drawing-room produces an air of expectant interest; his rancorous comments are received as admirable wit. So, at least, according to the contemporary novels of society; so, even, — though in a somewhat less obvious and artificial manner, — according to one's own observation. We all find more interesting the person who discusses his friend's failings than him who dwells upon his friend's virtues. We do not like the cynic better, but we regard him as the more penetrating, and the better informed.

Hence we find him excellent company. For instance: Brown takes pains to make a pleasant impression on those whom he meets, and, in the ordinary relations of life, gets on with his acquaintances and friends very comfortably. When, therefore, the cynical observer shrugs his shoulders and intimates something to Brown's discredit, the idea has for those who know Brown the charm of novelty, and adorns him with a new interest. Having never before held him in discredit, they feel that his detractor has got below the surface. The conviction is strengthened by the cynic's air of mental reservation, his unwillingness to utter definitely what he knows, his manner that implies, "Oh yes, all very well, but I could tell things if I would."

This, however, is not the only cause that contributes to the general deference. If one man declares a person to be charming, fascinating, or delightful, and another pronounces him disgusting, repulsive, or intolerable, who makes the more profound impression? The language of enthusiasm is emasculate compared with that of hatred or contempt. A sufficient reason for the undemonstrative nature of the English-speaking race lies in the effeminate quality of the adjectives that denote admirable traits. Some of them can hardly be uttered without a consciousness of a loss of

virility. One has only to contrast with them the hearty gusto of our vocabulary of dislike and depreciation to perceive the tremendous advantage that the cynic enjoys.

His very name supports his pretensions to a superior intelligence. "Cynic," for all that it meant originally "dog-like," is an aristocratic word. One is not prone to think of coal heavers, sailors, miners, as cynics; it has probably occurred to but few that their grocers and butchers are cynics. The word is erudite and Greek; the presumption is that the man designated by a term of such distinguished lineage is of education — and intelligence. We have a habit of deriving ideas in this illogical way. The cynics in the humbler walks of life are not regarded as cynics, but as men soured and disappointed. And when we hear of one that he is soured and disappointed, we do not instinctively pay tribute to his intelligence.

Is there, then, no wisdom in cynicism, no virtue in disbelief? Does the undoubted suggestion of intelligence which the word implies rest entirely upon such trivial and empty grounds? Unquestionably the inner respect which persists, notwithstanding the superficial condemnation, proceeds from a dim recognition of certain useful services that cynicism does perform. An attempt to discover these and set them forth fairly need not disturb even the most believing.

A reasonable cynicism affords recreation to the mind. A man may always, with advantage to his mental health, indulge in a cynicism as a hobby; he may, for instance, be cynical of women, or newspapers, or party politics, or the publishers of novels, and be the better for it. But he is in a serious state if his cynicism includes women *and* newspapers *and* party politics *and* the publishers of novels. Then, indeed, is his outlook bleak and barren, and, in all probability, he lives and works only to malign ends.

Nearly all sane, normal people, however, enjoy one cynicism by way of diversion. It is, indeed, essential to character to have some object at which to scoff, swear, or sneer. Cynicism is never a native quality of the mind; it always has its birth in some unhappy experience. The young man finds that the girl who has gathered up for him all the harmony and melody of earth rings hollow at the test; and he drops his lyrical language and becomes cynical of women. The citizen of Boston has naturally grown cynical of newspapers. The candidate for public office who has been definitely retired to private life by being "knifed" at the polls distrusts party politics. A man publishes a novel and thenceforth is cynical of the publishers of novels. Yet these misfortunes have their salutary aspect. The disappointed lover, generalizing bitterly upon the sex, is not always implacable; a cooler judgment tempers and restores his passion, gives it another object, and so guides him to a safer, if less gusty and emotional love. The citizen of Boston, the betrayed candidate, the blighted young novelist, all have for their condition, even though they know it not, a valuable compensation; for the very experience that has brought them to this pass of reasonable cynicism has stirred their indignation; yes, in spite of their seeming inertness, indignation is now smouldering. And this is a great force; slow though it may be to start the wheels of machinery, it is still an important fuel in keeping alive the fires under the boilers of civilization. The faculty of it becomes dulled by disuse, and is the more alert and righteous for a little rasping. How impressive and commanding a quality in a man is that of a great potential indignation! It is essential to the chieftain. He may never show more than the flash of an eye, yet that will serve. And such power of indignation never came to one who had not penetrated some large bland sham, and learned thereby to hate and disbelieve all its seductive kindred.

In supplying one with a theme for indignation, the turn toward cynicism furnishes also an additional amusement and charm. If a man is in the habit, for example, of expecting nothing but tales of murder, suicide, and scandal on the first page of his newspaper, he becomes actually pleased at the rich daily reward of his expectations. "Scurrilous sheet!" he cries, striking it with open palm. To behold, morning after morning, its recurring offensiveness and hypocrisy, to feel that there are less discerning persons who approve of the very features that make it despicable, and to exclaim to himself, "So this is what the public likes!" brings him each time a curious satisfaction. Perhaps it is merely the satisfaction of a small gratified vanity, but it enables him to begin his day in a comfortable frame of mind; he is prepared to snarl only at newspapers. It is desirable that every man should have a small vanity gratified daily; it keeps him in good temper with himself and the world. And to observe small vanities and foibles in others performs this service, since a man always absolves himself from sharing the weaknesses that he sees.

Yet cynicism has a more valuable end than merely to amuse. It is a means toward sturdiness and independence in a man; it quickens his activities, and prevents a too ready acceptance of existing conditions. It is almost necessary to important achievement. The reverential frame of mind is inefficient when confronted with the world's work; too much in the problems of life demands not to be reverenced, but to be cursed. There can be no useful and permanent building up without a clearing of the site; old foundations and débris have to be swept away. The man of reverential mind, who has no touch of cynicism, is unfit for this work. He is unfit, for instance, to serve as district attorney in one of our large cities, — as useful a function as an educated man may perform, yet one in the performance of which the man of entirely reverential spirit would be harmfully employed. The reverential spirit, contemplative of the established order, crowds out capacity for initiative; the cynical spirit, scouting the established order, stimulates initiative. Of this spirit have been the great reformers, men for whom Swift, in defining his own life, has supplied a motto: "The chief end of all my labor is to vex the world rather than to divert it." It was characteristic of Cromwell that in dissolving the Long Parliament he should display a wanton cynicism. "My Lord General, lifting the sacred mace itself, said, 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'" The scorn with which he disposed of the revered symbol of majesty was in itself symbolic; as the Cavalier had been cynical of the Puritan's piety, so was the Puritan cynical of the pomp and trappings of the Cavalier.

The great rulers, like the great reformers, have had the cynical sense, and have in the same way derived from it, not paralysis, but an effective recklessness. Louis XIV, most brilliant of monarchs, observed in making an appointment to office, "*J'ai fait dix mécontents et un ingrat.*" And he continued to appoint whom he pleased. Frederick the Great was the pupil of Voltaire; and when a Board of Religion came to him with a complaint that certain Roman Catholic schools were used for sectarian purposes, he bade them remember that "in this country every man must get to heaven his own way." The ruthless cynicism of Peter the Great was supplemented by the splendid constructive hopefulness from which issued his saying, "I built St. Petersburg as a window to let in the light of Europe."

Yet we need not go to history for illustration; even in one's own experience it is not difficult to note the efficiency which a vein of cynicism, properly combined with other qualities, gives a man. Those

who are regarded as successful, or as being on the road to success, are cheerful, hopeful persons, with just this slightly cynical outlook. Those who have failed, or are failing, are just as surely the utterly cynical, the decayed, querulous, and embittered, or the supremely reverential, who have too much respect for things as they are to undertake any alteration. These are the indolent; they may work hard all their lives, yet are they none the less indolent mentally, and unalert.

There is, indeed, what may be called the cynical sense, not to be confused with the sense of humor, though akin to it. It is this which enables a man to keep out of the stock market, and, even more, to look without jealousy on the achievements of those who are in the stock market. It is the antiseptic sense. So far from promoting envy, malice, and uncharitableness, it is allied with sympathy. For sympathy means understanding, and there can be no true understanding if one does not detect the weaknesses as well as the virtues; without this cynical sense, one has not humanity. It gives a man a lively and discriminating interest in life; it guards him against the paralyzing vice of hero-worship, — which is a virtue only in the young and immature, — and against the more sinful fault of arrogance toward the dejected and beaten. For just as it enables him to see how trivial are even the greatest achievements of human ingenuity and labor, with what little loss the work of even the best and wisest might have been omitted in the progress of the world, so, also, it prevents him from being unduly scornful of those who have accomplished — for all that appears on the surface — nothing. Seeing a man who has failed, the cynically minded wonders what accidents of birth and circumstance imposed his fruitlessness upon him; seeing a man who has succeeded, the cynic wonders if he had done so without the innumerable reinforcements of chance. If this view tends toward fatalism, so does it also toward democracy.

Yet one's cynicism must always be tempered in its sentiment and limited in its scope. A man may profitably be cynical of women, yet his faith and loyalty to at least one woman — his mother, or his sister, or the woman he loves — must be unswerving and unquestioning. A man may not be cynical of children, or with children. He cannot be cynical of friends, and keep them. He must not grow cynical of himself, for then nothing remains. And the danger of cynicism is that once admitted into a man it may grow, appropriating one after another of his channels and outlets, narrowing his hopes and enthusiasms, until finally it rots the man himself.

Reasonably limited and kept within bounds, it is a source of strength to a man rather than of weakness; it gives him an independent and self-respecting point of view; it berates him if he tends toward a weak sentimentality; it is the companion of a cheerful levity. Take their cynical outlook away from Heine and Goethe and Victor Hugo, from Swift and Johnson and Franklin, — and how flavorless would be what remained! How insipid would be a literature in which wit and humor had to disport themselves entirely among the pleasant facts of life!

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

THE BOOK-LOVER.

I LOVE a book, if there but run
From title-page to colophon
Something sincere that sings or glows,
Whate'er the text be, rhyme or prose.
And high-perched on some window-seat,
Or in some ingle-side retreat,
Or in an alcove consecrate
To lore and to the lettered great,
For happiness I need not look
Beyond the pages of my book.
Yea, I believe that, like an elf,
I'd be contented with a shelf,
If thereupon with me might sit
Some work of wisdom or of wit
Whereto, at pleasure, I might turn,
And the fair face of Joy discern!

I love a book, — its throbbing heart!
And while I may not hold the art
That dresses it in honor scant, —
The tree-calf "tooled" or "crushed" Levant, —
Rather a rare soul, verily,
Than a bedizened husk for me!
So, though no Midas' magic hands
To gold transmute my barren sands,
Though friendly Fame deign not to lay
About my brows the vine and bay,
Though fond eyes marry not with mine,
Nor lip to lip give sacred sign,
The core of all content I know,
A blessing that is balm for woe;
On life with level gaze I look,
And all because I love — a book!

Clinton Scollard.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES.

THE ancient disputation between the Body and the Soul gives rise — in a fanciful mind at least — to a curious conception of the world of books. In that fresh and vigorous inaugural lecture, wherewith the present professor of poetry at Oxford took up his torch, there is a text, apt to the elaboration of this view. "An actual poem," said Mr. Bradley, "is the succession of experiences — sounds, images, thoughts, emotions — through which we pass when we are reading as poetically as we can."[1] So, one might say by way of inference, an actual book is the train of various and connected pleasures which we enjoy on a long winter's evening by the fire, or under Jove on a summer's day, as we peruse from top to bottom one of the inky, multitudinously split parallelopipeds miscalled a volume. It is a queer realm of phantasmagoria to which this definition leads us; the idealistically minded reader may wander there at his own sweet will, while the pedestrian reviewer goes his ways.

In appraising some of the more notable new editions of the past year, upon which the publishers have expended time and money and taste in the endeavor to make them beautiful and fit, this old notion of the ideality of letters will cheer and guide us. Yet the true book-lover is no mere Platonick, any more than he is of that Epicurean Stye, where large-paper editions quite virgin of the paper-knife go down to a forlorn decay. He is one who is peculiarly aware of the *temperament* of books, — that misty mid-region where Soul and Body, the Actual Book and its format, blend in an individuality as of a person. Such an one knows well how appreciably the fit embodiment adds to his joy in a beloved author; his first care with the new edition of an old author is to read it through; and with him the consideration of the beauty and fitness of its form is always secondary to his pleasure in the Actual Book, and to his interest in determining whether there has been any change in the quality of this pleasure since last he felt it, — and, if there has been, the reasons and the extent of the change.

I.

There has been in recent years no more interesting and revolutionary venture in publishing than that which is now giving life to the so-called Unit Books.[2] The scheme calls for a series of reprints of classical and entertaining works at the uniform price of one cent for each unit of twenty-five pages, with a slight addition for variation in binding. The first two volumes, The Marble Faun, and Lincoln's Letters and Addresses, are, in many respects, admirable specimens of book-making. The paper and letter-press are decent and comely, the binding in good taste, and the editorial notes more than ordinarily intelligent and useful. Yet though the Actual Books are there, the true book-lover, who is always something of a whimsicalist, is likely to find the volumes lacking in temperament, and the

[1] *Poetry for Poetry's Sake.* By A. C. BRADLEY. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1901.

[2] *The Marble Faun.* By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. (The Unit Books, No. 1.) New York: Bell. 1903.

Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln. (The Unit Books, No. 2.) New York: Bell. 1903.

melancholy product of a machine-made age. In the little stock-company theatre under his shabby hat some such comedy as this is sure to be enacted: —

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA: MERCATOR; BIBLIOPHILUS.

Scene: Mercator's Book Emporium. Mercator solus, to him Bibliophilus.

Mercator. Good-morning, Bibliophilus, how can I serve you this morning, sir?

Bibliophilus. Cut me off four pounds of fiction, if you please, and trim me up a dozen essays.

Mercator. Very good, sir; anything else, sir?

Bibliophilus. No, but let me tell you that if you send me any more short-weight histories, as you did day before yesterday, I shall take my patronage elsewhere.

Mercator. The history was an even nine pounds, sir, as you ordered.

Bibliophilus. It was not!

Mercator. I will speak to my clerks, sir.

(*Excursions and alarums, and finally exit Bibliophilus, drawing his cloak about him, and tapping the ground feverishly with his stick as if in agitation.*)

We may imagine that Bibliophilus does, indeed, take his patronage elsewhere, — and most of his ilk with him, — while the book-butcher continues to make a living, and a fat one, by catering to the needs of Scholasticus, Viator, and Bibliothecarius. So let us leave them with their units and the rest, and pass with Bibliophilus to the perusal of certain newly reprinted volumes wherein writings more than ordinarily savored with the salt of personality have been embodied in forms which pretend to a like distinction.

II.

At the risk of having some Lamb-like reader wishful to "get at our bumps," we may venture the truism that in all literature there is no book more vitally instinct with the pure essence of personality than the Essays of Elia.[1] Mr. MacDonald has endeavored in his new and complete edition of Lamb to produce a definitive edition, comporting with the individuality of the author. As an announcer Mr. MacDonald interests us a good deal. The superior completeness of his own edition is proclaimed, perhaps a bit too noisily, but he has gathered into his set much that the lover of Lamb would not willingly forgo. It is pleasant, for example, to know that he is to forsake the narrow path of previous editors and include among Lamb's complete works some minor pieces excluded by Mr. Ainger's modesty, as well as the lovely volume of Poetry for Children. As Leigh Hunt wrote, in that charming passage of his Autobiography[2] where the character of Lamb is painted with so tender a detachment, "he was a great acquaintance of the little children," and his selective instinct in choosing their poetry is in the highest degree sound and fine, and significant of character.

[1] *The Works of Charles Lamb.* Edited by WILLIAM MACDONALD. In twelve volumes. Vol. I. The Essays of Elia. Vol. II. Critical Essays. Vol. III. Last Essays of Elia. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[2] Not the least admirable and desirable of the reprints of the year is Mr. Ingpen's new edition of this same Autobiography, — that "pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book," as the atrabiliar, honest old Sage of Chelsea called it. Thornton Hunt's additions to his father's story are printed within brackets continuously with the text; Mr. Ingpen's own biographical annotation is terse and helpful; and the two stately, parchment-backed octavos, with their many excellent portraits, are as judiciously made up as the most difficult Bibliophilus could desire.

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Newly edited by ROGER INGPEN. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

Mr. MacDonald's Memoir of Lamb, which attains the proportion of a respectable short biography, is a very honest and virile piece of writing. His Gaelic sportiveness, both here and in his excellent ample notes, does not always consort quite amicably with the Celtic playfulness of Lamb. Some of his *facetiae* come but lamely off, and one likes to imagine how Elia (to filch yet another phrase from Hunt) would have "pelted his head with pearls." He is addicted, too, to the use of passing queer words in what he seems to think the manner of his author; and he accomplishes the sesquipedalian by the sheer strength of his bootstraps, with none of the tender, humorsome irony which makes Lamb's dalliance with big, old words so charming. We are presented with many a morsel like this: " . . . an extreme example, this, of flagrant intrusion, of unseasonable ebullition; rapscallion irruption of the mere quotidian mortal" . . . Yes, indeed! Yet we like the fellow.

For all his noise, Mr. MacDonald's is in many respects the best brief life of Lamb that we have had. No other paints so convincingly, and with so little of mere quavering sentimentality, the sombreness and horror that made the warp of Lamb's life. It reads like a Greek tragedy of love and madness and valiant renunciation. Some months before the letters to Myra Kelly had been made public, Mr. MacDonald, by a curious piece of biographic insight, had reconstructed the episode, and woven a new tragic factor into the story of Elia's life. No one, not even Walter Pater, has written better of the transmutation of these tragic forces into the finest humor in the world; and how searching and sombre is this statement of Lamb's characteristic view of the world: —

"The problematical was too continuously a dweller in his own house — the need to justify the ways of God to man, even as seen in the history of one innocent woman, was too often forced upon his attention — for him to have any delight in the expatiations of adipose piety or the philosophic earnestness that never knew a grief. Existence for him and for Mary had been a gift too fateful and dark, too fraught with a burden of questions that could only be answered by tears, for him ever to refer with large assurance to those common topics of everybody else — of the meanings of life, and the nature of man, and the ascertained destiny of the world. He drew instinctively toward the particular things and the comradeships of the earth: the old places, and the old books, and the full-flavored passages of old writing in them; but especially towards those human relationships, of which not the intelligence but the sympathies are the interpreter, the sanction, and the proof."

Yet Charles Lamb was no mere dim doubter, no mere vague-eyed seeker of sympathy. His was a head, as Leigh Hunt declared, worthy of Aristotle or of Bacon. We like best to leave him in the light of Mr. MacDonald's final characterization, which is quite in accord with that of his masculine admirers everywhere, — a pure intellect fit to be compared with the greatest, a writer of the finest and richest prose, and the bravest man in the history of English letters.

What a pleasure it would be to read Lamb in folio, so that the eye might have that luxurious sense of covering ground as it moves along the amplitude of the lines! Yet as no publisher has seen fit to give us a fourteen-inch Elia, we may well be grateful for the present light and distinguished edition, with its excellent printing and dainty binding, — a bit too fussy perhaps, but savoring of personality. Bibliophilus could wish nothing away save Mr. Brock's illustrations. The pictures are always quaintly and delicately drawn, with perhaps as intimate an imaginative visualization of the subtile text as is possible for an illustrator to attain. Yet, for all that, they vulgarize the im-

perishable and ideal charm of Elian folk, as the sweetest melody jars upon the spirit ditties of no tone which melt in the music of a true lyric.[1]

III.

The reader in this year of grace 1904, who shares Lamb's love for old books and the full-flavored passages of old writing in them, will find much to engage him in the new editions of the past year. Whether he is moved by the affectionate curiosity of the amateur of letters, or by that deeper passion which still drives many a man to seek upon his shelves solace for the barrenness or the stifled sorrow of his days, where shall he drink more deeply of life, or bring away a better cheer than from old romance of adventure, from the older English Dramatists, from Fielding and Smollett, from Don Quixote, or from the novels of Thomas Love Peacock ?[2]

A book that would surely have gladdened the heart of Elia, to which nothing quaintly human was ever alien, is The History of Oliver and Arthur, the oldest wine in the newest bottle that we have to taste. After nearly four centuries of Stygian obscurity the tale comes again bravely from the press in a form full of temperament; for the double-columned page of Caxton type, with its rubrications and facsimiles of queer, simple-minded woodcuts, is as close an approximation to old printing as has recently been seen. The flavor of the wine does not belie the look of the bottle. Wilhelm Liely of Bern, who in 1521 turned this old tale out of French into German, was no Malory. He was rather, if one may guess, the Trollope, the E. P. Roe, the Mrs. Alexander of his age, and he tells the story of the generous friendship and miraculous adventures of Oliver and Arthur in the sentimental, prosy, and pragmatical vein of one who writes for the common reader. This quality, which doubtless accounted for the popularity which the tale seems to have enjoyed in its century, has been caught with considerable felicity by the present translators, who — by virtue of eschewing the aureate diction affected by most translators of Mediaeval or Renaissance prose — have contrived to convey from their German original much of its homely and flat-footed gait, together with many of its turns of unconscious humor. In virtue of this quality and of the significance of the book in showing the attitude of a Plain Man of the Renaissance approaching and retelling a marvelous Mediaeval story, this book, which has been strangely overlooked by literary historians, will deeply engage the interest not only of Bibliophilus, but of Scholasticus as well.

The excellent Mermaid Series — what memories in the name for the lover of old plays ! — is extremely prepossessing

[1] Excursive readers, who wish to consider further this attractive question of the relation of the lyric to its musical setting, will do well to consult a recently published volume wherein the whole subject is set forth with learning and taste, and with an unusually intimate sense of the moods of music and poetry. It is an academic dissertation, yet singularly like an Actual Book : —

The Elizabethan Lyric. By JOHN ERSKINE. New York : The Columbia University Press. (The Macmillan Co.) 1903.

[2] *The History of Oliver and Arthur.* Written in French in 1511, translated into German by WILHELM LIELY in 1521, and now done into English by WILLIAM LEIGHTON and ELIZA BARRETT. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

The Mermaid Series. (New thin paper edition.) New York : Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903. Marlowe, Steele, Congreve, Shirley, Otway, each 1 vol. Jonson, 3 vols.

The Works of Henry Fielding. With Introductions by G. H. MAYNADIER. 12 vols. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1903.

The Works of Tobias Smollett. With Introduction by G. H. MAYNADIER. 12 vols. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1903.

Don Quixote; by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Edited by JAMES FITZMAURICE KELLY. Translated by JOHN ORMSBY. 4 vols. New York : T. Y. Crowell & Co. 1903.

The Novels of Thomas Love Peacock. New York : Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

in its new embodiment. For getting at the full, salty savor of an old dramaturge,

"So nimble and so full of subtle flame,"

naught can compare with a dog's-eared small quarto. Yet the man who persists in squeezing small quartos into the side pocket of his coat, with a dolorous distention of the same, will be too frequently called upon to enact an inglorious part in curtain-comedy, to contemplate his return from the pleasantest ramble without anxiety. Such an one, can he be but once brought to it, will be most thankful for the present reprint, — so slim and insinuating. He will be glad to know, too, that new volumes are to be added, offering for his perusal some of the best of the eloquent high-flown plays of Shadwell and Dryden.

It is just possible that our worthy Bibliophilus may be disposed to wrinkle his delicate nose, as he thrusts it into the successive volumes of the new editions of Fielding and Smollett which Mr. Maynadier has edited. The rubrication of the title-pages may seem to him too gratuitous, the pictures, for all their firm and studious drawing, a bit too conventionally Howard Pylean, and the look of the page too suggestive of the Six most Popular Books of the Week, to be quite the proper dress for such roistering, full-bodied tales as those of Jones and Rory Random. Yet here again a Plain Man may venture with an *apage* to send Bibliophilus piking home to the dust and dilapidation of his old editions, while he himself sits him down to enjoy the clear large type and comfortable lightness of the new. The Plain Man may perhaps find Mr. Maynadier's Introductions to the various novels somewhat over ample, but they are full of sound and readable criticism, which will help him, not only by the longer balking of his curiosity, to bring a keener gust to the enjoyment of the Actual Books.

Should the Plain Man rise from his reading of Fielding and Smollett with a desire to refresh his memory of the incomparable Book which was their chief exemplar and inspiration, he may now procure an edition of Don Quixote which will suit his purpose admirably, and by which even the querulousness of Bibliophilus will be subdued. The idea of an English Don Quixote in thin and pocketable volumes is not a new one, but it was a wise choice that selected in the present instance John Ormsby's translation for such embodiment. With the exception of Shelton's quaint and breezy version, no English translation of Cervantes's book is in itself such delightful reading, while, by virtue of the translator's superior Spanish scholarship, it is the most faithful of all. Ormsby, we recall, was a private scholar, so virile and reticent that the name Warrington was constantly on the lips of his friends. His favorite reading was always in the great English novelists of the eighteenth century, and this, one thinks, was the prime source of the curious felicity of his dealings with Don Quixote. In his version there is just the mingling of gusto and formality, plain speech and ornate, that the book needs, and that is best attained by imbuing one's self with the modes of expression of Smollett and Fielding. His style has always an old-time, but not an archaic, flavor ; and no one else has dealt so well with the proverbial wisdom of Sancho Panza. The English Cervantist will be unaffectedly pleased with this handy little set, and its component volumes will often be found in his pocket.

The seven Novels of Thomas Love Peacock complete in one volume seven inches by four, with its pages, numerous as the years of Methuselah, bulking to but three quarters of an inch in thickness, is as big a book of its size as any one could wish to see. It is hard to measure the joy in it of the true-born Peacockian. A more genial traveling companion for sea or shore than this learned whimsicalist it would be impos-

sible to conceive. Nor will Bibliophilus find the book lacking in temperament, for the soft, intricately stamped leather cover and quaintly conceived title-page agree most harmoniously with the exquisite humor, poetic fancy, and all the other kindred qualities of that light fantastic pen which they embellish.

The reader who has drunk his fill of Peacock's inimitable distillation may wish to round out the night by application to the good English ale of other Early Victorian and Late Georgian humorists. Nothing can be more apt for the purpose of such an one than a series of reprints whose sleek red bodies and white labeled backs chime most consonantly with their rubicund contents.[1] The Memoirs of John Mytton, the Napoleon of English eccentrics, are as valuable to students of the Byronic mood as they are diverting to lovers of curious reading. For collateral reading with this veracious memoir nothing could be more fit than the high-spirited sporting fiction wherein R. S. Surtees set forth, in the ample diction of his sub-title, "The Hunting, Shooting, Racing, Driving, Sailing, Eating, Eccentric and Extravagant Exploits of that Renowned Sporting Citizen, Mr. John Jorrocks of St. Botolph Lane and Great Coram Street." The amazing activity of those beefy times is still further and more strikingly shown in the Tour of Doctor Syntax, and the other poems of William Combe, where his poetic faculty is seen to be no mere trickling rill in a Castalian meadow, but a spring freshet and inundation. Yet in all the prodigious submerged area of his doggerel versifying there is hardly a dull or a nerveless line; and nowhere in the rapid poetic narrative is there a serious discrepancy from Rowlandson's vigorous Hogarthian plates, which it was written to accompany.

If, during this ambrosial night and long potation of the pride of life, any reader feel sharp compunction stir within him, he may find penitential reading in the Bay Psalm Book.[2] It was a sublime adventure that called "the thirty pious and learned ministers" then in New England to set all the Psalms of David over into English metre; and it is a worthy ambition that leads the present publishers to call in the aid of Old Sol — subtlest of printers — in reproducing the first volume printed in America. The metrical versions, not smoothed "with the ſweetnes of any paraphraſe," breathe more piety than poetry; but they are full of the very quintessential spirit of quaintness, and the page lacks only the savor of must in the nostrils of being an ideal setting. Yet the last impression we bring away from the book is not that of remoteness and queerness, rather it is a feeling of the actuality and sempiternity of what the men of those times were pleased to call the motions of the Soul. Thus we are pleased to learn by the first words of the preface of the pious and learned ministers, that even in those days church music was not always a cause of congregational concord. For they tell us: "The finging of Pſalmes, though it breath forth nothing but holy harmony and melody: yet ſuch is the ſubtilty of the enemie and the enmity of our nature againſt the Lord, & his wayes, that our hearts can finde matter of dif-

[1] *Memoirs of the Life of John Mytton.* By NIMROD. With colored plates by H. ALKEN and T. J. RAWLINS. *The Life of a Sportsman.* By NIMROD. With colored plates by H. ALKEN. *The Tour of Doctor Syntax, The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax, The History of Johnny Quae Genus, The Dance of Life,* each 1 vol. *The English Dance of Death,* 2 vols. All with colored illustrations by THOMAS ROWLANDSON. *Handly Cross.* By R. S. SURTEES. With colored plates and woodcuts by JOHN LEECH. *Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities.* By R. S. SURTEES. With colored illustrations by H. ALKEN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

[2] *The Bay Psalm Book.* Being a facsimile Reprint of the First Edition Printed by STEPHEN DAYE At Cambridge in New England in 1640. With an Introduction by WILBERFORCE EAMES. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

cord in this harmony, and crotchets of diviſion in this holy melody."

IV.

To pass from the pleasant, busy landscape, through which the reader of the books we have been considering progresses so wholesomely, to the devious coverts of spiritual dismay which await him in the poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti is a parlous affair. Yet the present publication of a notable edition of Rossetti's poems,[1] illustrated from his own designs, forces an issue which even a peace-loving man like Bibliophilus cannot dare to shirk. Let us follow him as, pulling the bolt upon his books, he grasps a stout staff, — which may be useful, — and fares to his adventure.

In nearly all of its mechanical and editorial details this edition is admirable. The page is tall and noble-seeming, the paintings excellently reproduced, and the binding in commendable taste. Miss Cary has done her work well. One wishes that more of Rossetti's paintings might have been offered, and that some of those given us might have been disposed in a little easier contiguity to the poems they carnify. The propriety of printing introductory notes continuously with the poetical text and in the same type is questionable; but the notes themselves are more than commonly intelligent and sensible. All in all, by virtue of the presentation of both poems and pictures, the chronological arrangement of them together with many earlier versions, and the judicious statement of significant biographical details, this is the best edition that we know of, to be studied by a person wishing to get at the actual Rossetti. It is, precisely, this Actual Rossetti that will engage Bibliophilus and his stout staff.

For our final impression of the book is that it contains the mongrel art of a man whom a mixed ancestry had deprived of the deep-rooted imaginative energy of racial integrity, at the same time that it endowed him with the wistful, brief fecundity which so often appears in the hybrid. In Rossetti's work, poetry and painting were strangely interfused, and in this arrangement of it the *pictorial* quality of his writing is strikingly manifest, and the relation of the quality of his art to the quality of his mind becomes clear. Despite Miss Cary's and other evidence of his bursts of epistolary animation, we do not get over the notion that he was a moody, preoccupied man. Through this very preoccupation his passionate dream of the world became deeply colored and rich in beautiful detail. The depth of coloring and beauty of detail appear equally in his pictures and in his poems. But in his pictures these qualities are adapted to the development of a composed theme, while in his poems — save in sonnets where structure is given in the form, and in a few tales like the King's Tragedy where it is given in the subject — we have only a series of picturesque moments of arrested expression, slackly joined by an under-running mood. The crystallizing heat of the true poetic fire is not there. We hear his sad music with its ravishing division; we are subjected to the witchery of a spell as seducing as Lady Lilith's; yet, with all its glamour, no poetry of this sort, so devoid of initial poetic energy, has ever proved more than a beautiful, short-lived hybrid.

The reader of this new edition will not see in its queer interfusion of poetry and painting any conscious and premeditated *Anderstreben*, or Wagnerian striving after the effect of mingled arts; rather he will see a mind in which the visualizing faculty of the painter and the sentimentalizing faculty of the poet are inextricably tangled in a mystical and unhealthy temperament; in which neither is of sufficient independent vigor to be applied quite independently. As the

[1] *The Poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*, with illustrations from his own designs. Edited by Elisabeth Luther Cary. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

result of this he will find a disproportionate amount of imagery in the poems, and an equally disproportionate amount of sentiment in the pictures. Where the poem and the picture are closely linked together the effect is startling and phantasmagoric; and this will be the interesting and characteristic, if not the attractive thing about Rossetti to the men of the more classically minded age which is likely to succeed our own. To romantic sensibilities easily touched by the wistfulness of beauty, or to shadowy souls who go mournfully adown the world,

"Ripae ulterioris amore,"

the appeal of the Blessed Damozel is the same whether she be painted in words or in pigments. The malign light, as of another world than ours of the sun, in which Beata Beatrix sits ugly, unwholesome, and forlorn is the same that baffles and distorts our vision in the House of Life,—the same that Dr. Johnson in his Elysian conversation with Mr. William Watson reprobated so severely.

V.

"The faces of the Madonnas are beyond the discomposure of passion, and their very draperies betoken an Elysian atmosphere where wind never blew." So wrote Edward FitzGerald in one of his casual, imperishable letters; and how good it is to come up out of the dim and troubled places, whither our pursuit of Bibliophilus has led us, into the upper air, the calm and quietude of high art, there to hear one discoursing of great things simply, in a style as pure and living as ever mirrored the mind of a man of genius:—

"*E quindi uscimmo a riveder le stelle.*"

To the zeal of FitzGerald's authorized publishers, and to the pious care of his friend Mr. Aldis Wright, we owe a luxurious definitive edition of his complete works in seven octavo volumes.[1] It would have startled the recluse of Woodbridge could he in his retired and unlaborious days have foreseen such a monument erected from the materials of his daily literary diversions. One who, already knowing his FitzGerald well, is lured by the dignified page and artfully contrived temperament of the set into a thorough re-reading, so to taste again and re-measure his joy in the Actual Books, will be not so much startled as more deeply delighted and impressed.

Beginning with the four volumes of the letters, it is pleasant to notice that the letters to Fanny Kemble have been disposed in their proper chronological places, thus giving to the collection something of the completeness and continuity of autobiography, and compensating in a measure for Mr. Wright's extreme reticence in the matter of biographical annotation. Of the irresistible personal charm of the letters it is as needless to speak here, as it is impertinent to discourse at large of the reality of learning, the precision and intensity of taste, the lively humanity, which everywhere inform them. It is enough to say that they are of the priceless Actual Books of the world.

When one comes to the volumes of the translations of Æschylus and Sophocles and Calderon he is newly filled with admiration for the mingled unction and grandeur of an English dramatic style, which in its harmonious union of racy, homespun speech with poetic phrases that go like arrows to the gold is nearer to the inapproachable Shakespearean style than that of any other dramatic writer in English for a hundred years. Nor will he complete the reading without an admiration still more profound for the intellectual force that would convey into English both the pathos and the ethos of alien drama, so fully and firmly, and with so little loss. It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of such work. For all the long list of admirable translations that have appeared in our tongue

[1] *Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald.* 7 vols. London and New York: Macmillan. 1902–3.

since King Alfred set so high a standard in the translator's art, we are still far behind the Germans in the wealth of translated literature which we possess. It is probably not too much to affirm that there is no considerable piece of the world's literature which cannot be found done into German not only adequately, but brilliantly, — naturalized, as it were. The part played by such an inheritance in enriching national culture is incalculable.

It is a fair question whether, from the suffrage of the centuries, these free dramatic translations may not appear to be a service to English literature greater than the perfectly phrased and musical rendering of the blasphemous Persian Horace, greater than the faultless Euphranor, with its exquisitely drawn picture of young English manhood, greater, even, than the incomparable letters. At any rate, these two volumes, with their dozen of plays, serve to put FitzGerald quite out of that polite company of literary idlers to which he is so often relegated. Despite his modest disclaiming, they give evidence of a scholarship beside which slovenly and ill-assimilated learning is seen for what it is, and of a vital imaginative realization which could only have been attained by the strictest and most searching thought in a mind of unusual native power. Furthermore, it is a good subject for psychological inquiry by some earnest young man, whether there is not actually as much volitional energy — as much overcoming of organic inhibitions — involved in translating a difficult play from Greek or Spanish as in taking a city.

The character of Old Fitz emerges from this monumental collection of his classic "scribblings" less eccentric, more human, more melancholy than he has sometimes seemed to essayists and biographers who have not been forgetful of the popular appeal of lettered eccentricity. We know him for a sturdy sentimentalist, who could ignore Rossetti and rail at Mrs. Browning, yet weep over Sophocles, Virgil, and Crabbe. If he was "eccentric" it was largely because he preferred a breezy human talk with the captain of his schooner to being bored in a parlor; the first-rate in literature to the third-rate; God's country to man's town.

As we by aid of the letters share his mood from his ardent, friendly youth down to his serene and solitary old age, we notice how tenaciously he held to the old friends and the old books; how, as death and inevitable estrangement did their mortal work, he more and more found in these old books support against the failing and angustation of his life.

"I read of mornings," he says, "the same old books over again, for I have no command of new ones: Walk with my great black dog of an afternoon, and at evening sit with open windows up to which China roses climb, with my pipe, while the black-birds and thrushes begin to rustle bedwards in the garden, and the nightingale to have the neighborhood to herself." He was the sincerest, sanest, most constant Book-lover since Lamb.

It is a moved and mellowed Bibliophilus that rises from this survey and peregrination *de fauteuil*, and proceeds with slippered shuffling to his bed. The Actual Books that have taken place within him have left him the breath of a richer being, and stirred him with the undulations of a deeper self. So let us leave him, stepping bedwards with no evil in his heart; none toward those wan, sad women of the painter-poet; toward Mercator and his Units, none.

Ferris Greenslet.

The Contemporary Men of Letters Series.

THE editor of the Contemporary Men of Letters Series[1] announces that its purpose is to provide brief but comprehensive sketches, biographical and critical, of living writers and of those who, though dead, may still properly be regarded as belonging to our time. European as well as English and American men of letters are to be included, so as to give a survey of the intellectual and artistic life of a cosmopolitan age. It is too soon to hazard a guess whether this new venture will seriously dispute the territory now occupied by the well-known English and American Men of Letters Series. Externally, as compared with them, the new volumes are evidently to be much more brief, containing scarcely more than twenty to twenty-five thousand words. Their typography is unusually attractive.

The critical work of the authors of the first two volumes issued is already familiar to readers of the Atlantic. Mr. Boynton's easy command of the resources of sound objective criticism is seen to good advantage in his study of Bret Harte. Independence of attitude, clarity and precision of treatment characterize it throughout. The skillful, if somewhat over-generous use of illustrative quotations supports his position, and as an assessment of the value of Bret Harte's stories, Mr. Boynton's book leaves little for the Judgment Day to complete. For it is doubtless true, as Mr. Boynton remarks, that Bret Harte's talent was not quite of the first kind, and that "he had one brilliant vision and spent the rest of his life in reminding himself of it." One cannot quarrel with the essential justice of this estimate. But in sketching Bret Harte's personality, Mr. Boynton's righteous and almost petulant resentment of the elder author's idleness, extravagance, and irregularity seems to blind him, momentarily, to other traits that also belong in the picture. Less truth would have been somehow more true. Hazlitt had a friend who bound Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution and Paine's Rights of Man into one volume, claiming that together they made a very good book. If by some lucky accident Mr. Howells's delightful reminiscences of Bret Harte in the December Harper's could be bound up with Mr. Boynton's study, we should have an excellent composite portrait of the author of Dickens in Camp and the Outcasts of Poker Flat.

Compared with Mr. Boynton's cool expertness in walking around his object and making swift sketches of it, Mr. Greenslet's book on Walter Pater represents criticism of the "laborious orient ivory" order of workmanship. It is wrought with true inwardness, consummate refinement, a happy ingenuity, and the merest touch, here and there, of preciosity. Like Pater's own writing, it is intended for the judicious and attentive reader, for "modern young men of an uncommercial turn." The little book invites and rewards the very closest scrutiny. If in certain passages there are traces of a preference for the "humanistic" rather than the human, and for the superfine rather than the fine, these are faults which in our day of dictated composition and of blurred sense for literary values may almost pass for virtues. The third and fifth chapters, devoted to Criticism of Art and Letters and The New Cyrenaicism, contain especially valuable contributions to the intelligent study of Pater. Mr. Greenslet does not lack audacity, as witness his clever defense of his paradox that Pater is essentially a humorous writer. Of his many felicitous passages this description of the "African" quality of Pater's prose must serve as a single example: —

[1] *Contemporary Men of Letters Series.* Edited by WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY.

Bret Harte. By HENRY W. BOYNTON. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

Walter Pater. By FERRIS GREENSLET. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

"Pater's prose is obviously not Attic prose. Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, among the Victorians, came nearer to that, and how different they are from Pater! Nor is it Asiatic; it has little of De Quincey's florid luxuriance, his Ciceronian rhythms, and Persian pomp. To keep to the figure for suggestion rather than definition, Pater's style is African in its flavour. It is a characteristic product of an Alexandrine society, too urbane ever to be grandiloquent, yet too curious in its scholarship, too profuse of its sympathies to be quite content with simple, Addisonian clarity."

In pages like these Mr. Greenslet not only betrays the secret of Pater's charm for the Paterian, but brings his author into such clearly apprehended relations to the great world of letters that the very infirmities of Pater's style and the defects in his scheme of things are discreetly manifested. It may be possible, after a score or two of years, to write more positively than Mr. Greenslet has done concerning Pater's influence upon his generation, but Pater will be fortunate if he finds another critic of such catholic scholarship and such affectionate intimacy of interpretation. *B. P.*

A Novel Experiment in Poetry.

THERE could hardly be a more curious expression of the modern scientific spirit than is afforded by the preface of Mr. Shaler's recent work.[1]

In youth he has, he admits, loved poetry and written verses. Thereafter he has been more and more completely diverted from such addictions by enthusiasm for scientific studies. Shakespeare has long since become tedious to him, and he "has not willingly visited a theatre for forty years." Nevertheless, he believes that his imagination has continued to ripen by exercise upon scientific themes. He believes that a scientist's progressive indifference to literature (he naturally cites the case of Darwin) is due not to loss of faculty, but simply to preoccupation. This belief, which the lay intelligence might be willing to let stand as a conviction, Mr. Shaler has wished to put to the proof, for his own satisfaction. Coming to the conclusion (with the advice, as he says, of "those well-informed in the matter") that the Elizabethan dramatic form would be best for his purpose, he has produced the present "romance." After some experimenting with prose "the writing began to take shape as heroic verse, which at once proved to be an easier and more sustaining mode of expression than prose." At this point we come to one of the most interesting details of the transaction. The romance was written at odd intervals, but "it soon became evident that the composition was, in a way, continued from day to day in the region below the plane of consciousness, appearing only when attention was directed to it."

This is a sound doctrine of literary composition, and has, no doubt, a true analogy in the processes by which important advances in science are made. But it is not quite clear that Mr. Shaler's long exercise of the scientific imagination has directly affected his present exercise of the poetic imagination. Despite the reliable assurance that the author has made little conscious preparation for the work, by way either of special research or of practice in writing blank verse, one cannot take the product as that of a literary novice. Mr. Shaler's instinct for poetic expression was early aroused, and has been developed by a perfectly normal, though sub-conscious or "subliminal" process. His knowledge of life, his general efficiency, have been increased by experience, and his sense of literary form has been singularly tenacious. From these unusual conditions we cannot be

[1] *Elizabeth of England.* A Dramatic Romance. In Five Parts. By N. S. SHALER, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

surprised that an unusual product has emerged. That absorbed application to scientific study need not prevent the partial development of a preëxistent literary faculty is abundantly proved by this experiment.

We say "partial development," because it is evident that Mr. Shaler's natural faculty for poetic expression might have been further developed by conscious and continued effort. In structure it is evident that this study does not proceed from the hand of a writer practiced in dramatic composition. The parts of the romance, though they are given the five-act form, cannot be called in any strict sense plays. They lack the compactness of dialogue, the rapidity of action, and, what is more important, the organic structure, of real drama. Mr. Shaler has, he tells us, omitted something like one third of his material as it stood in the original manuscript. What remains might still, under the influence of a controlled as well as spontaneous creative faculty, be advantageously subjected to further compression. Much of his poetic matter is yet in solution, and would be greatly more effective if, by that right touch which only experience can confer, it had been fairly precipitated. But the experimenter does not profess to be an accomplished poet, and is right in supposing that his work possesses, though not a supreme, a genuine poetic quality.

The fourth part, The Death of Essex, most nearly approximates the form and the substance of a veritable drama. It has greater unity of action, and a more effective climax. Its verse is more pregnant and stately: one might have said more studied, if the author had not assured us to the contrary. One finds it, indeed, not a little difficult to read a speech like this of Elizabeth's as the improvisation of a person unskilled in the poetic craft, unaware of any resemblance between his manner and that of the great period of English poetic drama: —

> "But he 's a man
> With noble gentleness to move all hearts.
> He strides not with his fellows, for his feet
> Are winged with eager thoughts. The ancient hills,
> The common mount with panting, are to him
> But stepping stones which space unnoticed voids
> That part him from his goals. So on he goes,
> An Atlas seeking for some world that waits
> His might to stay its fall, or else to hurl
> Some blessed orb to ruin. For such will
> There is no place within this balanced realm
> Where might needs ward of reason."

Of the lyrics with which the dialogue is interspersed it can only be said that they betray more readily than the blank verse that method of improvisation which the author has not hesitated to avow, even to insist upon. As a most interesting exercise in a somewhat irregular form of dramatic composition, this work can hardly fail to be read with attention; and more than this its author does not ask of us. *H. W. B.*

SOME BOOKS ABOUT CITIES.

It is no longer a national virtue to mind one's own business. The globe-trotter, it seems, has not trotted for nothing, nor the white man carried his burden in vain. We feel a neighborly concern not only in the earthquakes and famines, the wars and rumors of wars of Dan and Beersheba, but in their little domestic privacies. Yet with this inquisitiveness as to the holes and corners of creation, our main interest is reserved for the typical cities. Expansion is a beautiful word, but the force which we actually count upon to advance the spe-

cies is centripetal. A great city, moreover, cannot long be a congregation without becoming a personality. That connoisseur in subtle emotions, Mr. Arthur Symons, is among other things a collector of cities, and has just brought together a series of papers[1] dealing with the more important treasures of his collection. His standard of choice has been personal and exacting. "I have come upon many cities," he says, "which have left me indifferent, perhaps through some accident in my way of approach; at any rate, they had nothing to say to me: Madrid, for instance, and Vienna, and St. Petersburg, and Berlin. It would be impossible for me to write about these cities: I should have nothing to say. But certain other cities, Rome, Venice, Seville, how I have loved them, what a delight it was to me to be alive, and living in them! . . . Moscow, Naples, how I have hated them, how I have suffered in them, merely because I was there; and how clearly I see them still, with that sharp memory of discomfort!" The writer of these sentences is not quite an English D'Annunzio, but one cannot deny that he possesses that abnormal form of susceptibility which is always on the fearful edge of satiety. To such a nature even a city may be an object of voluptuous pursuit, and the record of its adventures will not be free from an element of almost pathological interest.

Mr. Symons has not been unconscious of the perilousness of his chosen method. He has "tried to do more than write a kind of subjective diary, in which the city should be an excuse for his own sensations." In this attempt he has succeeded quite as well as we should care to have him, for he is, at best and at worst, an individuality. Moreover, he is not at all a person of die-away intelligence. The present book has plenty of vigorous passages, the product of that sound critical sense which Mr. Symons has so often shown in another kind of work. And in seizing upon the salient element of appeal in his chosen cities, he by no means confines himself to a record of vague emotions. "Everything in Rome," he says, for example, "impresses by its height, by an amplitude of adjusted proportions, which is far more than the mere equivalent of vast space covered, as in London, invisible for its very size. The pride of looking down, the pride of having something to look up to, are alike satisfied for the Romans, by what nature and art have done for Rome." The chapters on Rome, Venice, and Seville, records of fond enthusiasms, are, in the nature of things, pleasanter to read than the rest; they are, perhaps, more profitable, as love is more profitable than hatred. A sentence or two from the paper on Moscow will serve to suggest the pictorial quality of the author's descriptions, and the acute discomfort to which his sensitiveness makes him liable: "Colours shriek and flame; the Muscovite eye sees only by emphasis and by contrast; red is completed either by another red or by bright blue. There are no shades, no reticences, no modulations. The restaurants are filled with the din of vast mechanical organs, with drums and cymbals; a great bell clashes against a chain on all the trams, to clear the road; the music which one hears is a ferocity of brass. The masons who build the houses build in top-boots, red shirts, and pink trousers; the houses are painted red or green or blue; the churches are like the temples of savage idols, tortured into every unnatural shape and coloured every glaring colour."

The other books about cities which have recently come to hand happen to deal with material altogether different from that with which Mr. Symons concerns himself. Their method is less personal, therefore less literary; it ranges all the way from the journalistic to the sociological, and from the sociological to

[1] *Cities.* By Arthur Symons. New York: James Pott & Co. 1903.

the historical. Mr. London's latest book[1] has to do professedly with one of the ugliest results of the centripetal tendency. His picture of London slum life is appalling enough, painted with plenty of vigor and not a little coarseness; but it is not strikingly fresh. There is something needlessly exacerbated in the perennial astonishment with which students of sociology rediscover the horrors of urban vice and poverty. The evils are there, and we ought never to cease hearing of them; but not seldom the social Jeremiah seems to have insufficiently assimilated the facts with which his somewhat hasty observation has acquainted him. The indignation with which he speaks is more savage than righteous; the book is unfortunately deficient in the firmness and dignity of mood and touch which might have made it literature. One is likely to lay it down with the feeling that one has been reading a long and reasonably sensational newspaper story.

Thirty Years of Musical Life in London[2] ignores the "submerged" society of the East End no more thoroughly than the commercial and drawing-room circles of the West End. Its busy professional air is not tempered by amenities, literary or other. It has to give, in a simple and personally modest way, certain reminiscences of the London experience of many of the greatest musicians of the nineteenth century. The book contains much good anecdote and not a little interesting criticism. A fact which it makes surprisingly clear is that Englishmen have persisted in resenting the preference for foreign musicians which the English public has unmistakably felt. One imagines that in America the preëminence of European musicians, whether composers or players, is pretty generally recognized. The present reviewer recalls hearing, some years ago, an American violinist of merit remark, somewhat wearily but not resentfully, that there was only one American in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. We do not understand that the organization of musical labor which has just advertised itself so widely has made a distinction against the immigrant; it could ill afford to do so. Yet in Dr. Klein's book we find so prominent a man as Sir Arthur Sullivan gravely protesting against the appointment of Hans Richter as conductor of the Birmingham Festival: "I think," he says, in a letter to the author, "all this musical education for the English is vain and idle, as they are not allowed the opportunity of earning their living in their own country. Foreigners are thrust in everywhere, and the press supports this injustice." As Richter was one of the great conductors of the day, the point of injustice does not seem quite clear. Sir Arthur Sullivan was, according to Dr. Klein, "England's greatest musician;" yet how little he stands for in world-music! The present volume owes its interest largely to the foreign composers, conductors, and players who have been inevitably in the foreground of English musical life. Nevertheless, it is an important phase of life in nineteenth-century London which the book records. And the treatment of special phases is, apart from the personal literary method, the only fresh method of dealing with metropolitan life to be hoped for.

People who are fond of "fashnable fax and polite annygoats" will find it worth while to glance, at least, into the latest book which is made up of this sort of material.[3] It is always a relief to come upon an English book about Paris which succeeds in keeping clear of the boulevards and the Latin Quarter. These letters were written during the Second Empire by a French attaché. The fact that they were originally contributed to

[1] *The People of the Abyss.* By JACK LONDON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[2] *Thirty Years of Musical Life in London.* By H. KLEIN. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

[3] *Gossip from Paris.* Selected and Arranged by A. R. WALLER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

an English newspaper would be more surprising if one did not see at once that the political allusions are of the most general nature. In fact, the writer is all for high life. He has no end of sprightly gossip about court functions; he has an excellently light touch in the description of places and persons; and there is much amiable chatter about the pedigree, social achievements, matrimonial concerns, of the fashionable set in which he moves. He writes always with grace and animation, but superficially, as a talented correspondent rather than a person who wishes to produce literature. The letters are perishable stuff; they yield at best a suggestion of faded elegance, an odor of forgotten trifles; they are not alive, they have simply been restored for a moment to the light. It is fortunate that the editor has retained only one twelfth of the material at his disposal; and it is doubtful if even that deserves more than a momentary audience at this time. So much it does deserve.

Some years ago a book on Egypt was published which has proved to be sufficiently important to deserve revision.[1] The writer's aim is simple. He does not attempt, he says, "to solve the riddle of the Sphinx," but merely to furnish "a discursive budget of information and comment, — social, political, economic, and administrative." He is successful in doing just this. The book has no literary graces, but those who wish to know something about the irrigation, women, cigarettes, bazaars, and rulers of Egypt may find, as Mr. Penfield says, "something and not too much" in this well-made, well-illustrated, and pleasantly written volume.

The two books[2] among our number which deal with American cities are historical in substance, but literary in treatment. They do not profess to be based upon original research, but rather to present a readable and reliable interpretation of material which has been accumulated by other hands. The comparatively recent work of such writers as Mr. Fiske has done much to deepen our sense of the value of the historical interpreter as distinguished from the historical investigator.

For variety, for picturesqueness, for richness in the elements of romance, the annals of Old Boston can hardly rival those of Old Quebec. The present narrative begins and continues in a style of vigor and "pace." Its character as a story is never compromised by the introduction of minor, or, rather, insignificant detail. It is no small triumph for the authors to have succeeded in producing an "assimilation of the generous data" as to the history of Quebec which have now become common property. Due credit is of course given to Parkman, the only American who both as investigator and as interpreter stands in the first rank among historians.

The style of Mr. Howe's Boston is less fluent, more anecdotal and descriptive. It possesses some of the qualities of a handbook; all of them, if we give the word its best possible sense. For the general reader it is the best compact work on Boston which has yet been produced.

Professedly historical as these books are, it is plain that neither writer has failed to develop a sense of intimate acquaintance with one city or the other as a living personality. "The venerable fortress on the tidal water," say the authors of Old Quebec, in drawing to a close, "ever was, and still remains, the noblest city of the American continent. There still works the antique spirit which

[1] *Present Day Egypt.* By Frederic C. Penfield. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

[2] *Boston: The Place and the People.* By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Old Quebec: The Fortress of New France. By Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

cherishes culture and piety and domestic virtue as the crown of a nation's deeds and worth. . . . Apart from the hot winds of politics — civic, provincial, and national — which blow across the temperate plains of their daily existence, the people of the city and the province live as simply, and with as little greedy ambition, as they did a hundred years ago."

Mr. Howe, accepting the definition of Boston as "a state of mind," finds that state made up largely of "a keen sense of civic responsibility." He is not troubled by the fact, which he records, that the Boston government is largely in the hands of foreign-born persons. "The attempt to amalgamate the diverse elements into a common citizenship goes forward through hundreds of agencies, — the public schools, the social settlements, the organization of charities, secular and religious, designed to meet every conceivable need of the unfortunate, but in such a way as to create citizens as well as paupers." Perhaps we have not been sufficiently ready to think of Boston as an abode of citizens; we feel more at home with "the critical attitude" and "the good principle of rebellion," which Mr. Howe presently mentions as components of the Boston state of mind. There are other and subtler ingredients, one feels, — they are all present in the character and work of the Autocrat. One may be in a state of mind about things; Boston has always been that: but to *be* a state of mind is a horse of another color. *H. W. B.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Idealistic Realist.

In the vocabulary of criticism the word "realism" has been soiled with all ignoble use, and one would hate to apply it unconditionally to the work of a writer whom one admired. George Gissing, whose death is a loss to English literature none the less actual because he never won a wide circle of readers, would no doubt be called a realist by those who fancy that when once they have attached a label to a man there is nothing more to be said about him; but such a characterization cannot be accepted if it is meant to put him in the same category with Émile Zola, Flaubert, Mr. George Moore, and Mr. Howells, who are all realists in their different ways. With them it is the fact, and the fact only, which seems to count. But it is the fact transfigured by the imagination that one seeks in a work of art; and the finest realism is not found in the record, but in the interpretation of the record. Gissing was a realist controlled by an ideal. He might seem to insist upon the sordid side of life, but he had a passionate love of beauty. Consequently, in his analysis of the ugly there was always an implied contrast with the beautiful. This idealizing tendency grew upon him as he wrote. The Crown of Life, one of his last books, is far richer in spiritual nourishment than The Unclassed, one of his first.

Yet even in The Unclassed, and in Demos, and Workers in the Dawn, the difference between his method and that of others who have dealt with the under side of human existence was sufficiently marked. It was no doubt a fault in his art that he emphasized things evil unduly; but he did not fail to see the soul of goodness in them. He was not morbid and he was not indecent. He did not spare the dark touches necessary to complete the picture, but he did not put them there simply because they were dark. One feels that Zola gloated over

his repulsive details, that Flaubert depicted vice with cold contempt, that Mr. Moore attempts to discover in a spirit of bravado how much the public will stand, that Mr. Howells more genially expounds the significance of the unessential. But George Gissing was obviously moved by the "daily spectacles of mortality" he contemplated. His was not the detached attitude of the scientist; it was the keen sympathy of the artist. He did not let his sensibilities run away with him; he was never morbid or mawkish; he disdained the devices of a melodramatic sentimentalism; he was incapable of "working up" pathos. He could put the situation before us as vividly as any realist of them all. But the deep and poignant emotion was there, even if the superficial reader did not discover it. No cold observation could have accomplished this. No novelist by a little intellectual slumming can really tell us how the other half lives.

In the second period of his career that *saeva indignatio* in him turned more to grim satire. He dealt, not with those whom all classes had cast out, but with a class least likely to have comprehensive sympathies, the class which one must still call, despite the objections of many persons to the term, the "lower middle." Perhaps In the Year of Jubilee is his most remarkable achievement in this respect. The dull monotony of the daily round, the sordid aims, the laxity of moral fibre, the incapacity to comprehend, much less to experience, the nobler emotions, — these things are portrayed with a distinctness which one may fairly call appalling. Eve's Ransom is a study of human selfishness. The man sacrifices himself for the girl, and she receives the sacrifice gayly, and goes her way, leaving him to cherish his hurt in silence. Yet even here Gissing's idealism has the last word. The man realizes that his pain has been worth living through. "*Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren,*" — that is the law of life. The lesson is taught with bitterer emphasis to the hero of New Grub Street, for whom "*la lutte pour la vie*" proves too much, and whose genius cannot survive the hardest blows of fate. In the struggle of Reardon to be true to his art against the most adverse conditions there is possibly some flavor of autobiography, — though for that matter every novel that is worth anything must have a glimpse of the writer's own soul. But Gissing was not the man to exploit his personality; he was not up to the tricks of the trade as practiced by the commercial novelist; and it does not require for the appreciation of his art any impertinent intrusion into his life. New Grub Street is a book to be read. Those who choose to do so may take it as an argument against the marriage of men of genius to commonplace and selfish women. Indeed, the unequal bond of wedlock was often a theme with Gissing. But if so many marriages are unhappy, if a union brought about by anything less than perfect love and trust is certain to be unhappy, what place in the world shall the women who do not marry take? Such a question is hardly answered by The Odd Women, another novel far superior to most contemporary fiction. The heroine of that tale does not have, after all, the courage of her convictions. But then so few of us do!

The Odd Women manifested conspicuously Gissing's growing interest in wider and higher themes; it also marked a further growth of his idealistic temper; and therefore his later books may appeal to readers whom his earlier did not interest. The Crown of Life is, on the whole, the most remarkable of these; it reveals the passionate tenderness which is the root of all the author's convictions. Love is the crown of life, and the right woman is worth any man's while to wait for. And there are large public questions involved in the story, — imperialism, for example. Our Friend the Char-

latan is a still closer study of political conditions, though what gives it its value is the unsparing analysis of the man who deludes himself no less than he deludes others. It is upon his skill in the delineation of character that the fame of the novelist is most likely to rest; plots are easily forgotten, but the Becky Sharps and Colonel Newcomes remain more real than the figures of authentic history. One cannot help feeling that Gissing would have done, had he lived, better work in the future than in the past. But he did enough to make his fame secure.

The Unruly Kingdom.

"My mind to me a kingdom is," wrote Sir Edward Dyer something like three hundred years ago; and in a tiresome strain of self-laudation he continues, —

> "Though much I want that most would have,
> Yet still my mind forbids to crave."

To condense the substance of several stanzas into plain prose, this remarkable mind, he claims, was indifferent to wealth, power, love, or hate, had no desires to satisfy, nothing to fear, no cares to trouble; and he concludes, —

> "Thus do I live, thus will I die;
> Would all do so as well as I!"

To me it has always seemed that in the matter of that poem Sir Edward was either an impostor or the victim of gross self-delusion. If he had taken the trouble to keep a careful eye upon the goings-on of his mind for even one day, he doubtless would have discovered that his kingdom was in no such ideal state of subjection as he proudly asserted.

In fact, I much misdoubt any human being's having a perfectly disciplined, docile mind which never runs away, unexpectedly shies, or balks at inconvenient seasons. When I encounter a person who is always outwardly serene and self-controlled, I find myself wondering what sort of scenes he has with himself in private. That there are some lively ones I am confident.

Of course there are minds and minds, all differing in their amenability to control and in their various ways of evading and rebelling against the will and judgment of their owners. I may be biased in my impression of their general unreliability by the peculiarly untractable character of my own, which I have found endowed with all of the undesirable tendencies mentioned by Professor James, as well as possessed of several original shortcomings as yet uncatalogued by psychologists.

Often after a day spent in heading off and checking one train of thought after another, only to have each in its turn supplanted by something equally objectionable, I have found myself exhausted by the conflict with these rebellious mental processes, and in a mood of unqualified disgust and discontent with myself. At such times I have occasionally taken an imaginary revenge on the refractory mind, which has given so much trouble, by telling it how cheaply I would dispose of it, if minds were only marketable commodities. On the supposition that they could be bartered, I have imagined myself inserting in the column for subscribers' wants in some reputable journal an announcement something like the following: "For sale or exchange. A mind in a good state of preservation, never having been subjected to hard use, tolerably quick, and fairly good in disposition. The owner's reason for parting with it is that it never has been well broken, is somewhat willful, and too fond of play. Any one able to train it would find it desirable for light, varied use. The present proprietor is in need of a thoroughly trained, steady-going mind of a more substantial character."

But, on the whole, if one could be at will the possessor of a plodding, draft-horse sort of mind, would there not be some disadvantages connected with such an article? It seems as if there might be a dreary monotony about the operations of a mind which always worked in a rut, and whose methods and proceedings could be predicted with tolerable

certainty. The erratic kind is more than a little trying at times, when it neglects the tasks assigned it, and disports itself on forbidden ground; but it must be confessed that the unexpectedness of its performances sometimes makes it more entertaining than if it were better regulated.

When one is thrown upon one's own resources for diversion, it is not altogether a bad thing to have a mind liable at times to do idiotic or preposterous things. It becomes rather amusing, if not carried too far. I suspect that many people have discovered a closer mental kinship between themselves and Mr. Barrie's Thomas Sandys than they would care to acknowledge. It was with genuine delight that I read of the sprained ankle which Tommie was obliged to have as an excuse for being discovered in tears. I have been caught so many times in a similar predicament that it is a pleasure to believe that Mr. Barrie may possibly himself have experienced the shame and confusion into which one is plunged under such circumstances.

When a small child I was one day found crying comfortably by myself. The family was greatly concerned to know the cause of a trouble which sought retirement instead of demanding sympathy and consolation. Upon hearing that I was just thinking how I should feel if a bear came up and bit my hand, there was a chorus of laughter, and I was left to the enjoyment of my grief. Since then I have been surprised more than once in either tears or laughter due to an imaginary cause, and have been forced to conjure a more or less plausible explanation; but never since that first time have I owned the truth that I was merely making believe.

When as a child I was taken to church I used to beguile the time during the prayer and sermon by counting the panes of glass in the long windows which ran nearly to the ceiling. There were three sashes to a window, and each sash, I think, had four rows of five panes. I counted those panes in every possible way, — up and down, sideways, diagonally, and zigzag. If the results did not tally, I knew there was a mistake somewhere and began again. At a later period I formed the habit of amusing myself during the sermon by repeating poetry. Now, if my mind shows a disposition to wander from the clergyman's discourse, I sit with my eyes fastened respectfully upon him and perhaps make up a sermon of my own. Two or three of these have proved of more interest than the others, so I go back to them in preference to inventing new ones. Sunday after Sunday I have delivered one or the other of those sermons to large and attentive audiences. On such occasions I speak without notes. My delivery is exceedingly simple and quiet, with no effort at display, but the audience is invariably impressed by the deep feeling and moral earnestness with which the address is pervaded.

I am more fond, however, of singing in opera than of being a popular preacher. My voice is a soprano of remarkable purity and richness, equally good in its high and low tones. My favorite part is that of Brunhild, which I render with a dramatic intensity never yet equaled. The cry of the Valkyrs, as I give it, has a superhuman quality which sends chills creeping up and down the spine of the most stolid listener. Not infrequently I appear in the ballet of an opera. Quite often I am an actress. It being hard for me to decide on my favorite character, I generally play on benefit nights, when I give the best scenes from several of my most famous parts.

However, I am by no means always a celebrity. Frequently I am content to be a very commonplace person, my only remarkable points being an extremely magnetic personality combined with an ever ready sympathy and a charm none the less real because indefinable, which bring me the love and esteem of all who know me.

Of course this is supremely idiotic, and no one would confess to being so foolish if he were not tolerably sure that most of his fellow creatures know in their own hearts they are no more sensible. They may not acknowledge it. That is a different matter.

I wonder how many people realize the comfort there is in having a real brisk quarrel mentally with your friends when they prove exasperating. If it could only be rightly managed, a not too frequent vigorous scene would be a help in most of the intimate relations of life. It would serve at least to break out of the rut of commonplace into which any constant companionship is liable to sink. All the accumulating annoyances and vexations from small daily frictions could thus be swept away in one half hour and the weather cleared for some time to come. The difficulty is that it is an exceedingly delicate piece of business to conduct such a settlement in the right way. One side or the other is pretty sure to overdo the matter. In sultry weather a hard shower with some sharp thunder and lightning is refreshing, but you don't want a water spout or a six weeks' pour.

It is a more prudent procedure, therefore, unless reasonably confident of the discretion of the other party, to conduct such a readjustment entirely by one's self. In that way, while endeavoring in the presence of a friend to preserve an outward demeanor aptly described by Scott's Pet Marjorie in the lines quoted by Mr. Lang with such relish, —

> "She was more than usual calm,
> She did not give a single dam," —

I have been freely applying to the unconscious object of my wrath the entire alphabet of abusive terms at my command, ranging from anaconda, beast and crocodile, to zebra. After further going on to declare mentally to the person before me that I despise, detest, loathe, and hate him or her, as the case may be, the atmosphere will be decidedly fresher and a pleasant friendly feeling restored.

What satisfactory substitute can married people find for the amusement of considering the qualifications of members of the opposite sex for husbands or wives? One ought doubtless to have conscientious scruples against indulging in this diversion after marriage, and what a source of entertainment must be lost! A woman can find endless mental occupation in contemplating the various men of her acquaintance, and deciding with regard to each whether he would be companionable, or glum, uncommunicative and frigid, at home; whether he would make himself a dictator in regard to family affairs, so that his wife would feel under constant restraint. Could she go to the city for a day just because she was in the mood for it, without his wanting to know the reason, and thinking she had better take another day and another train than she had planned? Worse yet, would he insist upon going with her and regulating the whole day's programme according to his own ideas?

What turn do a man's speculations take with respect to the women he knows? Probably he wonders whether such a woman is given to nagging, fretting, or worrying; whether she would be serene and adequate to the situation when the cook leaves without warning; whether she would inflict all the particulars of domestic annoyances upon her husband every day, and — and — Well, men know best what they think.

But one of the greatest annoyances liable to be experienced from minds arises from having one that is a misfit. There is a disagreeable incongruity about an old head on young shoulders. We all know people who were old in character and tastes from the time they were born; and very tedious they usually are, too. But the contrary of this is still worse. It is positively mortifying to have a mind which totally ignores birthdays, and finds its delight in pastimes it should have outgrown. It is decorous to retain an interest in the enjoyments of youth, but it

is highly undignified to have a fondness for them yourself after the season for them is past. My mind has shown most alarming symptoms in this direction. Already it is a good ten years behind its age. What a prospect if it should continue to lag! Imagine getting into the sixties and being disgraced in the eyes of all who know you by a mind that still lingered in the thirties! Does any one know of a remedy for such a case?

Tradition and Biography.

Such a book as Wilfrid Meynell's about Disraeli[1] makes one doubt whether a formal biography has, after all, so great an advantage over tradition in fixing the reputation of a man who has lived long in full view of the public. It is one contrast more between the great rivals. Mr. Morley's copious illustration of Gladstone appeared nearly at the same time that we learned of Lord Rowton's death. He was Disraeli's literary executor, and for twenty years it had been supposed that the official life of his chief would come from him. But he is gone; and except for a handful of what Americans would call "campaign" biographies of Disraeli, along with the personal detail and pleasant gossip that Mr. Meynell has now given us in his disconnected narrative, we have no documented record of his career. Yet what figure could stand out with more individual distinctness in the history of his time? Could the most elaborate written life do more than expand or deepen the impression of him that intelligent students of the English politics of his day have already formed? His novels and speeches and epigrams, with the report of him that thousands bore away from personal contact, have etched a character which, we may be sure, no amount of recovered letters or diaries could present with fundamental difference. Color and body might be added, but the great outlines are there. "Dizzy always wants plenty of lights," said his attentive wife. He lived in full glare. A set biography could bring out little from dark corners. The Disraeli tradition has grown up, and we are entitled to say of it, with the prince in Richard III: —

> "But say, my lord, it were not registered,
> Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
> As 't were retailed to all posterity,
> Even to the general all-ending day."

Men will have their stubborn theories, of hero or villain, in real life, and so they will in biography. What an idea of tenacious conviction one gets, for example, from Mr. Meynell's account of Nathaniel Basevi, Disraeli's cousin. Early in his political career, when he was hard pressed for money, as, indeed, he long was, Disraeli had applied to his uncle, Mr. George Basevi, for a loan. The father called son Nathaniel into counsel, and the two determined that the flighty political adventurer, as they decided he was, had no real security to offer. Accordingly, the request for an advance met a peremptory refusal. Very well; uncles had been hard-hearted and cousins incredulous before. But note what followed. Years later, the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, Prime Minister of England, was at Torquay, where Mr. Nathaniel Basevi was living in retirement. To this Israelite, indeed, in whom there was no giving in, it was intimated that his distinguished kinsman would be glad to receive him, letting bygones be bygones. But the stout old gentleman would not budge. He was not dazzled. Once an adventurer, always an adventurer, whether starveling aspirant or triumphant Premier. The cousin would neither call upon him, nor be called upon by him. How could Lord Rowton possibly have converted this sturdy skeptic?

Jowett's theory of Disraeli was less simple or rigorous. He wrote to Sir R. B. D. Morier in 1878: "Dizzy is a curious combination of the Archpriest

[1] *Benjamin Disraeli.* An Unconventional Biography. By Wilfrid Meynell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1903.

of Humbug and a great man." Mr. Meynell, loyal as he is to Disraeli, — but also loyal to the truth, — does not wholly break down the first part of this definition of Jowett's, though he undoubtedly brings much reinforcement to the second part. At a few critical junctures, Disraeli appears tricky, careless of veracity. There was, for example, that letter which he wrote to Sir Robert Peel, applying for office. This in his lifetime he roundly denied having written. After his death it was published in the Life of Peel. Mr. Meynell admits that we have here something "mysterious." There were other things betraying a shifty nature. They helped make Disraeli so intensely "unpopular" even with his own party, as one of his colleagues in different Ministries, Lord Malmesbury, frequently noted in his diary that he was. Yet he made himself indispensable to the inarticulate country squires who were the strength of the Tory party. He could speak. His fleering audacity in debate and bold initiative in policy, his merciless attack, his biting characterization, his immense gift of language, and his unbounded self-confidence made him the leader he was for so many years. Little loved, he was greatly admired. There was never any question of his genius, though there unfortunately sometimes was of his sincerity. Strong and straightforward natures somehow found in him no echo. They caught, rather, an ostentatious, an Oriental note. Asked once what was the most enviable life, Disraeli replied in a gleam of self-revelation, "A continued grand procession from manhood to the tomb." He had it. The crowd and the shouting seldom failed him. Opportunities for display came thick and fast. The extraordinary favor of the Queen he knew how to conquer. For his astonishing talents he found a great theatre. Yet tradition has been just; it has perpetuated a faithful picture of the man in habit as he was; and no biography, no matter how full it might be, nor how many minor myths it might destroy, could now make posterity see Benjamin Disraeli in any other essential guise than that in which his shrewdest and most sharp-sighted contemporaries have bidden us behold him.

What Children Want to Know.

It is usual for teachers to propound questions, and for children to answer them, and there is no doubt about which is the easier task of the two. To reverse matters, and also, if possible, to find out what is passing in the thoughts of my children, I yesterday confronted them with this demand: "Suppose this morning an all-wise man were to enter our classroom, one who could and would answer any question you chose to put to him, what six things would you ask?"

The children were common, ordinary, every-day boys and girls, between the ages of nine and fourteen, — but the questions they put to that imaginary shape from the All-Wise shades were not commonplace. They surprised me not a little, and have set me thinking. Perhaps they will interest others.

The first set of questions was from a boy of eleven, a little button-nosed, red-headed chap, and they were all of a geographical strain: "Who made the oceans salty? Why is it that the sun only goes halfway round the earth? Why is it that we don't slip off the earth? If the earth stopped what would happen to us? How big is a volcano inside? What is the quietest spot in Europe?"

The next six were a girl's, and all of them purely personal in their nature, her motto evidently being, "Know thou thyself." — "Who is my future husband? When am I going to die? Where is the thief that stole my watch? Please can you tell me how to draw well? What position or situation will I have when I get older? How could I be healthy all my life?"

A quiet little girlie of ten, who walks gently in and out of her classroom every day, and looks demure and purely recep-

tive, produces from the quiet depths of somewhere these six posers: "Who was the first school-teacher? Why are not all the people in the world the same color? Why are boys and girls not the same? Why is it that oil will not mix with water? How many feet of snow are there in the Rocky Mountains? Please can you tell me all about history?"

A remarkable series is that of a black-eyed little Jewess, a bright wee maid as sharp as a needle: "How many jewels has Queen Alexandra? Will I be rich or poor? Who were the first people who lived in Jerusalem? How is it that the more people get the more they want? Is it true that there is gold and diamonds on Cocos Island? When the world comes to an end, how can the people be united if parts of their bodies are in different parts of the world?"

A young cynic with but half-veiled irony demands (it is a boy this time): "Who was the man that invented grammar? Who was *Your* school-teacher when *You* was at school? Who first thought it was wise to have schools? What good does history do us? Did you ever count the stars, — you think you know everything? What does ignorance personified mean?"

Many go back to first principles with mild little queries like these: "Why did Adam die? How old is North America? What was here before the world was made? What language did Adam and Eve speak when they first entered the world? Who married Cain? Where was the Lord before He made the world? Where was God born? Are we descendants of the ape? When we hear about Christ, He lived at the beginning of the first century; was that his first time on this earth? If Jesus was born on the 25th of December, why did they not begin to count time then instead of at the first of January? What would there be if there was no universe? When and how was God the Father created? What holds this world up? What were Adam and Eve, — English, French, or what? Is it true that we were once monkeys? How are we to connect what the Bible says of the beginning of the earth with what science says? What comes after space?" These are the problems which occupy our children's minds when they obediently are doing "simple interest" for us, or "long division," or pointing out the boundaries of Europe.

But there are worse to follow: "Why is a wise man better than an inventor? Where do people go when the Maelstrom takes them down? How far does a bird fly without stopping? Please can you tell me, if all the people on the earth were dead, what would happen? Who made the Sphinx, and when, and how? When will the Lord come again? Why should a girl have more sleep than a boy? Is Charley Ross, the boy that was kidnapped long ago, living, and where? I would like to know when and how the Russian nation came to be so. Why do large fish eat little ones? What was the first show in the Coliseum? How many births occurred on Wednesday last in Canada? Will perpetual motion ever be discovered? In Christ's time were the people who lived to be hundreds of years old, 100 years a baby, or 100 years an old man? Will the American republic ever become a limited monarchy? When will there be no saloons or bar-rooms? When will there be no more war? What do men see in tobacco? How do earrings make people's eyes sharper? Is it true that when we die, we will come back as a cat or dog?" etc.

The rapid transition of thought strikes one on reading the question slips. For instance, were two things more widely apart than these ever before brought into juxtaposition: "If you jumped off the world, and went straight on, where would you go to? Who killed Julius Cæsar?" Or take this pair: "Why did Joseph not tell his brethren he was their brother the first time they came down to Egypt to buy corn? What is the power of one

of the suckers of a devil-fish?" Or this: "When will the Doukhobors go home to be sensible and eat proper food? Why has the elephant got a trunk?"

The purely ethical questions are, some of them, very good: "Why are there so many religious sects and denominations, as there is only one way, all taken into consideration, to serve God? I would like you to tell me why men equally brave are some despised and some honored under the same conditions and by the same country. Is it right to rescue from drowning a man who is your enemy and a scourge to his neighbors? When people have great troubles in this world, why do they not end these troubles? Why do some people fancy themselves above others, when they all have to die some day, and as we are told when Christ comes again to judge the living and the dead we will all be equal, none above any of the others, — and some men are great, but the paths of glory lead but to the grave? If we live again in this world will we be better, and will we be able to have the accomplishments we have in our present life, to a greater extent? Can or will we be able to send messages to each other through our thoughts? How? People say it is wrong to drink wine. Why then did Jesus turn water into wine? When a man murders another man and then a man hangs the murderer, is the hangman not a murderer himself? Do you think the world will ever become one nation with the same religion? Why should the King and Queen be more powerful and be treated better than any other person? Why should a man be hung if he shot another man, and in war, if they shoot a man, they would be praised and thought much of? Is it wrong to tell stories in defense of others? Is it wrong to suspect? If so, how are we to know what to guard against? Will people who have had no chance of hearing about God be admitted to Heaven? What is the noblest life?" These, surely, all of them, are thoughtful questions; these young people are doing their own thinking.

With a few of what even to Swiveller would be "staggerers" we close the list. Here they are: "Do you know how people hypnotize each other? Was Shakespeare the same as other men in his age as regards to morals? Who wrote the first poem? Who is the prettiest person in the world? Will you please tell me all about the people in this world? Where did Mozart, Schubert and the other old musicians learn so much in the first place? Why do people get sick? Will women ever be considered as equal to men in politics and in business? What makes some people so clever and others so stupid? Why did Noah take some animals into the ark and leave others to get drowned? Will there ever again be as clever a writer as Shakespeare? Why do men smoke tobacco? Was Hamlet after his father's death sane or insane? Why do people think differently and after about an hour's argument think the same as they did before? How is it that animals don't become civilized? Will there come a time when the castes in India join? Why is there such a thing as *polotics*? What are people's brains like? What kind of a bird was it that first lit in Canada? How many hairs are there in a man's head? Why can't the owl see in the daytime? Why don't people look the same? What does the teacher make us ask these questions for? Why can't I always do my lessons right? What makes me lose my temper so much? Why are some people more sensible than others?"

It is a boy who writes: "I would like to know how you could tell mother-pigeons from father-pigeons," and "Who invented the first joke?" — while the youngest girl in the whole class wrote in a wee little hand in the middle of a sheet of foolscap, "Please would you tell me what my mother thinks every day in her mind?"

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ABUSES OF PUBLIC ADVERTISING.

[The author of this article in the series devoted to modern advertising is a member of the National Committee on Municipal Improvement of the Architectural League of America, and Secretary of the American Park and Outdoor Art Association. His books, The Improvement of Towns and Cities, and Modern Civic Art, are of recognized authority. — The Editors.]

In considering the abuses of public advertising, it is best to admit at the start that advertising is a thoroughly creditable, an important, and even an indispensable part of trade, and that its benefit is scarcely less to the consumer than to the producer. Hence, discussion of its "abuses" means only discussion of the wrong use of a good thing, — as one might find, if he wished, a fruitful theme in the "abuses" of religion or of public libraries.

As a matter of fact, there are many different phases of this wrong use of public advertising, so that they cannot all be grouped under the two heads, moral and æsthetic, beneath which they would probably be placed by a general audience asked to classify them. There is, for instance, not infrequently, economic abuse. Yet the wrong uses of advertising that concern the public are undoubtedly most often violations of the ideals of morality or æsthetics.

In so far, however, as advertising is public, in the sense that it does not make a personal appeal by inclosure in an addressed envelope, by appearing on the front steps of the house, or under the door, or by its publication in a periodical admitted to the home, the moral issue has ceased to be especially pressing. Even in that personal appeal that is so general as barely to escape being "public," the offense (when there is one) is rather in suggestiveness, or against good taste, than actually immoral in its character.

The public advertising that vaunts itself upon the highway recognizes, as regards moral standards, the force of a public opinion that has found itself. It is no part of the advertiser's business to offend people, and even had he himself a very debased moral standard, that of the community would become his law. So the moral issue, in fact or in name, is raised only now and then concerning the public advertising; and it is confined for the most part to a dispute regarding what may be called the conventional street costume of the ladies of the billboard, in communities with a stricter sense of the proprieties than is common in great cities. The matter becomes one of local option, with the advertisers willing enough to respect the existing prejudices, if they know them; since the play can hardly make a profit in the town that will not endure its posters. And of all the subjects of public advertising, only one involves these objections.

Thus it is that a consideration of the abuses of this business must deal mainly at present with its violation of æsthetic ideals. There are several reasons for this. The æsthetic standard of the community is much less definite and concurrent than the moral; and advertisers, con-

sidering the matter one only of taste, have no special compunction about offending such a standard as may exist. They may even glory in shocking the eye, on the ground that thus they will make an impression, and that, willy nilly, their announcement will be remembered. So in the business of public advertising much is done that an intelligent and increasingly large section of the public may properly deem an abuse of the public's æsthetic rights; and there is coming to be serious question concerning these abuses, and what steps can be taken to check or to remedy them.

The first question of the exasperated citizen is likely to be an impatient inquiry whether the whole business of display advertising in public cannot be stopped; whether the advertisers may not be driven to the newspapers and magazines to make their announcements, pictorial or printed; or, at best, be suffered to make public announcement only on the premises occupied by the business advertised. If the step were possible, it would be sheer folly to take it. This kind of advertising has been accurately described as an attempt "to call people's attention to something for which they are not seeking, but which it may be for their advantage to know." How long some of us would live without certain little conveniences or luxuries of table, toilet, or dress, and what a business we should have to make of watching the papers for amusement announcements, if display advertising in public were not constantly calling our attention to such matters, insuring us from overlooking them! The producer's need of advertising would not exist, did not the public need it also.

The next question, and one repeatedly advanced by those who write letters to newspapers, is whether it may not be possible for an "enlightened" public opinion to make its influence felt, and to compel respect for its taste by the advertisers, through means of the boycott. If the goods offensively advertised were not so often the best goods of their class, and if, through the very aggressiveness of their advertisement, their names did not stick in the mind when the article of modest announcement has been forgotten, there might be a chance for the proposed boycott to succeed. But now all the weight of psychology and the force of our poor sheeplike human nature are against it.

Shall we give up the fight, then; shall we offer no obstructions to the ever rising flood of public advertisements; shall we abandon our towns and cities to them, relinquish the dream of dignity, peace, and beauty in our surroundings; shall we hold nothing sacred, — sky or ocean, rock or tree, public building, church, or monument? The churches and monuments of Paris have served as boards for despised and fluttering posters; trees have died that their dead trunks might advertise a pill; romantic scenery has been forced to offer reminder of ache or appetite; the glory of the sunset silhouettes against the sky the title of a breakfast food; and the windows of the defenseless home look out on circus girls, corsets, and malt whiskey. There is needed no apology for an assertion that the business has abuses; and clearly, if we cannot deal with it in one general act of prohibition or of boycott, there yet must be expressions and developments upon the abusive quality of which we all shall agree. For such abuses correction should be possible; but we must be fair, for against unreasonableness even the bulwark of law and ordinance cannot stand.

First, then, we may consider the desecration of natural scenery. This was one of the earliest and most flagrant of the abuses. It is still so rampant on lines of heavy travel that its correction seems a futile dream, and yet in response to a public opinion that is proceeding cautiously and reasonably in its demands reforms are in progress. The Associated Billposters of the United States and Can-

ada now officially condemn the practice of painting signs upon rocks and other natural objects in picturesque landscapes, although they seem to offer no objection to putting a hoarding for posters and paintings in front of the natural object. The distinction is a fine one, but it means some gain. Several railroads have prohibited the erection of billboards on their own property; and although this scarcely disturbs the advertiser, who can still use the private property on either side of the right of way, it shuts out one possible extension of the abuse that has tremendous possibilities. In at least one case, also, a great railroad company has taken to planting quickly growing trees at such places as to hide the hoardings erected on adjacent land. The Boston and Albany Road has gained a like end in the suburbs of Boston by planting screens of shrubs or a hedge at the top of the cut; and it has become no unusual thing for a railroad company, conscious of the popular feeling, to exert its influence, as far as it can, upon the adjacent property owners, to induce them to refuse to lease advertising rights. But a public opinion, that very unanimously considers the extension of hospitality to advertisements by a barn or other outbuilding, or even by a field, as a badge of the farmer's poverty, is perhaps doing more than is anything else to remedy this abuse.

When the natural scenery is not that of the free and open country a new phase of the difficulty appears. If it should be easy now for the public to keep advertisements out of a domain which the public has reserved for its own enjoyment, the very circumstance that the exceptional beauty or grandeur of the scene attracts multitudes of visitors makes the field one especially coveted by the advertiser. He cannot enter, but he can go to the border. For example, two governments have united at great expenditure to preserve from violation the majesty of Niagara Falls. Yet on a strip of untaken territory, in full view from nearly every vantage point, an enormous hoarding overlooks the cataract. If it stands upon Canadian soil it advertises an American business, so that the enterprise is as fairly international as must be the recognition of the sign's unfitness there.

In The Billposter for January, 1903, there was the statement: —

"At a seaside resort you will find all classes gathered together, all looking for health, rest, and happiness. At these places every one is at ease, there are no business cares to worry or annoy, and when people are in that peculiarly happy frame of mind, they are more easily impressed, and the impressions last longer than at any time.

"As all advertising is simply the indenting of certain facts into the minds of the public, then at no other place can these results be reached as quickly or as surely as at a seaside resort. In large cities busy men and women may not always have the time to see a billboard or bulletin, but at a seaside resort they take the time to look at it, to read it, and to store up the statements."

This is the argument of the advertiser. It is the explanation of a development in the business that we all perceive to be an abuse. Its logical conclusion would find in the city parks, created that the people might there find rest and throw off the protective shell of hostile indifference, which in town is their only safeguard against nervous exhaustion, a capital site for billboards. But the public saw this danger, and the parks were saved from trespass. The advertiser accordingly obtained a footing on private lands in sight of the parks, and there erected posters that should scream across the meadows, overtop the shrubs and bushes, and peer among the trees. At Niagara Falls he attained a triumph that was splendid because he had so little to overcome; but in kind it did not differ from the petty victories on the park borders of countless towns and cities. Thus it has lately become clear that the public must go a

step farther, fully to safeguard its own reservations. It must regulate the advertising on the adjacent land.

In Massachusetts a legislative bill became a law in the winter of 1903, conferring upon "the officer or officers, having charge of public parks and parkways in any city or town" of the state, authority to "make such reasonable rules and regulations respecting the display of signs, posters, or advertisements in or near to or visible from public parks or parkways entrusted to their care, as they may deem necessary for preserving the objects for which such parks and parkways are established and maintained." Violation of the regulations adopted was made punishable by fine. The enactment of such a law had been vigorously contested for years, and it was only after a strong and very interesting opinion, upholding its constitutionality, had been secured from the attorney general, that the public-spirited bodies engaged in pushing the bill were able to secure its passage. Now that the bill is a law the fact that there was such a fight vastly strengthens it. A test case, however, has been carried into the courts.

Of the rules adopted by the various park boards in response to the authority thus granted, those of the Metropolitan Commission may be fairly taken as a type. They prohibit the erection or maintenance of any sign, poster, or advertisement within such distance of the park or parkway, or in such place, as shall render its "words, figures, or devices . . . plainly visible to the naked eye within such park or parkway." But from this prohibition they except, on land or building, one advertisement not exceeding fifteen inches by twenty feet, and relating exclusively to the property on which it is placed, "or to the business thereon conducted, or to the person conducting the same." These rules, which have been accepted as "reasonable," yet safeguard even the borders of the reserved domain.[1] In Chicago there had been adopted, two years before, a local ordinance declaring that any billboard within two hundred feet of a park or parkway, and more than three feet

[1] The principal contest in regard to this legislation was waged over the point whether the state, if proposing to take from the owner of a piece of land a right that might be valuable (as the display of advertisements), should not take this right by eminent domain and compensate him for its loss, rather than under the police powers without compensation. Following are some extracts from the attorney general's opinion: —

"Any use of private property which materially interferes with the public comfort, except in those cases where the reasonable requirements of the owner afford him justification or excuse, is a nuisance. Noises and odors have always been treated as nuisances, even without legislative adjudication that they are unwholesome. . . .

"There is no legal reason why an offense to the eyes should have a different standing from an offense to the other organs. To strike the unwilling ear is in principle the same as to catch the unwilling eye. . . .

"Persons whose property is affected by such restrictions have no right to compensation, because one of the incidents to property is a condition that it shall not be so used as unreasonably to impair the interests of the community. . . . "Since the public good justifies the spending of money to produce an æsthetic effect, the court will not hold that a reasonable regulation to preserve the effect for which the public money was spent is beyond the power of the Legislature."

Another argument brought forward at the hearings was that the principal value of the right to be curtailed had been created by the public as an incident to the establishment of the much sought public pleasure grounds, and that it was proposed to curtail the right only in so far as its exercise interfered with the public purpose which gave rise to its value. The question of compensation has lately had a similar decision in Prussia, where within a few months the parliament has enacted a bill "to prevent the disfigurement of places remarkable for their natural beauty." The bill empowers police courts (elective municipal bodies) to prohibit "such advertisement boards and other notices and pictures as disfigure the landscape outside urban districts." No exception is made for the place or purpose of the sign, as the one criterion is disfiguring effect; and no compensation is allowed. This measure also had very thorough discussion before it was passed.

square, was a public nuisance, and should be torn down; and in New York an ordinance to like effect had been passed even earlier. It would seem that the principle, which has had such thorough examination, must apply with equal fairness in other states and cities, and thus that one popularly recognized abuse of advertising may be remedied.

From the thought that advertisements may be properly restricted in certain places in a town, because of the injury they do to a desired æsthetic effect, it is no long step to a belief that the right should be given to the municipality to determine where they may or may not be put, in all parts of the town. To illustrate: a few years ago the London branch of a Chicago firm caused two huge advertisements to be so placed at Dover that they were staringly visible against the background of the cliffs. Although no park scenery was affected, protests appeared in the newspapers, not only of Dover, but of London and other cities; and a strongly signed petition was presented to the Mayor and Council begging for interference. The officials requested the firm to forego its privilege, and the firm declined. The Mayor and his colleagues then appealed to Parliament, and secured the passage of a bill giving to the Corporation of Dover the power to grant advertisement licenses for such sites as it saw fit, and to require the removal of any advertisements for which there was no license, unless they were exhibited within a window, or gave notice of an entertainment to be held on the land or in the building that bore them. So the step was taken. And the history of its taking at Dover is little more than a repetition of the circumstances which had caused it in 1897 to be taken in Edinburgh, with the result that Edinburgh has been called the pioneer in the municipal regulation of advertisements.

But if the thought that town or city can designate the places on which advertisements may be shown, and can prohibit their erection elsewhere, has seemed to be reached by entirely natural steps, it is not to be supposed that this conception has failed to encounter vigorous opposition from the advertisers. It is too simple and sweeping a panacea to the abuses of advertising for them calmly to submit. Fully to understand this, we should go back a little and note that there have been three interesting movements in progress in the advertising business: (1) Its amazing increase in the last few years, and the multiplication and growing extent of what may be called its abuses; (2) the consequent increase of public interest, concern, and occasional resentment, with no little hostile legislation resulting; (3) the affiliation of local billboard interests into a national body, for the purpose of more successfully opposing adverse public action.

The line of battle has thus been clearly drawn. The public in a thousand communities recognizes certain developments of advertising as abuses, and is trying to check them, while the advertisers are standing together for what they call their rights. A fourth movement that should develop with us, and for which there is already call, is a similar coördinating of the local public efforts. This has been accomplished in Great Britain, first by the organization of a National Society for Checking Abuses of Public Advertising ("Scapa"), and second by the formation of the Parliamentary Amenities Party. The latter is a committee, of which James Bryce is chairman, made up of members of both houses of Parliament, who agree to stand by and stand for the preservation of civic and rural amenities and to oppose unfavorable legislation. To accomplish its purposes, the committee appoints a small sub-committee which keeps in communication with seven societies that exist for the furtherance of one or another phase of these amenities. There are plenty of societies in this country, and the work to be done now is to make possible their concerted action.

Until this has been accomplished, the warfare between the public and the advertisers must be a series of guerrilla conflicts which can be of little satisfaction to either side. The narrative also becomes difficult to write, for it is made up from various small specific contests that have to serve as types. These can best be marshaled into order by now imagining ourselves as entering the town.

In the open country "the enemy" had gathered in strongest force along the steam road, the trolley road, and highway; coming into town we have observed that the parks are safe, and that the advertisers are retiring even from park boundaries. But we shall see that in the town there is the hardest fighting. Here the advertisers have most to lose. Such satisfactory conditions as those described in Edinburgh and Dover are exceptional in Great Britain, and are probably without parallel in the United States. Most communities have to deal separately with a large variety of abuses.

Possibly the first to attract attention is the fixture of advertisements to trees. This is done in the country also, but in the city it tends to become a prevalent rather than an occasional evil. There is a state law against it in Massachusetts; in New Hampshire one must have a written permit from the tree warden; and municipal ordinances against the abuse have become throughout the country far commoner than is their strict enforcement. It is clearly an economic waste to endanger the life of a beautiful tree that has attained its growth only after years by affixing to it posters of doubtful interest to-day and of none to-morrow. The abuse is so palpable that there has been little difficulty about making it illegal; but the advertisements put on trees are generally small, and public opinion is careless about the law's enforcement.

Frequently the ordinance designed to protect the tree classes with it the telegraph, telephone, and lighting service pole, though the abuse in this case as far as the public is concerned is much less obvious. But the fixture of posters to a pole is almost as bad for the pole as for the tree, and if an ordinance does not protect it the company to whom the poles belong is likely to require that advertisers keep away. In the larger cities, therefore, this evil — recently so serious — is beginning to be checked.

Advertisements on the trees seemed an abuse so outrageous as to demand immediate attention; but the billboards that in the country were scattered, now that the town is reached, commence to close in upon us. They line the street where there is vacant land; they are erected even upon roofs; they are no respecters of fine views, of neighborhoods, of civic dignity, of pretensions to civic pride or stateliness. They may rise billboard upon billboard, two "decked" or three; they are of all kinds, — some neat and orderly, and some with torn posters on broken boards, thoroughly disreputable. It is plain that the billboard question of the cities is not one question, but many; and it is here that the guerrilla warfare becomes most in evidence.

There is no public demand that the billboards be utterly suppressed, — only that they be regulated; and if we are to regulate them we must determine what of their developments may be fairly called abuses. Excessive height certainly is one. Municipal ordinances usually attack this under the building laws, on the plea that hoardings wholly unlimited as to height and dimensions "might readily become a constant and continuing danger to the lives and persons of those who should pass along the street in proximity to them."[1] There is, as pointed out in some communities, an added danger from fire.

[1] These words are taken from the opinion written by Justice Martin of the Court of Appeals (New York) in the case of the City of Rochester against Robert West (1900), all the judges concurring.

This effort to limit the height of billboards affords, by the way, some interesting illustrations of the unequal conflict now going on between the united billposters and a public that lacks union. An ordinance was adopted in Buffalo, for example, a few years ago, to limit the height of billboards to seven feet. It was contested, and the battle was carried from court to court, until finally the ordinance was approved by the highest court of the state. The Billposters' Association, in order to become a foreign corporation and thus come under the jurisdiction of the Federal courts, then obtained incorporation outside of New York, and began injunction proceedings in a United States court to prevent action under the ordinance. By this means long delays were gained, and the fight is now being made for the Buffalo posters by the National Association. This is thoroughly organized, and its system is said to be so complete that it practically controls the situation in every city and town in the United States.

The location of the billboards may be a not less aggravating abuse than excessive height, and it is even more frequent in its annoyance. We have seen how the thought that a city can forbid the placing of billboards in proximity to a park may lead by a natural advance to its claim of the right to determine where they shall be located, in all parts of the town. But the step, if natural, has proved too radical to be taken as yet except on the rarest occasions, and the billposting companies are restricted in their choice of desirable sites only by the easy task of finding a land-owner who is willing to lease to them a strip of property that otherwise probably brings him nothing. It has been many times suggested that a reasonable condition to impose would be the procurement of the consent of the adjacent property holders. A man should not be suffered to do with his property that which his neighbors consider a nuisance. In Chicago this requirement has been put into an ordinance which demands that no billboard be erected on a residence street without the consent of three fourths of the frontage in the block concerned. Another suggested requirement is that the billboards be put back a certain number of feet from the building line, with the result that they shall be visible only when one is directly in front of them, and shall not mar the street vista.

The measures that have been adopted in some foreign cities for the control of advertisements, generally, of course affect hoardings in particular, since these exist expressly for advertisements. They will be touched upon later. Meanwhile it is only fair to say parenthetically that even the billboard, with all its faults, has good points and has improved. A well-built hoarding, with neatly framed posters, may be so much preferable to an abandoned vacant lot as to be by comparison no nuisance. And with the enormous growth and more efficient organization of the advertising business, there are factors naturally at work to remedy some of the more glaring billboard offenses. The hoardings are better constructed; they are kept in repair; the posters have distinctly improved in artistic character; it is becoming the custom, in order to secure greater effectiveness, to set each poster within its own frame or moulding; and this, with a standardizing of sizes, tends to lessen somewhat the discordance of the always inharmonious battery. Finally, the advertisers themselves have learned that mere multiplicity may go too far; and now in almost every city there are advertising rights which are leased but not used, because the signs displayed are rendered more valuable through the keeping of neighboring sites vacant. That the best billboard may invite to acts behind it that are contrary to the law, and may be so offensive in itself to a neighborhood as actually to decrease the value of property, is good evidence that the possibilities of advertising abuse are very many in the billboard, and that

unless the hoardings are legislated out of existence no general restrictions can guarantee unfailing satisfaction. There will always remain cases to be separately judged. In justice, therefore, it ought to be acknowledged that the hoarding is not wholly evil, however fruitful a source of evil; and that the billboard which is a civic abuse in one place may not be one somewhere else.

Of other advertising developments, the so-called "sky signs" are generally recognized in Great Britain as an abuse, many of the corporations having ordinances prohibiting the erection of signs of which the letters, standing clear of a building's top, show against the sky. This is forbidden even in London. Flash-lights and certain kinds of illuminated advertisements are also condemned, on the ground that they might frighten horses; and the use of vehicles exclusively or principally for the displaying of advertisements is very frequently prohibited. American cities and towns quite commonly go to the extent of prohibiting the stringing of banners across the street, or requiring for the act a special permission that is rarely granted except to political parties. Projecting signs, standing out from building fronts, have so many possibilities of abuse that ordinances almost always hedge them about, determining their minimum height above the sidewalk and their maximum projection and size.

It may be well at this point, lest these and other curbs to the advertiser's freedom to ply his business how and where he pleases seem too onerous, to ask ourselves just what would be a reasonable ideal in the display of advertisements on the street. For our modern civic art is not impractical. It would not exclude from its dream of the city beautiful the whir and hum of traffic, the exhilarating evidences of nervous energy, enterprise, vigor, and endeavor. It loves the straining, striving, competing, as the most marked of urban characteristics, and in the advertising problem it will feel, not hostility, but the thrill of opportunity. It will recognize evils in the present methods, but will find them the evils of excess and unrestraint, and it will perceive possibilities of artistic achievement by which even the advertising can be made to serve the ends of *art dans la rue*. As far, then, as abuses are concerned, civic art would predicate its desire for restrictions upon the conception of what the street reasonably ought to be. Any advertising display out of harmony with this conception would be considered an abuse.

There would be required, first, a clear path for travel by walk or road, which means that advertisements must retire to the building line. Second, there would be insistence that no announcement intrude upon the vista of the street. These requirements purport, concretely, that civic art — that is, the art of making cities dignified and beautiful — would prohibit advertisement erections of any kind at the curb or on the sidewalk, and would suffer no public utility, or ornament of the way, to be placarded; would frown upon projecting signs, and would have no banners hung across the street. It would sweep the street clean of advertisements from building line to building line. And, on the buildings, it would require that there be some respect for the architecture; it would not have advertisements plaster a façade. In this matter it has a positive as well as a negative creed, but that is not part of a discussion of the abuses of advertising.

Of the restrictions thus demanded several have already had mention. In regard to the removal of bulletin boards, signs, and transparencies from a position on the sidewalk, probably the most interesting case for citation is that lately offered by the Merchants' Association of San Francisco. This is interesting because the prime movers in demanding the ordinance and its rigid enforcement were merchants, — not a few visionary and impractical idealists, but the advertisers

themselves; and the action, formally taken after long thought, was that of the association which represented them, and which is one of the strongest commercial bodies in the United States. The ordinance excludes everything except clocks, and refuses to permit any advertisement on these. It should be noted in connection with this that when all the advertisers of a community are subject to the same prohibition, no one is put at a disadvantage; and that, without restrictions, there may be a competition between advertisers which will prove a very serious abuse to them.

The fixture of posters to monuments and other public ornaments of the way is not attempted in this country; but two years ago it was a serious abuse in Paris. The public utilities are usually protected by ordinance, whether owned by the municipality or public service corporations, and lately there has been an interesting extension of this restriction by its application to railroad structures. Chicago offers an example in an ordinance adopted last fall. It requires that the advertisements on so much of the elevated railroad structures and stations as is not on the company's own right of way — that is, for instance, on stations built over cross streets — shall be removed. In London advertising on railroad bridges is forbidden, and in Glasgow and many other cities of Great Britain advertisements are not allowed on the outside of the trams. This was an advertising abuse that had become much more serious in England than it ever has become with us. Finally, any advertisements on the public buildings or on the pavements, or the scattering of handbills in the streets which the city is trying to keep clean, may be properly called an advertising abuse that it is utterly inconsistent for the city to allow.

There is philosophically also an essential fitness in the protection by a city of its own property from advertising disfigurement; for if the community as a body cannot be loyal to a wish for civic dignity and beauty, or does not on its own property set an example, it cannot expect its citizens to be zealous and particular. It has the advantage, too, that it can be frankly loyal to an æsthetic ideal, while the citizens have to show that the advertisement to which they object does injury and is a nuisance. They also are distracted by conflicting interests, and find it difficult to judge impartially of the good or evil of advertisements from the standpoint that the city, in its aloofness, takes. And no other course than the protection of its property is logical for a community that is spending money not merely to keep clean and neat, but to secure positive æsthetic results by maintaining parks and squares, and by erecting handsome public buildings, fountains, and statues.

A grievous mistake, therefore, is made when a town undertakes to advertise its attractions by means of a monster hoarding beside the railroad. This is an abuse of advertising that is growing somewhat in frequency. In the West you will often come to a town with a town-sign; but the best thing that a town can have is an ideal, and a civic spirit that will work for that ideal. The town-sign reveals, more emphatically than it says anything else, the crudity of the vision which the community has. The condition is sad enough when the great city of New York presents to the stranger on the viaduct of Brooklyn Bridge only a sea of signs; but he does not think quite as badly of it as he would if the city itself had officially set up the signs, — to show him that it was thriving! He would have then considered it thriving, and nothing better.

Akin, in lack of consistency, to a town's deliberate and official marring of its beauty by the erection of a hoarding is the permission which associations that exist to uplift communal life sometimes grant to advertisers to use their property. The Academy of Design in New York,

having purchased a spacious site for a beautiful new home, let for advertising purposes the boards surrounding its property. These were covered with a huge sign to advertise a five-cent cigar, while on the same premises the society was conducting free art classes in an effort to train the taste of the youth of New York. It is clear that all the advertising abuses are not due to the advertisers. A degree of responsibility rests upon the public itself.

In occasional discouragement, the champions of a better sort of advertising may well ask, now and then, "Whom shall we trust?" This feeling, and, above all, the knowledge of the immense and rapid growth of the business, of its increasing resources, and its efficient organization, have inspired a fear that has led to attempts to control it and restrict it as a whole. Foreign cities and nations, managing this more easily than can the United States, offer a number of interesting examples. France and Belgium have a tax on posters, and such an impost has been proposed in England. It is easily levied by means of stamps, and through the proportioning of the tax to the size of the poster considerable restraint is exercised. The tax also makes it possible for the government to scrutinize the advertisements before they are set up, the law requiring their submission before posting. In France the poster tax brings in something like four millions of francs a year. In the cities of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, the posters must be placed on columns or other devices especially prepared for the purpose. These are placed at designated spots, are of a design approved by the municipality, and are frankly artistic in effort.

In New York state a bill was introduced in the Legislature in the winter of 1902, and received influential backing, for the imposition of a stamp tax on posters, the suggested tax being one cent per two square feet, measuring the greatest length by the greatest width. The bill was opposed by the labor and other interests, and failed to pass; but the introduction of the measure was not a little significant. In Pennsylvania there was enacted last winter a law which makes it necessary for the advertiser to secure the written consent of the owner or tenant upon whose property a sign or poster is attached, and prohibiting altogether the fixture of advertisements (save legal notices or announcements pertaining to the business conducted on the premises) to any property of the state or of any county, township, or city in the state. In Illinois last winter a bill was introduced and valiantly championed which would have given to the officials of the cities, towns, and villages of the state the "power to license street advertising and billboard companies, and regulate and prohibit signs and billboards upon vacant property and upon buildings advertising other business than that of the occupant." The measure was fought aggressively by the billboard trust, and at last it failed.

Now these bills are significant because they go to show that in this country also popular attention has been aroused to the abuses of public advertising. Any serious extension of these abuses is likely to provoke an adverse legislation that will be costly to the advertisers. This significance is the more marked when the origin of the bills is examined. Behind the bill which was introduced in New York state was the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society; the bill that became a law in Pennsylvania was fathered by the American Park and Outdoor Art Association, which has on this subject a standing committee, to whose interesting latest report this paper is much indebted; the Illinois bill was introduced at the request of the Municipal Art League of Chicago. The public has not yet united, as have the billboard people, — but it has taken the first step in forming itself into organized bodies for the waging of the contest. If any

abuse becomes very serious these bodies can be depended upon to act together, if they do not combine. And there are these hopeful elements in the contest: the public does not and will not fight to suppress advertising, but only to restrict it to reasonable proportions; the advertisers do not want to offend the public, but are bound to respect any genuine popular sentiment. As it is not war to the death, but a mutual adjustment of opinions (which have differed because of different points of view), that is before us, in the just settlement of the advertising problem, mere discussion must help to cure the mistakes on either side.

Finally, there is this to be said: the advertisers can gain their ends in other and unobjectionable ways. In the bare recital of abuses it may have seemed as if there were so many that, should they all be checked successfully, there would be left to the advertiser small chance to proclaim his wares. But that is not true. He would still have opportunities, substituting — with much gain to the community and probably with some to himself — for mere bigness and multiplicity of announcements a quality of attractiveness. There would lie the new competition. He has already learned that emphasis is gained not only by screaming a word, but by pausing before and after its utterance. He is finding it more profitable to put his colors together harmoniously than to shock the eye. He has discovered that if he can entertain and amuse the public with jingles or clever names or well-drawn pictures, he makes more impression than by shouting. Thus advertisements now render many a long ride less tedious than it used to be, and even win for the billboards some friends where before, because of the abuses, all must have been their enemies.

Charles Mulford Robinson.

RACE FACTORS IN LABOR UNIONS.

[The author of this paper is professor of economics in Harvard University. His investigations in preparing his well-known work on the Races of Europe peculiarly qualify him to treat the present theme with authority. — The Editors.]

Some months ago Wall Street was currently reported to be suffering from an overload of undigested securities, — the result of unprecedented industrial promotion. This situation has now resolved itself into the "digestion of insecurities," through the long process of financial liquidation which has been in progress since last summer. American trade-unionism to-day, while numerically prosperous beyond comparison, shows symptoms of the same disorder. The incubus, in this case, consists of a vast new and as yet but half-assimilated membership.[1] This condition of instability in labor organization as compared with Great Britain is, in part, due to the racial peculiarity of the population of the United States. Ethnic heterogeneity enormously complicates the situation for all parties concerned, but especially for the working classes themselves. Consider the situation for a moment.

For half a century about one seventh of our total population has been regularly constituted of persons born outside the United States; and for twenty-five years at least, one third of our people have not enjoyed the inestimable privilege of American-born parentage, that is to say, with both parents native born. More than half of the population of the

[1] The recent phenomenal rise of trade-unionism in the United States is traced by the writer in the World's Work for November, 1903.

North Atlantic States in 1900, nearly two thirds in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and three fifths in New York and Connecticut, — all primarily manufacturing communities, — was of foreign parentage, wholly or in part. True, the proportion is almost as high in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota; but these states are mainly agricultural. This proportion of alien blood, high enough for the population at large, is more marked in the cities, which are the main centres alike of industry and of trade-unionism. New York and Chicago are more than three fourths of foreign parentage. Boston and Pittsburg follow with about two thirds of their population as yet imperfectly American; while in some of the smaller industrial centres in the East, the proportion of foreign parentage rises above four fifths, — as in Lawrence, Holyoke, Fall River, and Hoboken, — almost rivaling Milwaukee in this regard. Boston is largely an Irish town; Chicago is said to be the third largest Bohemian city in the world. It would be easy to duplicate in size many of the large cities of Europe in the foreign-born population of our municipalities. These proportions, be it observed, are for our great cities as a whole. We may push the comparison still farther by considering the proportion of population of foreign extraction, not only in the great cities at large, but in their industrial sections separately. As an example, the custom clothing trade of New York may be mentioned; wherein, on the authority of the United States Industrial Commission, it was found that nearly three fourths of those employed were direct immigrants; while among the tailors in the same city the proportion of actual foreigners rose to upwards of ninety per cent.

These proportions of alien blood are very marked among the so-called working-classes, recruited as they are directly from the Old World. The reservoir of our industrial population is indeed supplied from the bottom rather than the top. The data for 1900 are not yet available, but prediction is not difficult. While approximately half of the total population of the United States in 1890 was born in the United States of American parentage, only about forty per cent of the population engaged in manufactures was thus doubly dyed American. About one fourth of those so employed in industry in 1890 were born in the United States, although their parents were foreign born; and nearly one third of the industrial class was constituted of actual immigrants. Such being the condition, how great is the task of the trade-unionist in the attempt to bring these aliens into any permanent organization, foreign as they are to one another and to us in every detail of life. Not only a large number of undigested trade-unionists has to be dealt with, but a mass of imperfect Americans as well. In 1900 there were a million and a quarter white persons in the United States who could not speak English, this being about one eighth of our foreign-born population over ten years of age. Even when by the use of interpreters — and the United Mine Workers sometimes have to use three or four different ones in their general meetings — these foreigners can be made to understand what is up, consider how various are their social standards and customs. What is mere bread and meat to a Swede may be cake or taboo to a Russian Jew, according to the dictum of his rabbi. A subsistence minimum to a German is luxury to a Pole. The old adage about "fleas upon fleas" finds application here. The English and American workman is underbid by the Scandinavian. He in turn is cut under by the Jew and Bohemian. The Pole will take less even than these, and finds at last his standard of living undermined by the Syrian and the Armenian. Even the lowly have their different social standards to uphold. The Jew will not permit his wife to work in a factory, and

insists upon sending his children to school; while the Italian is the hardest of taskmasters to his own family. The Polish factory hands are predominantly women and young girls. The Bohemian will not allow religious scruples to interfere with his livelihood, while the Jew must observe his religious holidays at any cost. The Finns and Syrians prefer to work, if at all, in bunches, under their customary clan rule. The individualistic Jew will throw up his job rather than work in a factory, subjected to its necessary and rigid discipline. Then again the workmen all have their political antagonisms and inherited hatreds. It is said that the Austro-Hungarian Empire is held together only by the life of the ruling sovereign. We annually receive many thousands from these warring nationalities of Austria-Hungary alone. The Czech hates the German; and the Hun and the Slovak will not work together. The Finn feels toward the Russian as — shall we say? — the Irish regard the English. Even within the same nationality these hatreds are observable. The Pole from Austria bears an inherited hatred of the Pole from Russia. All hands dislike the Jew, the Syrian, and the Armenian.

Certain curious differences in attitude respecting labor organization are observable among these different nationalities. The English and Scotch take to team work like ducks to water. No sooner are they landed than their trade-union cards have given them a status among their fellows. This is partly due to natural aptitude, but more to long practice in the school of experience at home. The German workingmen take their places in the trade to which they were born, and speedily comprehend the novel problems of the new residence. The Swedes are said to be hard to organize, but become excellent members when once initiated. One branch of the clothing trade in Chicago, the "special order" business, has been entirely remodeled under their control. These Swedes have, in fact, compelled the Jewish, Polish, and Italian home finishers of clothing to come into an organization. The Bohemians also speedily become ardent unionists. They are reputed to be "good stickers" in a strike, and are ready to support the organization through thick and thin by prompt payment of dues. In this respect they contrast sharply with the Poles, who have well earned their racial opprobrium of strike breakers. Excellent workmen showing great endurance, and seemingly capable of great speed in piece work, in many parts of the country the Poles show an especial zeal for house owning. They are industrious, but are hated by their neighbors in industrial districts because they apparently have little sense of working-class solidarity. The long course of Polish history seems to have made them over-docile and submissive. Their priests appear to be partly responsible for this attitude of hostility to labor organizations. It was through them, for example, that the Chicago strike of 1896 was broken. This peculiarity of the Poles has operated greatly to increase their representation in the clothing trades of our great cities. An agricultural, outdoor people, they would not seem otherwise to be well suited to this sedentary occupation; yet clothing contractors, discovering that the Poles will refuse to go out on strike with the Jews and Bohemians, at the behest of the labor leaders, have encouraged the Polish shops as a consequence. The only nationalities more hated by the trade-unionist are the political rough-scuff of Europe now coming in ever-increasing numbers, such as the Armenians, Greeks, and Syrians. These are all lumped as strike breakers in a class by themselves. And where employed in large establishments, as in a prominent Philadelphia house, they are so disliked as to make it necessary to segregate them in departments by themselves.

The French Canadians, who are flock-

ing in increasing numbers into the industries of New England, show little liking or aptitude for trade-union organization and discipline. This is partly due to their low standard of living, making them content under conditions which would engender a strike among other peoples; but I am inclined to the belief that the main reason for their backwardness lies in the transient character of their employment. They are birds of passage to a considerable extent. It is estimated that from fifty to seventy thousand come and go from Canada into New England for employment in the cotton mills alone. In this respect they resemble the South Italians, and the "Blue-noses" who come down from Nova Scotia to work in competition with American carpenters. Most of these people, especially the French Canadians, remain only so long as times are good. When the mills are shut down, as in the recent Lowell strike, they betake themselves to their farms again. The French Canadians seem to be even less useful unionists than the Portuguese, who are increasing so rapidly in the same part of the country. These people are reported to be trustworthy members of working organizations. Only when the French Canadians have been long enough in the cities to become thoroughly Americanized do they respond to the demands of the trade-union leaders. This peculiarity of the industrial population of New England will serve to explain, in part, a curious contrast between the labor situation in Great Britain and the United States. In England the cotton mill operatives have one of the oldest, and, next to the miners, the most powerful organization in the country. It is over a half-century old, and numbers 130,000 members. Practically all of the Lancashire cotton mill operatives of all grades are enrolled in it. This exemplifies the close relationship between labor organization and the development of the factory system. On the other hand, our New England cotton mills were the first, and have always been the most notable, exampl[es] of industrial organization on a large scal[e]. Yet, strange to say, the New Englan[d] cotton mill operatives have never su[c]ceeded in building up an organizatio[n] of any great importance. This anomal[y] is doubtless due in part to the general[ly] amicable relations which have subsiste[d] between the employers and operatives; but it is also due in part to the larg[e] number of French Canadians who don[i]nate the situation.

The position of the Jewish race in i[n]dustry is a peculiarly interesting on[e]. Their activities are almost entirely co[n]fined in this country to a few trades, suc[h] as tailoring, cigar-making, and the lik[e]. This is not due to any previous industri[al] training, for scarcely more than ten pe[r]cent of the Jewish immigrants seem t[o] have been tailors, for example, at home; while in New York, until recently, practi[-]cally all of the clothing manufacture wa[s] in their hands. The race is, in fact, co[n]demned to follow these sedentary trade[s] because of its physical disabilities. B[y] reason of their predominance in the[se] few chosen occupations the condition [of] trade-unionism therein plainly reflect[s] certain racial peculiarities of the Jew[s]. Professor Commons, in his excellent re[-]port on Immigration, for the United State[s] Industrial Commission, aptly describe[d] the situation in the assertion that even [as] a trade-unionist the Jewish conception [of] organization is that of a tradesman rather than a workman. The Jew will join a union only when there is a bargain directly in sight in the shape of material advance[-]ment. His natural timidity renders him otherwise unaggressive; so that he is apt to be inconstant in his allegiance to the or[-]ganization during flush times when wages are high and work is plenty. The Jew[-]ish unions have consequently in the past shown a rather abnormal fluctuation in their membership as compared with other organizations. Even in this period of trade-union activity, the clothing trades since October, 1902, are almost alone

showing considerable decline in their membership. Nevertheless, the Jews are rapidly learning, under the leadership of peculiarly able men; and no more splendid service in uplifting the lot of the lowly can be found than that rendered by the warfare of the United Garment Workers of America against the sweat shops.

The future of the Jew in the labor field is bound to be interesting. Under novel American conditions he is beginning to invade many other trades. For example, I have in mind a very large shoe factory, which, by reason of the harrassing exactions of the unions in a provincial trade centre, moved to one of the large cities as an experiment. The first feature to attract my attention in visiting this model plant — for such it is in its mechanical equipment — was the extraordinary number of Jews. Their presence was rendered peculiarly noticeable by the fact that the Jews were all men, working in rooms in direct competition with Irish-American and German girls and women. In other words, men were competing at women's work. This, many of the more virile nationalities will not undertake. In this instance it appeared that a vast reservoir of cheap male labor had been tapped. These Jews were rapidly adapting themselves to the new trade of shoemaking. As in tailoring, these men developed an extraordinary speed in piece work. This, together with their low standard of living, enabled them to compete on even terms with the women operatives. These city Jews are as yet unorganized except in the clothing and cigar trades, but it is not without interest to note that they labor under an autocracy no less formidable than that of the walking delegate. In this particular instance I chanced to visit the establishment just after an enforced religious holiday of three or four days. The absence of the Jews seriously crippled the entire factory of several thousand hands, nor was there any argument or board of conciliation which could subdue the operatives or their rabbis. Industry had run afoul of a deep-seated religion; and industry had to give place. A new element in the labor situation was apparent, threatening to prove no less menacing to the calculations of the employer than his previous interviews with strike committees.

The first step toward assimilation of the various nationalities in our country, where the trade is large enough, is by effecting the labor organization not only by occupations, but by nationalities within each trade. Where, as among the Jews in the clothing industry in New York, they are all of one race, the question is relatively simple. On the other hand, in Chicago, in the same business the situation is very different. The trade there is recruited from Swedes, Bohemians, and Jews in about equal proportions, the remaining quarter being composed mainly of Poles, with a scattering of Germans. New York has had for fifteen years a headquarters of unionism in the United Hebrew Trades. The only disturbing element now is the presence of the Italians; but in Chicago the contention is not only against the avarice and cupidity of the clothing contractors, but against the racial antipathies of the operatives among themselves. In Boston, the Italians in this industry, most of whom cannot speak English, are allowed to form by themselves a section of the local union. They meet in a separate room, debate matters of importance in their own tongue, and transmit their votes to the general assembly through an interpreter-representative.

Interesting examples of the organization of trade-unions by nationality are given by Professor Commons in the excellent report to which reference has already been made. The longshoremen on the Great Lakes have for some years had a powerful and efficient organization which has greatly improved their lot. This occupation is recruited from the Swedes, Italians, Finns, Slavs, and Por-

tuguese. The difficulty of maintaining an organization has been partially overcome at Ashtabula, for example, by having a local union for each nationality. A central council composed of English-speaking delegates from the local unions is an essential part of the same scheme. A similar arrangement is made in many industries in Chicago, notably in the woodworking trades, where the Germans, Bohemians, and mixed English-speaking unions are maintained separately. The Chicago carpenters likewise have separate and distinct unions for the French, Bohemians, Swedes, Germans, and Jews. The hod-carriers, originally polyglot, have now reorganized along similar lines, with separate unions for Germans, Bohemians, Poles, and English-speaking peoples.

There are certain disadvantages, however, in this form of organization along racial lines. Take the United Mine Workers, for example. Their ethnic heterogeneity is probably greater than that of any other occupation, over ninety per cent of them, as a whole, being actually of foreign birth. Only about half of the miners can speak English at all. This English-speaking group is about half Irish, with the remainder constituted of Welsh, English, German, and Scotch. Most of these latter are native born, being one generation removed from the original immigrants. They are mainly in charge of the collieries as superintendents, bosses, engineers, pump runners, and skilled artisans. The other fifty per cent of the miners are about half Poles, leaving the remaining one quarter of the entire body of miners about evenly divided between Ruthenians, Letts, and Hungarians. A few Italians and some Bohemians are scattered through the fields. Of these, the Poles are increasing most rapidly since 1890. Formerly the United Mine Workers were organized as far as possible along racial lines, but the attempt has been abandoned for two reasons. In the first place, it affords no chance for the men to learn English; and, secondly, the different nationalities are so geographically scattered that organization has to be effected on the basis of locality for purposes of convenience.

The racial heterogeneity of our American population affords a rare opportunity to the Irishman. It will never cease to be a surprise to me that the Irish, who have never been allowed to govern themselves, should show among all the races of the earth the greatest aptitude for the control of political organizations. One of the most peculiar features of our American labor problem is found in the leadership which the Irish have assumed in the movement. Thus, for example, while not more than one fourth of the United Mine Workers are of Irish extraction, it appears that more than three fourths of the officers and organizers are of this stock. Curious upon this point, I have taken some pains to examine the available data. Two years ago the United States Industrial Commission took testimony from nearly seven hundred witnesses from all parts of the United States. Seventy-nine of these were representatives of organized labor. Judging by their names, — an imperfect criterion, to be sure, — thirty of these seventy-nine, or about forty per cent, were of Irish blood, while only twenty-eight of the labor leaders bore English names. The remainder were Germans or Jews. The American Federation of Labor annually publishes a list of officers of its affiliated national unions. Twenty-nine out of ninety-six unions, or about thirty per cent, so listed a year ago were officered by men of Irish extraction. The proportion of Irish leadership varies greatly, of course, as between different trades and sections. It is but natural that Irish trades should be officered by men of the same nationality. One would naturally expect the bricklayers, stone masons, lathers, and plasterers, and the street and dock laborers, to elect Irish leaders. The Irishman dominates the building trades all over the

country. Nineteen witnesses before the Industrial Commission represented organized labor in testimony concerning the Chicago strike of 1900. Of these more than half were Irish. In one hundred and twelve unions in the building trades in New York, about forty per cent of the officers were of the same nationality. Analyzing the returns from different parts of the country, the same high proportion is manifested. In Massachusetts twelve out of twenty city Central Labor Unions were officered by Irish; and of twenty-two local unions listed for Connecticut fourteen were so officered.

The Irishman tends to monopolize the situation, not alone in the distinctively Irish trades and states, but peculiarly in proportion as the rank and file in the organizations are composed of the inert, non-Teutonic, unpolitical peoples of the earth. He will hold his fair proportion of the offices in a company of Scotch, English, Swedes, or Germans; but his place is securely at the head of the line in a company comprising Bohemians, Slovaks, Huns, and Italians. The reasons are perfectly obvious: a ready command of English makes the Irishman their natural spokesman; his native eloquence makes him a most effective organizer; his strong sense of personal fealty makes him peculiarly faithful to the organization. Add to these qualities, tact, a generous good nature, and aggressive fighting qualities, and a rare combination is the result. They are precisely the qualities which have given the Emerald Isle so predominant an influence in the direction of our municipal political affairs. Kipling has put it well: —

"There came to these shores a poor exile from Erin;
The dew on his wet robe hung heavy and chill;
Yet the steamer which brought him was scarce out of hearin'
Ere 't was Alderman Mike inthrojucin' a bill."

One of the strangest features in the American situation, as contrasted with Great Britain, is revealed by this unique position of the Irish. They tend to dominate and direct the policy of our American unions; while in the United Kingdom, they seem not only to have been backward, but rather unsuccessful, in the councils of the trade-unionists. The early English labor organizations were for a long time unable to assimilate the Irish either to their theory or to practice. According to the reliable chronicle of the Webbs, conditions of fraternal relationship amounting to tacit, if not formal, federation prevailed between the British and the Scotch trade-unions; but, after years of vain striving to incorporate the Irish successfully, the attempt was in some cases abandoned, as in 1840 by the Friendly Society of Operative Stone Masons. The records of years are filled with criticisms of the Irish trade-unionists from the British point of view. Even in 1892, according to the Webbs, no less than four principal Irish branches of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors suffered rebuke for their shortcomings. One of the difficulties in another case was well put: "Holding that there was only one element of danger, and it was the putting of too many Irishmen together." We need not examine as to details. The failings were those which we all recognize as peculiar to the Irish as a people. Far be it from me to underestimate the fine qualities and the magnificent contributions of the Irish-Americans to our national well-being; but with their virtues certain shortcomings are to be found, which are in many cases coincidentally attributable to our labor organizations. Not least among these are the qualities, admirable in certain predicaments, of aggressive combativeness, of blind and enthusiastic loyalty, too often coupled with an inability to husband resources against a time of need. Could the leaders of our trade-unions guard against every one of these faults, all human, but also — may we say so? — peculiarly Irish, the proportion of successes to failures in the labor movement might be con-

siderably increased. Our labor leaders are too seldom tactful and compromising, and their followers are not quick enough to sink their personal loyalty in a judicial habit of mind. And the third fault which we have mentioned is a peculiarly flagrant one, namely, the financial recklessness of the organizations in time of stress. In this respect a powerful contrast with the policy of their British contemporaries is noticeable. This may form the topic of further discussion in another place.

What is the attitude of the native American, or, shall we say, of the Americanized mind toward labor organization? Assuming that it is a question of individualism, or of personal initiative and independence of action, versus collectivism, or subordination to a class will, this question would appear to be answerable by psychological analysis. One would naturally expect the free-born, liberty-loving American to rebel against the so-called tyranny of an organization, especially when the policy of that organization is dictated by a foreign-born majority. Such analysis by an appeal to mere psychology is, however, dangerous to an extreme in industrial questions. The factors are too complex. Action is too often a compromise between conflicting impulses, — the love of individual freedom as against the desire for material advancement. Too often, also, the question is merely a quantitative one, turning upon the degree of individual subordination within or without the organization. Without organization the isolated workman may be entirely at the mercy of the employer; within it he may still be as clay, but the potter, at least, is one of his own class, while he himself has a turn at the wheel. The only satisfactory answer as to the native American attitude is to be found in the recorded facts of industrial life. It is difficult to obtain statistics, and not always easy to believe them when once they have been found. Only one investigation have I been able to find, and that from a predominantly agricultural state, — a fact rendering the returns inadequate and somewhat inconclusive. The Minnesota Bureau of Labor made an especial attempt some years ago to discover whether the trade-unions in that state were controlled by the foreign born, and also as to the attitude of the unions toward American boys seeking admission. Returns were received from 1985 workmen. Of this number 59 per cent were born in the United States, and 41 per cent were of foreign birth. In the general population of Minnesota, on the other hand, only 38 per cent of the males of voting age were native born. This was taken at the time to mean that native-born workmen were one and a half times as frequent in the trade-unions as in the adult male population at large. The phenomenal growth of unionism in recent years in the United States would seem also to support this contention, for such progress could never have obtained without successful appeal to the great body of artisans of American birth.

On the other hand, it seems clear that the native American, as well as the foreigner, must be educated to appreciate trade-union standards. He must indeed, as the advocates of organization affirm, often be forced into the organization in the first instance, in order to test its benefits. Whether as a free-born American he will thereafter remain an ardent trade-unionist must depend upon the judgment which he may form after joining. Dr. Bushée, in his excellent monograph on Ethnic Factors of the Population of Boston, observes that rural Americans, particularly those from northern New England, do not appear to favor the labor organizations. Another interesting instance tending to confirm this view as to the attitude of the rural American is offered by the experience of the United Mine Workers. This is described in the excellent report on Immigration to which reference has already been made. For seven years after the organization of the

United Mine Workers in 1886 they struggled against the competition of the unorganized miners in southern Illinois. Even at the present time they are seeking ineffectually to enroll the native-born West Virginia miners in their organization. In Illinois, however, the case is more interesting, because the standard of living is considerably higher than in West Virginia. In 1899, in the mine districts of northern Illinois there were as few as 11 per cent of American-born miners, while in the southern part of the same state 80 per cent of the miners were pure-blooded Americans. These latter were in the main farm laborers, who resorted to the mines as a source of ready cash. These Americans were often willing to work for less than half the price per ton paid in northern Illinois. This they could do because of the greater thickness of the veins and their comparative ease of working. The competition of such wages was, however, none the less severe. Finally, these American miners were persuaded to come into the organization by the foreign-born miners in the northern part of the state. We need not deal with the relative adjustment of wages effected, other than to say that it aimed to equalize not the earnings, but the competitive conditions. The important point for us to note is that the American-born miners were induced to demand higher wages, in order that their foreign-born competitors in another district might obtain a living wage. Organization aimed to benefit both parties, but the initiative came surely, not from the American, but from the foreign born.

The significant query for the student of American conditions is as to the future attitude of these Americans. Will they continue to be docile in the hands of their old leaders? Or will they here, as elsewhere, assume a more positive rôle in directing the policy of the organization? The future of American trade-unionism will depend largely upon the attitude thus assumed, not alone by these American-born miners, but by workmen of American parentage and tradition in every line of industry throughout the country.

Whatever our judgment as to the legality or expediency of the industrial policy of our American unions, no student of contemporary conditions can deny that they are a mighty factor in effecting the assimilation of our foreign-born population. Schooling is primarily of importance, of course, but many of our immigrants come here as adults. Education can affect only the second generation. The churches, particularly the Catholic hierarchy, may do much. Protestants seem to have little influence in the industrial centres. On the other hand, the newspapers, at least such as the masses see and read, and the ballot under present conditions in American cities, have no uplifting or educative power at all. The great source of intellectual inspiration to a large percentage of our inchoate Americans, in the industrial classes, remains in the trade-union. It is a vast power for good or evil, according as its affairs are administered. It cannot fail to teach the English language. That in itself is much. Its benefit system, as among the cigar-makers and printers, may inculcate thrift. Its journals, the best of them, give a general knowledge of trade conditions, impossible to the isolated workman. Its democratic constitutions and its assemblies and conventions partake of the primitive character of the Anglo-Saxon folkmoot, so much lauded by Freeman, the historian, as a factor in English political education and constitutional development. Not the next gubernatorial or presidential candidate; not the expansion of the currency, nor the reform of the general staff of the army; not free-trade or protection, or anti-imperialism, is the real living thing of interest to the trade-union workman. His thoughts, interests, and hopes are centred in the politics of his organization. It is the forum and arena of his social and industrial world.

Are the positive educational advantages of trade-unionism, in the solution of our pressing racial problem, more than offset by the evils which attach to the labor movement in its present status? If the raw immigrant finds himself ruled by leaders of the Sam Parks type! If he observes that the end in view is not to increase the efficiency of the workman, but rather to enforce rules for the restriction of output, in order to "do" the employer! If the opportunity for his children to fit themselves to become honest artisans is closed by absurd restrictions concerning apprentices! If the policy of "graft" is kept to the fore by secret agreements with capitalistic monopolies to down their rivals, and jointly fleece the consumer, as has recently been revealed in the case of the New York Realty and Construction Company, the Chicago Coal Dealers' Association, and others, of a like kind, which might be named in our own Massachusetts! If recruits are to be gained and held, not by the promise of tangible benefits, social and financial, but by the methods of the foot-pad and the anarchist! If these be the lessons taught by the Unions to their neophytes, the future is dark indeed. The friend of Unionism can only hope that these shadows are cast by passing clouds, and that a brighter day for honest labor effort will ensue.

William Z. Ripley.

A ROMAN CABMAN.

It was in the vast, solemn precincts behind St. Peter's that I saw him first. Coming out under the pale November sky after a morning in the Vatican sculpture gallery, I suddenly found the cabstand at its portal the most grateful sight in Rome. He stood third or fourth in the line, and he had neither moved nor spoken, though his eye caught mine with a sympathetic sparkle. I saw that his small, black horse was plump and glossy, that the whole equipage, from his own dress to the well-brushed cushions of the open victoria, looked scrupulously neat; and, bidding the man drive to the Piazza di Spagna, I sprang in, with no thought beyond that of making this last course in a busy morning as comfortable as circumstance permitted.

"Your horse wastes no time," I said, when we came out into the great square, and shot across it through the spray of the fountains toward the bridge of Sant' Angelo.

"No, signore; the Moor is never lazy. That is his name, — the Moor, from the accident of his color, as one sees; he eats well, sleeps well, and goes on all his four feet, — not so badly."

"And is treated not so badly, — as one also sees."

The man laughed. "Eh, signore, we have nothing to complain of, either of us. We understand each other, the Moor and I, and take the world lightly."

"'A merry heart goes all the day!'" thought I, with Autolycus. "What better motto for a cabman?" Then, thinking aloud, I added, "You are a very cheerful philosopher."

He turned to look down at me, laughing louder than before. "I am a man, like another. *Che, che!* After fifty years of life, one adjusts himself to the seat, — or *Dio mio!* one gets down, signore!"

There was no more to be said, just then, for we had crossed the river, and our intricate way toward the Corso deeply engaged both the Moor and his master. Meanwhile, their cheery vigilance impressed me so favorably, that when I

spoke again it was to secure them for the afternoon; and by the hearty wish for good appetite given me as I alighted at the hotel door, I was convinced that the master, at least, if not the Moor, still found cheer in the prospect.

I sat, smoking, near a window that overlooked the courtyard, when the man drove in at the appointed hour. And, waiting on to finish my cigar, I had for the first time a good look at him. In figure he was below the middle height, broad-shouldered, sturdy, and erect; naturally dark, he was bronzed by years of Roman sunshine; his cheeks were deeply furrowed, his features large and clumsy, plain indisputably; so that his face would have been heavy, dull even, but for the smile that seemed always to lurk under his gray mustache, and the responsive light in his sharp, black eyes. The soul of good-humored jollity illuminated him now, as he stood chatting with the *portier;* the horse put up his nose for a caress, and he turned in his talk to stroke his Moorship's neck affectionately. The hint thus given of their pleasant comradeship suggested a familiar horse-dealing phrase, which, mentally, I applied to both. "Sound and kind!" I thought; and found no occasion to qualify that first judgment through any after knowledge. In all my travels along the world's highways a sounder and kinder pair than this, most assuredly, I have never known.

That afternoon, we drove far out upon the Campagna, where my tired brain sought rest and rumination from the morning's labors. The sky had clouded over, and in the mild, gray light the softened plain, stretching hazily off to the Alban hills, brought to eyes over-occupied with artistic detail their natural refreshment. We followed the old Via Latina, at first, toward the arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, by grass-grown walls and crumbling tombs; then, turning from the straight road, we took a winding cart-path through open meadows and rough pasture-land, into the heart of the wilderness; until, nearer than Rome itself, stood out the white villages of the snow-capped hills, — Genzano, Ariccia, Rocca di Papa, — my companion identified them, one and all, — and the wine of Genzano was not so bad! At a sharp turn of the road we drew up on a bit of rising ground, to consider the strange, sombre landscape; and, looking back upon the city walls and towers, I asked my genial guide where he lived. Pointing with his whip, he explained that he lodged in the Trastevere, close under the Janiculan Hill; as we looked, in line with the cathedral dome. Then I inquired his name, and learned that he was called Bianchi Andrea, — the surname coming first, in the usual Italian fashion. And when I commented upon this custom, "Why not?" said he, "since every one calls me Bianchi, — except my wife." Ah, he was married, then? "Oh yes, signore." And he had children? "No, signore; there was a child once, — a daughter, — but, alas! . . . there is a grandchild, signore, — a boy, who lives with me, — very quick and capable, — Hector is his name."

We drove on, encountering no living creature but a shaggy dog, left on guard over his herd that grazed in a neighboring field. An inquisitive pair of crows circled lazily above our heads; then, with croaks of disapproval, flew off to join their flock hovering over the great sepulchral tower on the Appian Way. Between us and that noted landmark of the Campagna stood a solitary farmhouse to which my *vetturino* drew attention. One could find fresh eggs there at a bargain; we must pass its door; might he have the signore's permission to buy the raw material for an omelet, to celebrate his name-day, which fell upon the morrow? To wait for a little moment only?

Of course this favor was granted him; and as we approached the farm I looked at it curiously. Never had I seen a drearier dwelling-place. The stucco of

its walls was stained and weather-beaten; the outbuildings were ruinous; all seemed deserted as well as neglected, for no one stirred to question us. A whistle from Bianchi was unanswered. "Agostino!" he called; then, muttering, "The boy sleeps, lazy hound!" he handed me the reins, with a "*permesso, signore?*" and went off upon his errand.

The haze was fast turning into mist, through which I heard the sound of wheels. It came from a peasant's cart, rude and cumbersome, with the customary wisp of hay attached to a forked stick projecting from one of the shafts. At this primitive lure, just out of his reach, the horse, as he labored toward me, made ineffectual plunges. I watched his slow advance with a smile, suddenly discovering that I was watched in my turn by the man and woman who sat behind him. They wore peasant costume; the man, gray, uncouth, listless, held the reins loosely, as if he were half asleep; but his lack-lustre eyes fixed themselves upon me with a vacant look, strangely forbidding. The woman at his side, though by no means old, had faded early, after the manner of her countrywomen. Yet her face showed signs of former beauty; and she had in her bright colors an air of self-conscious picturesqueness that suggested a posing *contadina* from the Spanish Steps, rather than a toiling one. As if she fancied that my smile was meant for her, she leaned forward to return it, and seemed about to speak a friendly word. But either her intent changed, or I deceived myself; for she drew back without the greeting, and to my good-day only muttered a forced reply. "He is a foreigner," I heard her say to her companion, as they passed. Then, at a little distance, both turned to stare again intently; I looked away; looked back, to find them still staring. So they moved out of sight mysteriously, like spectres of the mist, leaving a chill behind them.

The sinister effect, however, was only of the moment. In the next, out came Bianchi, with the farm-hand whom he had called Agostino, — a shy, sickly boy, who turned from me with a smile to wish his compatriot a merry night of feasting. At this word, Bianchi pointed to his small purchase of eggs, wrapped in a red handkerchief. "*Ecco, signore! Per la festa di Sant' Andrea!*" Chuckling, he stowed them carefully away under the box-seat, and we drove off; slowly, at first, for the road was heavy and steep. As we climbed up from the hollow, the sun burst through the clouds, glorifying the ruined farm buildings, when I turned for a last look at them, with a shaft of golden light. But now before the door, where I had waited, stood the cart which had passed me by; two peasant figures, descending from it, entered the house; they were gone in a flash; yet, clearly enough, they were the figures that I had seen, — the man and woman whom my presence for some reason had disconcerted.

The sunlight faded, the mist shut down. Consultation with Bianchi shed no gleam upon my small adventure. He had not seen the uncouth wayfarers, nor could he recognize them by my description. The farm was leased to a shepherd, who acted as agent, or *fattore;* honest, as men went, — we were none of us saints, nowadays; he was absent in the pastures, as the boy had stated; if one chaffered well, having the wit to invent a "combination" and to make the most of it, he sold his eggs at a fair price. Perhaps the strangers had come to drive a bargain; they, too, perhaps, kept the feast of Sant' Andrea! Why not?

We drove back to Rome in the twilight; and long before reaching the city gate I had dismissed the intruders from my mind. But to dismiss is one thing, to forget is another. Who shall say that the brain really loses the vaguest impression which it has once recorded? In my dreams, that night, the two sinister shapes of the Campagna passed before me again, with threatening looks like

harbingers of evil. I woke, and they were gone, — I laughed at them. These disturbers of my peace clung to me, nevertheless, dogging my steps in the form of a recurrent nightmare. Often, that winter, I saw them, — at Cairo, at Luxor, at Damascus, at Constantinople; whenever, for any cause, my sleep was oppressed, the oppression always resolved itself into that prospect of the wide and desolate Campagna, with the same grim peasant figures moving toward me in the gathering twilight. They never spoke, they threatened only with their eyes.

Gradually the visitations became more infrequent, less vivid; and they might have ceased altogether, fading even from my remembrance, but for the accident of my return to Rome, where, in the spring, as I journeyed back from the East, my stay was unexpectedly prolonged. So improbable had seemed this change of plan, that I had neglected to obtain the address of my good vetturino; and an hour after my arrival, as I walked up the Corso, I found that I missed him sorely. Rome was a strange, unfriendly city without his thoughtful assiduities. By what steps could I regain them? I had taken hardly ten steps more, when lo! they were mine again; for the man drove toward me along the crowded pavement. Upon the instant our pleasant relations were resumed.

These were the early days of April, and I was to remain until after Easter, which, that year, fell late. Winter had melted away at a breath; the grayness was all gone; and under soft white clouds, which only deepened the blue beyond them, Rome kept holiday, for the most part, in dazzling sunshine. The roses were coming on; and when we drove now over the Campagna, which no longer was desolate, but gay with nodding wild-flowers, we often started up a lark, whose flight was only to be traced by the sweetest of all bird-songs borne far above our heads straight into the sun's eye. The days passed all too swiftly, like the song; even though, recognizing them as rare ones, I clung to each tenaciously, avoiding my kind, and keeping, so far as was possible, to myself.

One evening (that of Easter Monday, to be exact) after my coffee and cognac at the big café in the Piazza Colonna, much frequented by chattering soldiers, I grew tired of their noisy argument, and broke away from it. Having, as usual, dismissed Bianchi at sundown, I was unattached; on foot, therefore, I made my way into the Via Nazionale. Glancing up, I saw that the stars were obscured, and felt that a shower threatened. I had no umbrella; but as I carried over my arm a waterproof coat of well-tested infallibility, rain, more or less, would be nothing. A moment later, when I was halfway up the hill within a stone's throw of the theatre, the first drops fell. I stepped aside into a doorway to put on the coat, which was of that sleeveless, enveloping sort known to Anglo-Saxons as an Inverness cape, dark gray in color; pleasantly inconspicuous, it looked by night, at least, not unlike the loose cloak so often worn by Italian men.

As I stood in shelter, muffling myself about the throat, I started in surprise at seeing what appeared to be my own likeness passing swiftly along on the other side of the way. At home, it is no uncommon thing for the man of average height and figure to be taken for some one else. We are not all, unfortunately, of a type so distinguished as to induce the belief that Nature, after our satisfactory development, destroyed the mould. Yet rarely, at home or abroad, does one, unprompted, detect a close resemblance to himself. This, certainly, was the first accident of the kind in my own experience; and it proved so startling that I shrank from the impression. I watched the man disappear in the uncertain light, and thought of old, uncanny tales with fatal issues. Then I shrugged my shoulders, and, laughing at my own credulity, turned the other way.

Evidently, it was a gala night at the Teatro Nazionale. There were many signs of that besides the highly colored poster announcing a special performance of Hamlet, with a famous young actor in the title part. The bait lured me into a demand for any vacant place obtainable. Nothing, absolutely nothing, was the first answer. Stay! One of the *posti distinti* had just been returned by the purchaser at the last moment, — far from the stage it was, to be sure, but still worth having, even at the advanced price. I closed the bargain quickly, hurrying on to grope my way with difficulty; for the lights were down, the ghostly revelations upon the platform at Elsinore already in progress. They seemed a long way off, as I settled into my seat, which proved to be in the right-hand curve of the great horseshoe, directly under the boxes. The proscenium arch slowly detached itself from the gloom, until I saw its principal box on the left of the grand tier, still vacant, elaborately draped with flags and garlands, — the royal box, decked for the King and Queen! The audience, ever on the alert, awaited their arrival with an indifference to the mimic court of Denmark which even the anguish of the Ghost could not dispel. The prevailing restlessness soon infected me, and I congratulated myself upon my point of view, which, though distant, was not unfavorable.

The curtain fell upon the first act tamely enough; the lights went up, making the whole place resplendent; while the row of chairs in the royal box stood out conspicuously, still unoccupied. During the long wait, I observed with a stranger's interest alien details, — the shrill hawkers of books and papers, the persistent, sharp-eyed flower-girls, brazen in their assurance. Then came the signal from the stage, the hush of anticipation; and at that moment something struck my shoulder, darting from it into my hand, — a little bunch of white flowers, such as the women had been pressing upon us. But this had dropped from one of the boxes, surely. I glanced up, and saw in the third tier, almost overhead, a woman's face peering down at me. She drew back, but not before I recognized the fact that our eyes had met before; though when, I failed to recollect. Where could I have encountered those worn, gaunt features, that keen scrutiny which seemed at once to warn and threaten me? "Grim as fate!" I muttered; "they fade early, these Italians!" I had thought precisely this before of the same face, and knew it now. She was my evil spirit of the Campagna, who had passed me by on that chill November afternoon, haunting my dreams long afterward. Then she had worn peasant garb, now she was in lace and jewels: yet there could be no question of identity. It was she, beyond a doubt. I turned from the stage, and, leaning forward in my place, fixed my eyes upon the box from which the flowers had fallen. The lights were down again, however; I strained my muscles until they ached, — in vain.

The second act ended, and still royalty did not appear. There was manifest impatience everywhere, and a general outward movement for the interval. I followed, mainly to get a better view of that box in the third tier, which now was empty. Going on into the foyer, I stood in ambush there to watch the faces. All were unfamiliar. The fateful presence, having fulfilled its purpose, if such purpose existed, apparently had left the theatre. I looked at the flowers in my hand, and wondered whether they had been dropped by accident, or whether, like the eyes that seemed to guide them, they conveyed some message capable of interpretation into threat or warning.

The sprays of jasmine were still fresh and sweet. The better to slip into an unguarded buttonhole, they were bound to a long, straight twig from which the waxed thread had loosened. As I prepared to re-wind it, a gleam of white

underneath resolved itself, upon reversal of the thread, into a narrow strip of paper tightly curled about the twig. Unrolling this, I found scrawled upon it in pencil these words: —

"*He will not come.*"

This, then, was her message. Though without date or signature, the cramped irregular handwriting had a feminine cast; not for the fraction of an instant could I doubt that it was hers. But the purport of it? Who would not come? What was his coming or not coming to me? Why, of all men, had I been selected at the moment for this covert notification?

I stuffed the flowers and the paper into my pocket, and went back to my place at the sound of the signal-bell, noting by the way that the occupant of the third-tier box had not returned. The act began; and it was well advanced when, suddenly, at a word of command the lights flashed up. At once, the voice of Denmark died away in a broken period, while all action upon the stage came to a standstill. With one impulse the spectators, high and low, rose at the entrance of the Court, which was accomplished swiftly and silently. Almost in the same instant the Queen was seated in the place of honor, bowing and smiling an acknowledgment of the applause which welcomed her, while the household grouped itself in the background. Then the lights were turned down, the motionless actors woke to life, the tragedy resumed its course.

My republican eyes found in the small ceremonial but one cause for disappointment, — the absence of the King. I had assumed, not unnaturally, that he would be there with the others; and I was not the only one to assume it, as much whispered comment about me clearly proved. But the subject was soon dismissed, and the whole house became absorbed in the question of the play, which now swept on superbly into a triumph for its chief interpreter. At the end, following the audience out at leisure, I found the better part of it drawn up in the halls and corridors as if for a supplementary pageant. What ceremony else? I wondered, and was not long in doubt. Down the wide sweep of staircase, which seemed built for the purpose, came the Court, preceded by footmen in scarlet livery; there was a glitter of gold lace, a rustle of silken fabrics, a gleaming of jewels, while the crowd looked on in solemn silence, with heads uncovered. All eyes were bent upon the Queen's face, which now was sad and preoccupied, deepening by its look the reverence they paid. I stood at the foot of the stairs, and could have touched her as she passed. This unlooked-for epilogue, at once so stately and so simple, impressed me profoundly. Yet it oppressed me, too; when it was over, and the last carriage had driven off, I breathed more freely. Graceful as the expression of faith in the people had been, I doubted its worth in view of the attendant risk. In these perilous days of death-dealing inventive power, of fanatical crimes committed in the name of liberty, was it well wholly to unhedge the King of his divinity and leave humanity unbridled?

"After all, the King was not there," I argued, as I walked to my hotel through the drenched, deserted streets; "he did not come." A weak, inconsequent conclusion, yet it haunted me all the way like a refrain, and, seated by the fire, I found myself reiterating it. "He did not come." The bit of staircase etiquette with its dangerous possibilities had given me a new sensation, which stood foremost in my thoughts. By way of diverting them, I pulled out the crushed flowers, the enigmatic message which read now like the echo of my own persistent burden. "He will not come, — he did not come!" Were the two one and the same? Was it the King to whom the woman's word had reference? For the moment I seemed to have solved the riddle. But

why should she desire to furnish me — a stranger — with that information? Why, unless she mistook me for some one else? No; I must still be wide of the mark, for that was inconceivable; such a mistake would imply a very close resemblance; surely, in Rome I had no double —

The thought, the word, brought me to my feet with a sharp cry. No double? I had one, and had seen him three hours ago, — there in the Via Nazionale, a few steps from the theatre. What if my seat there had been his, but just relinquished? What if through a coincidence, strange indeed, yet not impossible, I, his counterpart, had acquired and occupied it? Admitting this, the woman's error was the most natural thing in the world. Moreover, this would explain, as nothing else could, her interest in me at our former meeting upon the Campagna. It had amounted almost to a recognition. She had been on the very point of speaking, and her changed purpose held in it a wonder ill concealed. Why? Because it was my fortune or misfortune to be the living image of a man whom she knew well, whose presence at the theatre tonight she had confidently expected.

The more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that in this resemblance lay the clue to the enigma. But when, striving to follow the clue, I sought a definite solution, I was soon lost in pure conjecture. That my double in some way had gained in advance the information conveyed to me, and so absented himself from his post, was not improbable. But to what did the information tend? to whom refer? That it involved the King I had really not the smallest proof. I was, perhaps, merely entangled in the meshes of some vulgar intrigue, — some rendezvous, frustrated or postponed.

The next morning, for once, the faithful Bianchi failed me. When his hour came, I received word that he was kept at home by a slight cold, and that I might expect him on the morrow, if the day were fine. Perfect as that was otherwise, it brought no sign of him; and fearing that he might be seriously ill, I went as soon as possible to his address in the Trastevere, which, this time, I had been careful to procure.

The street was a dark, narrow one, between the river and the Janiculan Hill. I found the house without difficulty, amid a long row of dingy tenements. The cabman's rooms were at the top, up innumerable stairs. He lay in bed, restless and feverish, attended by his wife, a shy, gentle soul, prematurely old. The place was neat, but poorly furnished. On one bare, whitewashed wall hung a colored print of the Madonna; on another, a crucifix above a shelf filled with tawdry ornaments. The woman, agitated by my visit, nervously dusted the one chair in the room, and, after drawing it for me to the bedside, fluttered away.

Bianchi was much distressed at the thought of putting me to inconvenience. He had tried to come, but the doctor's order prevented that; and so he had written me a letter by the hand of his grandson. It was somewhere about, — on the shelf perhaps. I did my best to quiet him, begging him not to talk; then, as he insisted, to relieve his mind I looked for the letter, which lay, as he supposed, upon the shelf behind me. In taking it down I accidentally overturned a small unframed photograph that stood against a vase which held a spray of artificial flowers; and when I picked up the card to replace it, I could scarcely suppress a startled cry. For the portrait, taken from life, was of the woman — my sibyl of the Campagna and the Teatro Nazionale — who had disturbed repeatedly my waking hours and my dreams.

After a second look, to make sure, — as if the face were one that I could forget! — I put back the photograph, and a few moments later went away without gratifying or even betraying my curiosity concerning it. I had questions to ask,

but poor Bianchi was in no state to answer them, and I let them all await his convalescence or recovery. Fortunately, for my peace of mind, I did not have to wait long. His malady with timely care was soon checked; in a week he was on his box again. Then, catching him in a confidential mood on one of our long drives together, I soon discovered the surprising fact that the woman was none other than his own daughter. She had been well married in her own class to a skilled workman of the quarter; had borne him one child, the grandson, Hector, now an inmate of Bianchi's house; but, developing ambitious tastes above her station, she had followed false standards which she was pleased to call advanced, — secretly, at first, until detection precipitated an end that from the first was inevitable. Then she had left all abruptly — home, husband, child — for a rich man, whose creature she had become. He was a brute, a barbarian, a social outcast, a skeptic, irreconcilable, irresponsible; he had cast his evil eye upon her, and had enticed her away. It was believed that they were in foreign parts; just where, no one knew. The husband had died; Bianchi had taken the boy to bring him up; but as for the woman, once his daughter, he disowned her, — she was dead to him. It was his wife, poor, tender-hearted soul, who clung to that likeness of her, which he longed to tear into a thousand pieces. If the signore understood! *Santo nome di diavolo!*

His story trailed off into a storm of oaths that grew inarticulate with tearless rage. I had no heart to torment him further by any detail of my own adventure. It could avail nothing to state upon the best of evidence that his degenerate daughter was a little nearer than he imagined. I let all go, and lapsed back into silence, while my good friend's wrath slowly wore itself out. We were coming in from the Valle dell' Inferno, and at the Ponte Molle, where the ways diverged, I chose the Flaminian one, for a turn in the Villa Borghese.

It was a perfect Roman afternoon. The old elms of the Villa avenues were in full leaf; the wide, grassy slopes gleamed with daisies, violets, and anemones; the students of the Propaganda, in particolored gowns, played ball sedately on their green amphitheatre, around which a double line of carriages circled back and forth in continuous parade. All ranks were represented, all nationalities. We were democratic and informal. Yet we could be formal, too, upon occasion; for when the Queen came by in state, we straightened in our seats and doffed our hats to her. And when the King followed, not in state at all, but driving, himself, in a high dogcart with an officer at his side, we did the same for him, even more punctiliously, if possible. Then we drove on among the moss-grown fountains, the gray marbles, the clumps of ilex, the long vistas of sun and shade; until, meeting royalty again in another segment of the circle, we looked the opposite way, according to etiquette, in the proud consciousness of duty done, — as if such exalted personages could recall our humble features and the fact that we had paid our tribute loyally.

We passed the Queen for the second time with averted faces, and the King drew near. Close before him in the advancing line came a low, one-horse victoria of no richer appointments than our own. Almost abreast of us its horse reared and balked, — plunged, reared again, refused to go on. Instantly a space opened beside us, while all beyond stood still. The King's way was blocked; general confusion threatened; there were contradictory shouts, which only confirmed the brute in his obstinacy; and the man on the box seemed to have lost control of him. The stolid fellow, with his hat pushed over his eyes to shield them from the setting sun, clutched the reins mechanically, incompetently. Bianchi hesitated for a moment. Then he pulled up the Moor,

handed me the reins, and made a dash for the bridle of the unruly horse; he caught it, dragged him down, was dragged along in his turn almost to the ground. The victoria swept past me with its occupants, a man and a woman whom I scarcely noticed, until the man leaped down almost at our wheel and disappeared among the carriages. But not before I had a good look at his face, — a startled look it must have been; for I recognized in him my double of the Via Nazionale.

Bianchi had conquered. I glanced behind and saw that the horse was quieted. The victoria drove on without hindrance, smoothly enough. But as it passed my vetturino, he saw the woman, and a change came over him. His genial face grew white with anger, then flushed to the temples. "*Canaglia!*" he hissed; and, turning after her, repeated with a shout the obnoxious word, "*Canaglia!*" She paid no heed to it, — was gone. In rage ungovernable he stamped and spit upon the ground; then, recovering himself, he rushed back, climbed to his box, seized the reins, and started forward without a word. The woman was veiled, as I remembered, and I had caught the merest glimpse of her; yet I suspected instantly who she was; before I could confirm the suspicion, however, a stir in front of us diverted my thought. I heard a scuffle in the crowd, a murmur of excitement. The King passed again, driving as before, unruffled, at the accustomed gait. A stern voice ordered us to move on quickly. As we obeyed, whirling by to join the fast receding line at its vanishing point, I saw a man, with his back toward me, led away by the police, and understood that within a few feet of us, for some indeterminate offense, an arrest had been made.

What had happened? We wondered and demanded on all sides, but no one could enlighten us. When, fifteen minutes later, we returned to the scene of our adventure, the crowd had dispersed, the carriages were few and far between. Impending twilight marked the limit of the fashionable hour, and we turned the Moor's head toward home. Bianchi's low spirits were apparent; but I forbore to question him, until, as we crossed the Piazza del Popolo alone in the dim light, he gave me a sidelong look so mournful that it appealed for sympathy. Leaning forward, I whispered, "It was she, then!" And he, through his clenched teeth, replied: "Yes, signore. Here in Rome, *la malcreata!* Oh, the shame of it!" with an amazing sequence of muttered imprecations. I let him alone; but, later, at the hotel door, shook his hand and tried to cheer him, — wasting my words, for he would not be comforted.

The mystery of the arrest was cleared up in the next morning's paper, where I read of a bold attempt to assassinate the King in the Villa Borghese. During a momentary halt in the line, a man had sprung — from the earth, as it seemed — to the carriage-step with a drawn knife in his hand. Providentially, at that instant the King's horses had started up; the man's foot had slipped; and, falling, he had been easily disarmed, captured, dragged away to prison. There he bore himself with unexampled indifference, implicating no one else, refusing to explain his motive, or to make any statement whatever, beyond the simple fact that he was an Englishman; a fact doubted by the authorities. Then followed a rough woodcut of the prisoner, who was described as well dressed and sufficiently presentable in appearance. The sketch hardly warranted even this craftily qualified clause about his looks. Yet with its help I promptly identified my enigmatic shadow, — run to earth, at last. The resemblance, now reduced to its lowest terms, was most unflattering. But I could only attribute that to the draughtsman's lack of skill, and rejoice that things were no worse, — or no better.

Nothing in the printed report connected the assailant with the blockade in the line of carriages. The whole affair had been of a moment only; and the

man, worming his way in and out between the wheels, might well have seemed to spring from the earth. But for his familiar face, he would have slipped by me unnoticed. Now I perceived plainly that, in his deep-laid scheme to gain a sure foothold and possible escape, the halt and the small distraction occasioned by it were important factors. He had reckoned confidently upon both; but he had reckoned without Bianchi. Through the vetturino's quick wit and ready resource, unconsciously working to a purpose unforeseen, the scheme had miscarried. Thus did my spurred imagination, so long ineffective, suddenly begin to patch these shadowy proofs together into one clear, substantial whole.

Nor did imagination stop there. Its vivid light streamed backward, making significant my adventure at the theatre. The abortive attempt in the Villa Borghese seemed to me no sudden impulse, but the outcome of a deliberate plot, an organized conspiracy, in which several minds had long been actively engaged. The woman, surely, must be an accomplice; so, likewise, the too incompetent driver of the victoria, who might or might not have been her former companion, the dull-eyed spectre of the Campagna. Intent upon the King's murder, they had awaited a favorable opportunity, which almost offered itself on that gala night in the Teatro Nazionale. Had the King attended the performance, their attempt would have been made at its close, as he walked down the staircase, within reach of the assassin's hand. But something had occurred to change his plan, and word of the change had been passed on to me, in mistake. The deed of yesterday proved the tardy dénouement to which these threads had tended.

For an hour or so I contemplated a descent upon the police, to put myself and all my theories at their disposal. But sober second thought reversed this rash intention. The ways of the police were inscrutable. My testimony, as I foresaw, would involve me in awkward, not to say vexatious delays, conflicting with all my plans, and of most unpleasant publicity; when all was done, it might well be deemed too slight, and lead to nothing. The plot, if plot there were, had failed completely, yielding the law its victim. Here was a conclusion upon which I could rest comfortably. It was clear that in Bianchi's mind the two incidents of the halt and the attack were unrelated. He had not seen his daughter again; he neither knew nor wished to know her whereabouts; she had passed beyond the pale of his conjecture even. There I resolved to leave her. And when I said farewell to him and Rome a few days afterward, nothing had occurred to shake my resolution.

At the moment of departure, as a matter of course, I had tossed a *soldo* into the Fountain of Trevi to insure my return; but with small faith in this traveler's charm, which, indeed, failed to work for many a day. Ten years and more elapsed. Then, through a happy whirl of Fortune's wheel, I found myself in Rome once more, with a whole month — the month of May — before me. Again, almost my first thought was of Bianchi. But, this time, no sudden stroke of good luck conjured him up. I had kept his old address, and wrote to him there, receiving no answer. I watched for him in the Corso, inspected cabstands, questioned porters, without result. At mention of his name all shook their heads. And, finally, I dropped the matter.

A Sunday came which was to be my last in Rome. As I returned on foot from St. Peter's, in the afternoon, through the Via Condotti, the declining sunlight shone full upon the distant church of Santa Trinità de' Monti rising above the vista of the Spanish Steps against a clear blue sky. I remembered opportunely that this was the hour for the fine choral service there, at which, on Sunday, the nuns of the adjoining convent assisted.

Hurrying on, I was still in time for a portion of the office; and pushing aside the leathern curtain, I went in.

The dim nave was crowded to the intersecting grate which defends the nuns and their sanctuary from the world. Through the bars, afar off, gleamed the candles of the altar, the vestments, the swinging censers; the unseen choir sang, the organ boomed, the smoke curled upward in the encroaching darkness. I listened to the music, idly watching the beam of daylight that stretched across the nearer pavement when the curtain swung inward. Suddenly, revealed for the moment in its glow, stood the figure of an elderly man, shabbily dressed, broken with years and with illness too, perhaps, for his gait was uncertain. He limped forward into the shadow, and became immediately absorbed in his devotions. The picturesqueness of the man and his reverent attitude interested me, and I studied his face, which now was but just discernible. "He is a little like Bianchi," I thought; "though much older." Then, remembering that I had not seen my former friend for ten years, I began to wonder whether it could be he. "No, impossible!" I soon decided; yet I drew toward him for a better and more searching look. Just then, in the distance, came the elevation of the host, and the man knelt slowly and painfully. Turning his head for an instant, he caught my eye, but with no light of recognition. "It is not he!" I sighed.

None the less, when, a few moments later, the man rose, and, after dusting his knees carefully, moved toward the door, I followed him out, down the steps at his own slow pace, keeping close behind him. As he reached the Piazza, he turned with an air of mild surprise. "Is your name Bianchi Andrea?" I asked.

At the sound of my voice he started, flashed upon me the old sparkling look, and knew me instantly. "*Dio mio, Dio mio, Dio mio!*" he chattered, like a parrot; "what a combination, what a combination, *caro signore!* To think you should be there in the church! It was the Madonna that led me to it!"

"Bianchi! It is really you! Still at your old trade!"

"Of course!" he laughed, limping toward the *vettura*, which stood near by. "See! Here is my horse. Alas, no longer the Moor! But what a combination! *Dio mio, Dio mio, Dio mio!*"

"You have been ill? You are lame."

"Naturally, since I am old. It is nothing. My health is not so bad."

"And your wife? She is well, too?"

"Ah, *signor mio!* She is dead, — dead these two years. Yet I am not alone; the boy is with me, and" —

At that moment we were interrupted by the vetturino's fare for the time being, — two elderly women, severe in aspect, evidently English and single. They had followed from the church, and now eyed us with impatient wonder. I could do no more than give Bianchi my address, bidding him come to me on the morrow. He clambered to the box and drove off; while I, left alone, slowly recovered from my astonishment at this happy chance which had reëstablished the old relationship, — with the Madonna's help, as I, too, was half inclined to believe.

We made the most of the two days left me, with many a blessing for the belated favor. When the end drew near, I told him that I must see his grandson before going away, and begged him to drive at once to his lodging. It was not the old place, but a brighter and better one in a new quarter. My visit had been timed for the breakfast hour, when the youth, who was a laborer, would not fail to be at home. In a few moments he appeared, stalwart and unabashed, — a tall, manly fellow, who looked as if, upon occasion, he might prove as valiant as his namesake, the Trojan hero. While we talked together, a voice summoned him, and he excused himself. The meal was ready, he had a sharp appetite. "*Con permesso!*" And he went out.

His keen, black eyes recalled others, still unforgotten, that I am not likely to forget. Upon my lips trembled a question, which I had been often tempted to ask during the previous forty-eight hours. Yet the subject was one that I wished to make Bianchi, himself, introduce, if that could be accomplished. He may have read my thought; for while he shifted his position uneasily, his eyes avoided mine. "Let us go!" I said; and he sprang eagerly toward the door; but at the sound of a step on the landing outside, he drew back, as a woman stood before him in the doorway. Pale, worn, wasted by disease, in dress of the humblest sort, she would have been unrecognizable but for the eyes, which, shining with what now seemed unnatural brightness, betrayed her identity even through the transforming mask of years. She recoiled at sight of us; then with a murmured apology for her intrusion, shuffled hastily away. An inner door closed behind her. And when all was quiet, Bianchi silently led the way out. Not until we were in the open air did he meet my inquiring glance. Then there was no need of further question. At once he told me the little there was to tell, readily and volubly.

After that chance encounter in the Villa Borghese, his daughter did not cross his path again, and he heard nothing of her for a long time. All trace seemed lost forever. But his wife upon her death-bed, convinced that the daughter was still alive, had exacted from him a promise that if any appeal should be made, he would hearken to it. His wife died and was buried. Then, three months later, word came that his daughter had returned to Rome ill, if not dying, and in want. He had kept his promise faithfully, going to her relief, cancelling all the past, and bringing her home to die, as he believed. She was there; she had recovered, in a measure; but there was no harm in her now, as one might see at a glance. She devoted herself to her boy, to him, to her mother's memory. Oh, an angel of devotion! What would the signore have? It had been a sad story, but it was well over. In this world, one must be a good father, or one was nothing.

Upon that word we parted company. And it is the last word of his that I remember. Our leave-taking of the next morning at the station, hurried and formal as it was, slips wholly from my recollection. The honest-hearted fellow turned back into the Roman streets, where still, perhaps, grown older and grayer, he pursues his calling. If so, at church, or Corso, or piazza, with the Madonna's help, we shall surely meet again. If not: —

"Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale!"

T. R. Sullivan.

DEAD OUT OF DOORS.

High from the ground, and blown upon by air
Sun-sanctified; caught from corruption's mould,
Girdled by streams amidst the foot-hills fair,
With wind-chants making music sweet and old,

This red man rests. Unto the elements
He doth return; his soul soars glad and free,
And e'en his body seems, in going hence,
To cry, "O grave, where is thy victory!"

Richard Burton.

PRESCOTT THE MAN.

George Hillard, writing to Prescott in January, 1844, spoke of "that warm heart of yours which makes those who have the privilege of being your friends entirely forget that you are a great historian, and only think of you as a person to be loved."

Subsequent forgetting has been of a different kind. For most of us, the historian has swallowed the man. We think of Prescott in his study, though for but few of us, even there, do his twenty pairs of old shoes piled on a step-ladder cause the face of Clio to relax; but we scarcely realize him at all in the nursery. That boon companion of children; that rich and spontaneous nature; that most charming of hosts and most welcome of guests; that devoted son, that fond father, that sportively benignant grandfather; that loyal friend, good citizen, helper of the poor; that man in whom gentleness dwelt with strength, and whom kindness clothed as with a garment, — very human, withal, and not exempt from laughable weaknesses and engagingly whimsical traits, — the winning personality has been too much lost in the stately historical writer.

This is due partly to the inevitable fading of personal tradition with the lapse of time. Those who knew Prescott in his radiant youth and sunny manhood are gone. In his family the memory of the authentic man survives, but for the world at large there remains only the written record. That, so far as the histories are concerned, necessarily yields but a feeble light upon the man behind the book. An author may unlock his heart in a sonnet, but certainly cannot in a history of dead centuries. And even in Prescott's formal biography his real personality is somewhat elusive. Ticknor was Prescott's lifelong friend, and a most painstaking biographer. He had ample material, and used it conscientiously, — it is not necessary to say discreetly, for not a line that Prescott wrote needed to be suppressed for fear of hurting the feelings of the living or of the friends of the dead. But Ticknor was an old man when he wrote the Life. His own view of society and of literature, always severe, had deepened into something like austerity; and for him to have brought out vividly the playful, jocose, and warmly human aspects of Prescott's character would doubtless have seemed to him very much like taking liberties with the Muse of History. At any rate, the awful dignity of historical composition, and the weighty responsibilities going with life in that "pale of society" where Ticknor drew his well-regulated breath, are the main personal impressions which one derives to-day from the official biography of Prescott. The rest is there, no doubt, by implication, and fugitively. Prescott's social charm is asserted, though without detail; his light-heartedness at home, his vivacious wit in conversation, his grace of manner, his innocent fondness for the good things of life, — all are affirmed by Ticknor, but in a slighting way which prevents these qualities from taking the place which they ought to have in the picture of the total man. Over a great mass of material in Prescott's journals and letters, illustrating the true nature of the historian in habit as he was, Ticknor passed too hastily.

Prescott was not only well born but happily born. His heredity was nicely fitted to his problem of life. From his mother, Governor Wolcott thought, he derived his "unfailing spirits." In Pierce's Life of Sumner there is record of a conversation at dinner, where Webster, Ticknor, Sumner, and Prescott were present, among others. The talk turned on the question what most vitally shaped

men's characters and activities. Some said one thing, some another. "Mr. Prescott declared that a mother's influence was the most potent." He was a living witness. All the accounts which Ticknor piously gathered from Salem contemporaries agree that the boy William had his bright vivacity from his mother. "I am the only classmate of Mr. Prescott now present," said President Walker of Harvard, at the memorial meeting held in honor of the dead historian by the Massachusetts Historical Society on February 1, 1859. "My recollections of him go back to our college days when he stood among us one of the most joyous and light-hearted." He had need to be. An accident, in his junior year, destroyed the sight of his left eye, and later was followed by an obscure disease in the other which brought him to the verge of total blindness. From fear of the latter he was never exempt while he lived. Nothing but an indomitable gayety of spirit could have carried him through those early years of almost absolute darkness and the lifelong crippling, and left him the serene and happy nature his friends always found him. He was, in fact, obstinately and unreasonably cheerful. At his grandfather's house in the Azores, a lad of nineteen, he was for three months shut up in a dark room and kept on a reducing diet. Yet his spirits were throughout unflagging. He was not merely not despondent, he was positively hilarious. He sang and spouted poetry, and mouthed Latin, and walked hundreds of miles within the four walls of his large chamber, — from corner to corner, thrusting out his elbows to keep himself from running, in the dark, against the sharp angles. Indeed, as he wrote to his parents, he "emerged" from his "dungeon, not with the emaciated figure of a prisoner, but in the full bloom of a *bon vivant*." A little later, in London, he was told by the leading oculist whom he consulted that there was no hope of a permanent cure of his affection of the eye, and that, as he wrote home, "I must abandon my profession forever." But even that could not daunt him, and he added, "Do not think that I feel any despondency. . . . My spirits are full as high as my pulse; fifteen degrees above the proper temperament."

As one proof more of Prescott's unconquerable temper and light-heartedness that never failed, may be cited what his mother said, years after, to her pastor: "This is the very room where William was shut up for so many months in utter darkness. In all that trying season, when so much had to be endured, and our hearts were ready to fail for fear, I never in a single instance groped my way across the apartment to take my place at his side that he did not salute me with some hearty expression of good cheer, — as if we were the patients, and it was his place to comfort us."

Prescott was known as "the blind historian;" and the tradition that he was totally blind became early fixed and almost impossible to dislodge. Maria Edgeworth sighed over the "poor man," on the supposition that he was entirely without sight. The Edinburgh Review, in its notice of the Conquest of Mexico, spoke of the writer as having "been blind several years." "The next thing," wrote Prescott in his journal, "I shall hear of a subscription set on foot for the blind Yankee author." At about the same time he wrote to Colonel Aspinwall, "I can't say I like to be called blind. I have, it is true, but one eye; but that has done me some service, and, with fair usage will, I trust, do me some more." But in spite of all his explanations the world went on believing that Prescott was, as he humorously protested that he was *not*, "high-gravel blind." Edward Everett wrote him from London, June 2, 1845: "I noticed the note in the Edinburgh Review [this was a correction of the earlier mistake] about your blindness, and I continually hear and as often contradict the same statement in conversa-

tion, but I do not always command belief. Sir John Hobhouse last Saturday evening insisted upon it you were as blind as a mole, and being a quiet man, I was obliged to let him have his own way." The truth is that Prescott always had precarious vision in one eye, which he was able to use only with extreme caution and for but short periods at a time; and even so, frequent intervals of complete blindness fell upon him with the recurrence of his disease. The oculists of the day assured him of the sufficiency of his one feeble eye for all the ordinary purposes of life, provided he would give up his literary labors. But he quietly refused to pay the price. Holding himself to a rigid regimen, carefully observing every precaution that his own experience or the skill of physicians could suggest, he yet preferred the joys of his intellectual pursuits to the certainty of eyesight. Again and again in his journals we find him calmly contemplating the possibility of absolute and permanent blindness. Even then there is no expression of regret or slackened resolution; only a weighing of the possibility of his being able to press on with his work when wholly dependent upon the eyes of others. "The obstacles," he wrote in 1830, "I do not believe to be insuperable, unless I become deaf as well as blind." As to the actual extent and effect of his disablement, a few of his own private records are worth pages of description: —

January 16, 1831. "I can dispense entirely with my own eyes."

June 26, 1836. "The discouragements under which I have labored have nearly determined me more than once to abandon the enterprise. I met with a remark of Dr. Johnson on Milton at an early period, stating that the poet gave up his history of Britain, on becoming blind, since no one could pursue such investigations under such disadvantages. This remark of the great doctor confirmed me in the resolution to attempt the contrary. . . . I must not overstate the case, however, for certainly my eyes have not been high-gravel blind all the while."

March 24, 1846. "The last fortnight I have not read or written, in all, five minutes. . . . My notes have been written by ear-work: snail-like progress."

November 1, 1846. "I reckon time by eyesight, as distances are now reckoned by railroads. There is about the same relative value of the two, in regard to speed."

July 9, 1848. "I use my eyes ten minutes at a time, for an hour a day. So I snail it along."

February 15, 1849. "How can I feel enthusiasm when limping like a blind beggar on foot? I must make my brains — somehow or other — save my eyes."

July 15, 1849. "Worked about three hours per diem, of which with my own eyes (grown very dim, alas!) about 30 minutes a day."

October 3, 1853. "Have been *quacking* again for my eye."

It was not really quacking, though Prescott suffered many things of many physicians. His case seemed to be prefigured in Voltaire's Zadig. The great impostor Hermes, in whose person the whole faculty was satirized, declared, "If it had been the right eye I could have cured it, but the wounds of the left are incurable."

One entry more from the journals: —

June 16, 1857. "I fight as — metaphorically speaking — Cervantes fought at Lepanto — with one hand crippled."

For more than thirty years Prescott employed private secretaries. They read to him, made notes for him, and, hardest task of all, deciphered and transcribed his own blind man's writing, — his noctographs. In the latter form nearly all his composing was done. He himself described the writing contrivance. The apparatus, he wrote in a letter to the publisher of the Homes of American Authors, consisted of "a frame of the size of a common sheet of letter-paper,

with brass wires inserted in it to correspond with the number of lines wanted. On one side of this frame is pasted a leaf of thin carbonated paper, such as is used to obtain duplicates. Instead of a pen, the writer makes use of a stylus, of ivory or agate, the latter better or harder. The great difficulties in the way of a blind man's writing in the usual manner arise from his not knowing when the ink is exhausted in his pen, and when his lines run into one another. Both these difficulties are obviated by this simple writing case, which enables one to do his work as well in the dark as in the light." It is a fact, however, that one difficulty remained. Prescott sometimes forgot to insert the sheet of paper, and then, as he once wrote, he would proceed for a page "in all the glow of composition" before finding that all had been in vain. With characteristic good nature, he alluded to this occasional *contretemps* as one of the "whimsical distresses" of his method. Of the resulting manuscript, let one of his secretaries speak. Mr. Robert Carter, who was engaged by Prescott in 1847, had assigned him as his first duty the task of familiarizing himself with the noctograph writing. "I was appalled," he wrote afterwards, "by its appearance. It was nearly as illegible as so much shorthand. I could not make out the first line, or even the first word." This is fully confirmed by what Prescott wrote to R. W. Griswold in 1845. He said that the characters of his noctographs "might indeed pass for hieroglyphics." His secretaries managed to interpret them, but "sometimes my hair stood on end at the woeful blunders and misconceptions of the original which every now and then found their way into the first proof of the printer." It may be added that the noctograph original of this very letter to Griswold is preserved among the Prescott papers, and is itself a fine example of his most inscrutable writing. The resource of dictation was distasteful to Prescott. He did, indeed, dictate his short memoir of Pickering, but his secretary states that he "did not like the method, and never again resorted to it when writing for the public." Prescott's own account of the matter is as follows: "Thierry, who is totally blind, urged me by all means to cultivate the habit of dictation, to which he had resorted; and James, the eminent novelist, who has adopted his habit, finds it favorable to facility in composition. But I am too long accustomed to my own way to change. And, to say truth, I never dictated a sentence in my life for publication without its falling so flat on my ear that I felt almost ashamed to send it to the press. I suppose it is habit."

The outward effects of Prescott's partial blindness were not so important as its influence in shaping and making beautiful his character. No one can read the remarkable record in his journals of the way in which he turned from a dim world without to a radiant world within, took himself in hand, and forged laboriously in the dark the tempered weapon of his mind and heart, without becoming persuaded that his strength was plucked from his very disabling. It was this view of the matter which led the Rev. N. L. Frothingham to say of him after his death that the mischance which robbed him of eyesight could "hardly be called a calamity, so manfully, so sweetly, so wondrously did he, not only endure it, but convert it to the highest purposes of a faithful, scholarly, serviceable life." On Prescott's tomb, as on that of another gentle scholar and intrepid invalid of New England, might have been written, "Meine Trübsal war mein Glück."

The making of the man lies open to us in Prescott's letters and especially in his journals. Never was there a sharper reminder of the physical basis of life; never, also, a more reassuring proof that, after all, it is the soul which doth the body make. In Prescott's case, the process clearly began with the physical. His bodily crippling gave him an intro-

spective habit. He watched himself like an experimenter. Every symptom he noted down. His diet he scrupulously recorded for many months. His partition of the day, — his hours of sleep; the time given to reading; the amount of exercise and recreation, with the effects of each; social amusements and the tax paid to friendship, — all was written out and studied and commented upon through several rigorous years. It was not done selfishly, least of all morbidly. Prescott had a problem to solve. How could he do the work of a man without a man's eyesight? It was to answer that question that he undertook his prolonged self-scrutiny and self-testing. He did it with almost scientific objectivity. He was as cool and unbiased as if writing of another. Not one hint of a diseased consciousness appears in the whole record, which thus stands unparalleled, I think, in the literature of diaries. To put one's nature, physical and mental, under the microscope daily, yet to betray, not simply no morbid feeling, but almost no sense of self at all; to be calm, even jocose, while recording ill health and noting limitations; to preserve a cheerful temper while wrestling with the problem how to make his life bear fruit in darkness; and to do all this in a series of records meant only for his own eye and his own guidance, — such was the high and unique achievement of Prescott.

Brought up in what was, for those times, luxury, Prescott had certain temptations of the palate. In his early travels he carefully noted, and sampled, the confectionery of the various countries he visited. Until within a few years, a Boston druggist was living who used to supply him regularly with licorice-root, — that child's dainty of a ruder age! It was used by the historian as a means of ingratiating himself with children. His grandchildren recall the little packets of licorice-root, and other sweets, which he always had ready for them

While still a young man in Europe, he began mortifying the flesh. A Paris physician bade him never exceed two glasses of wine per diem. The story of a traveling companion was that Prescott at once seized upon the largest wine-glasses on the table, to measure by. However that may have been, we have in his own handwriting a register of his daily wine-drinking for a period of two years and nine months. It was no calendar of a sybarite. The effect on his eye was the one standard to which everything was referred. Thus when we find him writing, July 22, 1820, "Went to Nahant — drank too much wine in Boston," — we know that he simply meant too much for his eye. Wine was prescribed for him; he found it useful; the only thing required was to work out a rule as to kind and quantity, and this he did with an amazing sort of impersonal zeal. And every other act or experience of his daily life was interrogated in the same spirit and to the same end. After months of minute inspection and full experiment, aiming at the correct regimen, he wrote down the following: —

"Eat meat; light breakfasts; temperate dinners; light teas; *no* suppers; *simple* food; no great variety at dinner; exercise = 4 miles pr. day at 3 or 4 different times; light not intense, but full, clear; no spirits; no wine except excellent and old; not exceed 4 glasses of that, nor oftener than once in 5 days; read moderately large print, when eye is well; not walk in the cold or wind; no wine when I have a cold; no goggles? not sit up *late*."

Other kindred entries in his journal are: —

January, 1820. "N. B. Theatre, late Balls, smoking, supper parties, always pernicious — ergo, not go — or not stay late."

"Rule about balls. Not more than one a week, and not stay after 11 or more than 2½ h."

"Club, not stay after 12."

It is easy to understand, from the fore-

going, how one of Prescott's intimate friends could speak of a certain "stoical" basis in a life of which the outward manner was only ease and smiling amiability. This man, all rippling with grace and good nature, who, as Professor Parsons said of him, "could be happy in more ways, and more happy in every one of them, than any other person I have ever known," had the power of gripping himself silently and in secret, and making himself lord of his own fate. Yet he was no methodarian. His rules were aids, not fetters. Even his dietary was not inflexible. "How can you eat that, William?" his wife would sometimes call out at table, seeing him wander into forbidden dishes. He would laugh away the warning, and affirm that the only way he knew he had rules of eating was by occasionally breaking them. During his English trip in 1850, he stood up nobly for the honor of his country's digestion, and was a valiant trencherman at the endless breakfasts and dinners to which he was invited. Sydney Smith had sent word to him in advance that, if he visited London, he would be drowned in claret or turtle soup. "I believe I can swim in those seas," wrote Prescott in his journal. His wonderful social charm was instantly recognized by the best English society. He was as much sought after there as he always was in Boston and New York. "If I were asked," said Theophilus Parsons, "to name the man, whom I have known, whose coming was most sure to be hailed as a pleasant event by all whom he approached, I should not only place Prescott at the head of the list, but I could not place any other man near him." It was not that he was a professional diner-out, still less that even more portentous person, the professional teller of stories and retailer of smart sayings. Prescott used to make horrible puns, but his social manner had its immense attraction mainly through unfailing kindness, unerring sympathy, and vivacious good spirits which nothing could depress. It was his simplicity and spontaneity which delighted everybody.

Mr. G. T. Curtis, writing to Mr. Hillard, says: "Prescott, the historian, not yet an author, was at that time in the full flush of his early manhood, running over with animal spirits, which his studies and self-discipline could not quench; talking with a joyous *abandon*, laughing at his own inconsequences, recovering himself gayly, and going on again in a graver strain which soon gave way to some new joke or brilliant sally. Wherever *he* came there was always a 'fillip' to the discourse, be it of books or society, or reminiscences of foreign travel, or the news of the day."

Sometimes this unstudied impulsiveness of his betrayed him into an unconscious malapropos. "What have I said?" he would cry out when he saw his wife, who kept a dutiful watch upon these lapses of his, looking at him severely. Naturally, such a fresh naïveté would but lay additional stress upon his original unlucky remark. Once a titled Englishwoman was arguing with him in his own home on the subject of Americanisms. She objected strongly to our use of the word "snarl" in the sense of confusion. "Why, surely," spoke up Prescott in all innocence, "you would say that your ladyship's hair is in a snarl?" As such unfortunately was the case at the time — it was the era of plastered hair — the visitor had to cool her wrath by remembering that her host was blind.

Samuel Eliot describes the home life of Prescott at his country place in Pepperell. Here he passed the happiest part of his existence. Work went on as usual, but did not seem to be his principal interest. This lay in "the enjoyment of the family and the friends forming a portion of the family; the drive or the walk; the gay dinner; the evening with readings, but oftener and more delightfully with games and songs." One game in particular was an especial favorite with Prescott. It was called Albano, because

introduced by some young friends of his who had played it in Rome. It was really only a variant of Puss in the Corner. The players chose geographical names from the four quarters of the globe; but the one that Prescott took, and which was never shouted without provoking tumultuous outbursts of glee, was Nessitisset. It was the name of the stream flowing by his farm. Eliot also tells of a comic dispute which once occurred at Pepperell between Prescott and his uncle, Isaac Davis. The old gentleman complained of growing deaf, but Prescott maintained that his uncle's hearing was as good as his own. To test it, he had his wife hang an old-fashioned watch at the end of the room, and the two men advanced slowly toward it to determine which could first hear the ticking. "Do you hear it, Davis?" "No." "Neither do I." So on, step by step, until in amazement Prescott put his ear actually to the timepiece. "Susan! the thing is n't going!" he cried to the sly woman who had stopped it. This boyish spirit and welling gayety Prescott carried into his work as well as his social relaxation. One of his secretaries wrote that whenever he came to describe some stirring scene, like a battle, he would humorously key himself up to it by bursting into song. One favorite was a ballad beginning, "O, give me but my Arab steed!" He was fond of music. Sentimental songs would sometimes set him weeping. "They are only my opera tears," he would explain. This was one sign of that "simplicity in which nobleness of nature most largely shares," to quote the words of Thucydides which Professor Felton applied to Prescott after his death. Such tributes could be multiplied. "One of the most frank, amiable, warm-hearted and open-hearted of human beings," wrote Hillard; and added, "Of all men I have known he was the most generally beloved, the most universal social favorite." It might be said of Prescott, as Sydney Smith said of Mackintosh, that "the gall-bladder was omitted in his composition." "Not a single unkind or harsh or sneering expression," testifies one of his secretaries, "could be found in any of the hundreds of letters I wrote at his dictation." The same may be said of his private journals. Not a line of them needs to be blotted. This man had that even sweetness of temper and exhaustless benevolence which can stand the searching test of impressions made upon children and servants. Prescott was not a hero to his valet, but he was something better, — a man to win undying respect and love. All his private secretaries left his service with regret, and ever retained for him the most affectionate regard.

Prescott's self-discipline was applied as rigorously to his moral as to his physical or mental nature. His habit was to keep by him a complete inventory of his moral qualities, — chiefly a list of the faults which he set himself to strive to correct. Slips written by his own hand, and seen by his eye alone, he kept in a large envelope, each one containing a record of something he had found amiss in himself. Over this card-catalogue of failings he would periodically go, — usually on a Sunday morning after church, — and conscientiously check up his moral account. One besetting defect mastered, its record would be blotted out; a new weakness detected, it would have its scrupulous entry. To the last he kept up this recurring self-examination, and after his death the envelope was found, marked, "To be burnt." To ashes the whole was reduced. Not enough to make a moment's blaze, — the sum of the faults of one so universally loved. "The only man," wrote Hillard, "whom we never heard any one speak against."

In the early journals there are some traces of the struggle of Prescott's spirit to find itself.

"Since the age of 23, the most wretched period of my life was when my *passions and temper controlled me*, the most happy when I *controlled them*."

"Without answering for others, I may say that these qualities of mind are *sufficient for my happiness:* —

"I. Good Nature. II. Manliness. III. Independence. IV. Industry. V. Honesty. VI. Cheerful Views. VII. Religious Confidence."

On one occasion, as if bursting into a "let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," he wrote: —

"Voilà.

P. S. I have been perfectly contented, light-hearted and happy, ye last two weeks — with my BOOKS 7 hrs. & DOMESTIC SOCIETY — & Benev^{t} Feels (Not thinking of it) Not VANITY "

Prescott's athletic training of mind and pen for the task he set himself can be but barely alluded to here. He knew to the full "what belonged to a scholar; what pains, what toil, what travail, conduct to perfection." The records of his rigid discipline from his twenty-sixth to his fortieth year remain as proof of what would otherwise seem, considering his handicap, the incredible amount of work he got through. With the certain prospect of indifferent health and dependence upon the eyes of another, he yet attacked light-heartedly a mass of reading which would have taxed the rudest physique. His toils were undertaken, moreover, through no necessity, — except the spur of a noble mind, — since his father's ample means assured him comfort and even luxury. Yet we find him, while still only feeling after his life-occupation, sitting down in 1822 to the following self-imposed task: "I am now," he wrote in his journal, "twenty-six years of age, nearly. By the time I am thirty, God willing, I propose, with what stock I have already on hand, to be a very well-read English scholar; to be acquainted with the classical and useful authors, prose and poetry, in Latin, French, and Italian, and especially in history; I do not mean a critical or profound acquaintance. The two following years, 31–32, I may hope to learn German, and to read the classical German writers; and the translations, if my eye continues weak, of the Greek. And this is enough for general discipline." For German he had later to offer Spanish as a substitute; his dim eye and the aid of his secretary having proven, greatly to his disappointment, inadequate to mastering the tongue of the learned. All told, however, in those acquisitive years, almost without the knowledge of his most intimate friends or even of his own family, he put an immense amount of material behind him. The record of it remains, — not simply a bare catalogue of books, but analyses and criticisms, often very full and always careful; for, as he wrote in describing his own method and purpose, it was obvious to him that "superficial considerations are not worth recording, as the recollection of them can in no way add to the solid stores of knowledge."

To his reading, and especially to his writing, Prescott held himself faithfully, and constantly reinforced his resolution by admonitory entries in his journal. One amusing resort of his to flog himself along was his habit of imposing forfeits upon a failure to complete a given task by a day fixed. This contrivance he appears to have taken up while still in college. Very early in his journals we find traces of the custom. Thus one of his "Maxims of Composition," written down almost at the beginning, reads: "Pay a forfeit if you read a word as you are writing it — if you look over the last 3 lines you have written, except it be impossible, after trying, to recollect them (you may at last 3 words), if you review any except 2 pages when I begin to write in the day . . . I may read what has been written on the same day in which I take this liberty, provided it *shall be absolutely necessary to write further.*" Later, he transmuted his system of forfeits into a plan of making wagers (the odds heavily against himself) with his private secretaries. A

memorandum of one of them survives, and runs as follows : —

"*June 4th* 1846. This memorandum is to witness that a bet of one dollar to fifty dollars has been made between E. B. Otis and Wm. H. Prescott Esq., the latter betting fifty dollars that he will read for, compose and write one hundred pages of his History of Peru in a hundred days, the days to be counted from the fourth day of June, 1846, inclusive, making due allowance for the excepted days hereinafter specified.

"This bet shall be renewed at the end of the hundred days (the amount, conditions, and exceptions of the second bet being the same in every particular with those herein recited ;) *unless Mr. Prescott shall, within two days from the expiration of the first period of a hundred days, enter on this memorandum a written statement of his desire to dissolve the Bet.* If the History, including the Postscripts, should not hold out, but should fall short of the second hundred pages, the wager shall be construed *pro rata*, that is, Mr. Prescott shall lose his second bet of fifty dollars unless he finishes the remainder of his History at the rate of a page a day, (reckoning the days from the expiration of the first hundred days) for every day after the determination of the first wager till the work is finished, with the following exceptions.

"The days to be excepted when calculating the result of either bet are these, viz.: When Mr. Prescott is absent from town for a day or more, also a day before and after return, also two days must be allowed for moving to Nahant, to Boston and to Pepperell — each ; or when prevented from study by the sickness of himself or friends for a day or more, or by the occurrence of any unforeseen event (to be determined himself) that might occupy him otherwise, also the days employed in writing the Memoir of Mr. Pickering; (Writing letters is not an unforeseen event ;) also the days that gentlemen visitors stay in the house with Mr. Prescott. No days shall be excepted but those herein specified, and entered on this sheet.

"Weakness of the eyes shall not count as illness unless upon such days as Mr. Prescott cannot read himself 2 hours and has not his secretary with him, or the latter, (when Mr. Prescott is unable to read said two hours —) from any cause is unable to read 3 hours on any day when Mr. Prescott is not employed in composing *text* of a chapter and except working (not reading) causes pain.

"If working exclusive of reading *causes pain for several days* Mr. Prescott has a right to dissolve this agreement.

"Signed June 4th.

WM. H. PRESCOTT.
EDMUND B. OTIS.

"I promise on my honor as a gentleman not to release Mr. Prescott from any forfeiture that he may incur by this Engagement except in such cases as are provided for in the contract — this contract being made at his desire for his own accommodation solely.

EDMUND B. OTIS.

"Days excepted June 7–21, 25, 26, 28. July 6–14."

Prescott always took this betting on his own industry with perfect seriousness. Sometimes he would radiantly greet his secretary with, "You have lost! You owe me a dollar." And he would exact payment. Occasionally he would, with woe-begone countenance, produce and pay over to the protesting secretary the twenty or thirty dollars he himself had lost. It was Prescott's one "oddity," remarked a friend. Madame de Sévigné, who had a similar habit, called it a *sottise*. "Je reviens à nos lectures : c'est sans préjudice de Cléopatre [a romance in twelve octavo volumes] que j'ai gagé d'achever (vous savez comme je soutiens mes gageures) : je songe quelquefois d'où vient la folie que j'ai pour ces sottises-là."

With his warm social nature, and the

constant invitations and increasing duties as host and as representative of American literature thickening upon him, Prescott often found it difficult to adhere to hours and plans of work. His friend Gardiner gave one instance of the way in which pleasure struggled with his rule of quitting any company in which he might be by ten o'clock: —

"Mr. Prescott was the entertainer, at a restaurateur's, of an invited company of young men, chiefly of the bon vivant order. He took that mode sometimes of giving a return dinner, to avoid intruding too much on the hospitality of his father's roof, as well as to put at ease the sort of company which promised exuberant mirth. His dinner hour was set early; purposely, no doubt, that all might be well over in good season. But it proved to be a prolonged festivity. Under the brilliant auspices of their host, who was never in higher spirits, the company became very gay, and not at all disposed to abridge their gayety, even after a reasonable number of hours. As the hour of ten drew near, I noticed that Prescott was beginning to get a little fidgety, and to drop some hints, which no one seemed willing to take, — for no one present, unless it were myself, was aware that time was of any more importance to our host than it was to many of his guests. Presently, to the general surprise, the host himself got up abruptly, and addressed the company nearly as follows: 'Really, my friends, I am very sorry to be obliged to tear myself from you at so very unreasonable an hour; but you seem to have got your sitting-breeches on for the night. I left mine at home, and must go. But I am sure you will be very soon in no condition to miss *me*, — especially as I leave behind that excellent representative,' — pointing to a basket of several yet uncorked bottles, which stood in a corner. 'Then you know,' he added, 'you are just as much at home in this house as I am. You can call for what you like. Don't be alarmed, — I mean on *my* account. I abandon to you, without reserve, all my best wine, my credit with the house, and my reputation to boot. Make free with them all, I beg of you, — and, if you don't go home till morning, I wish you a merry night of it.' With this he was off, and the Old South clock, hard by, was heard to strike ten at the instant."

A few extracts from the journals will further light up this aspect of the historian: —

November 10, 1839. "Diverted too much by passing objects — children's recitation, talking, etc. Another year arrange what hours children may occupy the library [at Pepperell] — how often ask questions about their lessons, and allow a definite time for them — not to be exceeded."

January 10, 1841. "I have not been diligent enough. I chew on my subject more than enough. If I put my bones to it, I should do the work better as well as faster. I *will*. Or write against time and a forfeit."

September 10, 1841. "I will be steadily employed, as suits this holy quiet of the country. 'Rapido si, ma' rapido con leggi' — as Tasso says. Work — not overwork. . . . I feel as if the country should be my *chronic* residence."

February 6, 1842. "Have not been super-industrious — on the contrary. I have got through with Dickens, who dined with me yesterday — and as the lions are all done up, I suspect for the season, I will be true and hearty, almost exclusive, in my own work — till May 4, say, my birthday. My daily labor and my thoughts by night. Eschew company, especially dining."

September 4, 1842. "Company — company — company! It will make me a misanthrope — and yet there is something very interesting and instructive in the conversation of travelers from distant regions. Last week we had Calderon — just from Mexico — Stephens

from Central America and Yucatan, General Harlan from Afghanistan, where he commanded the native troops for many years. But what has it all to do with the conquest of Mexico?"

September 8, 1842. "I am here [Pepperell] 40 miles from all enemies — and friends, worse than enemies — except a few dear ones."

November 16, 1842. "I will see if I can't adopt some rules which shall secure me as much time in town as country."

June 24, 1843. "Nahant! To-day I have been settling, clearing the decks for action. Now if I don't make the powder and shot fly! I will be out to everybody. I will have but one idea. I will be a free man by September — first week. I will not invite nor will I go out to dine, and very rarely have company — once or twice only — and that only at Nahant, and not sit long then. I will answer letters shorthand, and economize every way, eyes and time. . . . The very day of this entry a stranger came to Nahant and, being refused admittance — I being 'out' — staid overnight and passed all the evening with us. He came, he said, to Boston to see me, so what could I do less? What then becomes of the Conquest? *οἱ μοὶ*. It is no joke."

September 15, 1844. "Pepperell. Dragged to town two days since to see Von Raumer. Neither Von nor Don shall start me again."

August 15, 1845. "Great doings for so long a stretch — and would carry me through more than 1000 pages per annum! . . . — Lucky for the world I am not starving!"

December 14, 1845. "Twaddle — twaddle! . . . I will make regular hebdomadal entries of my laziness. I think I can't stand the repetition of such records long. . . . I may find some apology in the *demi* winter days, and in an influx of visiting friends in my new quarters — and be hanged to them — not the quarters, but the friends."

January 11, 1846. "A miracle — I have kept my resolve thus far and been industrious three whole days! Now *meliora spero*."

October 1, 1855. Pepperell. "I shall have at least the sense of sweet security from friends — the worst foes to time."

October 28, 1855. "Boston is not Pepperell. The first day I dined with a large party. The second, at the theatre with Mdlle. Rachel till midnight. This is not the way they lived at Yuste."

The kindest and most considerate of men, Prescott inherited much of the energetic philanthropy of his mother. He was actively or tacitly interested in many public charities. Particularly to the Perkins Institution for the Blind did he give time and money. "Much occupied the last ten days with the affairs of the Blind," is an entry of May 9, 1833, not without its pathetic suggestion. He had his private pensioners as well, some of whom were a legacy, so to speak, from his lady bountiful mother. One of his secretaries tells us that he regularly gave away one tenth of his income. The latter was figured, in the late forties (of course, after his father had died) at upwards of $12,000 a year. For the times, it spelled luxury. Prescott's methods in almsgiving were not always, one fears, such as would commend themselves to the Charity Organization Society. Here is a specimen of his minute accounts written down after taking a walk: "Apple 2 — newspaper 2 — gloves 1.00 — charity 25." During his stay in London he employed a valet, one Penn ("a Penn I will not cut," was his punning description to his wife), who, he wrote home, would be "perfectly invaluable if he did not drink, to which he has an amiable inclination." There is something human in the addition: "I will let him get drunk once before I part with him."

Here is as good a place as any to introduce extracts from his English letters of the summer of 1850, passed over by Ticknor: —

TO MRS. PRESCOTT.

STEAMER NIAGARA, *June* 3, 1850.

. . . This sea life is even worse than I thought it was. I had forgotten half its miseries. I will never trust a man hereafter who talks complacently of it. As to Kirk [his private secretary] he has been actively sick ever since we left Halifax. For myself, I have had a basis of nausea that turns my stomach against everything I usually like. Chewing camomile is my best satisfaction — almost as bad off as Milton's devils with their dust apples. . . .

But nothing can redeem the utter wretchedness of a sea life — and never will I again put my foot in a steamer, except for Yankee land, and, if I were not ashamed, should reëmbark in the Saturday Steamer from Liverpool, and settle the wager in another fortnight. . . .

LONDON, *June* 7, 1850.

. . . It was a rich cit's dinner — dull eno' — and concluded by a clergyman — a great gun here — making an exposition of a verse or two of "Revelations" — a hopeful theme. In the midst of the lecture a mischievous clock in the room struck ten — and at once went off with a waltz, running it off merrily, as if to distance the preacher. The poor host was in great alarm — tried in vain to throttle the imp; the more he tried, the louder the tunes it played; till the good divine was fairly silenced. Is it not a strange style of things at a dinner! But they tell me here it is not likely I shall meet with such an experience again.

. . . — before I reached the great leviathan [London] I would have given something to see a ragged fence or an old stump, or a bit of rock, or even stone as big as one's fist — to show that the herd of men had not been combing Nature's head so vigorously. I felt I was not in my own dear wild America.

LONDON, *June* 9, 1850.

. . . In the latter part of the evening, as I was talking with the Duchess of Leeds — one of the Catons (Louisa) who has grown coarser, with a bad complexion — a rather striking-looking Jewish cast of physiognomy, with long love locks, attracted my eye, and she said, "That is Disraeli; would you like to know him?" "Pray," said he, "are you related to the great American author — the author of the Spanish Histories?" I squeezed his arm, telling him that I could not answer for the greatness, but I was the man himself; and though at first he was a little confused — as one or two near smiled at the blunder — we had a merry chat. . . .

LONDON, *June* 11, 1850.

. . . The lunch [with Richard Ford] was all Spanish; — Spanish wines — delicious; Spanish dishes, which good breeding forced me to taste, but no power could force me to eat, for they were hotter than the Inquisition.

LONDON, *June* 18, 1850.

. . . Lockhart said, when I was introduced to him, "You and the Nepaulese Ambassador are the lions of London, I believe." "And the hippopotamus?" — I added.

LONDON, *June* 9, 1850.

. . . He did not come up in costume to the Nepaul envoy, who is walking about here at the evening parties with a huge necklace of rough emeralds, — a scarlet petticoat well garnished with pearls, and a head-gear made of the beak of a bird, six inches high.

LONDON, *June* 30, 1850.

. . . — the Prince did me the honor to say a few words to me. He asked me, of course, how long I had been here, said he believed this was not my first visit to the country, and expressed his satisfaction that I had now repeated my visit. To all which I replied with wonderful presence of mind, "Your Royal Highness does me honor." I was introduced, by the bye, at Hallam's, the other day to a gentle-

man whom I thought he called Lord Aberdeen. Hallam in introducing me made a little flourish about my being already known, etc., and as I like to give tit for tat on such occasions, as far as may be, I said, "And the name of the person to whom I have the honor of being introduced is also known wherever the Anglo-Saxon race is to be found." Afterwards at dinner I observed that this individual, with whom I had then no further talk, seemed very shy whenever I attempted to address him across the table. On my asking the lady next me if this was not Lord Aberdeen she said it was Lord Harry Vane.

TO MRS. TICKNOR.

LONDON, *July* 18, 1850.

. . . Lockhart showed us the diary of Sir Walter. He (Lockhart) had two copies of it printed for himself. One of them was destroyed in printing the memoir, for which he made extracts. One he did not make because the party was living. It was this: "We dined at Sam Rogers'. He told me that it was recommended to print the Italian on the opposite pages of Rose's translation of Ariosto, in order the better to understand the English!"

TO MR. SUMNER.

LONDON, *September* 4, 1850.

. . . Just seen old Rogers, for the last time — Cato the Censor Atticized. He was in his drawing-room, preparing to go to Brighton, and says he has humbugged the world this time. [Rogers had been desperately ill, but had recovered; hence the humbug.]

The mention of Sumner's name suggests not merely a long and stanch friendship of Prescott's, but the question of his political sympathies. It was precisely of him, I believe, that John Quincy Adams made the remark, "A great historian has neither politics nor religion." As regards the first, at any rate, Prescott is commonly thought to have been as colorless in life as he was in his writings. Ticknor dismisses this aspect of the man in a cold phrase or two. Nor would it be just to give the impression that Prescott ever took such keen interest in that passing pageant of present politics which makes future history, as did, for example, Dr. Arnold. Brought up a conservative Whig, and kept by his physical limitations and chosen pursuits from the hurly-burly of public affairs, it was only late in life that he showed signs of being deeply stirred by the conflicts of political doctrine which foreshadowed the civil war. He admired Sumner, and stood by him personally and socially when all blue-blooded Boston turned its very cold shoulder upon the man whose radicalism, Ticknor said, had placed him outside "the pale of society." Apropos of this early obloquy, Prescott wrote to Sumner in 1851, reminding him how Judge Story had suffered from "the bitterness of party feeling," and adding, "Boston is worse than New York in this respect." Yet Sumner understood perfectly that Prescott did not go with him politically. Writing to Lord Morpeth in 1847, he said, "Prescott shakes his head because I have anything to do with the thing [slavery]. His insensibility to it is a perfect bathos. This is wrong; I wish you would jar him a little on this side." Yet it was only six years later, when Sumner made his great speech in the Senate on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that Prescott wrote, "I don't see but what all Boston has got round; in fact, we must call Sumner *the* Massachusetts Senator." Brooks's infamous assault on Sumner roused Prescott as no display of the slavery spirit had before done. "You have escaped the crown of martyrdom," he wrote to his friend, "by a narrow chance, and have got all the honors, which are almost as dangerous to one's head as a gutta-percha cane. There are few in old Massachusetts, I can assure you, who do not feel that every blow on your cranium

was a blow on them." And when the Senator returned to receive the homage of Boston, Prescott and his family waved a welcome to him, as the procession passed, from the balcony of their Beacon Street house. Calling on Sumner the next day, the historian told him that if he had known there were to be decorations and inscriptions on the houses, he should have placed on his these words:

"*May* 22, 1856.

"Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us."

Sumner, on his part, was loyalty itself to the man with whom, as he testified, his relations "had for years been of peculiar intimacy." "This death," he wrote to Longfellow, when, in France, he heard of Prescott's end, "touches me much. Perhaps no man, so much in people's mouths, was ever the subject of so little unkindness. Something of that immunity which he enjoyed in life must be referred to his beautiful nature, in which enmity could not live." To the widow, five years later, Sumner wrote, on occasion of the publication of Ticknor's Life of Prescott: "The past has been revived. . . . I have felt keenly how much I was permitted to enjoy, and how much I have lost. Those evenings in the darkened room in Bedford Street, with the kind, sparkling, intimate talk on books, history, friends abroad and at home; the pleasant suppers below, where were the venerable parents, so good and cordial; then as I became absorbed in public affairs, the constant friendship which we maintained; the welcome he always gave me on my return from Washington; our free conversation on public affairs and public men; and perhaps more than all things else his tender sympathy as he sat by my bedside, revealing how his heart was moved, only a short time before the summons came to himself, — all these I think of, and in selfish sorrow I grieve that he is gone."

To piece out the account of Prescott's political associations and gradual change of view, the testimony of his private secretary, Mr. Robert Carter, may be cited. Speaking of their first acquaintance (1847), he wrote, "He was a conservative Whig as I a Free Soiler." But he adds, "Ten years later, I had the pleasure of knowing that he voted for Fremont for President, and for Burlingame for Congress, notwithstanding his high personal esteem for his friend and neighbor, Mr. Appleton, the candidate opposed to Burlingame." It would be a mistake to class Prescott among abolitionists, or even as outspoken against the aggressions of slavery; but that his nature did not fail to thrill under the indignities heaped upon the free North is made manifest in a letter which he wrote to an Englishwoman in 1854: —

"We have had most alarming doings here lately in the fugitive slave line. . . . A regiment of the militia was called out, the streets in certain quarters were *closed* against passengers, and swords and muskets were flashing in our eyes as if we had been in a state of siege. I am rather of the conservative order, you know, but I assure you it made my blood boil to see the good town placed under martial law so unceremoniously for no other purpose than to send back a runaway negro to his master. It is a disagreeable business at any time, and it was only a strong conviction of the claims which the South had on us by virtue of the Constitution, which made us one nation, that induced our people to sign the famous Compromise act of 1850. But the Nebraska Bill looks to us so much like double dealing in the matter that there is now a great apathy in regard to our enforcing our own part of the contract. Then the thing was carried here with such a rash hand. The town was turned over to the military by the mayor. . . . Every petty captain of a militia corps was left to act at his own discretion. In one case the guns were leveled to fire on the multitude without any notice to warn the people of the danger; and it was by a mere acci-

dent that a bloody fray did not take place, which, if once begun, would have put us in mourning for many a day. Old Boston has rather a relish for rebellion, and when it lay in the path, as it seemed to do here, it required some restraining grace not to pick it up. . . . I am told the government was quite willing we should dip our fingers in rebellion. It knows it cannot have any support, and for that reason would be very glad to put us in the wrong with the rest of the country. The Nebraska business has called up a feeling which, though not Free Soil, or Abolitionist, is so near akin to them that they can all work in the same harness."

It is, in truth, in Prescott's English correspondence that we find the workings of his mind on American politics most clearly revealed. At one time, he is enlisting the sympathies and receiving the contributions of English friends in behalf of a slave, — presumably a fugitive. At another, he is discussing with the Duke of Argyll, or with Lord Morpeth, the fatal drift of slavery toward the extinction of human rights. Not immediately upon these themes, but on others which, after all, were kindred with them, a couple of unpublished letters are of interest.

TO MR. R. C. WINTHROP.

May 30, 1847.

. . . Everything has gone well for you here, no extra session of Congress, and none like to be. We ride on, conquering and to conquer, as you see, up to the very Halls of Montezuma, and many I should think from the positive manner they speak of them expect to find the palace of the old Aztec still standing. The Mexicans have missed it in fighting pitched battles instead of trusting to a guerilla warfare. My friend General Miller, who has much experience of the Spanish-American character, told me that the guerilla was the only way by which they could fight us with success; and if they pursued that system they would be invincible. They may trouble us yet in that way; but the capital and seaports seem destined to come into our hands. But what shall we do with them? It will be a heavy drag on our republican car, and the Creole blood will not mix well with the Anglo-Saxon. Then there will be the slavery question as a firebrand which will keep you hot enough next winter in the Capitol.

TO C. CUSHING.

BOSTON, *April* 3, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR, — I should sooner have thanked you for your friendly letter from the environs of Mexico. You are in a position for an accurate comprehension of my narrative and the subject of it. And I shall be very glad if the result does not lead to the detection of greater inaccuracies than those you have pointed out.

You have closed a campaign as brilliant as that of the great conquistador himself, though the Spaniards have hardly maintained the reputation of their hardy ancestors. The second conquest would seem *a priori* to be a matter of as much difficulty as the first, considering the higher civilization and military science of the races who now occupy the country, but it has not proved so, — and my readers I am afraid will think I have been bragging too much of the valor of the old Spaniard.

I hope we shall profit by the temporary possession of the capital to discover some of the Aztec monuments and MSS. The Spanish archives everywhere, both public and those belonging to private families in Old Spain and in the colonies, are rich in MSS., which are hoarded up from the eye of the scholar as carefully as if they were afraid of the facts coming to light. Of late these collections have been somewhat opened in the Peninsula. But such repositories must exist in Mexico, and Señor Alaman, formerly minister of foreign affairs, has communicated some to me, and made liberal use of

others in his own publications. If you meet with him you will see one of the most accomplished and clever men in Mexico. But I hear he was in disgrace a year since from his royalist predilections. Could you oblige me by saying to him if you meet him that I am very desirous to send him my Conquest of Peru, and if he can let me know how to do so I shall do it at once with great pleasure. Have you met on the spot any of the Mexican translations of my Mexico? The third volume of one of them contains and is filled with engravings taken from old pictures of the time of the Conquest, at least so it purports. This edition alone contains also some very learned and well-considered criticism on different passages of the work. I trust that your military duties and dangers are now at an end, and that Mexico will accept our propositions for peace. It has been a war most honorable to our arms, as all must admit, whatever we may think of the wisdom of the counsels that rushed us into it.

At the end of one of Prescott's noctograph letters to his wife, written from Philadelphia in 1828, appears a sentence printed with most painstaking care. It was to please the four-year-old at home, who, he was sorry to hear, was suffering from a cold, and it ran: "I love little Kitty, and will buy her a workbox in New York, if she is a good girl." But on February 1, 1829, this eldest child, Catherine Hickling Prescott, died. The event was, to her father, not only a source of profound sorrow, but the occasion of driving him to a close examination of the foundations of his religious faith. "The death of my dearest daughter," he wrote in his journal, "having made it impossible for me at present to resume the task of composition, I have been naturally led to more serious reflection than usual, and have occupied myself in reviewing the evidences of the Christian religion." To this work, with characteristic thoroughness, he devoted many weeks. In company with his father, "an old and cautious lawyer," he read thoroughly the various standard works on the "Evidences." His conclusion was that the Gospel narratives were authentic, though he did not find in them the doctrines commonly accounted orthodox, and deliberately recorded his rejection of the dogmas of "eternal damnation, the Trinity, the Deity of Christ, Election, and Original Sin." Theologically, therefore, he confirmed his belief in that more liberal form of Unitarianism in which he had been reared. Practically, his life was one of those which make observers say that its creed can't be wrong, so reverent and pure was it, and so filled with goodness. Yet it was this gentle and tolerant man, abounding in all charity of thought and deed, whom a reviewer in the Baltimore Catholic Magazine dubbed a "bigot," while the Dublin Quarterly Review breathed a prayer for his "conversion from spiritual error." Prescott's sole comment in his journal was: "As I have always considered charity as the foundation of every honest creed, whether religious or political, I don't believe I deserve the name of bigot."

If suffering fools gladly and bearing with the infirmities of the weak are evidences of true religion, Prescott was entitled to something like canonization. From the earliest burst of his fame to the end of his life he was peculiarly beset by aspirants seeking his counsel or patronage. When, in 1840, his kinsman, Henry Prescott of Newfoundland, wrote to express his gratification at seeing the family name raised to literary distinction by Ferdinand and Isabella, he begged to invite the historian's benevolent attention to some accompanying poems by the writer's daughter. A more flattering poet was Mr. William Henry Leatham of Wakefield, England. He wrote in 1841 to request permission to dedicate to Prescott a corrected edition of his

drama, the Siege of Granada. Three years later, the same volunteer correspondent sent some verses of his own on Montezuma — suggested by reading the Conquest of Mexico. Lowell thought at one time of writing an epic on the exploits of Cortés, but he surely could never have sounded the lyre in Mr. Leatham's strain, in which, to quote himself, "human gore was seen to pour like water in the sun." To show what are the unwritten penalties of fame, a few of the lines inflicted upon Prescott may be cited: —

"He speaks no more but bows his head, his eye-balls cease to roll.
His race is run and with the sun has passed the monarch's soul.
Soon as the awestruck Mexicans had heard their king was dead,
A distant wail rose on the gale, and through the city spread.
But short their grief; each warrior-chief by Cuitlahuac led
In wrath arose to smite his foes, if not already fled —
Their sullen tramp has reached the camp where Cortez vainly strives;
The Spaniard from the wave-girt wall the gallant Aztec drives;
Till morning breaks o'er reedy lakes throughout the dismal night,
The swarthy sons of Mexico prolong the bloody fight.
And for his cursed stratagem the General dearly paid,
For vainly did he wield his lance and keen Toledo blade!"

Another English writer to whose impossible appeals Prescott made wonderfully considerate responses was Dr. Dunham. That worthy but dull man, having failed to support himself by his pen in his own country, had the happy thought of setting up as a literary man in America. Prescott's kind but frank discouragement of the proposal casts an instructive light upon the conditions of authorship in the forties.

TO DR. DUNHAM.

BOSTON, *January* 30, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am extremely concerned to learn that the cloud still hangs so darkly over your prospects, now that you are again on your native soil. I was in hopes that, once more among your friends, and in a country where men of letters are sufficiently numerous to make a distinct and important class, your just claims would be recognized. It is impossible for a foreigner, like myself, to judge of the expediency of the plans you suggest for the future maintenance of your family. And I am grieved to be obliged to say that I think it would be in vain to look for a contribution towards it here. There are so many projects that appeal so directly to those most liberally disposed in our community that their resources seem to be preoccupied.

With respect to contributions to the newspapers, I fear there will be as little chance of success in that quarter. You might indeed furnish articles on literary matters to a respectable Journal like our North American. But the compensation is too inconsiderable to furnish an inducement; since it is only a dollar a printed page. I have known this Journal to give two dollars a page to a popular writer who would contract for a certain amount of pages per annum. I know not whether this is ever done by the present editor. Should you send anything to me for that Journal I shall have much pleasure in handing it to the Editor, and ascertaining whether he would be inclined to make an engagement with you for the future. Our newspapers do not press often into their service writers who have drunk deep of the good wells of learning, and a penny-a-line manufacturer of casualties will find more encouragement with most of them than a man of learning. I have suggested it to one of our most respectable editors, but he has given me no encouragement.

W. H. PRESCOTT.

Opening in 1858 a new volume of the journal which he had kept for more than forty years, Prescott wrote on the inside of the cover, "Literary Memorandum

Book No. XIV — and, as I eschew long entries, probably the last." Less than three pages were, in fact, written in this volume. On February 4, 1858, he suffered a slight stroke of apoplexy. Though his strength slowly returned, the remainder of his life was passed in something of a shadow, — yet his spirit continued undaunted and his brightness undimmed. Parting from his wife in merry laughter on January 28, 1859, he went into his study. The blow fell swiftly; he was heard groaning, was found absolutely unconscious, and died in a few hours. As grieving Motley wrote, "The night of time had suddenly descended upon the unfinished peristyle of a stately and beautiful temple." Before burial, the body of Prescott was taken, in accordance with a request he had made, to lie for a time in his library. The best of all ages looked down upon him from their books, but not one of those "lettered dead" was manlier or purer than he.

Rollo Ogden.

THE SMALL BUSINESS AS A SCHOOL OF MANHOOD.

For generations the small business, that is, the business house as it was before the advent of the great Corporation and the Trust, was a school of character second in importance only to the Church. It is now rapidly being superseded, and the question is, What is to be the effect upon the business world?

Many years ago I was confidential clerk in a typical city business house of the old style. Its heads were two young merchants, both from New England. As I was their confidential clerk, I had the opportunity of knowing them both intimately, and of observing the effect of their business upon their characters. The one was a gentleman by instinct and family connection, — courteous, kindly, and unselfish. The other was self-made, aggressive, cold-blooded, ambitious, selfish, and intelligent enough to know the value of honesty as a policy, but without convictions. The daily routine of the business divided itself between these two men by a kind of natural law. Everything that required courtesy and the cultivation of the good will of customers fell to the one; while the planning of the business, and all those important decisions which had to do with men whose good will was not particularly important to the firm, were passed upon by the other. The business itself, with its daily necessities and routine, constituted a school of character, giving play to the talents of both, and holding their limitations in restraint. It would be interesting to look over the office letter-books of those days and read in the correspondence the characteristic features of those two men, one of whom has since become very prominent. There would be found recorded, as accurately as in the record of a boy at school, their native traits and the story of their growth. Each knew, as all the men of their day knew, that the success of every business house depended upon the personal traits of the partners and their individual relations to the world of business, quite as much as upon the wisdom of their plans.

This is understood in all forms of individual business, from the village store to the city establishment, where in each instance the storekeeper is made keenly aware of the value of the good will of his customers. As a consequence he is kept under an impulse to be courteous and honest and considerate and truthful, until these traits become largely characteristic. Whatever men may think about the business of the world, it is inconceivable that the great business houses of the

older type, which, passing from father to son, sometimes survived for centuries, could have continued under any other conditions. The great guilds of the Middle Ages were simply associations of men of this pattern. They organized for self-defense as individual merchants or tradesmen, not in any sense as partners in a corporation. And membership in these guilds quickly came to be dependent upon certain established types of character. Because of this the guilds held together, and became the permanent power which resulted in making the cities the instruments which enabled the early kings to shake off the power of the barons, and to break up the foundations of the feudal system in Europe. The Chinese guilds, the oldest existing organizations of business men, are also of this class.

The record of those early days still remains in our literature. Shakespeare's tale, the Merchant of Venice, turns upon the integrity, indisputable and dominant, of the merchants of that time; and the effect of the Chinese guilds upon the Chinese mercantile life is everywhere apparent. The other day the president of the Anglo-Chinese Bank at Shanghai, resigning, to return to England, after twenty-five years of service, in a public address testified that not a dollar had ever been lost by the bank through a Chinese merchant, and that the great fear he had for the changes now going on in the relations between the Orient and the Occident was lest the influx into China of foreign merchants, with a different standard of personal honesty, would do more to complicate and disturb the relations of China with the outside world than any other cause. For the Chinese have not been familiar with the lower standards of business integrity which prevail elsewhere.

Over against the guilds have arisen the modern Corporation and the modern Trust. They have so completely changed the essential conditions of business life as these bear upon the individual business man, that it is well to attempt to estimate the effect. Many men in New York remember when A. T. Stewart opened his great establishment in the Chambers Street building. It soon became known in the street that when any failure occurred in the dry-goods district, the principal man in the broken firm would be quickly invited by Mr. Stewart to enter his employ. And it was not long before in the Stewart establishment could be seen many well-known business men, whose houses had been unfortunate, now servants of Mr. Stewart, as buyers, or heads of departments. A change in the bearing of these men was noticeable even to young people. They no longer had either the responsibilities or the dignity of their former position. Their income, it is true, was assured, and perhaps was in some cases as large as it had been before. They were not burdened with cares for the business as a whole, and could go home at night with the same feeling of a day's work done that other clerks enjoyed. But they were no longer business men, in the old sense. They were servants, in that their powers were obedient to the decisions of another; and they were removed from the stimulus, intellectual and moral, which the necessities of meeting the conditions of independent business require. It is true they slept well at night, and grew fat and sleek; but one was reminded of the fable of the wolf and the house dog, — one looked for the sign of the collar, and mourned for the loss of something fine in manhood. Such a man came into the employ of the firm for which I worked, and his struggle to maintain his self-respect, and his little-repressed exultation in being a member of a social club to which his ambitious employer could not obtain election, were to his fellow clerks both intelligible and pathetic.

The pride of the merchant, or the manufacturer, in the business to which he was giving his life, and which bore his name, and which he hoped to make

permanent in the community and to transmit to his children, has given place to another temper of mind in the passing of those smaller men into the great corporations. Names still linger from the early days: the Maydole hammer, the Buck chisel, the Disston saw, the Scott gun, the Morley hosiery, the Clay woolen, the Torrey strop, the Hassell brush, tell of a day when the skillful workman began to produce a better article than his neighbor, and soon discovering that his customers recognized its merits, found the way open to a career in which his heart found its sweetest pride, and his business life its most satisfactory reward. All that has vanished with the passing of the old conditions.

Under the new conditions a very few men are carrying the heavy strain, or may be considered as responding to the old challenge to be their very best, and to prove themselves masters in a splendid contest. It must be admitted that the prizes of the business world were never so magnificent for the capable few as they are to-day. The title "merchant prince" has taken on a new significance. But this applies only to the very few. Where there are in every great corporation or trust two or three or, perhaps, a few more, men at the head who carry the responsibility and find their powers taxed to the utmost by their daily duties, there are thousands of all grades of capacity, who now have no other feeling than that of the clerk, or the servant. Their intellectual activity is limited to doing the task that is set for them. They need to be keen, simply to understand directions and to meet the requirements of their department. Their moral responsibility is limited to obeying orders and earning their daily wage. The tax made upon them is only to do their day's work as it arrives, and at night leave their desk clear. They are part of a vast machine to whose perfection they are contributing; and in so doing are limiting their own powers, and bringing on the day when they can the more readily be dispensed with and forgotten. The best they can hope for is a pension. As life goes that is much, but it is not the best.

The other day I asked the auditor of a great Trust, "What is the method upon which your new business is being organized, — to make a machine so perfect that no knave can take advantage of it, or to develop individual character to such an extent that the machinery shall be relatively secondary?" He looked at me for a moment, and then with a curious smile, said, "The latter is what I should be glad to do, but my directors have different ideas. We are trying to make a machine which will be as absolutely perfect as possible." "Then," I said, "you will be beaten, for a man is always cleverer than a machine." "Yes," he said, "I fear so." He has himself since resigned, and gone back into private business.

The great corporation is unquestionably the necessity of the hour. It will continue to take on constantly new forms of development. It is already playing and will continue to play a tremendous part in the progress of civilization. But its limitations are none the less real. The evils that are inevitably connected with it must be clearly realized if they are to be offset. Among them all none is more serious than this radical one of the effect upon the character of many employees, who, under former conditions, would have been either managing their own business or ambitious for the opportunity of doing so. The life, in a multitude of homes where a salary takes the place of business earnings, is doubtless calmer and steadier, and also in many cases ampler, in that the income is larger. A certain stability is hoped for in a society where anxiety over business conditions is exchanged for the contentment of an assured stipend. And the steadying and quieting of the temper, no longer made irritable by the daily anxiety, is unquestionably a notable social

contribution. Indeed, it is quite conceivable that whole communities, like our new suburban settlements, made up of pretty homes, with their flowers and their lawns, which are occupied so largely by the well-to-do employees of the great corporations, may be regarded as one of the most beautiful and most characteristic features of modern life. But when one looks within and asks what is to take the place of the old discipline, with its insistent demand for those traits of character which have made the merchant and the manufacturer the sturdy, thoughtful, self-respecting men they always have been, we are at a loss for an answer.

When thoughtful writers like Mr. Benjamin Kidd speak of "the freest possible play of forces within the community, and the widest possible opportunities for the development of every individual's faculties and personality" as the condition of progress, and of "the personal rivalry and competition of life" as being not only now, but having been from the beginning "the fundamental impulse behind all progress," there is surely cause for concern as we find ourselves tempted to exploit agencies which effectually remove or destroy those conditions.

It is certain that a great change is going on, and one of that subtle and unperceived kind the effect of which is sure to be widely felt before it is understood, not to say corrected. How much it means of difficulty, or even of disaster, in the business world of the future, it may be difficult to determine, but it will certainly have a profound effect in shaping the prospects even of the Trust. It creates conditions under which it will be growingly difficult to produce men with the character and the intellectual stamina which are necessary in the management of the great corporations. Men who have grown up simply as clerks will never be truly competent to fill these positions. They will become more and more men of detail. And the system of inbreeding, that is, of limiting the filling of their more important posts to men who have risen through all the ranks of lower service, — which now is proclaimed by some of our great railways, — is a policy as truly suicidal as it is unintelligent. Great administrative positions require men who have been accustomed to that independence of action and that breadth of view which only the responsibility of directing their own affairs can produce. It is a temper of mind and of spirit as far as possible from that of the lifelong clerk or employee. And no problem in the business world is more vital, or has farther-reaching relations, than the question how such men are in the future to be produced.

Henry A. Stimson.

THE DREAM OF AKINOSUKÉ.

THERE used to live, in the district of Toïchi, in the province of Yamato, a gōshi named Miyata Akinosuké. . . . [Here I must tell you that in Japanese feudal days there was a privileged class of soldier-farmers, freeholders, — corresponding to the class of yeomen in England, — and these were called *gōshi*.]

In Akinosuké's garden there was a very old and very large sugi tree,[1] under which he liked to rest on sultry days. One very hot afternoon, while he was sitting under this tree with two of his friends, fellow-gōshi, drinking wine, he felt all of a sudden very drowsy, — so drowsy that he begged his comrades to excuse him for taking a nap in their presence. Then he lay down at the foot of the tree, and dreamed this dream : —

[1] Cryptomeria Japonica.

He thought that he saw, as he lay there, a procession advancing, like the train of a daimyō, and that he got up to look at it. A very grand procession it proved to be, — more imposing than anything of the kind that he had ever seen before; and in the van of it he observed a number of young men, in costly apparel, drawing a great lacquered palace-carriage, or *gosho-guruma*, hung with bright blue silk. When the procession arrived within a short distance, it halted; and a richly dressed stranger, evidently a person of rank, approached Akinosuké, bowed profoundly, and then said: —

"You see before you, honored Sir, a *kerai* [follower] of the Kokuō of Tokoyo.[1] My master, the King, commands me to greet you in his name, and to place myself at your service. He also bids me convey to you this message, — that he augustly desires your presence at his palace. Be therefore pleased to enter immediately this august carriage which he has sent for you."

Upon hearing these words, Akinosuké wished to make some fitting reply; but he found himself too much astonished and embarrassed to utter a word; and at the same time his will seemed to melt away, so that he could do only as the kerai bade him. He entered the carriage; the kerai took a place beside him, and gave a signal; the drawers, seizing the silken cables, turned the great vehicle southwards; and the journey began.

In a very short time, to Akinosuké's surprise, the carriage stopped before a huge two-storied gateway (*rōmon*), of Chinese style, which he had never before seen. Here the kerai dismounted, — saying, "I go to announce the august arrival," — and disappeared within. After some little waiting, Akinosuké saw two noble-looking men, wearing robes of purple silk and high caps of the form indicating lofty rank, come from the gateway. These, after having profoundly saluted him, helped him to descend from the carriage, and led him, through the gate and across a vast garden, to the entrance of a palace whose front appeared to extend, west and east, to a distance of miles. Presently he was shown into a reception hall of wonderful size and splendor. His guides conducted him to the place of honor, and respectfully seated themselves apart; while serving-maids, in costume of ceremony, brought refreshments. When Akinosuké had been duly served, the two purple-robed attendants bowed low before him, and addressed him in the following words, — each speaking alternately, in accordance with the fashion of courts: —

"It is now our honorable duty to inform you . . . as to the reason of your having been summoned hither. . . . Our master the King augustly desires that you become his son-in-law; . . . and it is his wish that you wed this very day . . . the August Princess his daughter. . . . We shall soon conduct you to the presence-chamber . . . where His Augustness even now is waiting to receive you. . . . But it is necessary that we first invest you . . . with the appropriate garments of ceremony."

Having spoken thus, they rose together, and opened an alcove at the further end of the apartment; and they took, from a chest of gold-lacquer in that alcove, various robes and girdles of rich material, and a *kamuri*, or regal cap. With these they attired Akinosuké as befitted a princely bridegroom. Then they conducted him to the presence room, where he saw the Kokuō of

[1] This name is strangely indefinite. According to circumstances it may mean any unknown or far-off country, — or it may signify that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns," — or it may signify the Fairyland of Far-Eastern fable, the Realm of Hōrai, the Elysian Mountain. — The term "Kokuō" means the ruler of a country, — therefore a monarch or king.

Tokoyo, seated upon the *daiza*,[1] wearing the high black cap of state, and robed in robes of yellow silk. Before the daiza, to left and right, a multitude of dignitaries sat, motionless as images within a temple; and Akinosuké, advancing between their ranks, saluted the King with the triple prostration. The King then greeted him with gracious words, and said: —

"You have already been informed as to the reason of your having been summoned to Our presence. We have decided that you shall become the adopted husband of Our daughter; and the wedding ceremony shall now be performed."

As the King finished a sound of joyous music was heard; and a long train of beautiful court ladies entered from behind a curtain to conduct Akinosuké to the room in which his bride awaited him.

The room was immense; but it was scarcely able to contain the multitude of guests that had assembled to witness the ceremony. All bowed down before Akinosuké, as he took his place, facing the King's daughter, on the kneeling-cushion made ready for him. As a maiden of heaven the bride appeared; and her robes were beautiful and bright as a summer sky. And the marriage ceremony was performed amid great rejoicing.

Afterwards, the pair were conducted to a suite of apartments that had been prepared for them in another portion of the palace; and there received the congratulations of many noble persons, and wedding gifts almost beyond counting.

Some days later, Akinosuké was again summoned to the presence room. On this occasion he was received even more graciously than before; and the King said to him: —

"In the southwestern part of Our dominion, there is an island called Raishū. We have now appointed you the Governor of that island. You will find the people loyal and docile; but their laws have not yet been brought into proper accord with the laws of Tokoyo, and their customs have not yet been properly regulated. We entrust you with the duty of improving their social condition as much as possible; and We desire that you shall rule them with wisdom and kindness. All the preparations necessary for your voyage to Raishū have been made."

So Akinosuké with his bride departed from the palace of Tokoyo, accompanied by a great escort of nobles and of retainers, and embarked upon a ship of state provided by the King. And with favoring winds he sailed safely to Raishū, and found the good people of the island assembled upon the beach to welcome him.

Then he entered upon his new duties at once; and they did not prove difficult. During the first three years of his governorship, he was occupied chiefly with the devising and the enactment of laws; but he had wise counselors to help him, and he never found the work unpleasant. When it had all been finished, he had no active duties to perform, beyond attending the ceremonies and rites ordained by ancient custom. The country was so healthy and so fertile that sickness and want were unknown; and the people were so good that no laws were ever broken. And Akinosuké dwelt and ruled in Raishū for twenty years more, — making in all twenty-three years of sojourn, during which no shadow of sorrow traversed his life.

But in the twenty-fourth year of his governorship a great misfortune came to him; for the princess his wife, who had borne him seven children, — five boys and two girls, — fell sick and died. She was buried with high pomp on the summit of a hill in the district of Hanryōkō; and a monument, exceedingly splendid, was erected above her grave. But Akinosuké felt such grief at her loss that he no longer cared to live.

Now, when the legal period of mourning was over, there came to Raishū a

[1] This was the name given to the Estrade, or dais, upon which a feudal prince or ruler sat in state. Literally the term signifies "great seat."

King's messenger (*shisha*) from Tokoyo. The shisha delivered a message of condolence to Akinosuké, and then said to him: —

"These are the words of our august master, the King of Tokoyo, which I am bidden to repeat: We will now send you back to your native place. As for the seven children, they are the grandsons and the granddaughters of the King, and shall be properly cared for. Do not, therefore, allow your mind to be troubled concerning them."

On receiving this mandate, Akinosuké prepared for his departure. When all his affairs had been arranged, and the ceremony of bidding farewell to his counselors and trusted officials had been concluded, he was escorted with great honor to the port. There he embarked upon the ship sent for him; — and the ship sailed out into the blue sea under the blue sky; — and the shape of the island of Raishū turned likewise blue, and then turned gray, and then vanished like a ghost. And Akinosuké suddenly awoke —— under the sugi tree in his own garden! . . .

For the moment he was dazed and stupefied. But he saw his two friends still seated near him, — drinking and chatting merrily. He stared at them in a bewildered way, and cried aloud, "How strange!"

"Akinosuké must have been dreaming," one of them said, with a laugh. "What did you see, Akinosuké, that was so strange?"

Then Akinosuké told them all his dream, — that dream of three-and-twenty years passed in the island of Raishū, in the realm of Tokoyo; — and they wondered very much, because he had really slept for no more than a few minutes.

One of the gōshi said: —

"You saw strange things indeed! We also saw something strange while you were asleep. A little yellow butterfly was fluttering over your face for a moment or two; and we watched it. Then it lighted on the ground beside you, close to the tree; and almost as soon as it perched there, a big, big ant came out of a hole, and seized it, and dragged it down into the hole. Just before you awoke, we saw that very butterfly come out of the hole again, and flutter over your face as before. Then it disappeared: we do not know where it went."

"Perhaps it was Akinosuké's soul," the other gōshi said; "certainly I thought that I saw it fly into his mouth. . . . But even if that butterfly was Akinosuké's soul, the fact would not explain his dream."

"The ants might explain it," said the first speaker. . . . "Ants are queer beings, — possibly goblins. . . . Anyhow, there is a big nest of ants under that sugi tree."

"Then let us look!" exclaimed Akinosuké, greatly impressed by the suggestion; and he went for a spade.

The ground beneath and about the tree proved to have been excavated in the most surprising way by a prodigious colony of ants, whose tiny constructions of sticks and straws and leaves and clay bore an odd resemblance to miniature cities. In the centre of one construction, larger than the rest, there was a marvelous swarming of small ants around one very big ant, which had yellowish wings, and a long black head.

"Why, there is the King of my dream!" cried Akinosuké, "and there is the palace of Tokoyo! . . . How extraordinary! . . . Raishū ought to lie somewhere southwest of it, — to the left of that big forked root . . . Yes! here it is! . . . How very strange! Now I am sure that I can find the hill at Hanryōkō, and even the grave of the princess." . . .

He searched and searched in the wreck of the nest, and actually discovered a tiny mound, on the top of which was lying a water-worn pebble, resembling in shape a Buddhist tomb. Underneath it he found, embedded in clay, the dead body of a female ant . . .!

Lafcadio Hearn.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

BOOKS UNREAD.

"Μηκέτι πλανῷ· οὔτε γὰρ τα ὑπομνημάτιά σοῦ μέλλεις ἀναγινώσκειν, οὔτε τὰς ἀρχαίων Ῥωμαίων καὶ Ἑλλήνων πράξεις, καὶ τὰς ἐκ τῶν συγγραμμάτων ἐκλογὰς, ἃς εἰς τὸ γῆρας σαυτῷ ἀπετίθεσο." — MARCUS ANTONINUS, iii, 14.

"No longer delude thyself; for thou wilt never read thine own memoranda, nor the recorded deeds of old Romans and Greeks, and those passages in books which thou hast been reserving for thine old age."

In the gradual growth of every student's library, he may or may not continue to admit literary friends and advisers; but he will be sure, sooner or later, to send for a man with a tool-chest. Sooner or later, every nook and corner will be filled with books, every window will be more or less darkened, and added shelves must be devised. He may find it hard to achieve just the arrangement he wants, but he will find it hardest of all to meet squarely that inevitable inquiry of the puzzled carpenter, as he looks about him, "Have you really read all these books?" The expected answer is, "To be sure, how can you doubt it?" Yet if you asked him in turn, "Have you actually used every tool in your tool-chest?" you would very likely be told, "Not one half as yet, at least this season; I have the others by me, to use as I need them." Now if this reply can be fairly made in a simple, well-defined, distinctly limited occupation like that of a joiner, how much more inevitable it is in a pursuit which covers the whole range of thought and all the facts in the universe. The library is the author's tool-chest. He must at least learn, as he grows older, to take what he wants and to leave the rest.

This never was more tersely expressed than by Margaret Fuller when she says, "A man who means to think and write a great deal must, after six and twenty, learn to read with his fingers." A few men of leisure may satisfy themselves by reading over and over a single book and ignoring all others, like that English scholar who read Homer's Iliad and Odyssey every year in the original, devoting a week to each canto, and reserving the minor poems for his summer vacation. Nay, there are books in the English language so vast that the ordinary reader recoils before their text and their footnotes. Such, for instance, is Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, containing substantially the history of the whole world for thirteen centuries. When the author dismissed the last page of his book, on June 27, 1787, in that historic garden at Geneva, knowing that he was to address his public at once in four different languages, is it not possible that he may have felt some natural misgiving as to whether any one person would ever read the whole of it? We know him to have predicted that Fielding's Tom Jones would outlast the palace of the Escurial and the imperial eagle of Austria, but he recorded no similar claim for his own work. The statesman, Fox, to be sure, pronounced the book to be "immortal," simply because, as he said, no man in the world could do without it; and Sheridan added, with undue levity, that if not luminous, it was at least voluminous. But modern readers, as a rule, consult it, they do not read it. It is, at best, a tool-chest.

Yet there lies before me what is, perhaps, the most remarkable manuscript

catalogue of books read that can be found in the English-speaking world, this being the work of a man of eighty-three, who began life by reading a verse of the Bible aloud to his mother when three years old, had gone through the whole of it by the time he was nine, and then went on to grapple with all the rest of literature, upon which he is still at work. His vast catalogue of books read begins with 1837, and continues up to the present day, thus covering much more than half a century, a course of reading not yet finished and in which Gibbon is but an incident. One finds, for instance, at intervals, such items as these: "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, read twice between 1856 and 1894;" "Gibbon's Decline and Fall, third reading, 1895;" "Gibbon's Decline and Fall, vols. 1 and 2, fourth reading;" followed soon after by "Gibbon, vols. 3–6, fourth reading;" "Gibbon, vols. 7–8, fourth reading." What are a thousand readings of Tom Jones compared with a series of feats like this? And there is a certain satisfaction to those who find themselves staggered by the contemplation of such labor, when they read elsewhere on the list the recorded confession that this man of wonderful toil occasionally stooped so far as cheerfully to include That Frenchman and Mr. Barnes of New York.

The list of books unread might properly begin with those painted shelves of mere book covers which present themselves in some large libraries, to veil the passageway. These are not books unread, since they are not books at all. Much the same is true of those which perhaps may still be seen, as formerly, in old Dutch houses round Albany; the effigies of books merely desired, but not yet possessed; and only proposed as purchases for some day when the owner's ship should come in. These were made only of blocks of wood, neatly painted and bound in leather with the proper labels, but surely destined never to be read, since they had in them nothing readable. Almost as remote from the real books are those dummies made up by booksellers to be exhibited by their traveling agents. Thus I have at hand a volume of my own translation of Epictetus, consisting of a single "signature" of eighteen pages, repeated over and over, so that one never gets any farther: each signature bearing on the last page, by one of Fate's simple and unconscious strokes, the printed question, "Where is progress, then?" (page 18). Where, indeed! Next to these, of course, the books which go most thoroughly unread are those which certainly are books, but of which we explore the backs only, as in fine old European libraries; books as sacredly preserved as was once that library at Blenheim,— now long since dispersed,— in which, when I idly asked the custodian whether she did not find it a great deal of trouble to keep them dusted, she answered with surprise, "No, sir, the doors have not been unlocked for ten years." It is so in some departments of even American libraries.

Matthew Arnold once replied to a critic who accused him of a lack of learning that the charge was true, but that he often wished he had still less of that possession, so hard did he find it to carry lightly what he knew. The only knowledge that involves no burden lies, it may be justly claimed, in the books that are left unread. I mean those which remain undisturbed, long and perhaps forever, on a student's bookshelves; books for which he possibly economized, and to obtain which he went without his dinner; books on whose backs his eyes have rested a thousand times, tenderly and almost lovingly, until he has perhaps forgotten the very language in which they are written. He has never read them, yet during these years there has never been a day when he would have sold them; they are a part of his youth. In dreams he turns to them; in dreams he reads Hebrew again; he knows what a Differential Equation is; "how happy could he be with either."

He awakens, and whole shelves of his library are, as it were, like fair maidens who smiled on him in their youth but once, and then passed away. Under different circumstances, who knows but one of them might have been his? As it is, they have grown old apart from him; yet for him they retain their charms. He meets them as the ever delightful but now half-forgotten poet Praed meets his "Belle of the Ball-Room" in later years:

> "For in my heart's most secret cell
> There had been many other lodgers;
> And she was not the ball-room's belle,
> But only Mrs. Something Rogers."

So in my case, my neighbors at the Harvard Observatory have solved the differential equations; my other neighbors, the priests, have read — let us hope — the Hebrew psalms; but I live to ponder on the books unread.

This volume of Hirsch's Algebra, for instance, takes me back to a happy period when I felt the charm given to mathematics by the elder Peirce, and might easily have been won to devote my life to them, had casual tutorships been tossed about so freely as now. No books retain their attraction when reopened, I think, as much as the mathematical; the quaint formulæ seeming like fascinating recluses with cowled heads. A mere foreign language, even if half forgotten, is something that can be revived again. It is simply another country of the world, and you can revisit it at will; but mathematics is another world. To reënter it would be to leave common life behind, and yet it seems so attractive that even to sit down and calculate a table of logarithms would appear tempting. The fact of dwelling near an observatory, as I do, might seem to nourish this illusion, yet I have never encountered any pursuit, not even astronomy, which does not leave its votaries still, by their own confession, bound by the limitations of mortal men.

Many books go unread in our libraries that are prized for their associations only. There is, for instance, yonder set of Fourier in five volumes. I have read them little, but they are full of manuscript notes in the fine Italian hand of the dear friend to whom I loaned them in our days at the University. His life and career have ever been a note of sadness in those early memories, but when I open the books he comes before me in all his youthful charm. There is Fourier's portrait, still noble and impressive as when I pasted it in the first volume; nothing in his books ever equaled it, yet its expression is as hard to read as were his books. How much of that period they all represent! and each time I open them, the face of Fourier seems to fade away, and there is the shadowy impression of that of my friend, just receding at the open door.

The same illusion extends also to all one's shelves of Greek and Latin authors; they reproduce their associations. We chant with Pindar, sing with Catullus, without taking a book from its place. Yonder series of volumes of Æschylus, with his commentators, holds the eye with charm and reverence; I rarely open any one of them except that which contains the Agamemnon; and that most often to verify some re-reading of FitzGerald's wonderful translation; the only version from the Greek, so far as I know, in which the original text is bettered, and one in which the translator has moreover put whole passages of his own, that fitly match the original. Yet he wrote in a letter which lies before me, "I am yet not astonished (at my all but seventy years of age) with the credit given me for so far succeeding in reproducing other men's thoughts, *which is all I have tried to do.* [Italics my own.] I know yet many others would have done as well, and any Poet better." And again, on those other shelves are sixteen volumes relating to Aristophanes, of which only three contain the originals, and all the rest hold only commentaries or translations, exhibiting the works of the one light or joyous brain which ancient

Greece produced; a poet who was able to balance all the tragedians by the grace and charm of his often translated but never reproduced comedy of The Birds.

Books which we have first read in odd places always retain their charm, whether read or neglected. Thus Hazlitt always remembered that it was on the 10th of April, 1798, that he "sat down to a volume of the New Éloise at the Inn at Llangollen over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." In the same way I remember how Professor Longfellow in college recommended to us, for forming a good French style, to read Balzac's Peau de Chagrin; and yet it was a dozen years later before I found it in a country inn, on a lecture trip, and sat up half the night to read it. It may be, on the other hand, that such haphazard meetings with books sometimes present them under conditions hopelessly unfavorable, as when I encountered Whitman's Leaves of Grass for the first time on my first voyage in an Azorian barque; and it inspires to this day a slight sense of nausea, which it might, after all, have inspired equally on land.

Some of my own books, probably the most battered and timeworn, have recalled for nearly half a century the associations of camp life during the civil war. They represent the few chosen or more likely accidental volumes that stood against the wall in the primitive little shelves at some picket station. A part of them survived to be brought home again: the small Horace; the thin volume containing that unsurpassed book of terse nobleness, Sir Thomas Browne's Christian Morals; the new translation of Jean Paul's Titan just then published, sent from home by a zealous friend, and handed from tent to tent for reading in the long summer afternoons; books interrupted by the bugle and then begun again. They were perhaps read and reread, or perhaps never even opened; they may never have been opened since; but they now seem like silent members of the Loyal Legion or the Grand Army of the Republic. I may or may not care much for the individual men as they are, but they represent what was and what might have been; and it is the same with the books. The same mixture of feelings applies to certain French or German books bought in the lands where they were printed, or even imported thence, or from old bookstores in London. No matter; their land is the world of literature; their mere presence imparts a feeling like that which Charles Lamb applies to himself in the cloisters at Oxford which he had visited only during the weeks of vacation: "In graver moods, I proceed Master of Arts."

The books most loved of all in a student's library are perhaps those which first awakened his literary enthusiasm, and which are so long since superseded by other and possibly better books that he leaves them unread and yet cannot part with them; books which even now open of themselves at certain favorite passages, having a charm that can never be communicated to a more recent reader. Remembering, as I do, the first books which created in America the long period of enthusiasm for German literature which has now seemingly spent itself, I turn to them with ever fresh delight, although I may rarely open them. Such, for instance, are Heine's Letters on German Literature, translated by G. W. Haven in this country in 1836, and Mrs. Austen's Characteristics of Goethe, largely founded on Falk's recollections, and published in 1841. A passage in this last book which always charmed me was that which described how the heroes of German literature — Goethe, Herder, Wieland, and Gleim — went out with the Court into the forests where Goethe's gypsy songs were written; and another passage where it says, "At the hermitage, where a visit from a wandering stag is not uncommon, and where the forester watches the game by the light of the autumnal moon, a majestic tree is yet

standing, on which, inscribed as in a living album, the names of Herder, Gleim, Lavater, Wieland, and Goethe, are still distinctly legible." How many vows I made in youth to visit that little hermitage built of trunks of trees and covered with moss, on whose walls Goethe had written the slumber song of summer: —

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Thus much for Goethe's Characteristics. I fear that my boyish copy of Heine opens of itself at the immortal compliment given by the violin player Solomons to George III of England, then his pupil: "Violin players are divided into three classes: to the first belong those who cannot play at all; to the second belong those who play very miserably; and to the third, those who play finely; Your Majesty has already elevated yourself to the rank of the second class." Tried by such a classification, Heine certainly ranks in the third class, not the second; yet strange it is that, of the two German authors who bid fair to live longest on the road to immortality, the one, Goethe, should be the most absolutely German among them all, while Heine died in heart, as in residence, a Frenchman.

But there are other books, perhaps inherited or bought in a deluded hour, that have no page at which they open of themselves through mere habit. "What actual benefits do we reap," asks Hazlitt, "from the writings of a Laud, or a Whitgift, or a Bishop Bull, or a Bishop Waterland, or Prideaux's Connections, or Beausobre, or St. Augustine, or of Pufendorf, or of Vattel?" Take from this list St. Augustine, and I could indorse it; but his Confessions I think will forever remain fascinating because they are intensely human, though one cannot easily read more than one or two pages at a time. He makes revelations which are, in depth of feeling, when compared to the far-famed Confessions of Rousseau, as Hamlet to Love's Labour 's Lost. I refer especially, in case we must read it in English, to a fine anonymous fragmentary translation, far superior to Pusey's, and edited by Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody in Boston, sixty years ago. Upon what superb sentences does one open in this version, "How deep are Thy ways, O God, Thou only great, that sittest silent on high and by an unwearied law dispensing penal blindness to lawless desires!" How this thought of penal blindness haunted the author! and who ever penetrated the desultory tragedies of too ardent youth like Augustine? "Thy wrath had gathered over me, and I knew it not. I was grown deaf by the clanking of the chain of my mortality, the punishment of the pride of my soul, and I strayed further from Thee, and Thou lettest me alone, and I was tossed about, and wasted, and dissipated, and I boiled over in my fornications, and Thou heldest Thy peace, O Thou my tardy joy! Thou then heldest Thy peace, and I wandered further and further from Thee, into more and more fruitless seed-plots of sorrow, and a proud dejectedness, and a restless weariness." What trenchant phrases are these! — and what self-analysis in such revelations as this: "What is worthy of blame but Vice? But I made myself worse than I was, that I might not be dispraised; and when in anything I had not sinned like the abandoned ones, I would say that I had done what I had not done, that I might not seem contemptible in proportion as I was innocent; or of less account, the more chaste."

Who can wonder that the heretical Pope, Clement XIV (Ganganelli), wrote, "Take care to procure the Confessions of St. Augustine, a book written with his tears"? or who can be surprised that a certain Bishop said to Augustine's mother, when she reproached him for not watching and questioning her son inces-

santly, "Go thy ways and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish"? Most important of all, and a passage which I, for one, would gladly see engrossed on parchment and hung above the desk of every teacher of elocution in America, is the following: —

"Behold, O Lord God, yea, behold patiently, as Thou art wont, how carefully the sons of men observe the covenanted rules of letters and syllables that those who spake before them used, neglecting the eternal covenant of everlasting salvation received from Thee. In asmuch, that a teacher or learner of the hereditary laws of pronunciation will more offend men, by speaking without the aspirate, of a '*uman* being,' in despite of the laws of grammar, than if he, a 'human being,' hate a 'human being' in despite of Thee. . . . In quest of the fame of eloquence, a man standing before a human judge, surrounded by a human throng, declaiming against his enemy with fiercest hatred, will take heed most watchfully, lest, by an error of the tongue, he murder the word 'human-being;' but takes no heed, lest, through the malice of his heart, he murder the real human being."

There are many books which, although left unread, are to be valued for single sentences only, to be found here and there. Others are prized for the picturesque manner in which their quarto or folio pages are filled with capital or italic letters, or even for the superb and daring eccentricity of their title-pages alone. I have volumes of Jacob Behmen where each detached line of the title-page has something quaint and picturesque in it, and a dozen different fonts of type are drawn upon to conduct the reader through their mazes, as for instance in this: —

"Aurora.
That is, the
Day-Spring.
Or
Dawning of the Day in the Orient
Or
Morning-Rednesse
in the Rising of the
Sun.
That is
The Root or Mother of
Philosophie, Astrologie & Theologie
from the true Ground.
Or
A Description of Nature.
All this set down diligently from a true
Ground in the Knowledge of the
Spirit, and in the impulse of God,
By
Jacob Behme
Teutonick Philosopher.
Being his First Book.
Written in Gerlitz in Germany Anno
Christi M. DC. XII. on Tuesday after
the Day of Pentecost or Whitsunday
Ætatis suæ 37.
London, Printed by John Streater, for
Giles [*sic*] Calvert, and are be sold at
his Shop at the Black-spread-Eagle at
the West-End of Pauls, 1656."

Could I represent this title-page by photography as it is, you would see "Day-Spring" in lower-case letters; but in the largest type of all, as if leading a flight, the "Morning-Rednesse" in broad smiling German text, the "Dawning of the Day in the Orient" in a long italic line which suggests the very expansion of the light; and the "Sun" in the very centre of the page, as if all else were concentrated there; the word itself being made still terser, if possible, by the old-fashioned spelling, since it reads briefly "SVN."

Or consider such a magnificent hurling together of stately and solemn words as this; the whole Judgment Day of the Universe, as it were, brought together into a title-page: —

"Signatura Rerum:
or the
Signature of all Things:
shewing
The Sign, and Signification of the sev-
erall

Forms and Shapes in the
Creation:
And what the
Beginning, Ruin, and Cure of every
Thing is; it proceeds out of Eternity
into Time,
and again out of Time into Eternity,
and comprizeth All Mysteries.
Written in High Dutch, MDCXXII.
By Jacob Behmen,
aliàs
Teutonicus Phylosophus.
London,
Printed by John Macock, for Gyles Calvert, at the black spread
Eagle, at the West end of Pauls Church,
1651."

Here again the words "Beginning, Ruin, and Cure" are given in large italic letters, and I never open the book without a renewed sensation of awe, very much as if I were standing beside that gulf which yawned at Lisbon in 1755, and had seen those 30,000 human beings swallowed up before my eyes.

We do not sufficiently appreciate, in modern books, the condensed and at least readable title-pages which stand sentinel, as it were, at their beginning. We forget how much more easily the books of two centuries ago were left unread, inasmuch as the title-page was apt to be in itself as long as a book. Take, for instance, this quaint work, not to be found in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors, but owing its authorship to "J. Bland, Professor of Physic," who published in 1773, at London, "An Essay in Praise of Women; or a Looking Glass for Ladies to see their Perfections in with Observations how the Godhead seemed concerned in their Creation; what Respect is due to them on that Account; how they have behaved in all Ages and especially in our Saviour's Time." Thus begins the title-page, which is as long as an ordinary chapter, and closes thus: "Also Observations and Reflections in Defense against base and satirical Authors, proving them not only erroneous and diabolical but repugnant to Holy Scripture. The Whole being a Composition of Wit and Humor, Morality and Divinity fit to be perused by all the curious and ingenious, especially the Ladies." After this title-page, it is asking too much of any one to read the book, unless it be to study the manner in which the tea-table, now held so innocent, had, in 1733, such associations of luxury and extravagance that Professor J. Bland is compelled to implore husbands not to find fault with it. "More harmless liquor could never be invented than the ladies in this age have made choice of. What is so pleasant and grateful to the taste as a dish of tea, sweetened with fine loaf sugar? What more innocent banquet could have ever been in use than this? and what more becoming conversation than the inoffensive, sweet and melodious expressions of the fair ones over an entertainment so much like themselves?"

Or let us turn to one of the early American books, "The Columbian Muse, a Selection of American Poetry from various Authors of Established Reputation. Published in New York in 1794." The most patriotic American could not now read it with patience, yet the most unpatriotic cannot deny its quaint and fervent flavor. It is full of verses on the President's birthday and the genius of America; and of separate odes on American sages, American poets, and American painters. The monotonous couplets, the resounding adjectives, the personifications, the exclamation points, all belong to their period, the time when "Inoculation, heavenly maid" was deemed an appropriate opening for an ode. The very love poetry was patriotic and bore the title "On Love and the American Fair," by Colonel Humphreys, who also contributes a discourse on "The Future State," which turns out to refer to "Western Territory." Aside from the semi-political allusions there is no local coloring whatever, except that Richard

Alsop in an elegy written in February, 1791, gives the very first instance, so far as I know, of an allusion in verse to any flower distinctively American: —

"There the Wild-Rose in earliest pride shall bloom,
There the Magnolia's gorgeous flowers unfold,
The purple Violet shed its sweet perfume:
And beauteous Meadia wave her plumes of gold."

This last plant, though not here accurately described, must evidently have been the *Dodecatheon Meadia*, or "Shooting Star." This is really the highest point of Americanism attained in the dingy little volume; the low-water mark being clearly found when we read in the same volume the work of a poet then known as "W. M. Smith, Esq.," who could thus appeal to American farmers to celebrate a birthday: —

"Shepherds, then, the chorus join,
Haste the festive wreath to twine:
Come with bosoms all sincere,
Come with breasts devoid of care;
Bring the pipe and merry lay,
'T is Eliza's natal day."

Wordsworth says in his Personal Talk,

"Dreams, books are each a world;"

and the books unread mingle with the dreams and unite the charm of both. This applies especially, I think, to books of travel; we buy them, finding their attractions strong, but somehow we do not read them over and over, unless they prove to be such books as those of Urquhart, — the Pillars of Hercules especially, where the wealth of learning and originality is so great that we seem in a different region of the globe on every page. One of the most poetic things about Whittier's temperament lay in this fact, that he felt most eager to visit each foreign country before he had read any book about it. After reading, the dream was half fulfilled, and he turned to something else, so that he died without visiting any foreign country. But the very possession of such books, and their presence on the shelves, carries one to the Arctic regions or to the Indian Ocean. No single book of travels in Oceanica, it may be, will last so long as that one stanza of Whittier's, —

"I know not where Thine islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
But this I know, I cannot drift
Beyond Thy love and care."

How often have I known that poem to be recited by those who did not even know the meaning of the word "fronded"! It is the poet, not the explorer or the geographer, who makes the whole round world his own.

'After all," as the brilliant and melancholy Rufus Choate said, "a book is the only immortality;" and sometimes when a book is attacked and even denounced, its destiny of fame is only confirmed. Thus the vivacious and cheery Pope, Pio Nono, when asked by a too daring author to help on his latest publication, suggested that he could only aid it by putting it in the Index Expurgatorius. Yet if a book is to be left unread at last, the fault must ultimately rest on the author, even as the brilliant Lady Eastlake complained, when she wrote of modern English novelists, "Things are written now to be read once, and no more; that is, they are read as often as they deserve. A book in old times took five years to write and was read five hundred times by five hundred people. Now it is written in three months, and read once by five hundred thousand people. That 's the proper proportion."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THANKS.

THANKS to you, sun and moon and star,
And you, blue level with no cloud, —
Thanks to you, splendors from afar,
For a high heart, a neck unbowed.

Thanks to you, wind, sent to and fro,
To you, light, pouring from the dawn;
Thanks for the breath and glory-flow
The steadfast soul can feed upon.

Thanks to you, pain and want and care,
And you, joys, cunning to deceive,
And you, balked phantoms of despair;
I battle on, and I believe.

Thanks to you ministers benign,
In whatsoever guise you come;
Under this fig tree and this vine,
Here I am master, and at home.

John Vance Cheney.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

VIII.

"HELLO, Jackie!"

Such familiarity of address on the part of Wright's head draughtsman had long annoyed Hart, but this morning, instead of nodding curtly, he replied briskly, —

"Hello, Cookey!"

The draughtsman winked at his neighbor and thrust out an elbow at a derisive angle, as he laid himself down on the linen plan he was carefully inking in. The man next to him snickered, and the stenographer just outside the door smiled. An office joke was in the air.

"Mr. Hart looks as though something good had happened to him," the stenographer remarked in a mincing tone. "Perhaps some more of his folks have died and remembered him in their wills."

But Cook dismissed the subject by calling out to one of the men, "Say, Ed, come over here and tell me what you were trying to do with this old hen-coop."

He might take privileges with the august Jackson Hart, whose foreign training had rather oppressed the office force at times; but he would not allow Gracie Bellows, the stenographer, to "mix" in his joke.

Cook was a spare, black-haired little man, with beady brown eyes, like a squirrel's. He was a product of Wright's Chicago office, having worked his way to the practical headship of the force. Although he permitted himself his little

[1] Copyright, 1903, by ROBERT HERRICK.

fling at Hart, he was the young architect's warmest admirer, approving even those magnificent palaces of the French Renaissance type which the Beaux Arts man put forth during the first months of his connection with the firm.

The little man, who was as sharp as one of his own India ink lines, could see that Hart had something on his mind, and he was curious, in all friendliness, to find out what it was. But Hart did not emerge from his little box of an office for several hours. Then he sauntered by Cook's table, pausing to look out of the window while he abstractedly lighted a cigarette.

Presently the stenographer came up to Hart and said: —

"Mr. Graves is out there and wants to see you particular, Mr. Hart. Shall I show him into your office?"

"Ask him to wait," the young architect ordered.

After he had smoked and stared for a few moments longer, he turned to Cook.

"What did we specify those I-beams on the Canostota? Were they forty-twos or sixties?"

Without raising his hand from the minute lines of the linen sheet, the draughtsman grunted: —

"Don't remember just what. Were n't forty-twos. Nothing less than sixties ever got out of this office, I guess. May be eighties."

"Um," the architect reflected, knocking his cigarette against the table. "It makes a difference in the sizes what make they are, does n't it?"

"It don't make any difference about the weights!" And the draughtsman turned to his linen sheet with a shrug of the shoulders that said, "You ought to know that much!"

The architect continued to stare out of the murky window.

"When is Harmon coming back?"

"Ed lives out his way, and he says it's long-term typhoid. You can't tell when he 'll be back."

"Has the old man wired anything new about his plans?"

"You 'll have to ask Miss Bellows."

"He said he 'd be here next Wednesday or Thursday at the latest."

The draughtsman stared hard at Hart, wondering what was in the man's mind. But he made no answer to the last remark, and presently Hart sauntered to the next window.

As Hart well knew, Graves was waiting to close that arrangement which he had proposed for building an apartment house. The architect had intended to look up the Canostota specifications before he went further with Graves, but he had been distracted by other matters.

Jackson Hart was not given to undue speculation over matters of conduct. He had a serviceable code of business morals, which hitherto had met all the demands of his experience. He called this code "professional etiquette." In this case he was not clear how the code should be applied. The Canostota was not his affair. It was only by the merest accident that he had been sent there that day to help the electricians, and had seen that drill-hole which had led him to question the thickness of the I-beams, about which he might very well have been mistaken. If there were anything wrong with them, it was Wright's business to see that the contractor was properly watched when the steel work was being run through the mill. And he did not feel any special sense of obligation toward Wright, who had never displayed any great confidence in him.

He wanted the contractor's commission, now more than ever, with his engagement to Helen freshly pricking him to look for bread and butter; wanted it all the more because all thought of fighting his uncle's will had gone when Helen had accepted him.

When he rang for the stenographer and told her to show Graves into his office, he had made up his mind. Closing his door, he turned and looked into

the contractor's heavy face with an air of alert determination. He was about to play his own game for the first time, and he felt the man's excitement of it!

The two remained shut up in Hart's cubby-hole for over an hour. When Cook had returned from the restaurant in the basement where he lunched, and the other men had taken their hats and coats from the lockers, Hart stepped out of his office and walked across the room to Cook's table. He spread before the draughtsman a fresh sepia sketch, the water scarcely dried on it. It was the front elevation for a house, such a one as is described impressively in the newspapers as "Mr. So-and-So's handsome country residence."

"Now, that 's what I call a peach!" Cook whistled through his closed teeth, squinting at the sketch admiringly. "Nothing like that residence has come out of this office for a good long time. The old man don't favor houses as a rule. Is this for some magnate?"

"This is n't for the firm," Hart answered.

"Oh!" Cook received the news with evident disappointment. "Just a fancy sketch?"

"Not for a minute! This is my own business. It 's for a Mrs. Phillips at Forest Park."

Cook looked again at the elevation of the large house with admiring eyes. If he had ever penetrated beyond the confines of Cook County in the state of Illinois, he might have wondered less at Hart's creation. But he was not familiar with the Loire châteaux, even in photograph, for Wright's taste happened to be early English.

"So you 're going to shake us?" Cook asked regretfully.

"Just as soon as I can have a word with Mr. Wright. This is n't the only job I have on hand."

"Is that so?"

"Don't you want to come in?" Hart asked abruptly. "I shall want a good practical man in the office. How would you like to run the new office?"

Cook's manner froze into caution.

"Oh, I don't know. It 's pretty good up here looking after Wright's business."

Hart picked up his sketch and turned away.

"I thought you might like the chance. Some of the men I knew in Paris may join me, and I shan't have much trouble in making up a good team."

Then he went out to his luncheon, and when he returned, he shut himself up in his box, stalking by Cook's desk without a word. When he came forth again the day's work was over, and the office force had left. Cook was still dawdling over his table.

"Say, Hart!" he called out to the architect. "I don't want you to have the wrong idea about my refusing that offer of yours. I don't mind letting you know that I ain't fixed like most of the boys. I've got a family to look after, my mother and sister and two kid brothers. It is n't easy for us to pull along on my pay, and I can't afford to take any chances."

"Who 's asking you to take chances, Cookey?" Hart answered, mollified at once. "Perhaps you might do well by yourself."

"You see," Cook explained further, "my sister 's being educated to teach, but she 's got two years more at the Normal. And Will 's just begun high school. Ed 's the only earner besides myself in the whole bunch, and what he gets don't count."

Thereupon the architect sat down on the edge of the draughting-table in friendly fashion and talked freely of his plans. He hinted at the work for Graves and at his prospects with the railroad.

"I have ten thousand dollars in the bank, anyway. That will keep the office going some time. And I don't mind telling you that I have something at stake, too," he added in a burst of confidence. "I am going to be married."

Cook grinned sympathetically. It pleased him vastly to be told of Hart's engagement in this confidential way. After some further talk the matter of the new office was arranged between them then and there. Cook agreed to look into a new building that had just pushed its head among the skyscrapers near the Maramanoc, to see if there was anything left that would answer their purposes. As they were leaving the office, Hart stopped, exclaiming, —

"I've got to telephone! Don't wait."

"That 's always the way," the draughtsman replied. "You 'll be telephoning most of the time, now, I expect!"

The architect did not telephone to Helen Spellman, however. He called up his cousin's office to tell Wheeler that he had concluded not to contest the will.

"And Everett," he said frankly, "I guess I have made rather an ass of myself, telling you I was going to kick up a row. I hope you won't say anything about it."

The lawyer wondered what had brought about this change of heart in his cousin. Later, when the news of the engagement reached him, he understood. For he knew Helen, in a way better than her lover did, — knew her as one knows the desired and unattainable.

A few days later Wright reached the office, and Hart told him of his plan to start for himself, asking for an early release because important business was waiting for his entire attention.

Wright had arrived only that morning; he was seated before his broad desk, which was covered to the depth of several inches with blue prints, typewritten specifications, and unopened mail. He had been wrestling with contractors and clients every minute since he had entered the office, and it was now late in the afternoon.

"So you are going to try it for yourself," he commented, a new wrinkle gathering on his clouded brow. It occurred to him that Hart might be merely hinting politely for an advance in salary, but he dismissed the thought. "Have you had enough experience?" he asked bluntly.

"I 'll be likely to get some more!" Hart replied, irritated at the remark.

"I mean of the actual conditions under which we have to build, — the contractors, the labor market, and so on? Of course you can leave at once if you wish to. I should n't want to stand in your light. It is rather a bad time with Harmon home sick. But we can manage somehow. Cook is a pretty good man for almost everything. And we can draw on the St. Paul office."

Hart murmured his regret at the inconvenience of his departure, and Wright said nothing for a few minutes. He remembered now that some one had told him that Hart was drawing plans for Mrs. Phillips. That had probably made the young architect ambitious to start for himself. He felt that Hart should have asked his consent before undertaking this outside work. At least it would have been more delicate to do so. But Wright was a kindly man, and bore no malice. In what he said next to the young architect he was moved by pure good will.

"I don't want to discourage you, Hart, but I know what sort of luck young fellows, the best of them, have these days when they start a new office. It 's fierce work getting business, here especially."

"I suppose so," Hart admitted conventionally.

"The fine art side of the profession don't count much with client or contractor. It 's just a tussle all the time!" he sighed, reflecting how he had spent two hours of his morning in trying to convince a wealthy client of the folly of cutting down construction cost from fifty to thirty cents a cubic foot.

"You young fellows just over from the other side don't realize what it means to run an office. If you succeed, you

have no time to think of your sketches, except after dinner or on the train, maybe. And if you don't succeed, you have to grab at every little job to earn enough to pay office expenses."

Hart's blank face did not commit him to this wisdom.

"The only time I ever had any real fun was when I was working for the old firm, in New York. God! I did some pretty good things then. Old man Post used to trim me down when I got out of sight of the clients, but he let me have all the rope he could. And now, — why, it 's you who have the fun!"

"And you who trim me down!" Hart retorted, with a grim little smile.

"Well, perhaps. I have to keep an eye on all you Paris fellows. You come over here well trained, damned well trained, — we can't do anything like it in this country, — but it takes a few years for you to forget that you are n't in la belle France. And some never get over their habit of making everything French Renaissance. You are n't flexible. Some of you are n't creative — I mean," he said, getting warm on a favorite topic, "you don't feel the situation here. You copy. You try to express everything just as you were taught. You have got to feel things for yourself, by thunder!"

Hart kept his immobile face. It did not interest him to know what Wright thought of the Beaux Arts men. Yet he had no intention of falling out with Wright, who was one of the leading architects of the country, and whose connection might be valuable to him.

"I see you don't care to have me preach," the older man concluded humorously. "And you know your own business best."

The Powers Jackson educational bequest meant that there would be a chance for some one to do a large public building. Probably the family interests had arranged to put this important piece of work into Hart's hands. Wright hoped for the sake of his art that the trustees would put off building until the young architect had developed more independence and firmness of standard than he had yet shown.

"I think I understand a little better than I did two years ago what it takes to succeed here in Chicago," Hart remarked at last.

Wright shot a piercing glance at him out of his tired eyes.

"It means a good many different kinds of things," the older man said slowly. "Just as many in architecture as elsewhere. It is n't the firm that is putting up the most expensive buildings that is always making the biggest success, by a long shot."

"I suppose not," Hart admitted.

And there the conversation lapsed. The older man felt the real impossibility of piercing the young architect's manner, his imperturbability.

"He does n't like me," he said to himself reproachfully.

For he would have liked to say something to the younger man out of his twenty years of experience, something concerning the eternal conflict there is in all the professions between a man's ideals of his work and the practical possibilities in the world we have about us; something, too, concerning the necessity of yielding to the brute facts of life and yet not yielding everything. But he had learned the great truth that talk never saves a man from his fate, especially that kind of talk. A man lives up to what there is in him, and Jackson Hart would follow the rule.

So he dug his hands into the letters on his desk, and said by way of conclusion: —

"Perhaps we can throw some things your way. There 's a little job, now." He held up a letter he had just glanced at. "They want me to recommend some one to build a clubhouse at Oak Hills. There is n't much in it. They can't spend but seven thousand dollars. But

I had rather take that than do some other things!"

"Thank you," Hart replied with considerable animation. "Of course I want every chance I can get."

He took the letter from Wright's outstretched hand.

IX.

After the few swift months of spring and summer they were to be married, late in the fall.

Above the lake at Forest Park, in a broad, open field, Mrs. Phillips's great house had already risen. It was judged variously by those who had seen it, but it altogether pleased the widow; and the architect regarded it — the first work of his manhood — with complacency and pride. Helen had not seen it since the walls had passed the first story. Then, one day late in September, the architect and she made the little journey from the city, and walked over to the house from the Shoreham station, up the lake road.

It was a still, soft fall day, with all the mild charm of late summer that comes only in this region. The leaves still clung in bronzed masses to the little oaks; a stray maple leaf dipped down, now and then, from a gaudy yellow tree, and sailed like a bird along their path. There was a benediction in the country, before the dissolution of winter. The girl's heart was filled with joy.

"If we could only live here, Francis!"

"All the year?" he queried doubtfully.

"Yes, always. Even the worst days I should not feel lonely. I shall never feel lonely again, anyway."

As he drew her hand close to his breast, he said contentedly, with a large view of their future: —

"Perhaps we can before long. But land is very dear. Then you have to keep horses and servants, if you want to live in the country."

"Oh! I did n't think of all that."

They walked slowly, very close together, neither one anxious to reach the misty horizon, where, in a bed of opalescent gray, lay the beautiful lake. The sunshine and the fruity odors of the good earth, the tranquil vistas of bronze oaks, set the woman brooding on her nesting time, which was so close at hand. And the man was thinking likewise, in his way, of this coming event, anxiously, yet with confidence. The plans for the Graveland, the contractor's big apartment house, were already nearly finished. New work must come to the office. There were the Rainbows, who had moved to Shoreham, having made a sudden fortune. And Raymond, the railroad man, on whose good will he counted, with Mrs. Phillips's assistance.

Suddenly the house shot up before their eyes, big and new in all the rawness of fresh brick and stone. It towered blusteringly above the little oaks, a great red-brick château, with a row of little round windows in its massive, thick-tiled red roof.

Helen involuntarily stood still and caught her breath. So this was his!

"Oh!" she murmured. "Is n't it big, Francis!"

"It 's no three-room cottage," he answered, with a little asperity.

Then he led her to the front, where she could get the effect of the two wings, the southerly terrace toward the lake, the sweeping drive, and the classic entrance.

"I know I shall grow to like it, Francis," the girl said loyally. "It must be very pretty inside, with those lovely French windows; and the brick court is attractive, too."

She felt that she was hurting her lover in his tenderest spot, and she tried anxiously to find better words, to show him that it was only her ignorance which limited her appreciation. They strolled about among the refuse heaps of the builders, viewing the place at every angle. Just as they were about to enter the

house, there came from the Shoreham road the puffing of an automobile, and presently Mrs. Phillips arrived in a large touring car, with some people who had been lunching with her at the Shoreham Club. They came up to the house, talking and joking in a flutter of good-natured comment. The architect recognized the burly form of Colonel Raymond. He was speaking: —

"Well, Louise, you will have to take us all in next season. I did n't know you were putting up a hotel like this."

"Hotel! It is a perfect palace!" exclaimed a short, plump woman who was following close behind. "I hope you are going to have a pergola. They 're so nice. Every country house has a pergola nowadays."

"Why not an English garden and a yew hedge?" added a man who had on the red coat of the Hunt Club. "I hope you have got your stabling up to this, Mrs. Phillips."

Then they recognized the architect and Helen. Mrs. Phillips introduced them to her friends, and they all went inside to make a tour of the rooms. The painters, who were rubbing the woodwork, looked curiously at the invading party; then, with winks among themselves, turned indifferently to their tasks. The visitors burst into ripples of applause over the hall with its two lofty stone fireplaces, the long drawing-room that occupied the south wing of the house, the octagonal breakfast room and the dining-room in the other wing. The architect led them about, explaining the different effects he had tried to get. He did it modestly, touching lightly on architectural points with a well-bred assumption that the visitors knew all about such things. The plump little woman followed close at his heels, drinking in all that he said. Helen wondered who she might be, until, in an eddy of their progress, Hart found a chance to whisper to her, "It 's Mrs. Rainbow; she 's thinking of building."

He seemed very much excited about this, and the general good luck of being able to show these people over the house he had made. After the first floor had been exhausted, the party drifted upstairs in detachments. Helen could hear her lover's pleasant voice as he led the way from suite to suite above. The voices finally centred in Mrs. Phillips's bathroom, where the sunken marble bath, the walls of colored marble, caused much joking and laughter.

"Can you tell me where Mrs. Phillips is?" a voice sounded from the door. Helen turned with a start. The young girl who asked the question was dressed in a riding habit. Outside on the drive a small party of people were standing with their horses. The girl spoke somewhat peremptorily, but before Helen had time to reply, she added: —

"Are n't you Miss Spellman? I am Venetia Phillips."

Then the two smiled at each other in the way of women who feel that they may be friends. "I was off with my uncle the day you dined with mamma," she continued, "so I missed seeing you. Is n't this a great — barn, I was going to say." She laughed and caught herself. "I did n't remember! We have just been out with the hounds, — the first run. It 's too early to have a real hunt yet. Do you ride?"

They sat down on the great staircase and were at once absorbed in each other. In the meantime the party of visitors had returned from the upper story by the rear stairs, and were penetrating the mysteries of the service quarters. Hart was showing them proudly all the little devices for which American architecture is famous, — the interior telephone service, the laundry shoots, the electric dumbwaiters, the electric driers. These devices aroused Colonel Raymond's admiration. When the others came back to the hall he took the architect aside and discussed driers earnestly. From that they got to the heating system, which necessitated a visit to the basement.

Mrs. Phillips took this occasion to say to Helen: —

"You can be proud of your young man, Miss Spellman. He 's done a very successful piece of work. Every one likes it. It 's all his, too," she added generously.

Helen found nothing to say in reply. The widow was not an easy person for her to talk to. On that other occasion when they had met, in Mrs. Phillips's city house, the two women had looked into each other's eyes, and both had remained cold. The meeting had not been all that the architect had hoped for it.

So this time Mrs. Phillips examined the younger woman critically, saying to herself, "She 's a cold piece. She won't hold him long!"

At last the party gathered itself together and left. The big touring car puffed up to the door, and the visitors climbed in, making little final comments of a flattering nature, to please the architect, who had charmed them all. He was assiduous to the very end, laughing at Mrs. Rainbow's joke about the marble tub, which she repeated for the benefit of those who had not been upstairs.

After Hart had helped her to mount the steps of the car, she leaned over and gave him her hand.

"So glad to have met you, Mr. Hart," she said with plump impressiveness. "I am sure if we build, we 'll have to come to you. It 's just lovely, everything."

"I shall have to give that away to Rainbow," the colonel joked. "There 's nothing so bad to eat up money as a good architect."

Then he shook hands cordially with Hart, lit a cigarette, and swung himself to the seat beside Mrs. Phillips. After the car had started, the riders mounted. Hart helped Venetia Phillips to her seat, and slipped in a word about the hunt. But the girl leaned over on the other side toward Helen, with a sudden enthusiasm.

"When you are married, can't I see a lot of you?"

Helen laughed, and the two held hands for a moment, while the man in the red coat talked with the architect.

When they had all gone, Jackson turned to Helen, a happy smile of triumph on his face.

"It seemed to take!"

There had not been one word of comment on the house itself, on the building as a home for generations of people. But Hart did not seem to notice that. He was flushed with the exhilaration of approval.

"Yes," Helen answered, throwing all the animation she could into the words; "I think they all liked it."

She was silent, with many vague impressions from the little incident of the afternoon. There had been revealed to her a new side of her lover, a worldly side, which accorded with his alert air, his well-trimmed mustache, and careful attention to dress. He had been very much at home with all these people; while she had felt more or less out of her element. He knew how to talk to them, how to please them, just as he knew how to build a house after their taste for luxury and display. He could talk hunters or motor cars or bridge whist, as the occasion demanded. He was one of them in instinct!

She cast a timid look at the great façade above them, over which the cold shadows of the autumn evening were fast stealing, leaving it still more hard and new and raw. She was glad it was not to be her fate to live there in all its grandeur and stiff luxury.

The architect had to speak to the superintendent of the building, and Helen sat down on the stone balustrade of the terrace to wait. The painters were leaving their job, putting on their coats as they hurried from the house. They scarcely cast a glance her way as they passed, disappearing into the road, fleeing from the luxurious abode and the silent woods, which were not theirs, to the village and the city. . . . This great Amer-

ican château was so different from what she had always dreamed her lover would build, this caravansary for the rich, this toy where they could hide themselves in aristocratic seclusion and take their pleasures. And the thought stole into her mind that he liked it, this existence of the rich and prosperous, their sports and their luxuries, — and would want to earn with his life their pleasures, their housing, their automobiles, and hunters. It was all strange to her experience, to her dreams!

From the second floor there came the sound of voices: —

"I tells you, Muster Hart, you got to rip the whoal dam piping out from roof to basement if you wants to have a good yob of it. I tole you that way back six weeks ago. It ware n't specified right from the beginning."

"I'll speak to Rollings about it tomorrow and see what can be done."

"That 's what you say every time," the Swede growled.

"See here, Anderson! Who 's running this job?" . . .

The girl strolled away from the voices toward the bluff, where she could see the gray bosom of the lake. The twilight trees, the waveless lake soothed her: they were real, her world. The house back there, the men and women of it, were shadows on the marge.

"Nell!" her lover called.

"Coming, Francis."

When he came up to her she rested her head on his shoulder, looking at him with vague longing, desiring to keep him from something not clearly defined in her own mind.

"We must hurry to get that train. When we live out here we 'll have to sport a motor car, won't we?" he said buoyantly.

She answered slowly, "I don't know that I should want to live just here, after all."

"Why, I thought you were crazy about the country! And I 've been thinking it might be the very thing for us to do. There 's such a lot of building in these places now. Mrs. Phillips has asked me several times why I did n't move out here on the shore. Just before she left she asked me if I did n't want to build a lodge for her and take it for a year or so. Of course that 's a joke. But I know she 's bought a lot of property on the bluff here, and might be willing to let me have a small bit on reasonable terms. She 's been so friendly all along!"

He was still in the flush of his triumph, and talked rapidly of all that opened out before his fervent ambition. Suddenly he took note of her mood and said sharply, "Nell, you don't like her."

"Why do you say that?" she exclaimed, surprised in her inner thoughts. "I don't really know."

"Why, it 's plain enough. You don't talk to her. You are so cold! And the same way with Mrs. Rainbow."

"O Francis! I did n't mean to be cold. Ought I to like them if you are to do work for them?"

The architect laughed at her simplicity.

"Rich people always puzzle me," she continued apologetically. "They always have, except uncle Powers, and you never thought of him as rich! I don't feel as if I knew what they liked. They are so much preoccupied with their own affairs. That other time when I met Mrs. Phillips she was so much worried over the breakfast room and the underbutler's pantry! What is an underbutler's pantry, Francis?"

This raillery over the needs of the rich seemed almost anarchistic to the architect. They walked to the station silently in the gathering darkness. But after a time, on the train, he returned to the events of the afternoon.

"She can do anything she likes with Raymond. It would be a big stroke to get that C. R. & N. business!"

Helen made no reply to this observa-

tion, and they relapsed again into silent thought.

The night before their marriage the architect told her exultantly that he had been sent for by Raymond's private secretary to talk over work for the railroad corporation.

"That 's Mrs. Phillips's doing," he told Helen. "You must remember to say something to her about it to-morrow, if you get the chance. It 's likely to be the biggest wedding present we 'll have!"

"I am glad," Helen replied simply, without further comment.

He thought that she did not comprehend what this good fortune meant. And he was quite mystified when she refused to see him again before the ceremony of the following day. He could not realize that in some matters — a few small matters — he had bruised the woman's ideal of him; he could not understand why these last hours, before she took him to her arms forever, she wished to spend alone with her own soul in a kind of prayer. . . .

There were only a few people present at the marriage in the little Maple Street house the next day. Many of their fashionable friends were still away from the city. Mrs. Phillips had made a point of coming to the wedding, and after much insistence she had been made to bring Venetia, who had discovered a sudden enthusiasm for weddings. Pemberton, an old friend of the Spellmans who had recently been added to the Jackson trustees, was there, and also little Cook, who was the backbone of the new office. Everett Wheeler was the best man. He and Hollister had put off their yearly fishing trip to do honor to Jackson Hart, who had earned their approval, because the young man had swallowed his disappointment about the will and was going to marry a poor girl. Hollister and Pemberton had brought Judge Phillips with them, because he was in town and liked weddings, and ought to send the pair a goodly gift. Of the presence of all these and some others the young architect was pleasantly conscious that October morning.

Only that morning, on the way to the house, Everett had referred to the great school, a monumental affair, which the trustees would have to build some day. It was in the aroma of this new prospect, and of all the other good fortune that had been his since he had taken up his burden of poverty, that Jackson Hart was married.

But the girl walked up to him to be married, in a dream, unconscious of the whole world, with a mystery of love in her heart. When the ceremony was over, she looked up into her husband's resolute face, which was slightly flushed with excitement. Venetia, standing by her uncle's side a few steps away, could see tears in the bride's eyes, and the girl wondered.

Did Helen know now that the man who stood there face to face with her, her husband, was yet a stranger to her soul? She raised her lips swiftly to him, and he bowed his head to kiss her, there before all.

X.

After a winter in the city the Harts went to live at Shoreham, taking rooms for the season at the club. The new station which the railroad was building at Eversley Heights, and the Rainbows' cottage on the ridge just west of the club, had brought the architect considerable reputation. His acquaintance was growing rapidly among the men who rode to and fro each day on the suburban trains of the C. R. & N. It was the kind of acquaintance which he realized might be very valuable to him in his profession.

Between Chicago and Shoreham, the northernmost of the long line of prosperous suburbs, there lay a considerable

variety of American society. As the train got away from the sprawling outskirts of the city, each stop marked a pause in social progress. Each town gathered to itself its own class, which differed subtly, but positively, from that attracted by its neighbor. Shoreham was the home of the hunting set, its society centring in the large club. At Popover Plains there was a large summer hotel, and therefore the society of Popover Plains was considered by her neighbors as more or less "mixed." Eversley Heights was still undeveloped, the home of a number of young people, who were considered very pleasant, even incipiently smart. But of all the more distant and desirable settlements Forest Park had the greatest pride in itself, being comparatively old, and having large places and old-fashioned ugly houses in which lived some people of permanent wealth. All these suburban towns had one common characteristic: they were the homes of the prosperous, who had emerged from the close struggle in the city with ideals of rest and refreshment and an instinct for the society of their own kind. Except for a street of shops near the stations, to which was relegated the service element of life, the inhabitants got exclusively the society of their kind.

The architect went to the city by one of the earlier trains and came back very late. He had all the labor of superintending the construction of his buildings, for the work in the office did not warrant engaging a superintendent. He emerged from the city, after a day spent in running about here and there, with a kind of speechless listlessness, which the wife of a man in business soon becomes accustomed to. The dinner in the lively dining-room of the clubhouse, with the chatter about sport and the gossip, the cigar afterwards on the veranda overlooking the green, turfy valley golden in the afterglow of sunset, refreshed him quickly. He was always eager to accept any invitation, to go wherever they were asked, to have himself and his wife in the eyes of their little public as much as possible. His agreeable manners, his keen desire to please, his instinct for the conventional, the suitable, made him much more popular than his wife, who was considered shy, if not positively countrified. As the season progressed, Hart was sure that they had made a wise choice of a place to settle in, and they began to look for a house.

In spite of all the apparent prosperity which the little office enjoyed from the start, the profit for the first year was startlingly small. The commission from the Phillips house had long since been eaten; also as much of the fee from Graves as that close contractor could be induced to pay over before the building had been finished. The insatiable office was now devouring the profits from the railroad business. When Cook saw the figures, he spoke to the point: — "It 's just self-indulgence to build houses. We must quit." If they were to succeed, they must do a larger business, — factories, mills, hotels, — work that could be handled on a large scale, roughly and rapidly.

The Harts were living beyond their means, not extravagantly, but with a constant deficit, which from the earliest weeks of their marriage had troubled Helen. Reared in the tradition of thrift, she held it to be a crime to spend money not actually earned. But she found that her husband had another theory of domestic economy. To attract money, he said, one must spend it. He insisted on her dressing as well as the other women who used the club, although they were for the most part wives and daughters of men who had many times his income. At the close of the first six months of their marriage venture Helen spoke authoritatively: —

"At this rate we shall run behind at least two thousand dollars. We must go back to the city to live!"

They had been talking of renting a house in Forest Park. But she knew that in the city she could control the expenditure, the manner of living. The architect laughed at her scruples.

"I 'll see Bushfield to-day and find out when they are to get at the Popover station."

She still looked grave, having in mind a precept that young married people, barring sickness, should save a fifth of their income.

"And if that is n't enough," her husband added, "why, we must pull out something else. There 's lots doing!"

He laughed again, and kissed her before going downstairs to take the club 'bus. His light-hearted philosophy did not reassure her. If one's income was not enough for one's wants, he said, — why, expand the income! This hopeful, gambling American spirit was natural to him. He was too young to realize that the point of expansion for professional men was definitely limited. A lawyer, a doctor, an architect, had but his one brain, his one pair of hands, his own eyes, — and the scope of these organs was fixed by nature.

"And we give so little!" she protested in her heart that morning. Her mother had given to their church and to certain charities always a tenth of their small income. That might be a mechanical, old-fashioned method of estimating one's dues to mankind, but it was better than the careless way of giving when it occurred to one, or when some friend who could not be denied demanded help. . . .

The architect, as he rode to the early morning train in the club 'bus, was talking to Stephen Lane, a rich bachelor, who had a large house and was the chief promoter of the Hunt Club. Lane grumbled rather ostentatiously because he was obliged to take the early train, having had news that a mill he was interested in had burned down overnight.

"You are going to rebuild?" the architect asked.

"Begin as soon as we can get the plans done," Lane replied laconically.

It shot into the architect's mind that here was the opportunity which would go far to wipe out the deficit he and Helen had been talking about. With this idea in view he got into the smoking car with Lane, and the two men talked all the way to town. Hart did not like Stephen Lane; few at the club cared for the rich bachelor, whose manners carried a self-consciousness of wealth. But this morning the architect looked at him from a different angle, and condoned his tone of patronage. As the train neared the tangled network of the city terminal, he ventured to say, "What architects do your work?"

He hated the sound of his voice as he said it, though he tried to make it impersonal and indifferent. Lane's voice seemed to change its tone, something of suspicion creeping in.

"I have always had the Stearns brothers. They do that sort of thing pretty well."

As they mounted the station stairs, Lane asked casually, "Do you ever do that kind of work? It is n't much in your line."

"I 've never tried it. But of course I should like the chance!"

Then Lane, one hand on the door of a waiting cab, remarked slowly, "Well, we 'll talk it over, perhaps. Where do you lunch?" and gave the architect two fingers of his gloved hand.

He was thinking that Mrs. Hart was a pleasant woman, who always listened to him with a certain deference. And these Harts must be hard put to it, without old Jackson's pile.

Hart went his way on foot, a taste of something little agreeable in his mouth. He had to stop at the railroad offices to see the purchasing agent.

The railroad did its own contracting, naturally, and it was through this man Bushfield that the specifications for the buildings had to pass. The architect had

had many dealings with the purchasing agent, and had found him always friendly. This morning Bushfield was already in his office, perspiring from the July heat, his coat off, a stenographer at his elbow. When Hart came in he looked up slowly, and nodded. After he had finished with the stenographer, he asked, —

"Why do you specify Star cement at Eversley, Hart?"

"Oh, it's about the best. We always specify Star for outside work."

"How's it any better than the Climax?" the purchasing agent asked insistently.

"I don't know anything about the Climax. What's the matter with Star?"

Bushfield scratched his chin thoughtfully for a moment.

"I have n't got anything against Star. What I want to know is what you have got against Climax?"

The smooth guttural tones of the purchasing agent gave the architect no cause for suspicion, and he was dull enough not to see what was in the air.

"It would take time to try a new cement properly," he answered.

The purchasing agent picked up his morning cigar, rolled it around in his mouth, and puffed before he replied: —

"I don't mind telling you that it means something to me to have Climax used at Eversley. It's just as good as any cement on the market. I give you my word for that. I take it you're a good friend of mine. I wish you would see if you can't use the Climax."

Then they talked of other matters. When Hart got back to the office he looked up the Climax cement in a trade catalogue. There were hundreds of brands on the market, and the Climax was one of the newest. Horace Bushfield, he reflected, was Colonel Raymond's son-in-law. If he wished to do the Popover station, he should remain on good terms with the purchasing agent of the road. Some time that day he got out the typewritten specifications for the railroad work, and in the section on the cement work he inserted neatly in ink the words, "Or a cement of equal quality approved by the architect."

Not many days later the purchasing agent telephoned to him: —

"Say, Hart, the Buckeye Hardware people have just had a man in here seeing me about the hardware for that building. I see you have specified the Forrest makes. Are n't the Buckeye people first-class?"

The architect, who knew what was coming this time, waited a moment before replying. Then he answered coolly, "I think they are, Bushfield."

"Well, the Buckeye people have always done our business, and they could n't understand why they were shut out by your specifying the Forrest makes. You 'll make that all right? So long."

As Hart hung up his telephone, he would have liked to write Raymond, the general manager, that he wanted nothing more to do with the railroad business. Some weeks later when he happened to glance over the Buckeye Company's memoranda of sales for the Eversley station, and saw what the railroad had paid for its hardware, he knew that Horace Bushfield was a thief. But they were talking of the Popover station then.

Something similar had been his experience with the contractor Graves.

"Put me up a good, showy building," the contractor had said, when they discussed the design. "That's the kind that will take in that park neighborhood. People nowadays want a stylish home with elevator boys in uniform. . . . That court you've got there between the wings, and the little fountain, and the grand entrance, — all just right. But they don't want to pay nothin' for their style. Flats don't rent for anything near what they do in New York. Out here they want the earth for fifty, sixty dollars a month; and we got to give 'em the nearest thing to it for their money."

So, when it came to the structure of the building, the contractor ordered the architect to save expense in every line of the details. The woodwork was cut to the thinnest veneer; partitions, even bearing-walls, were made of the cheapest studding the market offered; the large floors were hung from thin outside walls, without the brick bearing-walls provided by the architect. When Hart murmured Graves said frankly: —

"This ain't any investment proposition, my boy. I calculate to fill the Graveland in two months, and then I'll trade it off to some countryman who is looking for an investment. Put all the style you want into the finish. Have some of the flats Flemish, and others Colonial, and so on. Make 'em smart."

The architect tried to swallow his disgust at being hired to put together such a flimsy shell of plaster and lath. But Cook, who had been trained in Wright's office, where work of this grade was never accepted, was in open revolt.

"If it gets known around that this is the style of work we do in this office, it'll put us in a class, and it ain't a pleasant one, either. . . . Say, Jack, how's this office to be run, — first-class or the other class?"

"You know, man," the architect replied, "how I am fixed with Graves. I don't like this business any better than you do, but we'll be through with it before long."

He growled in his turn to the contractor, who received his protest with contemptuous good humor.

"You'd better take a look at what other men are doing, if you think I am making the Graveland such an awful cheap building. I tell you, there ain't money in the other kind. Why, I worked for a man once who put up a first-class flat building, slow-burning construction, heavy woodwork, and all that. It's old-fashioned by this time, and its rents are way down. And I saw by the paper the other day that it was sold at the sheriff's sale for not more than what my bill came to! What have you got to say to that?"

Therefore the architect dismissed the Graveland from his mind as much as he could, and saw little of it while it was under construction, for the contractor did his own superintending. One day, however, he had occasion to go to the building, and took his wife with him. They drove down the vast waste of Grand Boulevard; after passing through that wilderness of painful fancies, the lines of the Graveland made a very pleasant impression.

Hart had induced Graves to sacrifice part of his precious land to an interior court, around which he had thrown his building like a miniature château, thus shutting out the sandy lots, the ragged street, which looked like a jaw with teeth knocked out at irregular intervals. A heavy wall joined the two wings on the street side, and through the iron gates the Park could be seen, just across the street.

"Lovely!" Helen exclaimed. "I'm so glad you did it! I like it so — so much more than the Phillips house."

They studied it carefully from the carriage, and Hart pointed out all the little triumphs of design. It was, as Helen felt, much more genuine than the Phillips house. It was no bungling copy, but an honest answer to a modern problem, — an answer, to be sure, in the only language that the architect knew.

Helen wanted to see the interior, although Jackson displayed no enthusiasm over that part of the work. And in the inside came the disaster! The evidences of the contractor's false, flimsy building darkened the architect's brow.

"The scamp!" he muttered, emerging from the basement. "He's propped the whole business on a dozen or so 'two-by-fours.' And he's put in the rottenest plumbing underground that I ever saw. I don't believe it ever had an inspection."

"Show me what you mean," Helen demanded.

He pointed out to her some of the devices used to skimp the building.

"Even the men at work here know it. You can see it by the way they look at me. Why, the thing is a paper box!"

In some of the apartments the rough work was scarcely completed; in others the plasterers were at work; but the story was the same everywhere.

"I can't see how he escaped the Building Department. He 's violated the ordinances again and again. But I suppose he 's got the inspectors in his pay!"

He remembered the Canostota: he had no manner of doubt, now, about those I-beams in the Canostota!

"Francis!" Helen exclaimed with sudden passion; "you won't stand it! You won't let him do this kind of thing?"

The architect shrugged his shoulders.

"It 's *his* building. He bought the plans and paid for them."

She was silent, troubled in her mind by this business tangle, but convinced that some wrong was being done. A thing like this, a fraud upon the public, should be prevented in some way.

"Can't you tell him that you will report him to the Building Department?" she asked finally.

Hart smiled at her impetuous unpracticality.

"That would hardly do, would it, to go back on a client like that? It 's none of my business, really. Only one hates to feel that his ideas are wasted on such stuff as this is made of. The city should look after it. And it 's no worse than most of these flat buildings. Look at that one across the street. It 's the same cheap thing. I was in there the other day. . . . No, it 's the condition of things in this city, — the worst place for good building in the country. Every one says so. But God help the poor devils who come to live here, if a fire once gets started in this plaster-and-lath shell!"

He turned to the entrance and kicked open the door. His wife's face was pale and set, as if she could not dismiss the matter thus lightly.

"I never thought of fire!" she murmured. "Francis, if anything like that should happen! To think that you had drawn the plans!"

"Oh! it may last out its time," he replied reassuringly. "And it does n't affect the appearance of the building at present. It 's real smart, as Mrs. Rainbow would say. Don't you think so, Nell?"

She had turned her back to the pleasant façade of the Graveland, and was staring into the Park across the street. She turned around at his words and cast a swift, scrutinizing glance over the building.

"It is n't right! I see fraud looking out of every window. It 's just a skeleton covered with cloth."

The architect laughed at her solemnity. He was disgusted with it himself; it offended his workman's conscience. But he was too modern, too practical, to allow merely ideal considerations to upset him. And, after all, in his art, as in most arts, the effect of the thing was two thirds the game. With her it was altogether different. Through all outward aspect, or cover, of things pierced their inner being, from which one could not escape by illusion.

As they were getting away from the building, the contractor drove up to the Graveland for his daily inspection. He came over to the architect, a most affable smile on his bearded face.

"Mrs. Hart, I presume," he said, smiling. "Looking over your husband's work? It 's fine, fine, I tell you. Between ourselves it beats Wright all out."

Helen's stiffness of manner did not encourage cordiality. Graves, thinking her snobbish, bowed to them, and went into the building.

"You 'll never do anything for him again, will you, Francis? Promise me!"

And he promised lightly enough, for he thought it highly improbable that the contractor ever would return to him, or that he should feel obliged to take his work if he offered it.

Nevertheless, the contractor did return to the office, and not long afterwards. It was toward the end of the summer, when the architect and his wife were still debating the question of taking a house in the country for the winter. One afternoon Hart returned from his luncheon to find Graves waiting for him in the outer office. The stenographer and Cook were hard at work in the room beyond, with an air of having nothing to say to the contractor. As Graves followed Hart into his private office, Cook looked up with a curl on his thin lips that expressed the fullness of his heart.

"Say," Graves called out as soon as Hart had closed the door to the outer room, "I sold that Graveland a month ago, almost before the plaster was dry. A man from Detroit came in to see me one morning, and we made the deal that day."

"Is that so?" Hart remarked coolly.

"It was a pretty building. I knew I should n't have any trouble with it. Now I have something new in mind."

Hart listened in a non-committal manner.

"Part of that trade with the Detroit feller was for a big block of land out west here a couple of miles. I am thinking of putting up some tidy little houses to sell on the installment plan."

"What do you mean to put into them?" the architect asked bluntly.

"Well, they 'd ought to sell for not more than eight thousand dollars."

"And cost as much less as you can make them hold together for? I don't believe I can do anything for you, Mr. Graves," the architect replied firmly.

"Is that so? Well, you are the first architect I ever saw who was too busy to take on a paying piece of business."

He sat down more firmly in the chair opposite Hart's desk, and he began to describe his scheme. There was to be a double row of houses, three stories and basement, each one different in style, in a different kind of brick or terra cotta, with a distinguishing "feature" worked in somewhere in the design. They were to be bait for the thrifty clerk, who wanted to buy a permanent home on the installment plan rather than pay rent. There were many similar building schemes in different parts of the city, the advertisements of which one might read in the street cars.

"Why do you want me to do the job?" Hart asked at last. "Any boy just out of school could do what you are after."

"No, he could n't. He has n't the knack of giving a fresh face to each house. It won't be hard work for you!"

This, the architect knew, was very true. It would be very easy to have Cook hunt up a lot of photographs from French and English architectural journals, which, with a little arrangement, would serve. With a few hours' work he could turn out that individual façade that Graves prized commercially. Here was the large job that could be done easily and roughly, ready to hand.

"I don't like to have such work go through the office. That 's all there is about it!" he exclaimed at last.

"Tony, eh? Well, we won't fight over that. Suppose you make the sketches and let another feller prepare the details?"

There were many objections to this mode of operation, but the contractor met every one. Hart himself thought of Van Meyer, a clever, drunken German, to whom he had given work now and then when the office was busy. He would do what he was told and say nothing about it. . . .

It was late when Graves left the office. Cook and the stenographer had

already gone. Hart went down into the street with the contractor, and they nodded to each other when they parted, in the manner of men who have reached an understanding. On the way to the train, Hart dropped into his club for a drink. He stood staring into the street while he sipped his gin and bitters. The roar of the city as it came through the murky windows seemed to him more than commonly harsh and grating. The gray light of the summer evening filtered mournfully into the dingy room. . . . He was not a weak man; he had no qualms of conscience for what he had made up his mind that afternoon to do. It was disagreeable, but he had weighed it against other disagreeable alternatives which might happen if he could not get the money he needed. By the time he had reached Shoreham he had entirely adjusted his mind to Graves, and he met his wife, who had walked over to the station, with his usual buoyant smile. And that evening he remarked: —

"I guess we had better take the Loring place. It 's the only fit one for rent. We 'll have to keep a horse, — that 's all."

They had been debating this matter of the Loring house for several weeks. It was a pleasant old house, near the lake, not far from Mrs. Phillips's in Forest Park. It was Mrs. Phillips who had first called the architect's attention to it. But, unfortunately, it was too far from either station of the railroad to be within walking distance. And it was a large establishment for two young persons to maintain, who were contemplating the advent of a baby and a nurse.

All this Helen had pointed out to her husband, and lately they had felt too poor to consider the Loring place.

"What has happened, Francis?" she asked.

"A lot more business has come in, — houses. They will be very profitable," he answered vaguely, remembering Helen's antipathy to the contractor. "Did you lunch with Venetia?"

XI.

The Lady Venetia de Phillips, as the young woman used to call herself in the doll age, had never set foot in a common street car, or, indeed, in anything more public than a day coach on the Forest Park suburban train; and in that only because the C. R. & N. had not found it profitable to provide as yet a special coach for her class. Mrs. Phillips, who had known what it was to ride in an Ottumwa buggy, comfortably cushioned by the stout arm of an Ottumwa swain, understood the cardinal principle of class evolution, which is separation. She had educated her children according to that principle.

So it happened shortly before Mrs. Phillips had taken possession of her new home that Miss Phillips, having to pay a visit on the North Side of the city, was driving in her mother's victoria, in dignity, according to her estate. Beside her sat her favorite terrier, Pete, scanning the landscape of the dirty streets by which they were obliged to pass from the South to the North Side. Suddenly as the carriage turned a corner, Pete spied a long, lank wharf rat, of a kind that did not inhabit his own neighborhood. The terrier took one impulsive leap between the wheels of the victoria, and was off up Illinois Street after the rat. It was a good race; the Lady Venetia's sporting blood rose, and she ordered the coachman to follow. Suddenly there dashed from an alley a light baker's wagon, driven by a reckless youth. Pete, unmindful of the clattering wagon, intent upon his loping prey, was struck full in the middle of his body: two wheels passed diagonally across him, squeezing him to the pavement like an india-rubber ball. He dragged himself to the sidewalk, filling the street with hideous howls. The passers-by stopped, but the reckless youth in the baker's wagon, having leaned out to see what

damage had been done, grinned, shook his reins, and was off.

Before the coachman had brought the victoria to a full stop Venetia was out and across the street. Pete had crawled into an alley, where he lay in a little heap, moaning. When his mistress tried to gather him into her skirt he whimpered and showed his teeth. Something was radically wrong! The small boys who had gathered advised throwing Pete into the river, and offered to do the deed. But Venetia, the tears falling from her eyes, turned back into the street to take counsel with the coachman. A young man who was hurrying by, swinging a little satchel and whistling to himself, stopped.

"What 's up?" he asked, smiling at the girl's tears.

Venetia pointed at the dog, and the stranger, pushing the small boys aside, leaned over Pete.

"Gee! He 's pretty well mashed, ain't he? Here, Miss, I 'll give him a smell of this and send him to by-by."

He opened his little satchel and hunted for a bottle. Venetia timidly touched his arm.

"Please don't kill him!"

"That 's just what I 'm going to do, sure thing!" He paused, with the little vial in his hand, and looked coolly at the girl. "You don't want the pup to suffer like that?"

"But can't he be saved?"

The stranger looked again at Pete, then back at Venetia. Finally he tied a handkerchief over the dog's mouth, and began to examine him carefully.

"Let 's see what there 's left of you after the mix-up, Mr. Doggie. We 'll give you the benefit of our best attention and skill, — more 'n most folks ever get in this world, — because you are the pet of a nice young lady. If you were just an alley-cat you would n't even get the chloroform. Well, Miss, he 'd have about one chance in a hundred, after he had that hind leg cut off."

"Could you cure him? Mamma will be very glad to pay you for your services."

"Is that so?" the stranger remarked. "How do you know that my services don't come very high? Well, come on, pup! We 'll see what can be done for you."

Drawing the improvised muzzle tighter, he gathered Pete up in a little bundle. Then he strode down the street to the west. The coachman drew up beside the curb and touched his hat.

"Won't you get in?" Venetia asked.

"It 's only a step or so to my place," he answered gruffly. "You can follow me in the carriage."

But she kept one hand on Pete, and walked beside the stranger until he stopped at an old, one-story, wooden cottage. Above the door was painted in large black letters, "S. Coburn, M. D. Physician and Surgeon."

"May I come in?" the girl asked timidly.

"Sure! Why would I keep you sitting on the doorstep?"

Inside there was a little front room, apparently used as a waiting-room for patients. Back of this was a large bare room, into which the doctor led the way. It occupied all the rest of the cottage. A wooden bench extended the entire length of this room, underneath a row of rough windows, which had been cut in the wall to light the bench. Over in one corner was a cot, with the bedclothes negligently dragging on the floor. Near by was an iron sink. On a table in the centre of the room, carefully guarded by a glass case, was a complex piece of mechanism which looked to the girl like one of the tiresome machines her teacher of physics was wont to exhibit.

"My laboratory," the doctor explained somewhat grandly.

Venetia stepped gingerly across the dirty floor, glancing about with curiosity. The doctor placed the dog on the

table, and turned on several electric lights.

"You 'll have to help at this performance," the doctor remarked, taking off his coat.

Together they gave Pete an opiate and removed the muzzle. The doctor then turned him over and poked him here and there.

"Well," he pronounced, "Peter has a full bill. Compound fracture, broken rib, and mashed toes. And I don't know what all on the inside. He has a slim chance of limping around on three legs. Shall I give him some more dope? What do you say?"

"Pete was a gamy dog," Venetia replied thoughtfully. "I think he would like all his chances."

"Good!" The doctor tossed aside the sponge that he had held ready to give Pete his farewell whiff. He told the girl how to hold the dog, and how to touch the sponge to his nose from time to time. They were absorbed in the operation when the coachman pushed his way into the room.

"What shall I do, Miss, about the horses? Mis' Phillips gave particler instructions I was n't to stay out after five-thurty. It 's most that now."

"Tell him to go home," the doctor ordered. "We 'll be an hour more."

"But how shall I get home?" the girl asked, perplexed.

"On your feet, I guess, same as most folks," the doctor answered, testing a knife on his finger. "And the cars ain't stopped running on the South Side, have they?"

"I don't know. I never use them," Venetia replied helplessly.

The doctor put the knife down beside Pete, and looked at the girl from her head to her feet, a teasing smile creeping over his swarthy face.

"Well, it 's just about time for you to find out what they 're good for. I 'll take you home myself just to see how you like them. You won't get hurt, not a bit. You may go, Thomas!" He waved his hand sarcastically to the coachman. "And when you go out, be good enough to slip the latch. We have a little business to do here, and don't want to be interrupted."

When the coachman had left, Venetia turned to the doctor with a red face, and copying her mother's most impressive tones, asked, —

"What would you like me to do now, Dr. Coburn?"

"Nothing special. Turn your back if you don't like to see me take a chop out of doggie."

He laughed at her dignity; therefore she kept her face turned resolutely on poor Pete. She could not help being interested in the man as she watched his swift movements. He was stocky and short, black-haired, with a short black mustache that did not disguise the perpetual sardonic smile of his lips. She noticed that his trousers were very baggy and streaked at the bottoms with mud. They were the trousers of a man who, according to her experience, was not a gentleman. The frayed cravat, which showed its cotton filling, belonged to the same category as the trousers. But there was something in the fierce black eyes, the heavy jaw, the nervous grip of the lips when the man was thinking, that awed her. The more Venetia looked at him, the more she was afraid of him; not afraid that he would do any harm to her, but vaguely afraid of his strength, his force. His bare arms were thick and hairy, although the fingers were supple, and he touched things lightly. Altogether he was a strange person in her little world, and somewhat terrifying.

Dr. Coburn talked all the time, while he worked swiftly over the dog, describing to the girl just what he was doing. Venetia watched him without flinching, though the tears would roll down her face. She put one hand under Pete's limp head to hold it, as she would have liked to have her head held under the

same circumstances. At last the doctor straightened himself and exclaimed : —

"Correct! He 's done up in first-class style." He went to the sink and washed his arms and hands. "Yes, Peter is as well patched as if the great Dr. Parks had done it himself and charged you ten thousand dollars for the job. I donno' but it 's better done. And he would have charged you all right!" He gave a loud ironical laugh, and swashed the water over his bare arms.

Then he came back to the operating table, wiping his hands and arms on a roller towel that was none too clean.

"You can quit that sponge now, Miss, and I guess doggie won't appreciate the little attention of holding his head yet a while. He has n't got to the flower and fruit stage yet, have you, eh, purp?"

Venetia stood like a little girl, awkwardly waiting for orders.

"What 's your name?" the doctor demanded abruptly.

"Venetia, — Venetia Phillips."

"Well, Miss Venetia, you seem fond of animals. Would you like to see my collection?"

He strode to the farther end of the room and opened a trap door.

"Come over here!"

The girl peeped through the trap door into the cellar. There, in a number of pens, were huddled a small menagerie of animals, — dogs, cats, guinea-pigs, rabbits.

"What do you do with all of them?" the girl asked, her heart sinking with foreboding.

"Cut 'em up!"

"Cut them up?"

"Sure! And dose 'em. This is an experimental laboratory." The doctor waved his hand rather grandly over the dirty room. "There are not many like it in the city of Chicago, I can tell you. I am conducting investigations, and I use these little fellers."

"It 's horrid!" the girl exclaimed, looking apprehensively at Pete.

"Not a bit of it!" The doctor reached his hand down and pulled up a rabbit, a little mangy object, which tottered a few steps and then fell down, as if dizzy.

"Jack 's had fifteen minims of the solution of hydrochlorate of manganese this morning. He looks kind of dopy, don't he? He 'll be as smart as a trivet tomorrow. But I guess he 's about reached his limit of hydrochlorate, eh, Jack?"

In spite of herself the girl's curiosity was aroused. When the doctor had returned Jack to his pen, she asked, "What 's that queer machine over there?"

"That 's to pump things into your body, to squirt medicines into you, instead of dropping them into your tummy loose, as doctors usually do. See? When I stick this long needle into you and work this handle, a little stream of the thing I want to give you is pumped into your body at the right spot. Would you like to have me try it on you? No! I thought not. That 's why Jack has to take his dose every morning."

He went into his explanation more thoroughly, and they talked of many things that were as wonderful to Venetia, brought up in the modern city of Chicago, as if she had come out of Thibet.

"I suppose I shall have to leave Pete. May I come to see him sometimes?" she said at last.

"Sure! As often as you like. I 'm generally in afternoons. I 'll telephone if the patient's pulse gets feeble or his temperature goes up."

"You need n't make fun of me. And I think I can find my way home alone," she added, as the doctor took his hat from the table and jammed it on his head.

"I said I 'd see you home. I am not going to miss seeing you take that first ride on the cable, not much! Perhaps you won't mind walking across the bridge and up the avenue to the cable line? It 's a pretty evening, and it will do you good to take the air along the river."

So the two started for the city and crossed the busy thoroughfare of the Rush Street Bridge just as the twilight was touching the murky waters of the river. The girl was uncomfortably conscious that the man by her side was a very shabbily dressed escort. She was glad that the uncertain light would hide her from any of her acquaintances that might be driving across the bridge at this hour. The doctor seemed to be in no hurry; he paused on the bridge to watch a tug push a fat grainboat up the river, until they were almost caught by the turning draw.

"That's a fine sight!" he remarked.

"Yes, the sunset is beautiful," she replied conventionally.

"No! I mean that big vessel loaded with grain. That's what you live on: it's what you are, — that and a lot of dirty cattle over in the pens of the stockyard. That's you, Miss Venetia, — black hair, pink cheeks, and all!"

"What a very materialistic way of looking at life!" Venetia replied severely.

"Lord, child!" the doctor exclaimed ironically. "Who taught you that horrid word?" He proceeded to give her a little lecture on physiology, which occupied her attention all the way to the cable car, so that she forgot her snobbish anxieties.

The car was crowded, and no one offered her a seat. She was obliged to stand crowded in a corner, swaying from a strap overhead, while the persistent doctor told her all about the car, the motive power, the operatives, the number of passengers carried daily, the dispute over the renewal of the franchise, and kindred matters of common concern.

"Now, it's likely enough some of your folks own a block of their watered stock," he continued in his clear, high voice, that made itself felt above the rattle of the car. "And you are helping pay them their dividends. Some day, though, maybe the rest of us won't want to go on paying five cents to ride in their old cars. Then your stock will go down, the water will dry up, and perhaps you 'll have one or two dresses less. You 'll remember then I told you the reason why."

Venetia had heard enough about stocks and bonds to know that a good deal of the Phillips money was invested in the City Railway. But she had also learned that it was very vulgar for a man to discuss money matters with a girl. Furthermore, peering about the crowded conveyance, she had caught sight of Porter Howe, one of her brother Stanwood's friends. He was looking at her and the doctor, and she began to feel uncomfortable again. It had never occurred to her that the young men of her class were in the habit of using the street cars, at least until they had reached those assured positions at the head of industry which awaited them.

So the novelty of the ride in the public car had something of torture in it, and she was glad enough to escape through the front door at Eighteenth Street.

"Won't you come in?" she asked the doctor politely when they came to the formidable pile of red brick where she lived.

"Thanks. I don't believe your folks will want me to stay to supper, and I am getting hungry. Hope you enjoyed your ride. Some day I 'll come and take you for a trolley ride down towards the south."

He shook her hand vigorously and laughed. Then he started briskly for the city, his hands thrust in his trousers' pockets, his black felt hat drawn forward over his brows. Venetia had barely mounted the first bank of steps before she heard her name.

"Say, Miss Venetia!"

The doctor was shouting back to her, one hand at the side of his mouth.

"Don't you worry about that pup! I think I can bring him round all right."

She nodded, and stepped into the vesti-

bule with a sense of relief from her companion. She knew that Dr. Coburn was what her brother called a "mucker," and her mother spoke of as a "fellow." Yet she recognized that there was something in the man to be respected, and this insight, it may be said, distinguished Venetia from her mother and her brother.

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

THE conditions of human life vouchsafe an immortality of personal fame to every great artist, but the scholar's portion is usually to be forgotten; he builds his share of the City of Knowledge, proud if they who come after him carry on the work along his lines, content if they tear down what he has done, and use for a fairer building the stones which he has quarried. For a few brief years after his death the fragrance of his personality may linger, the impact of the whole man may still be felt, but slowly he will pass over into the long list of scholars known only to scholars, and even to most of them only by name. We must needs remind ourselves of these things because they are truths which we are apt to forget in the presence of an individual case, truths which we are only too ready to doubt in the fullness of our present knowledge. And yet, if they are true, a great scholar's life when it is completed deserves an immediate study before the color has faded from the sunset sky. It is safe to say that none of us will ever again see the like of Theodor Mommsen, and the elements of the scholar's life which we may study elsewhere, piecing them together, here a bit and there a bit, are found combined in him, and writ so large that even the most unsympathetic must be impressed by them.

Christian Matthias Theodor Mommsen was born November 30, 1817, at Garding, a small village in Schleswig-Holstein, not far from the North Sea. It was not without result that his earliest years were passed in the borderland of Germany, in a province whose heart was with Germany, but whose land was then reckoned a part of Denmark, in the years when the reaction from Napoleon was setting in, and the German national feeling was springing into life. Up to the age of seventeen he lived with his parents in company with his two younger brothers, Tycho (born 1819), afterwards known for his work on Pindar and Horace, and August (born 1821), whose reputation rests principally on his studies in Greek and Roman chronology. After spending five years at the Gymnasium at Altona (near Hamburg), he matriculated in 1838, aged twenty-one, at the University of Kiel. There he studied for another five years, attaining his Doctorate of Philosophy in 1843 with a modest treatise on a subject connected with Roman Law, the forerunner of so many hundreds of monographs from his pen. In the following year he obtained a traveling fellowship, which enabled him to pursue his studies in Italy. He spent there the years 1843–47. These *Wanderjahre* were a time of wonderful development for the young Mommsen. He made the acquaintance of the great Borghese, the most famous authority of his day on Roman Inscriptions. Subsequently (in 1852) the dedication of Mommsen's first great work, the Inscriptions of the Kingdom of Naples, to Borghese, "*Magistro, Patrono, Amico*," bears trib-

ute to these years. The thirty-year-old student was already looking far into the future, for in the last year of the Italian stay (1847) he published a Plan for a Corpus of Latin Inscriptions. As early as 1844 the famous jurist Savigny had proposed to the Berlin Academy that Mommsen be put in charge of the Collection of Roman Inscriptions which the Academy proposed to publish. But when Mommsen's ideas had been explained to them they feared the expense and favored a rival claimant, a certain Zumpt, who proposed an economical (and worthless) rehashing of existing printed collections, whereas Mommsen demanded that the original stones be sought for again and recopied. It took Mommsen a year to establish his point, and he was compelled to give tangible proof of it in his Inscriptions of the Kingdom of Naples, published independently, before he was eventually put in charge of the undertaking.

It is characteristic of the man that even in the midst of this scholastic work in the congenial surroundings of Italy his ear should not have been deaf to the call of his fatherland. Christian VIII of Denmark had begun to threaten the liberty of Schleswig-Holstein, and Mommsen the epigraphist became apparently lost temporarily in Mommsen the patriot. With his wonted energy he not only returned to Schleswig-Holstein, but became the editor of a political paper in Rendsburg. In the nature of things his work there came to an end in the early months of 1848, when Friedrich VII succeeded Christian VIII, Denmark became a constitutional monarchy, and the war of the Duchies began. And so in 1848 the editor of the Schleswig-Holsteinische Zeitung became the Professor of Roman Law in the University of Leipsic. It need not surprise us that in this same year the ex-editor, now professor, should publish a learned work on Roman surveying, nor that in the following year his political interests, invoking his sympathy with Prussia, should have made him so hostile to the Saxon authorities that he was compelled to resign his professorship and seek refuge in hospitable Switzerland. Nothing daunted by his voluntary exile, he accepted a professorship at the University of Zurich in 1852, and made the most of his opportunities. These were the years in which he was quietly working on his Roman History; but alongside of this he found time to turn his environment to a profitable use, writing the admirable article on Switzerland in Roman Times, and publishing a collection of the Latin inscriptions found in Switzerland. These small articles are characteristic of the man's ever present consciousness of environment and his sympathetic touch with it. In 1854 his Roman History began to appear, and at the same time he was transferred from Zurich to Breslau, again as Professor of Roman Law. The success of the Roman History was phenomenal, and in less than a decade it had been translated into most of the European languages. It was largely owing to the success of the book that he was called to Berlin in 1858 to a professorship of Ancient History.

In the year of his coming to Berlin falls the publication of his Roman Chronology, a work which, altogether aside from its historical value, is of peculiar personal interest because it was largely inspired by the writings of his brother August, and was written in opposition to his theories. The preface gives a frank statement of the case, and combines in a rare degree personal sympathy and admiration for "brother August" and reckless objective criticism of the theories of "A. Mommsen," ending with a prayer to the reader not to confuse the two standpoints. "If future biographers shall repeat in connection with this controversy the note in the list of the Roman Consuls, '*Hei fratres gemini fuerunt*,' let them do so unhindered. But those who wish to know the truth in the matter will, I hope, convince them-

selves that the personal element does not enter into the discussion." We can only wish that the same distinction of person and thing had characterized all his subsequent expression of opinion in other connections.

From 1858 on, except for one short interval, his home was in Berlin; and, for most of these forty-five years till his death, in the modest little house in Charlottenburg where he died. During this almost half-century his scholarly activity continued unbroken up to within a few days of his death, for it would be a great error to consider that his outside interests, notably his political life, in any wise interfered with his literary activity. The two proceeded side by side, each inevitably bound up with the other. In 1863 the first volume of Corpus of Latin Inscriptions appeared, his own work, in preparation for which he had been planning and toiling for almost twenty years. In the following year came the first of his two volumes of monographs on Roman History. Seven years later the Roman Constitutional Law appeared, a stupendous undertaking, as technical and erudite as the Roman History was popular and simple. Events were moving rapidly for him in these years. In 1872 he founded a periodical devoted to the Science of Inscriptions, — a sort of light-weight cavalry troop, preceding the slow moving infantry of the Corpus. In the following year he was made Perpetual Secretary of the Berlin Academy, and at the same time a member of the Prussian House of Representatives. Until 1882 he continued a member of the Prussian Diet, identifying himself with the Liberal party, and more particularly with that portion of it which stood aloof from Socialism. In these years following the Franco-Prussian war all eyes were turned on Bismarck. Mommsen's attitude here was one of intense hostility. He saw in Bismarck not the man who had given unity to Germany, Mommsen's own ideal, but merely the triumphant aristocrat with whom he could have no sympathy. His hostility led him so far as to speak of Bismarck's policy as a "swindle." He was brought to trial for his words, and though he was ultimately acquitted by the Court of Appeals, it was in a sense the end of his active political life.

However, during the decade (1873–82) the scholar was not forgotten in the politician. In 1877, on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, a memorial album was published in his honor by his friends and pupils. Six different languages are used as the medium of expression, and almost every branch of the study of antiquity is represented. In return Mommsen sent to each of the contributors a little volume entitled "Roman History by Theodor Mommsen: Volume IV," — a reference to the famous fourth volume of his History, which has never appeared. It was inscribed with this motto: —

> "Gerne hätte ich fortgeschrieben
> Aber es ist liegen geblieben." [1]

The book contained merely a reprint of a small article published in Hermes some time before. But while the fourth volume was never written, Volume V, the History of the Roman Provinces under the Empire, appeared in 1885. A great multitude of short articles and many revisions of already published works helped to fill up the next fourteen years. But his main occupation during this time was the preparation of the work on Roman Criminal Law, which appeared in 1899, — a closely printed book of over a thousand pages, crowded with references, and accompanied by all the paraphernalia of scholarship, published by this wonderful old gentleman in his eighty-second year. It is hardly necessary to add that this was his last large book, although he continued to publish articles until the end, and was at work on the Lives of the Roman Emperors when death stopped his busy pen, which had been writing for threescore years.

[1] I would have finished it gladly!
But alas! it lagged so sadly!

Mommsen's biography is more than a bibliography, for, wonderful as were his works, he was more man than book. We instinctively apply to him his own words: "Each one must specialize in one branch of learning, but not shut himself up in it. How miserable and small is the world in the eyes of the man who sees in it only Greek and Latin authors or mathematical problems!" There was no danger of this in his case, for in him were combined the man of books, the man of letters, the man of the state, and the man of the world. Scholarship, letters, and politics were all united in an unforgettable personality. Personally he was a curious combination of the ascetic savant and the man of the world; rising at five to drink a cup of cold coffee to begin his work, so absent-minded that he failed to recognize his own children on the street, so helpless that he put his crying baby in a scrap-basket and covered it with papers to deaden the noise, so absorbed that he set his hair on fire while looking for a book, — and yet alongside of this, the social favorite, a perfect dinner companion, fond of dining out and of entertaining. It is perhaps foolhardy at this early date to try to estimate the value of his life, and to appraise his worth along the various lines of activity which he pursued, and yet already certain great facts are evident.

With that curious fallacy of self-estimation of which history brings so many instances in the case of great men, Mommsen possibly set more store by his political work than by his scholarship or his letters, and probably he would rather go down in history as a great statesman than as a great scholar. Certainly in the last twenty years of his life the one drop of bitterness in his cup of joy was his lack of political power and influence. He cast longing eyes away from the honors of scholarship heaped at his feet to the laurels of the statesman which were being decreed to others. It is true that those who knew him cannot conceive of him other than he was, and Mommsen without the political instinct would be a riddle beyond solution. His political interests are absolutely essential to his life; out of them much that is otherwise a puzzle may be explained, and his greatest and most popular work owes its greatness and popularity alike to them. It was no affectation, but the necessary expression of the whole man because he was a whole man. He never exchanged living citizenship in the present in return for the doubtful honor of being more at home in the ancient world than in the modern. His studies never brought with them that paralyzing conviction of the cyclic movement in history and the vanity of present endeavor. From the stirring year of 1843 on, when his sympathy for Schleswig-Holstein's liberty led him to seek Prussia, for sixty years he continued a German and a Prussian, — a valiant fighter for the liberty of the individual and the unity of the German people. He was devoid at once of all self-seeking and all fear. In 1850, with Haupt and Jahn, he lost his professorship at Leipsic in his defiance of Saxony; and what the youth of 1850 dared then, the old man of 1882 dared in his defiance of Bismarck. But, after all, it was Mommsen the scholar that lent dignity to Mommsen the politician. His vehemence of expression, which merely quickens our attention when it is turned against Cicero, makes us move uneasily when it strikes Bismarck, or the French, or the English. Especially in his later years he spoke with a freedom which the world loved, because it was the grand old man who spoke, and the world felt honored that he should speak of it at all; but his was never the sane, equable speech of the calm, deliberate statesman. However, just as little as we could afford to lose the touch of the born statesman Gladstone writing on the Homeric problem, just so little could we afford to lose the sight of the born scholar Mommsen attacking Bismarck. Homer

and Bismarck were not much injured, while Gladstone and Mommsen gained infinitely. The eye which saw so clearly the Cæsar of two thousand years ago was holden that it could not see the Cæsar of his own day. Whatever his political errors and indiscretion may have been, in at least two points he was a rock of strength, — in his opposition to the fatuous anti-Semitic movement in recent years, and in his championship of academic freedom.

But the man who failed to be in politics all he desired to be, succeeded in scholarship and in literature beyond his highest expectations. He was certainly the greatest scholar of our time, and in point of toilsome erudition turned into knowledge, it is doubtful if the world has ever seen his superior. To Mommsen, history and jurisprudence were inseparably combined, but any estimate of him must distinguish between the two fields, because, great as were his deserts in both, he accomplished a very different thing in one case than in the other. At the time when Mommsen turned to the study of Roman jurisprudence, private law had been rescued from the philologists by Savigny and his predecessors, but public law was still in the grasp of men who cared more about history than law, and more about literature than both law and history. It was fortunate that Mommsen's early training had taught him more of law than the average philologist knew, and that he was not a philologist attacking the study of law, but an out-and-out jurist, philologically trained. The result was that he accomplished what neither jurists nor philologists before him had been able to do, — namely, he presented Roman law as a lawyer would present it, but with the philological knowledge which a lawyer would ordinarily lack. His treatment marks, therefore, a distinct advance both in method and in knowledge: in method, because the subject was treated as jurisprudence, not as philology demanded; in knowledge, because the philologist found new material, which had hitherto escaped the jurists.

Many men go into the vineyards of history and gather the grapes, many others press out the wine, but there are few who do both, as Mommsen did. There is hardly a source of Roman history where he has not been at work at some time in his busy life, improving texts, arranging chronology, pointing out parallels, explaining allusions. The largest source of all, the material in inscriptions, has been so widened and clarified by his lifework on the Corpus of Latin Inscriptions that it has become almost a new field. Of course there were many collaborators; that very fact redounds to his credit, partly because he was one of the greatest exponents of the coöperative method in scholarship, and partly because the presence of these collaborators, while it made the task feasible, by no means removed many of its difficulties. The ability to pick the best men, to gain their coöperation, and to keep them at the height of their output, and their output at its highest quality, — these are the traits of a great general, and here, too, Mommsen was tried and not found wanting. The infinitude of small detail incident to the publication of a volume of inscriptions is fully known only to one who has attempted it, but even a layman cannot pick up a volume of the Corpus without an overwhelming sense of the multitude of minute facts requisite to the proper fulfillment of the task. Yet in all the volumes for which Mommsen is directly responsible, inaccuracies are so rare that a positive interest attaches to one little inscription to which Mommsen wrote a Latin comment with this humiliating confession: "I have unfortunately neglected to make a note of where I found this inscription." One is tempted to feel that here in the Corpus and in his publication of the Monumenta Germaniæ, the sources of early German history, that better part of his work lies which shall not be taken from

him. It does not seem possible that scholarship will ever reach the point where these books will be out of date. Certainly no scholar now living can point out any reason why this should ever be so. But if that which is not at present conceivable should eventually be realized, if the day should come when some grand international Academy should reëdit the body of Roman inscriptions along some new and superior line, so that the present Corpus would have merely historic interest, Mommsen's name would still live, and that in a totally different connection, in the realm not of pure scholarship, but of mere literature.

Some one has well said that but for the Roman History Mommsen would be a great man "taken on faith." That is probably true, but we have the Roman History, — perhaps the most remarkable piece of German literature written in the middle of the nineteenth century. It is a wonderful testimony to the power of humanity over humanity that the most human work which Mommsen wrote should be the most popular. The Roman History was the expression of the whole man, and if ever it should cease to have value as Roman history, it will never cease to be of value as a spiritual document, as a picture of the hopes and ideals of Theodor Mommsen. By a happy chance, when the book was brought into the world it appeared in the naked simplicity of its narrative without the swaddling clothes of footnotes and sources. The clear-cut style showed forth to its best advantage. The world at large took its statements on faith, scholars were at liberty to test them in other books of Mommsen himself, or of other men. At the time when his history was published the world was feeling the reaction which was bound to follow the renunciation demanded by the new critical method of Niebuhr. That scholar had shown most brilliantly what Roman history was not. He had made many erasures. It remained for Mommsen to fill them up and show what Roman history was. Mommsen had to help him, what Niebuhr had not had, the comparative method. Yet it is not even this method with its results, nor yet his commercial theory of the origin of Rome, which elevates his book to its rank in literature. It was the fact that the author wrote it out of the fullness of his own feelings. Rome had done, so Mommsen thought, what his own Germany had failed to do. With a careful guarding of all the liberties of the individual she had worked out her own unity. And so Mommsen read Roman history in the light of the nineteenth century, and studied contemporary politics in the light of Roman history. A book thus written with the heart enforcing the head could not fail of success. Impartial history it is not, but literature it is, — and of the first order. And yet, with all its exaggeration it does not go wide of the mark, and it is a question whether the artist Mommsen did not come nearer to ultimate historical truth than the scholar Mommsen did in his more objective works. It may lose in calm judicial weighing of opinion, but in passion and dramatic effect it gains almost the value of the narrative of a contemporary historian.

We are in an age of extreme reticence in regard to opinion. We are willing to write endless columns of the debit and credit of historical facts, yet few have the courage to add up and strike the balance. But learning can ripen into knowledge only in the sunshine of opinion. Mommsen opened up to the world a wealth of historical sources. Other men will use them, and scholarship will be advanced by them, yet their names and the name of Mommsen will be hidden under their own massive constructions. But the Roman History as a work of art is an abiding possession, never out of date as literature, a memorial to its author more lasting than bronze.

Jesse Benedict Carter.

A WIND-CALL.

Dust thou art, and unto dust,
Playfellow, return thou must;
Lingering death it is to stay
In the prison-house of clay —
Bricks of Egypt year by year
Walling up a sepulchre.

Better far the soul to free
From its close captivity,
And with us, thy comrades, go
Wheresoe'er we list to blow.
Come! for soon again to dust,
Playfellow, return thou must.

John B. Tabb.

THE DECENT THING.

I.

The chattering typewriters had ceased their gossiping, and the telegraph instruments down the corridor were snapping out in sharp metallic clicks the lag end of things coming in too late for the last edition. The electric fan in the corner sang like a droning bee. The hot, dead air from the street below entered at the open window, was caught in its brass blades, and skirled out into the corridor to fight with the heavy odor of printers' ink. The clock hands were crawling toward five, and three men were watching them crawl. If ever five were reached without a summons from the city editor, Jackson, the tall man with the brierwood pipe, would go to the beach; Fay, the man with the corncob, would go home to his wife and three children; Barton, the cub, would go, — well, he did n't know where he would go.

Fay, who covered funerals and such things, whined a complaint about people dying in July.

"It 's the most sensible thing a man can do," opined Jackson.

"And then," continued Fay, unloosening his collar, "to think of their having the nerve to go and get burned! Bah! I can stand a funeral in a house where the blinds are down and it 's cool, but services at a crematory, with the forced draft and" —

"Oh, cut it out!" cried Barton.

"I shall dream of that" —

"Barton! Oh, Barton!" It was the office boy with a call from the city editor.

As Barton hurried out, Jackson removed the pipe from his mouth.

"He 's about all in," said he.

"Good thing," answered Fay. "If he can get scared out of this work, he is to be congratulated."

"It is n't fear. I know what it is. I 've had it."

"Home and mother?"

"Bah!" growled Jackson in disgust. "One could hold a more intelligent conversation with a rhinoceros on the uses of face powder."

Both men smoked on in silence. Then Fay said irritably, —

"Your simile is far-fetched, and you are n't up against the proposition of how to support five on twenty per week. Damn such weather! The baby is sick."

When Barton returned to the room, Jackson glanced curiously at him.

"What cher got, kid?"

There was a strained expression on Barton's face as of one very ill. His lips were white and compressed, and beaded with moisture. He threw himself in a chair without answering, and folding his arms on the desk before him, buried his face, not weeping.

Fay went out.

"What cher got, Billy?" asked Jackson again.

Barton slowly raised his head. He had delicate, sympathetic features, of the kind capable of hardening on occasion.

"What have I got?" he repeated fiercely; "I 've got another misery story. Weymouth has a tip that old Baxter, who lost all his money last year, is living out of town here in a garret with his daughter. It is one of his damn human interest stories. 'Go write up the contrast,' said he, 'the poverty, the dying old man, faithful daughter brought up in society now doing housework. Whoop it up for a Sunday special!' Why can't he let 'em alone?"

"It 's a good story," commented Jackson without removing his pipe.

For a second Billy stared straight ahead of him, and then suddenly leaning forward, he asked in a nervous, pleading voice, —

"I say, Jackson, is n't there anything decent in this world?"

"Lots of things, if you are blind enough to see them."

"Then God help me!" burst out Barton, rising to his feet. "I wish I were blind! I can't look a man in the face now without wondering when he is going crooked; I can't look at the outside of a respectable house, without wondering when a skeleton is going to stalk forth; I — I can't look a woman in the face without — Oh, I 'm sick of it, — sick of it, do you hear? I want to get back to the green fields, and the mountains, and the fresh air! I am sick of all this!"

He stood there with his nostrils quivering as though he had been running. Jackson arose, and going to his side, laid a hand upon his arm.

"See here, boy, I don't want the responsibility of inducing you to remain in this business. I believe as the Frenchman said, 'It 's a good business if you get out of it soon enough.' Only there are some of us who don't get out; could n't get out if we wanted to. And we don't want to. That 's the trouble, we don't want to. But don't run and don't get out too soon. That 's worse. It 's — it 's like going behind the scenes and seeing the tinsel, and the paint, and the wheels, without waiting long enough to learn what it all means. Now listen, Billy; I don't set myself up as a philosopher, but I have learned this, — there is just one decent thing in all this world, but that one thing makes all things else decent. Find it before you quit. Find it for yourself."

He looked at Barton a moment as though about to say more, but changed his mind and started from the room. He knew the lad would be ashamed of himself for his temporary weakness, and likely enough would hate him for his advice. But he turned back once.

"Say, why don't you come down to the beach and have a swim before you start? You are looking kind of white."

"No," answered Billy, with sudden stubbornness, "I 'm going. I 'm going now."

So he took the 5.30 train for Wessex. The stuffy, suffocating cars were drawn over hot rails by a panting engine, leaving in their wake a cloud of dry, yellow dust. Men spoke seldom, and then mechanically, in emotionless monosyllables.

A querulous babe cried in spasms. The sun sank red behind the parched fields, and left an atmosphere as parched as the grass itself. The brown landscape flowed past the car windows, a dark stream, like a sluggish tropical river. The monotony of it all was only varied by the sight of factories and huts, and yards full of broken and unclean things.

He leaned far back in the seat, and closed his eyes. His mind became occupied with trying to find breath in the gas-laden atmosphere, and in thinking an exasperating air which he soon felt that he must hum in time with the clicking of the car wheels over the rails. It was an unpleasant task, but if he neglected it, the cars would go off the rail or something, and then there would be an odd, jumbled-up mass of twisted iron and splinters, with arms and legs sticking out. And he would have to go round and ask their names for his paper. Yes, he would have to shout into that pile of burning ties, —

"I say, you with the arm sticking out, I'm from the Times, what's your name?"

If the man died, gasping it, would that be a scoop?

He laughed mirthlessly as he straightened himself and gazed out the window again.

The lamps in the car had been lighted before the smutty-faced brakeman growled, "Wessex."

He found himself on the station platform. A small boy was watching the disappearing train, and wriggling his toes in an uncomfortable fashion. A baggageman in blue overalls was making much ado over the single parcel left on the hot planks. Beyond the station, Billy saw a few houses, lights in the windows; beyond that, darkness. He stood there stupidly, looking at the lights.

"Waitin' fer some one?" queried the baggageman.

"Yes," answered Billy mechanically.

"Hot, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Should n't wonder if we had a shower."

"Yes."

He wondered vaguely how much this fellow stole in the course of a year. He was of half a mind to ask him. It would make a good story, — trusted railroad employee, country station —

"— and so I reckon I 'd better g'orn home and tell my wife and be done with it."

What had the man been talking about?

"I tell yer, young feller, don't you never git married. That 's when yer troubles begin!"

Billy turned upon him fiercely, with sudden madness: —

"You lie! It 's good for a man, I tell you. It 's" —

The baggageman was staring in open-mouthed astonishment. Billy regained his senses.

"I beg your pardon. I — I — Where does old man Baxter live?"

"Old man Baxter?" asked the baggageman suspiciously.

"Poor old man Baxter."

"Dunno 's he 's so poor. He lives on the old Baxter place down the road. Keep up over the hill and g'orn till you come to a little house with a flower garden before it."

The man sidled away, and from a safe distance watched Billy as he stumbled off down the road.

It was a pleasant road, a peaceful, quiet sort of road, with large maple trees either side of it and fields beyond, but it was full of a white hot dust that choked and burned. He hurried along unmindful of the cooling breeze trying to stir the large green leaves, unmindful that the air was freshening, unmindful of the night song of the birds. He continued to the turn, and kept on over the hill. By that sheer force of will power which a runner exercises on the last mile of a long race, he forced his legs down the hill to the house with the flower garden before it.

There was a light in the window.
He stumbled and fell.

II.

When Billy opened his eyes, he knew that two persons were bending over him, though in the dark he could not distinguish their faces.

"He 's fainted, dad," said one in a voice soft, low, half full of fright. It was as though a shadow should speak.

With an effort Billy rose on his elbow.

"I — I beg pardon," he said.

A man's hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"What 's the trouble, lad?"

It was the voice of an old man.

"Trouble? I — I don't know. I fell."

"I guess it 's the heat. Can you walk a little? Ruth, take his other arm."

Between the two, still unconscious of where he was, he reached the cottage with the flower garden before it. They led him into the living-room, where a single candle was burning, and bade him sit while they hurried about for water and ice. Then he knew where he was, — knew with a rush of ugly thoughts that nearly drove him again into unconsciousness. This was old man Baxter's home.

He closed his eyes. He had no right there, no right to see. He would n't see! He would take their cooling draught, and then go out, his eyes still closed so that he should not be even tempted to describe what was within.

But he heard a voice near him, —

"Won't you drink this?"

And upon opening his eyes he saw beside him a young woman clothed in dainty white muslin, holding out to him a glass in which the ice tinkled. He drank, his eyes still upon her.

"You look very tired and — and hungry," she said. "Are you hungry?"

"No," he answered.

He should have been hungry, for he had not eaten since breakfast, but all he knew now was that the mere sight of this girl, so fresh, so pure, so cool, was as balm to his eyes, and through his eyes reached and cooled his feverish brain.

Then dad came in with an ice bag for his head, and made him lie back in the chair a few moments while this took the heat from out the space over his brow. He studied him in the feeble candlelight, — an old man with hair snow-white and a clean shaven face furrowed with deep lines just above the aquiline nose and about the thin mouth, his eyes half hidden beneath shaggy brows. And beside him was his daughter, one arm thrown over his shoulder. Her face was his face without the lines, and throughout of a finer mould, differing only in that her eyes were gray and his were blue. And both were happy. He thanked God for that, — they both looked happy. He felt, as much as saw, that the room in which they sat was comfortably furnished; and in the dark, in one corner, he discovered the outlines of a piano. He thanked God for that, too.

The ice made him very comfortable and half drowsy. He would have liked to remain there so, indefinitely, just watching these two. There seemed to be no reason why he should n't until — he suddenly remembered who he was. He had no right there! He was a newspaper man! He had come to hurt them, — to lay bare to the world, in the brutal fashion of a Sunday paper, the sweet privacy of their life! He was to bring the world into this house, — the coarse, vulgar, curious world they had fled to escape! He felt as foul as he who spied upon Godiva!

Staggering to his feet, he started across the room.

"I must go," he said huskily. "I must go."

"No, no!" exclaimed the girl, "you must n't go yet. There is no carriage, and you cannot walk."

"Ruth is right," added the old gentle-

man. "You will faint before you reach the road. If you have important business" —

"No, I have n't any business, only" —

Why, that was it: he had n't any business. How simple it was! He returned to his chair with a heavy weight lifted from his shoulders. His thought up to now had been that he must obey orders, for that had been drilled into him as it is into a soldier. Well, and if he would not, what then? His brain started to reason about the matter, but he would not listen. He refused absolutely to listen, even at the beginning. He was sole master of himself, and that was the end of it.

"You are very good to me," he said; "I feel much better."

"You have walked far to-day?" asked the old gentleman, not to question, but out of sympathy.

"No, not far," answered Billy. "Only it has been a rough road and a hot, dusty road."

He glanced first at the girl and then at the father, with a curious look of doubt, pleading, and frankness.

"Do you mind if — if I forget a little?"

The father drew his daughter closer.

"No," he said, "forget. This is the house of Oblivion."

She kissed her father's hair and smiled her assent, too.

"I have a sister who looks like you," went on Billy. "My name is Barton. I come from Maine. She is down there now among the trees, — the big trees."

The old gentleman bowed slightly.

"My name is Baxter. This is my daughter."

Billy rose, but she motioned him to be seated again. He leaned far back in the big chair. Though still feeling weak, all the pain had vanished, all the fever. He felt as one tired and dusty does after a bath in a clear cold spring. Glancing about him once again, he noticed how each article in the room breathed that wonderful word, "Home."

"Oh, but this is good!" he exclaimed. "You don't know how good this is!"

The old man's eyes and the young man's eyes met and they understood each other.

"You have learned early," said the elder. "It took me fifty years to learn what is good."

The girl was watching them both curiously, not understanding.

"You men!" she said, with a little laugh; "I envy you your power of learning. You learn — everything, and we women, we go on learning only by accident."

"But half of what we learn," said her father, "is learning all over again. We forget so much!"

"And we remember so much!" said she.

"And happiness is only learning what to remember and what to forget," said Billy.

"And we all get so mixed up and Maeterlincky when we try to be wise," she laughed.

And then they all laughed together, with the perfect sympathy of three notes going to make up a chord.

Billy settled himself more comfortably. But this was good! There was such a dead certainty about happiness like theirs, and it was big and wholesome and beautiful, like a spring morning.

They chatted away for an hour, the girl always laughing when the conversation threatened to become serious, and dad and Billy always stopping to listen, and then to laugh themselves. And finally dad asked her to play, and without excuse she melted into the shadow of the piano and struck a chord.

"But do you not play, Mr. Barton?" she asked, turning a moment.

"I used to play a little, — the violin, — but" —

The old gentleman straightened himself.

"Won't you try? I myself used to play, but now" —

He held out his palsied, trembling arm.

When he brought the instrument to the young man, he passed his hand over it as a father often does over his child's head when introducing him to a stranger.

"I think you will like it," he said simply.

And as Billy tuned it, he felt his nerves thrill at the softness of it, — the sympathy of it.

They sat there in the light of the single candle, she at the piano in the shadows, Billy in his chair, with the instrument tucked beneath his chin, and his eyes closed, the old gentleman with his hand over his brow, as though in prayer. He spoke only to ask them to play some favorite air of his. Billy seemed to remember everything that evening, and she at the piano followed him almost intuitively with rich soft chords and little laughing hurries of her own, up and down the keys. And as they listened, each followed a different path with his thoughts, — the old man, the young man, and the girl. But that which they dreamed that hour was sacred to them ever after.

The last air died away. There was a long silence in which the essence of all those songs still lingered like the perfume of flowers just removed. The old gentleman could be heard breathing deeply, regularly. Then Billy was conscious of a whisper.

"He has not slept so for long, — oh, very long!" she said.

"Do not wake him," he whispered in reply; "I will go. I am very strong now."

He tiptoed across the floor, she following.

"I am sure," she said, "he would wish you to remain. May I call him?"

It was odd, the way she asked if she might. He liked it.

"No," he answered; "such sleep should not be broken. You will thank him for me?"

He found his cap and she went with him to the end of the path. He hesitated because he did not like to say good-by. Only her little form was visible in the dark, with just a white suggestion of the face.

"It is very wonderful how you two have come into my life," he said. There was a touch of finality in his tone which she was quick to catch.

"But you speak as though you were not to return," she said.

He seemed to ponder a moment.

"I thought so at first because — Why, perhaps I am to return!"

"Yes, I think you are to return," she said. "And — and dad asks you to tea to-morrow."

She had gone.

When Billy Barton stamped up the office stairs the next morning, he was whistling a brisk march. There was a swing to his shoulders, a careless poise to his head, and a brusqueness of manner which had not been his for many months.

The city editor glanced up as he entered the office.

"Well!" he growled.

"Nothin' doin'," said Billy cheerfully.

"What!"

"No story down there."

A moment the editor stared at him. Then he said very slowly, —

"Young man, I feel way down deep in my heart that your talents are being wasted here. I wish you Godspeed."

"S'long," said Billy.

Down the corridor he saw Jackson, and made a dive for him.

"I've found it, Jackson! Oh, I've found it!" he shouted.

Then a broad grin slowly spread over his features, and he gave Jackson's hand a grip that made the latter wince.

"And say," he announced, "I'm fired!"

"So!" said Jackson. "What you going to do?"

"Do?" queried Billy as though surprised at the question; "do? Why, I'm going to Wessex for tea!"

Frederick Orin Bartlett.

THE BEGGAR'S POUCH.

A RICH American, with a kind heart and a lively sense of humor, was heard to remark as he crossed the Italian frontier, en route for Switzerland, "*Now*, if there be any one in the length and breadth of Italy who has not yet begged from me, this is his time to come forward."

It was a genial invitation, betokening that tolerance of mind rarely found in the traveling Saxon, who is fortified against beggars, as against many other foreign institutions, by a petition-proof armor of finely welded principle and prejudice. He disapproves of mendicancy in general. He believes — or he says he believes — that you wrong and degrade your fellow men by giving them coppers. He has the assurance of his guidebook that the corps of ragged veterans who mount guard over every church door in Rome are unworthy of alms, being themselves capitalists on no ignoble scale. His irritation, when sore beset, is natural and pardonable. His arguments are not easily answered. He can be vaguely statistical, — real figures are hard to come by in Italy, — he can be earnestly philosophical, he can quote Mr. Augustus Hare. In the end, he leaves you perplexed in spirit and dull of heart, with sixpence saved in your pocket, and the memory of pinched old faces — which do not look at all like the faces of capitalists at home — spoiling your appetite for dinner.

This may be right, but it is a melancholy attitude to adopt in a land where beggary is an ancient and not dishonorable profession. All art, all legend, all tradition, tell for the beggar. The splendid background against which he stands gives color and dignity to his part. We see him sheltered by St. Julian, — ah, beautiful young beggar of the Pitti! — — fed by St. Elizabeth, clothed by St. Martin, warmed by the fagots which St. Francesca Romano gathered for him in the wintry woods. What heavenly blessings have followed the charity shown to his needs, what evils have followed thick and fast where he has been rejected! I remember these things when I meet his piteous face and outstretched palm to-day. It is true that the Italian beggar almost always takes a courteous, or even an impatient denial in wonderfully good part; but, should he feel disposed to be malevolent, I am not one to be indifferent to his malevolence. I do not like to hear a shaken old voice wish that I may die unshriven. There are too many possibilities involved.

"So sang a withered Sibyl energetical,
And banned the ungiving door with lips prophetical."

Mr. Henry James is of the opinion (and one envies him his ability to hold it) that "the sum of Italian misery is, on the whole, less than the sum of the Italian knowledge of life. That people should thank you, with a smile of enchanting sweetness, for the gift of twopence is a proof certainly of an extreme and constant destitution; but — keeping in mind the sweetness — it is also a proof of a fortunate ability not to be depressed by circumstances." This is a comforting faith to foster, and more credible than the theory of secreted wealth within the beggar's pouch. It takes a great many pennies to build up a substantial fortune, and the competition in mendicancy is too keen to permit of the profits being large. The business — like other roads to fortune — is "not what it once was." A particularly good post, long held and undisputed, an imposingly venerable and patriarchal appearance, a total absence of legs or arms, — these things may lead to modest competency; but these things are rare equipments. My belief in the

affluence of beggars — a belief I was cherishing carefully for the sake of my own peace of mind — received a rude shock when I beheld a crippled old woman, whose post was in the Piazza S. Claudio, tucked into a doorway one cold December midnight, her idle crutches lying on her knees. If she had had a comfortable, or even an uncomfortable home to go to, why should she have stayed to shiver and freeze in the deserted Roman streets?

The latitude extended by the Italian Church to beggars, the patronage shown them, never ceases to vex the tourist mind. An American cannot reconcile himself to marching up the church steps between two rows of mendicants, each provided with a chair, a little *scaldino*, and a tin cup, in which a penny rattles lustily. There is nothing casual about the appearance of these freeholders. They make no pretense — as do beggars at home — of sudden emergency, or frustrated hopes. They are following their daily avocation, — the only one for which they are equipped, — and following it in a spirit of acute and healthy rivalry. To give to one and not to all is to arouse such a clamorous wail that it seems, on the whole, less stony-hearted to refuse altogether. Once inside the sacred walls, we find a small and well-selected body of practitioners hovering around the portals, waiting to exact their tiny toll when we are ready to depart. "Exact" is not too strong a word to use, for I have had a lame but comely young woman, dressed in decent black, with a black veil framing her expressive face, hold the door of the Aracœli firmly barred with one arm, while she swept the other toward me in a gesture so fine, so full of mingled entreaty and command, that it was worth double the fee she asked. Occasionally — not often — an intrepid beggar steals around during mass, and, touching each member of the congregation on the shoulder, gently implores an alms. This is a practice frowned upon as a rule, save in Sicily, where a "plentiful poverty" doth so abide that no device for moving compassion can be too rigidly condemned. I have been present at a high mass in Palermo, when a ragged woman with a baby in her arms moved slowly after the sacristan, — who was taking up the offertory collection, — and took up a second collection of her own, quite as though she were an authorized official. It was a scandalous sight to Western eyes, — in our well-ordered churches at home such a proceeding would be as impossible as a trapeze performance in the aisle, — but what depths of friendly tolerance it displayed, what gentle, if inert, compassion for the beggar's desperate needs!

For in Italy, as in Spain, there is no gulf set between the rich and poor. What these lands lack in practical philanthropy is atoned for by a sweet and universal friendliness of demeanor, and by a prompt recognition of rights. It would be hard to find in England or America such tattered rags, such gaunt faces and hungry eyes; but it would be impossible to find in Italy or Spain a church where rags are relegated to some inconspicuous and appropriate background. The Roman beggar jostles — but jostles urbanely — the Roman prince; the noblest and the lowliest kneel side by side in the Cathedral of Seville. I have heard much all my life about the spirit of equality, and I have listened to fluent sermons, designed to prove that Christians — impelled by supernatural grace — love this equality with especial fervor; but I have never seen its practical workings, save in the churches of southern Europe. There tired mothers hush their babies to sleep, and wan children play at ease in their Father's house. There I have been privileged to stand for hours, during long and beautiful services, because the only available chairs had been appropriated by forlorn creatures who would not have been permitted to intrude into the guarded pews at home.

It has been always thus. We have

the evidence of writers who give it with reluctant sincerity; — of Borrow, for example, who firmly believed he hated many things for which he had a natural and visible affinity. "To the honour of Spain be it spoken," he writes in The Bible in Spain, "that it is one of the few countries in Europe where poverty is never insulted, nor looked upon with contempt. Even at an inn the poor man is never spurned from the door, and, if not harboured, is at least dismissed with fair words, and consigned to the mercies of God and His Mother."

The more ribald Nash, writing centuries earlier, finds no words too warm in which to praise the charities of Catholic Rome. — "The bravest Ladies, in gownes of beaten gold, washing pilgrims' and poor soldiours' feete. . . . This I must say to the shame of us English; if good workes may merit Heaven, they doe them, we talk about them."

The Roman ladies "doe them" still; not so picturesquely as they did three hundred years ago, but in the same noble and delicate spirit. Their means and their methods are far below the means and methods of charitable organizations in England and America. They cannot find work where there is no work to be done. They cannot lift the hopeless burden of want which is the inevitable portion of the Italian poor. They can at best give only the scanty loaf which keeps starvation from the door. They cannot educate the children, nor make the swarming populace of Rome "self-respecting," by which we mean self-supporting. But they can and do respect the poverty they alleviate. Their mental attitude is simpler than ours. They know well that it is never the wretchedly poor who "fear fate and cheat nature," and they see, with more equanimity than we can muster, the ever recurring tragedy of birth. The hope — so dear to our Western hearts — of ultimately raising the whole standard of humanity shines very dimly on their horizon; but if they plan less for the race, they draw closer to the individual. They would probably, if questioned, say frankly with Sir Thomas Browne, "I give no alms only to satisfy the hunger of my Brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the Will and Command of my God." And if the Religio Medici be somewhat out of date, — superseded, we are told, by a finer altruism which rejects the system of reward, — we may still remember Mr. Pater's half-rueful admission that it was all "pure profit" to its holder.

When Charles Lamb lamented, with innate perversity, the decay of beggars, he merely withdrew his mind from actualities, — which always annoyed him, — and set it to contemplate those more agreeable figures which were not suffering under the disadvantage of existence. It was the beggar of romance, of the ballads, of the countryside, of the merry old songs, whose departure he professed to regret. The outcast of the London streets could not have been — even in Lamb's time — a desirable feature. To-day we find him the most depressing object in the civilized world; and the fact that he is what is called, in the language of the philanthropist, "unworthy," makes him no whit more cheerful of contemplation. The ragged creature who rushes out of the darkness to cover the wheel of your hansom with his tattered sleeve manages to convey to your mind a sense of degraded wretchedness, calculated to lessen the happiness of living. His figure haunts you miserably, when you want to forget him and be light of heart. By his side, the venerable, white-bearded old humbugs who lift the leather curtains of Roman and Venetian churches stand forth as cheerful embodiments of self-respecting mendicancy. They, at least, are no pariahs, but recognized features of the social system. They are the Lord's poor, whose prayers are fertile in blessings. It is kind to drop a coin into the outstretched hand, and to run the risk — not so appalling as we seem to think —

of its being unworthily bestowed. "Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half-penny;" but remember, rather, the ever ready alms of Dr. Johnson, who pitied most those who were least deserving of compassion. Little doubt that he was often imposed upon. The fallen women went on their way, sinning as before. The "old struggler" probably spent his hard-earned shilling for gin. The sick beggar whom he carried on his back should by rights have been languishing in the poorhouse. But the human quality of his kindness made it a vital force, incapable of waste. It warmed sad hearts in his unhappy time, as it warms our sad hearts now. Like the human kindness of St. Martin, it still remains — a priceless heritage — to enrich us poor beggars in sentiment today.

And this reminds me to ask — without hope of answer — if the blessed St. Martin can be held responsible for the number of beggars in Tours? The town is not pinched and hunger-bitten like the sombre old cities of Italy, but possesses rather an air of comfort and gracious prosperity. It is in the heart of a province where cruel poverty is unknown, and where "thrift and success present themselves as matters of good taste." Yet we cannot walk half an hour in Tours without meeting a number of highly respectable beggars engrossed in their professional duties. They do not sin against the harmony of their surroundings by any revolting demonstration of raggedness or penury. On the contrary, they are always neat and decent; and, on Sundays, have an aspect of such unobtrusive well-being that one would never suspect them of mendicancy. When a clean, comfortably dressed old gentleman, with a broad straw hat and a rosebud in his buttonhole, crosses the street to affably ask an alms, I own I am surprised, until I remember St. Martin, who, sixteen hundred years ago, shared his military mantle with the beggar shivering by the way. It was at Amiens that the incident occurred, but the soldier saint became in time the apostle and bishop of Tours; wherefore it is in Tours, and not in Amiens, that beggars do plentifully abound to-day; it is in Tours, and not in Amiens, that the charming old tale moves us to sympathy with their not very obvious needs. They are an inheritance bequeathed us by the saint. They are in strict accord with the traditions of the spot. I am told that giving sous to old men at church doors is not a practical form of benevolence; but neither was it practical to cut a valuable cloak in two. Something must be allowed to impulse, something to the generous unreason of humanity.

And, after all, it is not begging, but only the beggar who has forfeited favor with the elect. We are begged from on an arrogantly large scale all our lives, and we are at liberty to beg from others. It may be wrong to give ten cents to a legless man at a street corner; but it is right, and even praiseworthy, to send ten tickets for some dismal entertainment to our dearest friend, who must either purchase the dreaded things, or harass her friends in turn. If we go to church, we are confronted by a system of begging so complicated and so resolute that all other demands sink into insignificance by its side. John Richard Green, the historian, was wont to maintain that the begging friar of the pre-reform period, "who at any rate had the honesty to sing for his supper, and preach a merry sermon from the portable pulpit he carried round," had been far outstripped by a "finer mendicant," the begging rector of to-day. A hospital nurse once told me that she was often too tired to go to church — when free — on Sundays. "But it does n't matter whether I go or not," she said with serious simplicity, "because in our church we have the envelope system." When asked what the system was which thus lifted church-going from the number of Christian obligations, she explained

that envelopes marked with each Sunday's date were distributed to the congregation, and duly returned with a quarter inclosed. When she stayed at home, she sent the envelope to represent her. The collecting of the quarters being the pivotal feature of the Sunday's service, her duty was fulfilled.

With this, and many similar recollections in my mind, I own I am disposed to think leniently of Italy's church-door mendicants. How moderate their demands, how disproportionate their gratitude, how numberless their disappointments, how unfailing their courtesy! I can push back a leather curtain for myself, I can ring a sacristan's bell. But the patriarch who relieves me of these duties has some dim, mysterious right to stand in my way, — a right I cannot fathom, but will not pretend to dispute. He is, after all, a less insistent beggar than are the official guardians of galleries and museums, who relieve the unutterable weariness of their idle days by following me from room to room with exasperating explanations, until I pay them to go away. I have heard tourists protest harshly against the ever-recurring obligation of giving pennies to the old men who in Venice draw their gondolas in to shore, and push them out again. They say — what is perfectly true — that it is an extortion to be compelled to pay for unasked and unnecessary services, and they generally add something about not minding the money. It is the principle of the thing to which they are ruthlessly opposed. But these picturesque accessories of Venetian life are, for the most part, worn-out gondoliers, whose days of activity are over, and who are saved from starvation only by the semblance of service they perform. Their successors connive at their pretense of usefulness, knowing that some day they, too, must drop their oars, and stand patiently waiting, hook in hand, for the chance coin that is so grudgingly bestowed. That it should be begrudged — even on principle — seems strange to those whose love for Venice precludes the possibility of fault-finding. The graybeards sunning themselves on the marble steps are as much a part of the beautiful city as are the gondoliers silhouetted against the sky, or the brown boys paddling in the water. Such old age is meagre, but not wholly forlorn. A little food keeps body and soul together, and life yields sweetness to the end. "It takes a great deal to make a successful American," confesses Mr. James; "but to make a happy Venetian takes only a handful of quick sensibility. . . . Not the misery of Italians, but the way they elude their misery, is what pleases the sentimental tourist, who is gratified by the sight of a beautiful race that lives by the aid of its imagination."

Agnes Repplier.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

THE year 1903 was not an eventful one to Germany in its foreign relations. It brought, indeed, the conclusion of the Venezuela incident; but of the other large movements that agitated the world, — the Macedonian outbreak, Russia's position in Manchuria and the Russo-Japanese imbroglio, the surprising revival of protectionism in England, — Germany occupied merely the attitude of an interested spectator. All the more interesting, on the other hand, were the home developments of the year, — the Reichstag elections, registering the amazing progress of Socialism; conditions in the Liberal parties, foreshadowing their possible

reunion and the rejuvenation of Liberalism; army discipline, the maltreatment of soldiers, and the doings of military courts. Less important was the year's legislation; while in the economic life of the Empire the watchword was the recuperation of business, along with the consolidation of industrial and financial interests.

"Our policy in East Asia is to hold on to what we have and develop it, without burning our fingers in matters that do not concern us." In these words Count von Bülow rejected the assumption that Germany should take an active hand in excluding Russia from Manchuria. According to the Chancellor there is no quarter of the world in which Germany has less to seek than in Manchuria. This declaration of policy by Germany's leading statesman may seem to approach the utmost verge of modesty, in view of the fact that Germany seized Kiao-Chau only six years ago for the express purpose of extending her trade relations in the Far East. Nevertheless, it merely extends to Asia what has grown to be Germany's traditional attitude toward Russia in the field of European politics. Ever since the estrangement between the two countries growing out of the Berlin Congress, Germany's policy has been to win back the confidence of the St. Petersburg Government. Hence, Russia's will must not be crossed, except upon the very gravest occasion. In view of possible developments beyond the Vosges, Germany must necessarily regard Russia's friendship as a most valuable asset in her political balance sheet; and to transfer it to the side of liabilities for the sake of wholly problematical trade advantages in Manchuria would be moonshine madness. This is the view that prevails at Berlin, and it cannot be doubted that it meets the approval of the vast majority of the German people, Herr Bebel to the contrary notwithstanding. During the embroilment of Russia and Japan, too, this line of action has been rigidly adhered to. Germany has maintained a strict neutrality; no word or act of the Government has shown where its sympathies lie; and the standpoint of the press, whether inspired or other, has been the same. Germany maintained a similar reserve during the Macedonian troubles. From the very beginning she took the position that Russia and Austria were the two foreign countries most immediately concerned, and that they should be given the lead in shaping the policy of the great Powers in respect to introducing reforms and removing the reasonable grievances of the Macedonian population. Berlin, therefore, loyally supported every line of action agreed upon at St. Petersburg and Vienna.

The most notable event in the relation between Germany and the United States during the year was the winding up of the Venezuela incident. While Germany succeeded beyond expectations in enforcing her claims against that vagabond republic, the feeling here was pretty general that the game was not worth the candle, since it aroused in the United States deep suspicions as to Germany's general policy for the future in South America; and it also brought into bold relief the animosity against Germany that had accumulated in England during the unhappy war in South Africa. In some quarters, too, the Venezuela affair was regretted as having only increased the prestige of the United States in world politics, while damaging, rather than improving, that of Germany. This view found expression, at least, in the opposition speeches in the Reichstag. Certainly the whole matter did nothing to better the state of German feeling toward the people of the United States; and when the little Panama revolution occurred the newspapers pretty generally vented their spleen against us by announcing that they heard "the rolling of the almighty dollar." With all the cocksureness of subjective journalism, — in the lack of a decent news-service abroad,

— German editors can spin out their disquisitions about the settled policy of the United States to absorb the whole of South America; and American machinations and American money are readily pressed into service to throw light on sinister events in that continent where simpler explanations would be more obvious.

Nevertheless, the Panama revolution certainly gave satisfaction to the German Government, and to the saner part of the press, from one standpoint, — namely, the possibility that it opens for the construction of the Isthmian canal. It was doubtless this consideration — along with the wish to do a friendly act to the United States — that moved the German Government to recognize the young republic with unusual promptness. The assumption that has found expression in a few American newspapers, that Germany would like in some way to hinder that enterprise, is too fantastic for sober treatment. On the contrary, she awaits the building of the canal by the United States with impatience, since her trade connections with the west coasts of North and South America, with Australia and the German possessions in the Pacific, can only be greatly improved through the establishment of this shorter route.

All that I said in this magazine a year ago regarding the serious situation created for us by the new German tariff law could be repeated here. Indeed, the prospect for satisfactory trade relations between the two countries has grown still more ominous since that time; for the probability foreshadowed in my letter of March, 1903, that Germany would withdraw from us trade advantages given to other countries under treaty, has now become a certainty. Indeed, before that letter appeared in print, Count Posadowsky announced in the Reichstag that the most-favored-nation clause no longer exists as between Germany and the United States, because our action in making special concessions to other countries, in order to secure reciprocity arrangements, amounts to its suspension. The correctness of this policy has only been strengthened, from the German standpoint, through the ratification of our Cuban Reciprocity Treaty, which will give the deathblow to Germany's sugar trade in the United States.

In view of the changed situation brought about by Count Posadowsky's announcement, it is high time that our statesmen should begin to consider what they can do to secure as favorable terms for the admission into Germany of our agricultural produce and other merchandise as other countries will enjoy. Nothing short of a radical revision of our tariff law in the direction of giving the President large discretion to reduce duties in return for equivalent advantages will enable him to secure to our farmers and exporters their due place in the German market. There are no indications, indeed, that anybody in Germany, beyond a handful of extreme Agrarians, wants a tariff war with us. With the German Government, however, the question will not be what it wants, but what the domestic and foreign political situation will force upon it. How can it again succeed in negotiating good commercial treaties with Russia and Austria, for example, if those countries know in advance that the United States can have, without the asking, all the trade advantages that they themselves must haggle and barter for? And, at home, how can it affront the powerful Agrarian parties, upon which it must rely for general political support, by making unbought concessions to the very country that offers the sharpest competition for German agriculture? The German Government is friendly enough toward us; but, for all that, the exigencies of home and foreign politics will compel it to apply to our goods, in the absence of treaty, rates of duty which it regards itself as excessive. Those rates are in the law against its will; only our action will enable it to

dispense with applying them against us. I am sure that the German Government would be thankful to us if we should relieve it from this unpleasant dilemma.

The passage of a law by Congress to prevent the pirating of literary and art productions exhibited by foreigners at the St. Louis Exposition, made a good impression here, and corresponds with the expressed wish of Germans interested in those lines. There was considerable agitation of the matter when many manufacturers of art prints refused to exhibit at St. Louis, on the ground that they had no protection from virtual theft. While the enactment of the law, therefore, has been received with satisfaction, the latter is tempered by the consideration that Congress only acted as an afterthought, in order to promote the material success of the Exposition, while ignoring the abiding equities in the matter. In this connection the German press has indulged in some rather bitter comment upon the general subject of copyright conditions in the United States. German laws, it is complained, give the American author and artist absolute protection from piracy, while our Copyright Law requires the manufacture of books and art prints in the United States before guaranteeing protection. It is a standing source of irritation among German writers that their stories are habitually reprinted by German newspapers in America, without their having any way of securing redress; and newspaper editors, given to plainness of speech, hold us up to contempt as "a state with legally authorized robbery of intellectual property."

The visit of an American squadron to Kiel, the Emperor's speech there at the banquet given by our ambassador at Berlin, together with his subsequent offer of a cup to American yacht clubs as a prize for an international race across the Atlantic, were all events making for good relations between the two countries. After reading his speech at Kiel, surely no intelligent American can doubt the Emperor's sincere good will for the United States and its people. The organization of a thriving American Chamber of Commerce at Berlin creates another bond between the two lands that promises happy results for both. I mentioned last year the fact that many Germans were visiting the United States in order to study our industrial and transportation methods. Those economic pilgrimages became in 1903 more frequent and more important than ever; and during 1904 the St. Louis Exposition will cause such a migration of inquiring Germans on errands of investigation into various fields of American economic activity as we have never before witnessed. Indeed, it is no exaggeration now to speak of the United States as the economic Mecca of German manufacturers and students of affairs. The United States attracts more German visitors of this class than all other countries combined; even important lands like England and France scarcely count in comparison. Even newspapers that are little friendly to us are now saying that the German writer who undertakes to discuss the large economic questions and tendencies of the world without accurate knowledge of the United States, based upon personal observation, is only a second-rate authority, and his opinions carry no weight.

Herr Goldberger recently published his study, Das Land der Unbegrenzten Moeglichkeiten; and it is highly significant of the interest felt here in our country that six editions of the book were called for in two months, although the Germans proverbially buy few books. It is no less significant that its title speedily became a "winged word" in the fugitive literature of the day. Everybody is now talking about "Unbegrenzte Moeglichkeiten" in a thousand different applications, and everybody is asking his American friends what they think of Goldberger's book. These, if they are discriminating, have to admit that for once a German has taken a too rose-

colored view of the United States, that his keen appreciation of our material progress and our aptitude for marshaling purely economic forces, has misled the writer into an optimism hardly warranted by manifestations on higher planes of our national life. The late Wilhelm von Polenz also brought out during the year a book on the United States, founded on extended personal observations, and giving full recognition to the finer tendencies in our life, without ignoring our many shortcomings.

Along with this more careful study of our country, the exaggerated fear of the "American Danger" that agitated the German public several years ago has been greatly modified. The economic travelers referred to above all came home with an immense respect for our material resources and their magnificent development; nevertheless, some of them returned with the conviction that Germany's economic position in the world is not imperiled by our progress. Count Thiele-Winkler, indeed, was so impressed with what he saw in our iron industry that he came home and brought out a translation of Mr. Vanderlip's pamphlet on the American commercial invasion of Europe, adding a preface pitched in a tone of despondent concern as to Germany's prospects in competition with American iron and steel manufactures. Goldberger, on the other hand, boldly says, "For Germany there is no American Danger." This more confident attitude is due to tendencies and events observed in the United States. It rests chiefly upon the fact that the costs of production with us have risen through higher wages, dearer raw materials, heavier transportation charges; while the remarkable growth of labor unions and their autocratic methods for forcing high wages by multiplying strikes are referred to as a serious handicap for the American export trade. The financing of our industrial trusts, their over-capitalization, the breakdown of the Shipbuilding Trust, and the forced retirement of the president of the Steel Corporation deepened the German distrust of our financial methods; while Mr. Morgan's contract with the British Admiralty was interpreted as a practical capitulation of the great financier. He was accordingly treated in the German press as shorn of his locks, and was compelled to make sport for the Philistines. Corresponding, too, with this waning of the American Danger, the great process of liquidation in Wall Street made almost no impression on the German security markets, notwithstanding the eager attention given to our stock quotations.

The pleasant facts already mentioned as making for satisfactory relations between us and Germany might convey a false impression, if left to be considered alone. Of course there is another side to the picture, — German chauvinism and German sensitiveness were sure to provide for that. An American living in Germany never ceases to be amazed at the supersensitiveness of many Germans in regard to their national dignity. There is an element here — characterized by the late Professor Mommsen as "our national fools, they are called Pan-Germans" — which is ever on the watch-towers of the nation's glory, ever seeking to espy some enemy who but crooks his finger at the object of their patriotic adoration. To them it is a deep humiliation for their nation when the German ambassador at Washington goes to the railway station to bid adieu to the President. When young Mr. Vanderbilt visited Dantzic last summer at the suggestion of the Emperor, the latter, in recognition of the American attentions to Prince Henry, had an unimportant government official detailed to receive him and show him objects of interest. Forthwith the alarm was sounded in a section of the German press, which suspected their Emperor of bending the knee to American Mammon; and the tempest in the national teapot fumed and

sputtered for weeks. Five months later, when the incident had sunk out of public view, it again came up in the Reichstag, where the Chancellor of the Empire thought it necessary to make an official statement about it. Alas, what a petty incident I am putting into my letter! — but how typically German!

German newspapers are never weary of attributing to our "yellow press" the blame for whatever unpleasantness may exist in the relations between the two countries; and even weighty professors of history write for the reviews in support of this assumption. One of the specialties of that press seems to be the invention of stories about Germany acquiring a coaling station somewhere in American waters. This canard has reappeared in so many forms that it has quite lost its adaptability for inch headlines on the American side. Nevertheless, it never fails to bring out a chorus of indignant protests in the German newspapers; and I suspect that the inventors of it are subscribers to some German clipping agency, and take a mean delight in studying the German echo to their cheap trick. At any rate, the story argues no special malice toward Germany, but rather a foolish love for sensation. What we Americans find to object to, however, in a part of the German press, is a more serious matter, — their brutal disregard of tact in treating of American affairs, their malevolent gibes, their studied superciliousness, their gross exaggeration of our national vices, — but the list is a long one, and I shall not try to complete it. What we complain of, too, is by no means confined to the newspapers. The following is a mild case: The Berlin Wagner Society recently protested against the performance of Parsifal in New York, as it had a perfect right to do; but it could not lose this opportunity to express its deep contempt for the musical taste of New York, thus: "The sacred legacy that Richard Wagner left to art is to be thrown away upon hearers in the dollar-land, upon whom the true spirit of Wagnerian art has hardly dawned, and doubtless never will dawn." The Society was bidding for American support in preventing the "desecration;" here we have its conception of how to win it.

The protectionist revival in England naturally awakens lively interest in Germany. As that country affords far and away the largest market for German goods, the Chamberlain agitation cannot be viewed with indifference by German statesmen. The fact, too, has not escaped attention here that the erratic Englishman finds the ground prepared for his agitation by German help; for the anti-German feeling that has sprung up in England in connection with the Boer War, impartial writers admit, has given an immense impulse to that movement. The Germans had in 1903 another striking illustration, too, of the deep resentment now cherished against them in England. A group of London capitalists was about to join similar groups of German and French financiers last spring in organizing the Bagdad Railway, and were only awaiting the sanction of the British Cabinet for certain features of the enterprise. That sanction appeared to be no longer in doubt after the Prime Minister had spoken in Parliament, showing the desirability of enlisting English financial support for the undertaking, rather than leave it to the exclusive control of the Germans and French. Thereupon a storm of indignant protests was heard, the old cry of "British interests" was raised; and the result was that the Cabinet faced about sharply and refused to sanction the project.

The subject most strongly engaging the attention of Germany just now in its foreign relations is the negotiation of new commercial treaties. The old ones elapse with the current year; and all the business interests of the country are eagerly speculating as to their probable status under the forthcoming agreements.

It was expected, when the new tariff law was passed, that some of the treaties could be laid before the Reichstag within a twelvemonth. Instead of this, however, one hears only of negotiations with Russia and Switzerland, with no indication as to their completion. Meanwhile, the Conservatives in the Reichstag are interpellating the Government about them, and demanding that the old treaties, at least, be denounced. How the negotiations are progressing nobody knows; but the impression prevails that the Russian treaty presents very grave difficulties.

Indeed, the whole question of the treaties is involved in the greatest uncertainty. What the Reichstag will do with them nobody can predict. The Socialists, by whose votes the existing arrangements were ratified, have announced in advance that they will support no treaties that increase the price of the necessaries of life. It is highly improbable, moreover, that any treaties that the Government can make will prove acceptable to the two Conservative parties and the Agrarian element among the Clericals and National Liberals; for they can only be ratified by conceding heavy reductions from the maximum scale of duties, — a thing which the Agrarians would bitterly resist. It may easily occur, therefore, that the most reactionary elements in German politics and the most radical, the Socialists, will unite to reject the Government's treaties.

What would then happen? Would the Government put the new tariff law into force, or would it — as some free-trade optimists predict — continue the present law, after having made agreements with the treaty powers to prolong existing arrangements? The former alternative would undoubtedly be exceedingly repugnant to the Government, since it is fully aware that the high duties forced into the law against its will would greatly damage German interests in many directions. On the other hand, could it refuse to enforce the law and take the political risks involved? Constitutionally, indeed, the Cabinet is responsible, not to the Reichstag, but to the Emperor; and the latter can negative a law by refusing to promulgate it. This theoretical independence of the Cabinet, however, would hardly embolden it to break with its own supporters in a matter where they and their constituents have such large private interests at stake; for, after all, a German Cabinet cannot govern long without a majority.

Germany continues to round out her social reform legislation. Hitherto the various sick funds gave assistance for only thirteen weeks, while the invalid pension could be drawn only after twenty-six weeks of continuous sickness. A new measure passed last year closes the gap, so that the working classes are now completely insured against sickness. Another measure worthy of mention was the introduction of secret balloting at the Reichstag elections, which the country squires cannot quite forgive the Government for carrying through at the repeated demand of the Radicals and Socialists.

The Reichstag elections showing the prodigious growth of the Social Democracy was the largest event of the year in the national life. Indeed, this gain of 900,000 Socialist votes in five years is a most stupendous fact. It marks a significant milestone in the country's history, and the national consciousness has been busy for a half-year in contemplating and trying to explain it, — a milestone to which Germans will long revert as the starting-point of new conditions in the Empire. Those 3,000,000 votes weigh heavily upon the minds of men who fancy themselves the appointees of Providence to keep this mad world in its social orbit. Something must be done, they are saying; "we are on an express train that is rolling with the wind's velocity into the *Zukunfts-Staat*, and only the Government can save us; — let it put on the brakes!"

How was this Socialist victory possible? Was it, in fact, a Socialist victory? In my letter of a year ago I said that the cry of "Bread-usury" would be raised by the party, and its speakers would everywhere attack the new tariff law as designed to enhance the price of the laboring man's necessary food. Such, indeed, was the case; the burden of the Socialists' speeches was everywhere the tariff; they and their enemies are agreed as to that. Apart from this they made some political capital out of their treatment by the courts and the Government, the restrictions upon the liberties of the working population in the matter of their organizations, and the association of these for common action; out of army conditions, maltreatment of privates, and the sentences inflicted by military courts; finally, out of the Emperor's speeches against the Socialists, which they regarded as an unwarrantable interference by the Crown in the political controversies of the people. All live, present-day matters, — nothing anywhere about the Utopia of the Socialists, a state with all industries nationalized and everybody made happy under a system of collectivism. Thus their surprising success was hardly a victory of Socialism, but rather of radical Liberalism. Somebody has aptly characterized it by paraphrasing Disraeli's well-remembered *bon mot:* the Socialists caught the Liberals bathing and stole their clothes.

Under this view the election affords a sort of bitter-sweet solace for the three little radical parties, which are being ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of the Reaction and Socialism. Indeed, it is recognized on all sides that the Socialist vote was swollen to its huge volume partly through the assistance of electors who do not dream of adopting the creed of that party. Large numbers of citizens were deeply disgusted with political conditions in the Empire, and wanted to give the strongest possible expression to their protest. They found the Socialists ploughing with the Liberal heifer, cutting a much wider furrow, too, than the rightful owner, and so holding out the promise of exterminating the weeds more speedily and effectively. Hence, a vote for Socialist candidates would be the heaviest body blow against the Government that they could deliver; and so they voted. That party was thus the only one that came out of the election with a marked accession of strength. They gained twenty-one seats, raising their force in the Reichstag to eighty-one members; and they would have one hundred and twenty-five if the districts were apportioned according to population.

The election then demonstrated anew and with overwhelming force that Socialism is a great elementary movement in the life of the German people. What will come out of it? Did June Sixteenth register its high-water mark, or was it the point at which the dike began to crumble before the inrushing flood? Can the rising tide be stemmed in time to save the State? Where and how are the resisting walls to be built? Such are the anxious questions that people began to ask themselves last June.

While this perturbed state of the public mind was at its height an event occurred which partly relieved its tension. The yearly convention of the Social Democracy was held in Dresden in September, and presented such a repulsive picture of dissension and distrust in the party as to restore in a measure the equanimity of over-anxious souls. The Socialist leaders, the laurels of their June victory still fresh upon their brows, greeted one another there with such ejaculations as "lies!" "perfidy unparalleled!" One "comrade" was denounced as "deeply degraded morally;" and Herr Bebel, the fiery Boanerges of the party, was forced openly to admit, "We were never more divided than now." Then, too, the stringency of party discipline, brought

out in the debates where it was shown that Socialist writers had to apply to the National Committee for permission to print articles in bourgeois newspapers, was pointed to by the foes ot Socialism as a tyranny that must ultimately grow intolerable and disrupt the party.

However, while the Dresden Convention reassured some minds, it was a distinct disappointment to others. Some progressive politicians and university professors had hoped that the Socialists, in view of their accession of new followers from various sections of the urban and rural population, would depart from their old policy of narrowly representing the interests of the proletariat and put their movement upon a broader basis. That hope was dashed at Dresden. The Revisionists were again voted down by an overwhelming majority ; Bebel, who again proved himself the soul of the party, swept the Convention away with his declaration of undying hostility to the existing order of society ; and his resolutions, reiterating that the Socialist movement is a class conflict, were emphatically indorsed. Hermann Sudermann, always a pronounced Liberal, thus confessed his disappointment over the outcome at Dresden : "Since the Dresden Convention the middle-class bourgeoisie is without hope, without a future."

The strife in the party as exhibited at Dresden was regarded in some quarters as foreshadowing its speedy dissolution ; but the united front presented by it a few weeks later in the elections for the Prussian Diet demonstrated anew the ability of the Socialists to bury their theoretical differences and go to work. The Revisionists, under the leadership of Bernstein, continue to pound away at the Marxist groundwork of the party's creed, and perhaps they will crumble it in time — after Bebel is gone ; but their faith in State collectivism remains intact, and harmony at this cardinal point will doubtless keep the party united and on a war footing for all practical tasks.

As to the final issue of the Socialist movement nobody at present can form an authoritative judgment ; but conditions undoubtedly point to its ultimate success. The party has now shown its ability to win support from the peasantry ; it has swept into its ranks vast numbers of petty tradesmen and independent artisans. It is spreading among the smaller Government officials ; and many retired army officers, fretting over what they regard as the premature termination of their careers, quietly embrace Socialism. The crowded state of the professions, too, makes for the spread of that doctrine ; and the Universities, with their 37,000 students, are yearly swelling the ranks of the discontented intellectual proletariat which lightly takes to Socialist views. A recent inquiry brought out the fact that thirty-one per cent of the physicians of Berlin have incomes of less than $750 from their practice and all other sources. Now, a man living under these hard conditions is sure to think earnestly upon the social problem, and it is almost certain that he will think radically. Thus the crowded professions supply the material from which Socialism continually recruits its intellectual leaders.

Moreover, the foes of Socialism have apparently learned nothing from June Sixteenth, and continue to turn water upon its wheels. In the Reichstag a Conservative leader suggested a law for the disfranchisement of all Socialists professing to be republicans and revolutionists. The Chancellor, indeed, rejected the idea of special measures of repression, and announced his intention to enforce existing laws against open attack, and to extend social reform legislation ; but he thought it necessary to give the following warning to Socialists : "The State will defend itself. Who is the State ? If you once resort to action you will soon find out." In other words, the final argument is — the sword. Also, the Chancellor's announcement that no Government official

who is a Socialist would be retained in the service of the State will prove but a blow in the water; for a discreet silence can be practiced by the official, as well as by the soldier. The latter is forbidden by the regulations to confess himself a Socialist; indeed, a perturbed Conservative leader reminded the Chancellor that the time was coming when the army could no longer be relied upon to act unitedly against that party in an emergency.

The election has started a remarkable agitation in the four Liberal parties of the Empire. The impotence of German Liberalism, through its unhappy divisions, was never more apparent than now; and the outcome of the elections has forced it to serious questionings as to its future. There is something exceedingly pathetic in the disappointment of many of the best minds of Germany, like that of the late Professor Mommsen, over the decline of Liberalism and the apathy of the masses. In answer to an editor who asked for an expression of his views upon the result of the elections, the old historian wrote: "To me it seems that the battle is definitively lost. . . . I am too old and weary to give expression publicly in the press to absolute hopelessness."

Decimated by the advance of Socialism, and weakened by their own factional quarrels, the Radical Liberals see their modicum of political influence slipping from them; whereas the National Liberal Party, the controller of the Empire's destinies a generation ago, has more and more lost its Liberal principles, and succeeded in checking its numerical decline only by meekly voting for the measures of the Government. The three radical groups — the Radical People's Party, the Radical Union, and the South German People's Party — were nearly as strong as the Socialists in the old Reichstag; now they are not half so strong; and even including the National Liberals they only slightly outnumber the Socialists. The weakening of Liberalism and the advance of Socialism have both tended in the same direction, so far as their influence upon the Government is concerned; the latter, namely, has been forced to ally itself more closely with the Conservatives and the powerful Clericals; and these latter parties have grown more disposed to bury their differences of religious creed, in order to interpose a common front against the rising tide of Socialism on the one hand, and intellectual freedom on the other. That the spirit of the age must be resisted and the principle of authority upheld are common articles of political faith with these parties; and they are known to cherish designs against the common schools, as well as against those bulwarks of Germany's intellectual liberty, the Universities.

Threatened thus from right and left, the Liberals are beginning to ask themselves what they can do to bring their principles again into favor. The idea of reuniting their scattered fragments is abroad in the land; the watchword of a Great Liberal Party has been spontaneously given out in many quarters; even in the ranks of the National Liberals the idea of union has taken hold, and is fermenting vigorously. When, however, the attempt is made to formulate a common creed for the new party, the enormous difficulties in the way of union become painfully apparent. The National Liberals, for example, are mostly high protectionists, being the party of the great manufacturers; the radical groups, on the other hand, are free-traders. On other important matters, like appropriations for the army and navy, the parties are equally at variance. However, a modest beginning toward reunion was made last autumn, when Pastor Naumann's little National Social Party was absorbed by the Radical Union. This move has deeply offended Eugen Richter, the leader of the Radical People's Party, who is a stiff Liberal of the old school, and who boasts that

he has not changed his opinions for forty years. Dr. Barth, the leader of the Union, realizes that no party can make headway in Germany which stands in the way of the national defense, and which opposes social reform legislation; while Richter, with his group, opposes all increases of army and navy, and still occupies toward social reform the old standpoint of *laisser-faire*. Barth, too, enthusiastically espouses the idea of reuniting the Liberals, while Richter regards this as a visionary plan, and coldly says, "Perhaps a great Liberal party will be possible after some decades." All things considered, therefore, it seems certain that the Great Liberal Party will remain a pious wish.

Dr. Barth has also started a new movement in the radical groups in favor of an alliance with the Social Democracy, and has argued his case with great force. His own party indorsed the idea in a modified form, and so did the South German Radicals; but the Richter group will none of it, and evidently the voters are averse to an alliance with the Socialists. The latter, on their part, have given the plan a cold reception; and apparently there is no encouragement for German Liberalism in this direction.

The army was, last year, again the subject of much discussion and much concern. The country has been treated within six months to one sensation after another in the shape of military trials for the maltreatment of soldiers. On a recent date a lieutenant was sentenced for 698 instances of maltreating his men, and a non-commissioned officer for 1520 instances. These and numbers of other cases of the kind have made an exceedingly unfavorable impression upon the country; and the public mind is apprehensive lest conditions in the army are even worse than revealed by these sensational cases. It was but natural that this public concern should be reflected in the recent Reichstag debates, and the speakers of all parties except the Conservatives tried a tilt at the army administration, which, of course, gave earnest assurances that the evils complained of would be rooted out.

It is interesting to note that literature has already seized upon this new aspect of the army for treatment. Hitherto the officer had figured in fiction and on the stage mainly as an agreeable social figure, irresistible to young maidens' hearts; now the more tragical note is caught. Baron von Schlicht has recently printed nine novelettes under the collective title, Ein Ehrenwort, with the following bill of fatalities: five officers resign under compulsion, five shoot themselves, and one is killed in a duel. The most widely read book of the year was Beyerlein's Jena oder Sedan? which casts doubt upon the efficiency of the army because of the spread of immorality and luxury therein. It is significant, too, that active corps commanders are writing in the magazines against luxury in the army, and urging the return to the good old simple ways. Another book, far less important as literature, but hardly less sensational than the one just mentioned, was Lieutenant Bilse's Aus einer Kleinen Garnison. It would scarcely have attracted any attention if it had not been made the basis of a court-martial for the author, at which the astonishing fact was brought out that his realistic descriptions of moral decay in the social life of a small garrison battalion were largely photographic copies from real life.

William C. Dreher.

THE RETURN OF THE GENTLEWOMAN.

It is true she has not wholly left us, but her presence has grown rare, and at times she seems vanishing, as fringed gentians have a way of doing in favorite meadows, where once there were blue stretches of them, until a summer comes when the most diligent searcher is only rewarded by a scattered half-dozen.

To-day every New England town possesses localities in whose still stately mansions lived families spoken of as "best." These "Best Families" having diminished and faded away, their dwellings stand with closed blinds, or, it may be, have developed into homes for the aged, orphan asylums, schools, places where people lodge and board. Here and there a house retains its original character, and its mistress goes serenely in and out. She is surrounded by souvenirs of the past and the flowers of her garden, is much given to hospitality and the reading of good books, uses the most charming English we have ever heard, and has on all subjects views that are wise and witty and, withal, considerate and charitable. In brief, — a Gentlewoman.

But it is like the half-dozen fringed gentians in the meadow. Only now and then does one find her.

There is a descriptive word of dreary import formerly applied with freedom to a Gentlewoman in such moments of adversity as involved the loss of friends and fortune. In this sad situation one was apt to call her "decayed," exactly as if one were speaking of a fallen house or a ruined castle, instead of a sweet and gracious soul that would always be greater than anything that could happen to it.

Heaven be thanked, this word, in her connection, is becoming obsolete and not likely to be associated with her in the future. The modern Gentlewoman will have profited by the modern processes of life and learned how to defend herself against evil days.

The fashion of this world passeth, and it was no doubt decreed from the beginning that a number of things should cease to exist, that there should be a passing of the spare room, of the front door-yard, of the polite art of letter-writing, of the pleasant companionship of the horse in drives through town and country, of that receptacle, once so essential a part of a woman's dress, the convenient pocket. The Gentlewoman is not a fashion of this world. She is of that world that was and is and ever shall be.

But when she comes again, what will be the conditions? Will she serve tea as of old in delicate heirloom china? Will her pleasant rooms, hung with ancestral portraits, look into a well-kept garden, rose-planted, and shaded by ancestral fruit trees? Possibly, since the title she bears implies wealth of years, and hence opportunities of inheriting things having the charm of years. Still the immediate ancestors of the Gentlewoman of the future are no longer home-makers in the sense that their own ancestors were. Many of them are birds of passage, flitting from one point to another, collecting memories and experiences in greater numbers than household treasures or plants in gardens. They board; they live in apartments; they spend six months here and six months there; they give away their old gowns and coats and hats, instead of packing them in attic chests to be taken out half a century later for use in charades and tableaux and private theatricals. Or if too much occupied, or not sufficiently well-informed concerning the need of their neighbors to distribute intelligently of their abundance, societies stand ready to do this for them, societies

whose business it is not only to dispense thoughtfully the necessities of life, but also its feathers and ornaments and flowers; as, for instance, that of the "International Sunshine" with its motto, —

"Have you had a kindness shown,
Pass it on;" —

which means, literally, if you have a ball dress, or a fan, or a volume of poems, or a piece of embroidery lying idle, send it to us and we will see that it gives pleasure elsewhere.

This habit of modern life, so essential to a Bird-of-Passage Person who has no hoarding-place save in the hired corner of a public storehouse, somewhat limits the future Gentlewoman's chances of inheriting ancestral articles. However, all people of to-day are not birds of passage. Some there be who have built or bought themselves houses, and in making the latter habitable, followed the tendency of the age to put old wine into new bottles, that is to say, old furniture collected from the earth's four corners into modern rooms. Having safely passed the unbeautiful period of parlor sets and chamber sets and vases in pairs, they thirst for unmatched pieces of antiquity. Go into a twentieth-century dwelling and you will find chairs and tables that must be enjoying a sensation of renewed youth, since in place of growing daily more venerable in native air, they have knocked about all over Bohemia, and are now making new acquaintances in a manner quite unusual with things of their day and generation. Here is a chair acquired yesterday at a sale of old colonial furniture from Virginia; here is a clock bought last summer in a Dutch fishing village; here is a dressing-table that once crossed the sea in that ship prepared, so the story runs, to rescue the unhappy Marie Antoinette, and finally obliged to set sail without her. Here is an old stool, carved and gilded, and a spinnet with some yellow music resting open upon it, — stool found in one town, spinnet in a second, and music in a third. If these things, with others, can be kept together until the future Gentlewoman, now a child, has herself grown old among them, her surroundings, in appearance at least, will in no wise greatly differ from those of the Gentlewomen of her ancestors. The difference will be in the history of her surroundings.

The other day I heard some one say, alluding to the death of an aged relative, "She was the last gentlewoman of our family." It was as if the speaker had said, "The last princess of a royal line; there will never be another."

And it may be that never again shall we see Gentlewomen like those now going from us, as it may be that never again will there be a field white and gold and fragrant in exactly the same manner as the one through which we walked last June, never again a summer night like that of last July, when the evening primroses, little sisters to the moon, were shining along the garden path; but the memory of the afternoon in June and of the evening in the midsummer garden is ours to keep forever, and each of us has a heritage bequeathed by the Gentlewoman we loved, also to keep forever, if we can, — a heritage that has nothing in common with real estate or the safety deposit bank, that is not subject to damage by fire or flood and yet demands more care than ever material possessions.

Each year of living means more rush and more haste, and less time for thinking, since the main thing seems to be to arrive, and to do that one must run faster and faster. It is well to arrive, and advisable. It is also well to make one's haste after the fashion recommended by the German proverb, "Eile mit Weile," even at the risk of not arriving at all. It is safer for the heritage left us by the Gentlewoman we loved. In the break-neck speed of modern life there are so many chances of accidents to things other than limbs.

Happening to call upon a friend the other evening at the moment of a dinner

party, I was shown into the presence of the young son and daughter of the house, aged fourteen and thirteen. They gave me cordial greeting, and after I had been told the names of the guests in the dining-room, and we had somewhat discussed them and wondered how much longer they would sit at the table, and talked of the animals at the Zoo and the birds in the Park and the books we liked best, the children showed me a picture that had been occupying their attention when I entered.

It was a large colored print of a Christy girl playing golf.

"I am going to have it framed for my room," said Ruth. "What do you think of it? Oh! I forgot," she added, "you don't approve of the modern girl."

There was a pretty apology in her voice, and nothing in her manner to give the impression that a person in the state of mind she had indicated might be unreasonable or unnatural or otherwise objectionable. But Richard arose, asking in a voice that sounded like a challenge, "Not approve of her, — why not?"

"Well," I said, "I don't exactly know. It 's a sort of feeling. Of course it does n't include every modern girl. It would never include Ruth. The young woman in the picture is certainly bewitching, but I should n't think of giving such a picture to Ruth for her room; or at least I might give one, but not a whole row of them, there are so many other pictures to give her" —

Under Richard's clear and questioning gaze I was growing confused, when Ruth spoke for me.

"You see, Richard," she said, "you were not with us last August, but there was a girl who used to come into the dining-room with such a stride! and she always wore her sleeves stripped up above her elbows, and her arms had got fearfully burned; in fact, they were quite black, and she was so proud of them; but of course they did n't look very well, especially at dinner with pretty dresses; and her hair was rather wild, and she never wore a hat, not even when she went into the business part of the town; and she knew a good deal of slang, but she was a very nice girl, and" — Just here the dinner party was heard wending its way into the drawing-room, and we three being invited to join it, the strain of the situation ended.

What makes a Gentlewoman? Put the question in another form. Who made the Gentlewoman? God made her. To say that He made the Society Woman, and the Club Woman, and the Sportswoman with her sisterhood, would be not unlike saying that He made the town and the steam cars and green carnations and gray roses. But we may be quite sure that He made the Gentlewoman, and that with every generation adopting the best of things new and keeping the best of things old, she will return in all her sweet dignity to add to the joy of the world.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

HANS HOLBEIN AND SOME OTHER MASTERS.

THIS is a lawless age in matters of art. There are as many "schools" as there are painters clever enough to impose their ideas, or eccentricities, on two or three men younger than themselves. Dumas used to say that all he needed for the making of a drama was two trestles, some boards, and a passion. Nowadays

all that is needed for the making of an artistic "movement" is a handful of brushes, some colors, and a new trick. I remember the first exhibition of the New Salon, — it was new once. There was probably not a man there whom somebody or other was not calling "*cher Maître.*" Well, these "schools" disappear. Even Whistler's following, that wonderful source of Whistlerian symphonies which in essence were neither Whistlerian nor symphonic, is not to-day what it was. But while the old cliques pass new ones arise, and the general tendency of artists to run after this or that specious novelty is always with us. It is comforting, therefore, whenever a book appears like the one which Mr. Gerald S. Davies has published on Hans Holbein the Younger.[1] This author brought out, a year ago, a book on Frans Hals which showed that he was well qualified to assume the duties of an historian of art. He has knowledge, sympathy, taste, and common sense. These qualities have gone to the making of a book on Holbein which was much needed, for the bibliography of the subject has hitherto included nothing in English sufficiently comprehensive, nothing embodying all the fruits of recent research. Wornum's book is nearly forty years old, and the last edition of the translation of Woltmann's Holbein und Seine Zeit dates from 1872. Both works are of value, but for the preparation of a really definitive biography Mr. Davies has had practically a clear field. He has entered it not only well equipped as a writer, but with all the advantages which modern reproductive processes could give him. His illustrations include fine photogravures of the paintings, tinted facsimiles of the drawings, and good reproductions of Holbein's decorative designs and of the Dance of Death.

Somewhere, in contemplating the writings of the Fathers, and the huge mass of literature based on the firm foundation they provided, Matthew Arnold speaks of the disposition of the man of imagination, "in spite of her tendency to burn him," to gravitate toward the Church of Rome. In spite of its tendency to freeze him, the connoisseur must always, sooner or later, gravitate toward the school whose principles make for law and order. It does not smother idiosyncrasy, but it has a way of putting that element of artistic interest in its proper place. It implies, no doubt, certain renunciations, and the rank and file in any age, but especially in our own, find it difficult, if not impossible, to accept its conditions. But there have been great masters to whom the keen airs on the heights most congenial to the methods of this school are as the very breath of life, and Hans Holbein was one of them. He is great, first by virtue of the clearness of his vision, and then through the perfection of his skill in realizing what he saw in terms of form and color, without even the most trifling deviation into obscurity or mannerism. He, too, made his renunciations, though it is perhaps more accurate to say that his works involve renunciations for us rather than for him, since he was indubitably unconscious of just what was sacrificed to the realistic trend of his genius. The point refers, of course, to the diminution of the force of the spiritual motive in Holbein by the assertiveness of that material fabric which it was his peculiar gift to express. Mr. Davies takes a more favorable view of the matter, but this is due, I fear, to the common weakness of biographers, who cannot well live absorbed for a long period in the works of a single master without unconsciously seeing them too much with that master's eyes.

He says of the central figure in the Solothurn Madonna that "nothing more womanly, more pure, more gentle, more sweet, and yet more strong has been given to us by any painter who has essayed

[1] *Hans Holbein the Younger.* By Gerald S. Davies, M. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

this subject and made us richer by this vision or by that of divine motherhood." Passing from this to the Meier Madonna at Darmstadt, he maintains the same attitude. It is hard to quarrel with him. Both pictures have great sweetness and beauty as religious conceptions. But in such conceptions the North must yield to the South, and though a completely Italianized Holbein would have been a Holbein weakened, it seems to me that admiration of his Madonnas should rest, if it is to be discriminating, somewhere on the safe side of the ecstatic. Mr. Davies is even more provocative in what he has to say in describing the two panels in monochrome at Basel, the Ecce Homo and Mater Dolorosa. Both designs are powerful, but when this biographer remarks that "the figure of Christ in the Man of Sorrows has, for its expressiveness of its great theme, few equals in Art," he is overstating the case. Is it really possible, in studying this famous panel, to place the artist's purely anatomical preoccupation in the subsidiary position to which it should be relegated? I doubt it. The difficulty, and the loss that it implies, will be made manifest even more clearly, perhaps, by a comparison of the Entombment, also at Basel, with, say, Mantegna's Dead Christ, in the Brera, with Michael Angelo's Pietà, in St. Peter's, or with the latter's beautiful drawing in the British Museum. Instantly Holbein's want of tragic passion makes itself felt. But to dwell on his limitations would be, after all, seriously to distort the perspective in which Holbein must be seen, and it is pleasant, in returning to the qualities that give him his high rank, to find the best possible light thrown upon them in a passage by Mr. Davies.

Alluding to the German's realistic method, which is, "in the hands of any man of less genius, apt to degenerate into mere laborious accuracy, or to take the place and usurp the interest in the picture which ought to be left for the products of the higher imagination," he points out that with Holbein it never takes this pedestrian turn, and continues: "It is to him the natural and only method of expressing himself, — absolute perfection of craftsmanship, in all that he handles, carried into every part of the picture, and yet all of it so kept in due relation and due subordination, because of the dominating presence of the higher interests and aims of the picture, that you are unconscious, until you begin purposely to forget these higher interests in order to search into his way of doing things, that you are looking at a work in which industry and perfect craftsmanship have borne their part in carrying out the master thought." There is a sure touchstone here, ready to the hand of the student of Holbein; and it is gratifying to observe that Mr. Davies renders a further service to his reader in laying stress upon the fact that while his artist's method is wholly unlike that of later painters, such as Velasquez, Frans Hals, and Van Dyck, "neither method is righter than the other."

If Holbein's method rests too much upon a basis of reality to lift his religious pictures to the loftiest plane, it serves, at all events, to make him one of the supreme masters of portraiture. In what he has to say under this head, Mr. Davies rarely provokes dissent. His efforts to deprive Holbein of the Dorothea Offenburg and the Lais Corinthiaca, and to give them to Cesare da Sesto, are more zealous and ingenious than convincing, — I do not believe the Milanese ever saw either of the two, — but in traversing the bulk of the master's work as a portrait painter, he is content to avoid adventurous hypotheses. He might have taken safely a firmer line in following Miss Hervey's opinion, rather than that of Mr. W. F. Dickes, in the curious controversy over the identity of the figures in the Ambassadors, of the National Gallery. The main point, however, is that he does full justice to those incomparable portraits, like the George Gyze,

at Berlin, the Derich de Born, at Windsor, and the Erasmus, at Longford Castle, which, for insight into character, heroic simplicity, and beauty of style, stand as monuments, so to say, to the glory of realistic art. Holbein is, in these portraits, a *painter* if ever there was one, despite the glib assumption made in some quarters that only Velasquez and one or two others deserve the title; yet there is no denying the great part which a purely linear quality plays in these very works. Mr. Davies rightly pays attention to the drawings as of no less significance than the paintings, for in Holbein's line, wherever we find it, we have the most characteristic reflection of his genius; in it he illustrates, with crystalline clearness, the power of knowledge and authority in art.

He stumbles over no details, he evades no problems, but draws with a kind of naked force, and proves, what it is always so important to remember, that in the artistic interpretation of beauty it is not in the least necessary to be esoteric, or to torture technique and experiment with the point or with the brush, until the truth is lost in a maze of self-conscious or eccentric "method." In his portraits, painted or drawn, you have art in its bare integrity. It is a testimony to the illimitable scope of art taken in that estate, that it still gives the freest sway to individuality. Holbein is almost scientific in his precision, but his style remains one of the most original in the annals of European painting. He is a standing protest against the theory that emotional rapture is the only source of great achievement in art. From his triumphs, as from those of Raphael, for example, we may know that intellectual power is also a key to artistic immortality.

With Holbein the drawing and the painting are practically interchangeable if we are pursuing the secret of his art; but, with most men, work with the pencil or chalk has meant a more spontaneous disclosure of personal qualities than usually goes with work in oils, and this circumstance has given to drawings a special place in the history of connoisseurship. Such souvenirs of a great artist have, of course, a strictly historical value, and are of much practical use in the clearing up of questions of attribution and the like. But if a study in chalk for some famous picture or decoration has much the same curious and instructive interest as attaches to a poet's first draft for some famous composition, it possesses, also, much more than the literary sketch, an intrinsic charm. The pressure of an artist's hand upon his crayon is an affair peculiarly self-revealing; it is like the violinist's pressure upon his bow, with this difference, that your musician must blend his personality with a definite idea if he is to make a successful appeal, whereas, in the case of the artist, it sometimes scarcely matters whether he has anything important to say or not; it is his way of saying it, it is his accent, which he can convey in the veriest trifle, that counts.

Mr. Berenson's work on the Drawings of the Florentine Painters [1] possesses unusual importance on its scientific side alone. The two huge volumes — too huge for mere convenience — were undertaken in a spirit of severe research. The author has classified his material, he has threshed out many questions of authenticity, and he has framed a catalogue, embracing nearly three thousand numbers, which constitutes in itself an indispensable work of reference. Surveying his draughtsmen, from the Primitives down to Pontormo and Rosso, in chronological order, he has annotated their works with a fullness of detail that places the student in search of critical information deeply in his debt. The facsimiles

[1] *The Drawings of the Florentine Painters.* Classified, Criticized and Studied as Documents in the History and Appreciation of Tuscan Art. With a Copious Catalogue Raisonné. By Bernhard Berenson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

he gives are among the finest reproductions I have ever seen; they are, for ordinary working purposes, equivalents for the originals as nearly exact as could be desired. But I confess that it is not of the workshop that I am disposed to think longest in considering Mr. Berenson's book. I am grateful for the additions he has made to the tools of art criticism, but I am grateful also for the influence which the volumes must exert in developing artistic taste where it is too often weak.

I once heard a drawing of Dürer's criticised because the man it portrayed was made to appear cross-eyed. Perhaps the poor creature was really so afflicted, but, supposing that Dürer had libeled him, we might deplore the slip without losing sight of the linear beauty with which the drawing brims over. Beauty of this sort does not need to be impeccable as regards fidelity to nature. In Holbein's drawings truth happens to be of prime significance. With many other masters, whether truth be present or not, our pleasure remains the same. It is the pleasure which you find in a delicately turned phrase, in an intonation, or even in a sudden and well-placed silence, — the counterpart of the omission in linear art, one of the most potent of all sources of effect. Line is, in short, a language by itself, susceptible of being used for the conveyance of great thoughts or for the most casual and intimate purposes. The early Florentine fascinates you by flinging some new and beautiful creation in all its freshness upon the paper, giving it a poignancy which may disappear when he comes to elaborate it into a formal scheme; or, with the best intentions in the world, seeking to carry out a given idea within the limits of a drawing, he actually ends by leaving you indifferent to his subject, as subject, and absorbed in what I may call purely autographic qualities. Mr. Berenson well clarifies this point in speaking of Botticelli's illustrations to Dante. "Their value," he says, "consists in their being drawings by Botticelli, not at all in their being illustrations to Dante," and he happily remarks of the Florentine that "he loved to make the line run and leap, to make it whirl and dance." Botticelli, being what he was, — a poet and a dreamer, — wove his line into beautiful forms, and he moves the imagination, as he satisfies the eye, in these Dantesque drawings; they have the glamour of his fancy as they have the glamour of his style. But it is the glamour of style that we could not afford to do without.

It is the same with all the masters discussed by Mr. Berenson, and the fact ought never to be forgotten by the student, since it explains and justifies the survival across the ages, as objects of enthusiasm among artists and collectors, of drawings sometimes very nearly meaningless so far as subject is concerned. The merest scrap will often exert this perhaps sensuous spell upon the discerning critic. Witness Van Dyck's celebrated sketchbook at Chatsworth, which contains odds and ends of no earthly interest save as fragments of that language which the painter used when he dashed off a pictorial memorandum, a note on some masterpiece he saw in Italy. On the other hand, Mr. Berenson's collection of facsimiles emphasizes once more that element in Italian art which makes it unique, the instinctive and often, no doubt, unconscious expression, on the part of every painter or sculptor of any consequence whatever, of a feeling for the imponderable beauty that seems somehow bound up with all that was finest in the Italian genius of the golden age. They had something to say even when they were not themselves aware of it. That is, they put into their work character, distinction, the things that come from imaginative fervor. It is interesting to place an old Italian study of a limb or bit of drapery beside similar drawings from any modern studio, no matter how eminent. The old work quivers with inspiration, it has a kind of

soul. The modern work may be all compact of cleverness, it may suggest a wonderful eye and an extraordinarily skillful hand, but beside the other it is like an empty shell. Mr. Berenson gives us abundant data to support this contention, confining himself to the Florentines. I hope the preparation of a similar book by him, treating of the North Italian masters, is only a question of time, — and not simply, I may add, because he writes about drawings to such good purpose, but because, in the course of his work, he has so much to say that is worth reading on the general aspects of Italian art. His chapters on Leonardo and Michael Angelo in this book are so suggestive, they are so rich in the fruits of scholarship, presented with far less pedantry than has hitherto marred his criticisms, that they deserve publication in a form more widely accessible. It might easily be worth while to publish the text and catalogue given in these volumes in a handy octavo, the illustrations being put in portfolios by themselves.

Mr. Berenson's heroic folios rather dwarf the other contributions which have recently been made to the literature of Italian art, but several of these nevertheless command high respect. I would place well in the forefront of this comparatively minor group of publications what is, in great measure, an old book, yet practically a new one, the revised edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting in Italy,[1] which has long been out of print. Though it has never lost its usefulness, it has been much in need of correction. Sir Joseph Crowe, before he died in 1896, had finished the rewriting of more than a third of the book, and with the help of the additional manuscripts he left, and their own not inconsiderable resources, Mr. Langton Douglas and Mr. S. Arthur Strong have undertaken to overhaul this classic of criticism and bring it abreast of the latest modern research. The publishers are giving it substantial if not luxurious form, numerous good half-tones being used as illustrations, with a few photogravures. The edition is to be completed in six volumes, two of which have thus far appeared, devoted respectively to Early Christian Art and Giotto and the Giottesques. In the first of these volumes there are brief sketches of the two authors, in which Mr. Douglas speaks of them with appreciation not only of their historical and critical aptitudes, but of their admirable personal qualities. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have suffered too much patronage at the hands of certain later writers, who, pinning their faith upon Morelli, have liked to assume that only from him — or from themselves — could the student expect to receive the pure milk of the word. Mr. Douglas, with a little needless temper, redresses the balance. The fact is that one has only to dip into these familiar pages to recall the services the devoted pair have rendered in illuminating many a bewildering question, and to realize anew with how much insight and thoroughness they did their work. Of course to-day they require editing. In Mr. Douglas's notes on the Rucellai Madonna, which he prefers to give to Duccio rather than to Cimabue, we have a good instance of the desirability of reëditing periodically a work of the sort. But it is noticeable that occasions for the drastic rehandling of any matter dealt with by Crowe and Cavalcaselle have not been frequent. This is one of the new art books which the student could not possibly ignore. With it must be bracketed the translation, bearing the hybrid title of The Anonimo,[2]

[1] *A History of Painting in Italy.* By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by R. Langton Douglas, assisted by S. Arthur Strong. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *The Anonimo.* Notes on Pictures and Works of Art in Italy made by an Anonymous Writer in the Sixteenth Century. Translated by Paolo Mussi. Edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

of those anonymous sixteenth-century notes which have been familiar to specialists in the original, but which have not hitherto been put into English. They record the observations of an intelligent traveler, whose pages are useful inasmuch as they give the original locations of certain famous works of art, describe others which have since been lost and may some day reappear, and give suggestive hints to the critic hunting down mysteries of attribution. The book has been well translated by Paolo Mussi, and Mr. G. C. Williamson has discreetly edited it. This edition contains, moreover, a number of good illustrations.

A book to be commended not only to the student but to the layman with artistic predilections is Mr. Charles Holroyd's Michael Angelo Buonarroti,[1] which is really a translation of Condivi's Life, with the three famous dialogues by Francisco d' Ollanda placed at the back. Modern biographies of Michael Angelo, like the one which Symonds made almost but not quite definitive some ten years ago, are numerous enough, but Condivi's first-hand narrative has virtues to which none of his successors can lay claim, and which make it difficult to understand why it was not sooner put into English. It is full of living personal details. The tragic story of the tomb for Pope Julius has never been set forth elsewhere with the direct and vivid touch which we find in Condivi. Mr. Holroyd supplements his translation with some chapters of his own on Michael Angelo's work, exhibiting acumen and an admirable faculty for the blending of critical with biographical notes; and his version of the Portuguese dialogues rounds out a book which has a much more tangible reason for existing than is often to be discovered where art publications are concerned. It is the first volume in a series published under the general title of the Library of Art. It has been followed by a monograph on Donatello,[2] by Lord Balcarres, a carefully written production, supplying guidance that is trustworthy, but none of the glow which it would be good to find in a study of such an inspiring theme. Both books are attractively made and have many half-tone illustrations. Only subjects of the highest importance are to be treated in the series. It is to include volumes on Titian, Dürer, Correggio, and Pisanello, and there are to be others on groups or schools of painters, as, for example, Ghirlandajo and the Earlier Florentines, Raphael and his School in Rome, and the Three Bellini and the Earlier Venetians. The prospectus is exceptionally promising, and the two volumes briefly touched upon above warrant the assumption that the series will be maintained upon a level of serious, authoritative workmanship.

Of no popular series, however, is it safe to predicate absolutely uniform excellence. In the one, for example, edited by Dr. Williamson under the title of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture, the Botticelli[3] by Mr. A. Streeter, which has recently appeared, is a mildly creditable handbook, but nothing more. The Michael Angelo Buonarroti[4] of Lord Ronald Gower, though painstaking enough, is, on the whole, rather wooden. The same author's Thomas Gainsborough,[5] in the British Artists Series, is a better book, and will serve as a rapid sketch of the subject; but it is at bottom a

[1] *Michael Angelo Buonarroti.* By Charles Holroyd, Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, with Translations of the Life of the Master by his Scholar, Ascanio Condivi, and Three Dialogues from the Portuguese of Francisco d' Ollanda. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *Donatello.* By Lord Balcarres. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[3] *Botticelli.* By A. Streeter. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[4] *Michael Angelo Buonarroti.* By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F. S. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[5] *Thomas Gainsborough.* By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower, F. S. A. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

commonplace piece of work, and is chiefly to be valued for its illustrations, which include a welcome batch of the painter's drawings and studies. The series of pocket volumes called the Popular Library of Art, edited by Edward Garnett, has thus far preserved, in its modest way, a good standard. Dr. Gronau's Leonardo da Vinci [1] is a first-rate piece of condensation. Less weighty, but thoroughly intelligent and readable, are the booklets written for this series by Miss Lina Eckenstein on Albrecht Dürer,[2] by M. Romain Rolland on Millet,[3] by M. Camille Mauclair on the French Impressionists,[4] and by Mr. A. B. Chamberlain on Thomas Gainsborough.[5] This series is a good one for beginners. The monographs in it are brief, they contain enough information, and though published at a small price are very well illustrated. The last series I have to mention is the Artist's Library, in which four new volumes have recently appeared. Two of them, on Van Dyck,[6] are written by Mr. Lionel Cust, who has published a large volume on the Flemish painter, and knows his subject well. He treats it adequately in these brief chapters, and at the same time gives too much the impression of a piece of clever hack work. Miss Frances C. Weale's Hubert and John Van Eyck [7] is similarly thoroughgoing, and similarly innocent of the faintest spark of kindling emotion. The best of the recent publications in this series is Mr. Herbert P. Horne's Leonardo da Vinci,[8] which is formed of a felicitous translation of Vasari's life of the painter, with interpolations by the English critic. It is a somewhat audacious performance, but Mr. Horne knows what he is about, and has brought some really serviceable ideas and facts to the completion of his unconventional task. In these books the full-page illustrations are always at the back, by themselves. The Leonardo plates are particularly welcome since they include some of his drawings.

Every series of popular handbooks on art that is published nowadays follows much the same editorial policy. One may differ from another in size and price, but all are alike in that all run to a sort of specialization. It is assumed that what is wanted by the public addressed is concise instruction on this or that famous man. The system has its merits and its drawbacks. It leads, for one thing, as in literary enterprises of a kindred nature, to the useless duplication by one publisher of projects undertaken by another. Furthermore, as the authors engaged are, as a rule, simply good journeymen, without anything very fresh or startling to communicate, safe but not in the least inspiring ciceroni, the ultimate results threaten to be more imposing in bulk than in quality, and we shall not improbably see many a pretty volume dismembered for the sake of its illustrations, by those who have found out the usefulness of a well-ordered scheme of scrapbooks. In the meantime these innumerable little manuals are fertilizing the soil, — one may cheerfully admit that without taking them too seriously, — and it is good to know, moreover, that the rule of brevity forced upon the writers of them spares us a lot of highfalutin.

But to whom is the student to go for general ideas, for the broader edification

[1] *Leonardo da Vinci.* By Dr. Georg Gronau. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[2] *Albrecht Dürer.* By Lina Eckenstein. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[3] *Millet.* By Romain Rolland. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[4] *The French Impressionists.* By Camille Mauclair. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[5] *Thomas Gainsborough.* By A. B. Chamberlain. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[6] *Van Dyck.* By Lionel Cust. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

[7] *Hubert and John Van Eyck.* By Frances C. Weale. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

[8] *Leonardo da Vinci.* By Herbert P. Horne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

which, when all is said, is more important to him than the minutiæ of any single artist's history? If such ideas are present in the more elaborate works, like those of Mr. Davies and Mr. Berenson at which we have just glanced, they are necessarily incidental to analysis of a leading theme. The few new books in which masters or schools are discussed at large are interesting, but not momentous. The Art of the Italian Renaissance,[1] by Professor Wolfflin, offers a rational interpretation of a subject often enveloped by historians in a haze of metaphysics. The learned author has common-sense views of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the lesser masters; and in his explication of the significance of pure form in their work, he takes his reader close to the constructive principle underlying much of the most characteristic art of the Renaissance. He helps to clear the air of æsthetic cant; his artists, when he has completed his surveys of them, are seen more as *artists* in the true sense, less as the seers and high priests which loose-thinking writers like to consider them. Yet the book wants gusto; it is a shade too professorial. Klaczo's Rome and the Renaissance,[2] in the agreeable translation which has been made by John Dennie, is not so deeply pondered, and when the author gives rein to his fancy, inventing conversation with the hope of lending verisimilitude to his picture, he is more diverting than instructive. But the work embodies an excellent idea. It portrays Pope Julius in his artistic relations, and the pages on the masters he employed are written partly in exposition of their individual traits, but still more with the purpose of reproducing the atmosphere in which they labored. We have here not a body of technical analysis, but a panorama drawn with scholarship, flexibility, and a constant feeling for the human aspect of artistic affairs.

Since they are not strictly works on art, I may only give a few words to Isabella D'Este, Marchioness of Mantua,[3] by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady), and to the new edition of Beatrice D'Este, Duchess of Milan,[4] by the same author, but they are, as a matter of fact, worth a dozen textbooks as aids to an apprehension of the conditions under which art was produced in the time of which they treat. These great ladies of the Renaissance patronized the painters, sculptors, and artistic craftsmen of their day with ardor and intelligence, and their biographies contain many passages showing their relations with the masters, relations typical of a great epoch in civilization. The story, delightfully told by Mrs. Ady, of Isabella's efforts to secure for her collection certain marbles, an antique, and a Cupid of Michael Angelo's, that had fallen into the hands of Cesare Borgia, is exactly the kind of story to set the reader on a clearer notion of Renaissance taste and of those racial springs of high enthusiasm to which we owe such a wilderness of things of beauty. Some interesting sidelights on what the South has done to influence and color European culture are afforded by the Book of Italian Travel,[5] a compilation in which Mr. Neville Maugham has put together the impressions recorded by famous travelers as far back as the sixteenth century, and by writers as

[1] *The Art of the Italian Renaissance.* By Professor Heinrich Wolfflin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

[2] *Rome and the Renaissance.* The Pontificate of Julius II. From the French of Julian Klaczo. Authorized Translation by John Dennie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

[3] *Isabella D'Este, Marchioness of Mantua,* 1474–1539. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[4] *Beatrice D'Este, Duchess of Milan,* 1475–1497. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[5] *The Book of Italian Travel* (1580–1900). By H. Neville Maugham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

near our own time as Symonds and Henry James. The patchwork is the outcome of wide but judicious reading, and is deftly arranged. It may not overwhelm the reader with a flood of those general ideas for which he is looking, but it will put him in a frame of mind, giving him something of that glamour of Italy which never comes amiss in the study of Italian art. The efficacy of Cellini's Autobiography as a means of initiation into the spirit of the Renaissance is a commonplace of criticism. Miss Anne Macdonell has newly translated this classic of picaresque and artistic literature,[1] and though she has not shaken my loyalty to Symonds's version, I confess that her animated treatment of the text is very beguiling. She has a pointed note on Cellini's portrait, discrediting the familiar image of a "white-bearded, benevolent person," the one prefixed to Symonds's translation, and identifying with Cellini a certain head, which she reproduces, in a fresco by Vasari in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. The portrait bears out her contention. It is of a "vigorous, fiery man," and readily persuades us that in it we have, as Miss Macdonell asserts, "our Benvenuto to the life."

Mr. La Farge's Great Masters[2] is a collection of papers on Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Velasquez, Dürer, and Hokusai, which were originally written for a popular magazine, and have the qualities essential in discourse addressed to a large and miscellaneous audience. The author avoids technical jargon, and, though writing from the artist's point of view, gives to his fellows a perfect illustration of the way in which to appeal to laymen with no risk of being misunderstood. Indeed, if the book errs anywhere it is on the side of simplicity. The history of each artist is carefully traversed, and his salient characteristics are clearly indicated. Here and there an observation, reminding us that the author has views of his own, ripples the surface of the expeditious and businesslike narrative, but the tone of the book as a whole is neither as original nor as stimulating as Mr. La Farge's previous excursions into art criticism have caused one to expect. He has gained much in clearness of style, but while his book should prove beneficial when placed in quite inexperienced hands, it leaves the reader who has made any artistic investigations at all practically where it finds him. A popular introduction to the study of some of the masters, as well written as this is, could not but be a credit to any one, even to a painter who is himself a master. Yet it would be a great gain if Mr. La Farge were to give his pen to flights worthier of his powers, if he were to write a book taking a wider sweep and going deeper into the subject. In place of the rich banquet for mature minds which he might spread, he has set forth the mild fare suited to the naïve young reader, and, coming from him, it inspires gratitude tempered with regret. I cannot grudge the multitude of undisciplined seekers after artistic instruction the benefit and pleasure they will derive from these pages, but it is impossible to suppress a wish that Mr. La Farge might at least have given them a freer scope.

He is not the only American who has of late been occupied with the public discussion of artistic topics. Mr. Lorado Taft has written an excellent History of American Sculpture[3] in a new series, treating of all the manifestations of art in this country, which is being edited by Mr. John C. Van Dyke. We have no other book covering the field so thor-

[1] *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini.* Written by Himself. Translated out of the Italian with an Introduction by ANNE MACDONELL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[2] *Great Masters.* By JOHN LA FARGE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co, 1903.

[3] *The History of American Sculpture.* By LORADO TAFT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

oughly. Mr. Taft treats in chronological order all of our sculptors down to the men who are still living, and he has given his book the more authority by taking pains to avoid too enthusiastic or too severe a tone. He is just to exploded reputations, he loses sight of nothing that is good in the work of artists generally so feeble as Hiram Powers, or Harriet Hosmer, and he does not lose his head when he is talking about either St. Gaudens or French. A truthful, sober book, which places the American school of sculpture in a clear light, and supplies the information that is needed about all its members, famous and obscure. With Mr. Whistler, of course, the makers of books are already busy, but not, so far as the first fruits of their labors go to show, to very good purpose. Mr. Arthur Jerome Eddy's Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler[1] is an ill-formed collection of anecdotes and other miscellaneous data. It contains a quantity of raw material which some future biographer may find useful, but it is neither serious biography nor soundly reasoned criticism; it belongs in the category of distinctly ephemeral productions. The illustrations are good photogravures. The Art of James McNeill Whistler,[2] by Mr. T. R. Way and Mr. G. R. Dennis, has likewise the defects of the "occasional" publication; it is superficial and scrappy, but the authors keep to a dignified key, and one of them, Mr. Way, through his personal relations with Whistler, has been enabled to contribute some interesting information to the volume, especially with reference to his work in lithography. This book contains many illustrations that have not hitherto been accessible to the student. Whistler's own book, the Gentle Art of Making Enemies,[3] has just been brought out in a new edition with some additional matter, notably the catalogue of the famous exhibition of Nocturnes, Marines, and Chevalet Pieces, in which the artist repeated his trick of discomfiting his critics by reproducing, with ingenious malice, the comments on his work in which they had had the misfortune to indulge. I have so recently discussed the volume in these pages that I merely call attention now to the fact of its reappearance.

Mr. Whistler's brilliant fellow countryman, the painter whose fame not only equals but has threatened to overshadow his own, the painter whose Carmencita figures no less triumphantly in the Luxembourg than the famous Portrait of the Artist's Mother, has been made the hero of a book which for divers delightful reasons can only be characterized as astonishing. The Work of John S. Sargent, R. A.[4] is, in a way, unique. Other modern men have been celebrated in books, and some of them have deserved the honor. Paul Baudry, for example, was the kind of artist to bear the severe test of an exhibition of his works within the covers of a book, and Ingres has more than deserved the beautiful tribute paid him not long ago through the devotion of M. Lapauze in getting his drawings reproduced. But Mr. Sargent's case remains an extraordinary one. He has withheld from this volume a great number of his paintings, and he still has years of activity before him. Yet in a selection from his works — including many of his best things, but still only a selection — there is enough genius to keep a dozen ordinary men going all their lives.

Mr. Sargent has something of the fecundity and the power of the old masters.

[1] *Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeill Whistler.* By Arthur Jerome Eddy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

[2] *The Art of James McNeill Whistler.* An Appreciation. By T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[3] *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.* By James McNeill Whistler. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

[4] *The Work of John S. Sargent, R. A.* With an Introductory Note by Mrs. Meynell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

Whether or not he will ever attain to their rank is an interesting problem. If he falls short of it, it will be, I think, because of his limitations as a colorist, and because of his want of spiritual depth. On other grounds he moves us already as we are moved by the great executants of the historical epochs. This collection of sixty large photogravures is dazzling to the eye somewhat as the collection of paintings by Frans Hals in the little old building at Haarlem is dazzling. To keep the latter memorable assemblage of portraits in the mind's eye, as one considers the portraits in this book, is to revive dubiety as to Mr. Sargent's ever standing on equal terms with the Dutchman. The latter has a broader humanity. His art, for all that it is so thoroughly realistic, goes deeper. Yet it might fairly be argued that Hals's sincerity, as we see it, draws a great deal of its virtue from his models, and that the feverish flush on the modern man's work is there just because he is a modern man, — in other words, that the restless brilliancy so characteristic of Mr. Sargent is but the natural expression of the leading traits in the world he depicts. This much is certain, that no painter of his time could face the future with more confidence in its verdiçt than Mr. Sargent is justified in feeling. He knows what he wants to do, and he knows how to do it. He paints his sitters with a fluency that no other living artist can rival, and it is not the fluency of the merely clever man, it is that of a positive master.

His range promised at one time to be wider than it seems to-day. He painted canvases like the Carnation, Lily, Rose, and El Jaleo, and in them approved himself a true maker of pictures. But long after, when he undertook the decorations for the Boston Public Library, he got out of his depth, and it is perhaps fortunate that since he has abandoned the pictorial ambitions of his earlier years he has devoted himself more to portraiture than to anything else. There he gives play to his inborn gifts with the ease and buoyancy of some giant exulting in his strength; he grasps, without apparent effort, one individuality after another, covers scores of canvases with seemingly inexhaustible fertility of design and unchanging sureness of hand, and never for a moment ceases to exert the fascination of an original and splendid style. He is spectacular, if you like, but there is not a trace of vulgarity in the spectacle. Like the giant aforesaid, he is a type of materialism triumphant. But his is a materialism wonderfully refined by intelligence and taste, and if on opening this book of reproductions one is seized with an emotion of unquestioning admiration, one closes it with feelings of the most thoughtful respect. It is a pity that the plates are accompanied by an essay by Mrs. Meynell, whose delicate affectations are totally inappropriate to the occasion. Mr. Sargent's work is too masculine, too brilliant, to be made the subject of pretty vaporings.

The half-dozen publications to which brief allusion remains to be made are works of reference or books of special interest to collectors. Two of the five volumes in which the new edition of Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers [1] is to be completed have thus far appeared. A revision of the text has for some time been required, and many omissions have needed to be repaired. Dr. Williamson is bringing the book up to date with judgment, and the publishers are greatly enhancing its interest by filling it with full-page illustrations, though a rather arbitrary mode of selection slightly discounts their good intentions. Some of the plates seem only to reflect the editor's whim. The Sculptures of the Parthenon,[2] by Dr.

[1] *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers.* Edited by G. C. Williamson, Litt. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

[2] *The Sculptures of the Parthenon.* By Dr. A. S. Murray. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

A. S. Murray, gives in a few terse chapters a vivid description of the marbles, with explanations, never idly speculative, of their significance. The illustrations have been prepared with solicitude for the interests of the student following his researches in his own library. They have been planned so that he may examine the sculptures in their decorative and architectural relations, no less than for their individual character, as nearly as possible as though he were looking at the Parthenon itself.

Mr. J. J. Foster's Miniature Painters, British and Foreign, with Some Account of Those who Practised in America in the Eighteenth Century,[1] a work in two handsome volumes, contains well-written text and some very useful lists, but for collectors the significance of the book lies largely in its plates, which reproduce more than two hundred examples. In the department of prints two good books have been issued. Mr. Cyril Davenport's Mezzotints[2] appears in the Connoisseur's Library, a series practical in aim and luxurious in form. The author of this volume writes with authority on the technical side of his subject, and discourses pleasantly on the engravers whose works he describes. The plates are beautiful photogravures. Samuel William Reynolds,[3] by Alfred Whitman, deals at length with an English master of mezzotint, to whom, of course, Mr. Davenport can only give a limited amount of space. This volume also is fully illustrated. The two indirectly draw attention to a fashion of collecting which has become a fad. The high prices paid in the auction room for eighteenth-century mezzotints are out of all proportion to their intrinsic value. But the best plates of the best men have unquestionably great beauty, and appreciation of them cannot fail to be greatly furthered by the books I have just mentioned.

Royal Cortissoz.

The Tenement House Problem.

One of the latest evidences of growing American civilization is the interest manifested in housing reform. Stimulated largely by the work of the New York Tenement House Commission of 1901, many cities are now investigating their slums and framing laws for their improvement. The importance of this awakening is emphasized by the growth of immigration and by the change in its character. The congested sections of our large cities are populated mainly from the immigrant ships. In New York the connection has always been so close that popular movements for tenement reform have almost invariably followed periods of the largest immigration. These uprisings against the physical shortcomings of the city have been about as frequent, and, as far as lasting results are concerned, almost as ineffectual, as the periodical outbursts against its governmental failings. The one commission that resulted in widespread and permanent betterment was that appointed by Governor Roosevelt in 1900. Its most active members were its chairman, Mr. Robert W. de Forest, and its secretary, Mr. Lawrence Veiller. They directed the investigations that formed the basis of the law; and the law itself, incorporating the new Tenement Department, was framed by them. They were promptly selected by Mayor Low as the organizers and administrators of the new department, which, under their supervision, was one of the strongest features of the reform government. Their most recent service to the cause of housing reform is two exhaustive volumes on the Tenement

[1] *Miniature Painters, British and Foreign, with Some Account of Those who Practised in America in the Eighteenth Century.* By J. J. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1903.

[2] *Mezzotints.* By Cyril Davenport. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903.

[3] *Samuel William Reynolds.* By Alfred Whitman. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

House Problem,[1] which present a graphic description of existing conditions in New York, a concise and reasonably thorough record of the seventy-five years' agitation which finally resulted in the law of 1901, and a large amount of cognate material on tenement conditions both in this country and in Europe.

It is evident at once that Chicago, Boston, and other leading American cities, herding a large impoverished population, have everything to learn from the experience of New York. The preponderant space allotted to the metropolis does not detract from the general interest of the book. It is true that Manhattan Island's tenement situation is unique; but the same tendencies are at work elsewhere. The city is useful especially as a warning. It is a horrible example of what a metropolis can become, once vested interests, with abundant opportunity for employment, are given free scope. In spite of the excellent results accomplished under the De Forest law, the tenement problem in New York is, to a considerable degree, insolvable. The mischief, in great sections of the city, has already been done. The East Side, the abiding place of not far from 600,000 Jews, 200,000 Italians, and scattering representations of other races, is almost entirely built up with the worst type of tenement. The same is true of other congested areas. These buildings are far more profitable than any that could replace them, because they hold at least one third more people. They will not be demolished except by municipal action, — a contingency not immediately possible, — and they must therefore continue to house the bulk of the city's poor. Such parcels of unimproved land as remain will, under the new law, be built up with sanitary tenements; and the future of the now vacant outlying sections is also assured. But for the most part the city must remain as it is. It is an extreme evidence of the fathers' sins visited upon the children. In Manhattan Island to-day we see the results of a century's neglect. Had the repeated warnings of public-spirited citizens, philanthropic organizations, and state and municipal commissions been heeded, the poor people of New York, instead of being among the worst housed in the world, would have been among the best. The present volumes review the repeated attempts made to secure better ventilated and more sanitary tenements. As far back as 1842 Dr. John H. Griscom, the City Inspector of the Board of Health, attempted to rouse public interest in the subject, the evils he described being substantially those that exist to-day. The report of the first Tenement Commission, that of 1853, devoted much space to one of the city's most notorious tenements, — a certain Gotham Court on Cherry Street. This structure was not destroyed until 1896. Some gain resulted, of course, from the numerous agitations extending from 1842 to 1900; but real tenement reform begins at the latter date. That is, it was not until then that the builders were forced to abandon the old tenement type, and to begin the construction of large, well-ventilated, fire-protected, many-family dwellings.

A distinction should be made between tenement evils and bad housing. London, for example, which has comparatively few tenements, is famous for its slums. The working people live for the most part in small two and three story dwellings. The chief problems are overcrowding in single rooms and lack of adequate sanitation. In New York, on the other hand, the poorer classes live almost exclusively in four, five, and six story tenements, usually built upon a 25-foot lot, each floor divided into four two and

[1] *The Tenement House Problem.* Including the Report of the New York State Tenement House Commission of 1900. By Various Writers. Edited by Robert W. de Forest and Lawrence Veiller. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

three room apartments. The only rooms in these structures receiving direct light and air are those facing the street and the yard. Those in the interior are almost entirely without ventilation. Their occupants are thus deprived of the two gifts of nature which, perhaps above all, make for health and happiness, — fresh air and sunshine. Life in these buildings is practically one long Arctic twilight. The development of an entire city along these lines, and the consequent dwarfing of the physical and moral nature of at least one half its population, would seem a fearful reflection upon American twentieth-century civilization. This, however, is the tenement problem of New York. It is evident at once that it is difficult of solution. Insanitary two and three story dwellings can be destroyed, and replaced with model cottages. This is the favorite method of correcting bad housing in England. But the razing of whole tenement blocks, each populated by 2000 or 3000 people, is too drastic and expensive a process for this generation. The proper treatment evidently is not correction, but prevention.

Thus the experience of New York is of the utmost importance to other cities. It is true that tenement evils, as described above, have not developed elsewhere to the same alarming degree. Compared with Europe, housing in American cities is almost ideal. Mr. Veiller has investigated twenty-seven municipalities, and finds even the beginnings of a tenement house problem in only six. These, besides New York, are Boston, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Jersey City, and Hartford. Bad housing conditions are found occasionally elsewhere; but the wholesale erection of tenements, except in the cities mentioned, is unknown. This general immunity, however, is not likely to last. The poor of Chicago are housed mostly in one and two story dwellings. A few of the orthodox New York double-decker tenements, however, began recently to appear. Had Chicago followed the example of New York, the portent would have been officially ignored; and, in a few years, a tenement system would have been deep-seated. The City Homes Association, however, made a thorough investigation, and secured the passage of a tenement act closely following that of New York. As a result, Chicago can never become a city of insanitary tenements. Other places, even those where the "tenementization" process has not begun, have thus forever forestalled it. Mr. Veiller finds fairly satisfactory housing conditions in Cleveland. About five per cent of the houses are occupied by more than one family. Yet the citizens of Cleveland are now framing a law based upon that of New York. Thus Cleveland again can never become a city of insanitary tenements. Here and elsewhere the same tendencies, unless checked in time, threaten to duplicate the New York conditions. All our large cities have poor and ignorant populations which must be housed. They all have rich and not over-scrupulous property owners and builders, eager to invest their money at profitable rates. The danger increases every day, with the growth of an especially benighted class of immigrants. These immigrants not only furnish the tenants, but the real estate speculators, the builders, and the landlords. Thus thousands of the tenements of New York are owned by Jews, Germans, and Italians, who fight hard whenever the system is attacked. Such antagonisms will not be aroused in cities in which the tenement has not developed. Land prices are not predicated upon the possible construction of many-storied dwellings; and, in other ways, property interests are not greatly involved. The present is thus a favorable time for those cities that have no tenement laws to pass them. Reform in this particular case should properly begin before there is anything to reform.

Burton J. Hendrick.

America in Literature.

THE series of essays which Mr. Woodberry here assembles [1] constitutes a fairly complete though extremely compact summary of American literary activity and achievement. The activity has been considerable, he decides, the achievement in pure literature small. American readers who have been brought up to a theory of patriotism which holds that one can hardly be loyal to the flag without exaggerating, among other things, the feats of American authorship, will not be pleased with these papers. The writer does not scruple to assert that our production of work which possesses some absolute literary value begins with Irving. He professes no reverence for "the received tradition of our colonial literature which has so swelled in bulk by the labors of our literary historians." He has no mercy even upon those few colonial relics in which, many of us think, a true spark is to be discerned. "What of the Day of Doom, The New England Primer, and Poor Richard's Almanack, and the other wooden worthies of our Noah's Ark, survivors from the Flood, archaic idols? These are relics of a literary fetichism, together with Franklin's Autobiography and Edwards's On the Freedom of the Will, except that the great character of Franklin still pleads for one, and the great intellect of Edwards for the other, with a few. They do not belong with the books that become the classics of a nation." Here Mr. Woodberry is speaking of literature in the polite sense; elsewhere he more commonly uses the word to mean any utterance in print of any human activity. So in speaking of New York he says: "In no other city is the power of the printed word more impressive. The true literature of the city is, in reality, and long has been, its great dailies; they are for the later time what the sermons of the old clergy were in New England, — the mental sphere of the community; and in them are to be found all the elements of literature except the qualities that secure permanence."

The paper on the Knickerbocker Era is the most finished and adequate of the four chapters which deal with special periods. The power of Mr. Woodberry's style is in general cumulative rather than episodical; yet there are pithy phrases of his which stick in the memory: "It is hard in any case to localize Bryant. . . . That something Druidical which there is in his aspect sets him apart." . . . "Drake and Halleck stand for our boyish precocity; death nipped the one, trade sterilized the other; there is a mortuary suggestion in the memory of both." . . . "Every metropolis, however, breeds its own race of local writers, like mites in a cheese, numerous and active, the literary coteries of the moment. To name one of them, there was Willis; he was gigantic in his contemporaneousness."

Mr. Woodberry's treatment of the New England period, or, as he has it, the Literary Age of Boston, is far slighter; it reminds us that the present book is a collection of separately published essays, and not a composition of chapters. For the book, it is unfortunate that the scale of the Knickerbocker paper should not have been maintained. The material at the critic's disposal here (he includes the Cambridge and Concord writers and Whittier) would seem to be quite equal in importance to all the rest of his subject matter. His discussion of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, the three in whom "the genius of the people, working out in the place and among the things of its New England nativity, reached its height," is full and satisfying. But we are not quite prepared to find Thoreau disposed of with a bare mention, and Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell each hit off in a brief paragraph. We should have liked some qualification, or expansion of some of his judgments,

[1] *America in Literature.* By GEORGE E. WOODBERRY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

as this of Holmes: "Such a writer is seldom understood except by the generation with which he is in social touch; magnetism leaves him; he amuses his own time with a brilliant mental vivacity, but there it ends." There should end, by this same token, one reflects, your Horace, your Pepys, your Lamb, all your blessed provincials, whether rural or town-made, who have made shift to keep their audiences thus far.

He has much to say of Southern writers, and little to say for them. Simms composed "facile and feeble poems;" Timrod had, "like the whippoorwill, a thin, pathetic, twilight note;" Hayne, "one would rather liken to the mocking-bird, except that it does no kind of justice to the bird;" Lanier, with his "emotional phases . . . seems like Ixion, embracing the cloud." Poe, finally, is "the one genius of the highest American rank who belongs to the South."

The tone of these judgments would seem less severe if it did not chance that in the ensuing essay on the West, the author places much stress upon the agreeable wild notes of Joaquin Miller, and upon the "pietistic" romancer, Lew Wallace. The moods of the two essays seem to be somewhat different. The Southern writers are attacked upon the stern ground of literary merit; the Western writers are forgiven much because they seem to embody the Western spirit. The volume is, we may repeat, a collection of essays, not a treatise. The final chapter, in which the discussion of general "results and conditions" is no longer hampered by the necessity for personal estimates, conveys an impression of entire consistency. In it the author's mysticism, his profound faith, are seen to mellow and ennoble the sobriety of his attitude toward what has been and what is: "Special cultures arise . . . and mingle with currents from above and under, and with crossing circles in the present; and the best that man has found in any quarter, nationalized in many peoples, takes the race and shapes it to itself after its own image, and especially with power in those who live the soul's life. . . . But now in our own time, and in this halt of our literary genius, it is plain that our nobler literature, with its little Western afterglow, belonged to an heredity and environment, and a spirit of local culture whose place, in the East, was before the great passion of the Civil War, and, in the West, has also passed away. It all lies a generation, and more, behind us. The field is open, and calls loudly for new champions." *H. W. B.*

Mr. Mabie's Latest Book.

URBANITY of manner, breadth of view, tolerance of temper, and a kindly, easy, genial attitude toward life, — these are the qualities ascribed to Irving in the latest book by Mr. Mabie. Fortunate is the man of letters who possesses them; they account in part for the charm of Backgrounds of Literature,[1] but they also serve to explain the ungracious and perhaps illogical irritation with which some of Mr. Mabie's readers will close the pages of his attractive volume.

There is no question of Mr. Mabie's competency for commenting upon the natural and social surroundings which have affected the work of these seven well-known, although quite unrelated authors. He is a man of wide reading, of swift and sympathetic observation. A long row of popular books already bears witness to his facility of expression. In the present volume, the easiest task was to describe the Lorna Doone country, and the most difficult was to analyze the American spirit in the poetry of Walt Whitman. Both papers are extraordinarily well done. The constructive criticism of Whitman is quite as skillful in its complex workmanship as is the essentially slight but pleasing record of the obvious emotions of a sentimental tourist in

[1] *Backgrounds of Literature.* By HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE. New York: The Outlook Co. 1903.

the Doone valley. Goethe, Scott, Wordsworth, Irving, and Emerson are the subjects of the other papers. That they are graceful and well-informed goes without saying. The better one knows Weimar and Edinburgh and Concord the better one realizes how admirable these essays are up to a certain point; but the greater also is one's regret that Mr. Mabie so rarely chooses to go beyond the bounds which he has set for himself.

An author's choice of company is of course his own affair; as far as conscious election plays a part in it he may write for posterity or for "antiquity" as he prefers. Mr. Mabie early chose the modest and useful part of preaching the gospel of culture to the half-cultivated. He has talked long and well to the Christian Endeavorers of literature. He has earned the right of addressing himself more directly to the saints. No American writer of our day has done more "good," in the simple sense of that word; but he has been gradually educating the more thoughtful portion of his large audience away from those mellifluous commonplaces in which he seems to think that the greatest good for the greatest number is still to be found. Many excellent missionaries have, through long and fluent preaching in a foreign tongue, forgotten how to use English. Danger lurks in Mr. Mabie's hierophantic manner of chanting the eternal truths of literature. Those rich cadences may please the ear without leaving any trace upon the memory. His is not, in its characteristic features, a style that "bites," but rather one of smoothly woven periods, produced by words thrown deftly back and forth upon a well-oiled shuttle, reversing automatically at every "but" or "yet," and then, as the arithmetics used to say, "proceeding as before."

Our quarrel, it will be perceived, is not with one of the most genial and gifted of our writers, but with that missionary spirit which keeps him so frequently in Macedonia when he ought to be preaching to the Athenians on Mars' hill. No man reasons more persuasively concerning righteousness and temperance in letters, yet he might, we think, say more than he does about the judgment sure to come upon faulty theory and slovenly practice. Mr. Mabie uses every word in a critic's vocabulary except that one indispensable word "damn." His public does not like this expression, and all publishers unite in thinking it very bad form. Mr. Mabie courteously refrains from its use. This is a pity, for we have few men who care more sincerely for excellence, and who might say with greater authority to our generation: —

"*Thou ailest here, and here!*"

If any proof of this were needed, it may be found in the essay on America in Whitman's Poetry in the present volume. Here is discriminating criticism, expressed with vigor and precision. For penetration, steady grasp of a complicated matter, and luminous statement, it is the best critique of Whitman thus far written in England or America. *B. P.*

Father Hennepin.

UNIFORM with their excellent reprint of the Expedition of Lewis and Clark, issued a year or more ago, Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Company have now published, under the editorship of Reuben Gold Thwaites, Father Hennepin's famous New Discovery.[1] The text is that of the second London issue of 1698, and there are facsimiles of original title-pages, maps, and illustrations, together with a breezy introduction by Mr. Thwaites, and a bibliography of Hennepin's works by Mr. Victor Paltsits of the Lenox Library. Father Hennepin was one of the most entertaining liars who ever journeyed into a far country. His account of Niagara, of "the incomparable River Mescha-

[1] *A New Discovery of a Vast Country in America.* By Father LOUIS HENNEPIN. Edited by REUBEN GOLD THWAITES. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1903.

sipi," and of the savage tribes that inhabited the vast Mississippi basin, loses no whit of its interest as the learned editor of the Jesuit Relations points out the precise measure of his departure from the truth. As if in anticipation of an age of historical scholarship, note how charmingly the mendicant friar defends himself against his future annotators: —

"I am not insensible of the Reflections I shall meet with from such as never dar'd to travel themselves, or never read the Histories of the Curious and Brave, who have given Relations of the strange Countries they have taken upon them to see; I doubt not but that sort of Cattle will account of this my Discovery as being false and incredible. But what they say shall not trouble me much: They themselves were never Masters of the Courage and Valour which inspires Men to undertake the glorious Enterprizes that gain 'em Reputation in the World, being confin'd within narrow Bounds, and wanting a Soul to atchieve any thing that can procure 'em a distinguishing and advantageous Character among Men. It were better therefore for such to admire what they cannot comprehend, and rest satisfy'd in a wise and profound Silence, than thus foolishly to blame what they know nothing of."

No less delightful is his melancholy summary of the causes of his failure to propagate the gospel among the Indians at Fort Frontenac: —

"They were attentive and diligent in coming to their Prayers, tho they had none of that openness of Spirit which is necessary to enter into the Verities of Religion. They came to seek Instruction with a Spirit of Interest, to have our Knives, Awls, and such like things." Surely our contemporary apostles of the New Education, which endeavors, alike in the innocent tasks of the kindergarten and in the Graduate Schools of Applied Science, "to seek Instruction with a Spirit of Interest," should give their days and nights to a study of Hennepin. They will find no edition so good as this. *B. P.*

The Poet Gray as a Naturalist.

"SULLENLY" was the adverb which Dr. Johnson chose to describe the temper in which Gray passed his days in his Cambridge chambers. For once the Leviathan's judgment of men, usually so convincing, was at fault. The case against him has become clearer with time, and the issue of The Poet Gray as a Naturalist[1] only serves to illustrate more vividly the perversity of phrase. Mason had written at length of Gray's wholesome concern with the out-of-door sciences, and his protégé Bonstetten had written of his preoccupation with the Systema Naturae: "After breakfast appear Shakespeare and old Lineus [*sic*] struggling together as two ghosts would do for a damned soul. Sometimes the one gets the better, sometimes the other." But not until now has it been possible to know the extent and quality of the poet's dealings with this same old "Lineus." Gray's copy of the Systema, passing through several hands, came at last to Ruskin's, and after his death was given by his heir to Charles Eliot Norton. Now we have a selection from Gray's notes therein and facsimiles of his drawings, edited by Mr. Norton with his familiar fine carefulness, and published in a form of much distinction and beauty.

In the three volumes of the Systema, Gray, it seems, caused to be inserted 1380 pages of interleaving, which he all but quite covered with Latin notes in his delicate, cursive script, and with easy and spirited delineations of birds and insects. Along with the laborious learning which we might expect, the notes show a skill as a descriptive naturalist

[1] *The Poet Gray as a Naturalist.* With Selections from his Notes on the Systema Naturae of Linnæus and Facsimiles of Some of his Drawings. By CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Boston: Charles E. Goodspeed. 1903.

which could only come from the nice observation of the types of nature, *sub Jove*. The relation of these studies to the classic quality of Gray's poetic art, to his poetic taciturnity, would be a choice theme for the expatiation of a casual critic who could keep his reader in ignorance of the awkward fact that they were chiefly the occupation of Gray's last years, when his brief poetic activity had ceased. It is, however, certainly not out of place to note how the firm hold of the substantial forms of things which marks these notes comports with the reality of image, which for all his personifications and allusiveness is the life of his poetry. And it is, at least, amusing to trace specific parallelisms between his poetry and his scientific annotation. To take a single instance: does not this description of *Felis catus* serve to illustrate the mood of the elegist of Selima? "*Domesticus parum docilis, subdolus, adulatorius; domino dorsum, latera, caput, affricare amat. Junior mire lusibus deditus et jocis; adultus tranquillior . . .* " and so to more technical items. Indeed, to a careful critic nothing which makes clearer the mind of a poet is quite foreign to the appreciation of his art; and this little book — so full of the reality of scholarship — is a true piece of Gray's mind. *F. G.*

"TRUE POETS."

At a time when the flattering proposals of a publisher, who — for a suitable sum in hand — "has faith in poetry," bring before an inattentive public too many meagre volumes of unripe and bewildered verse, it is cheering to find four books containing the artistic expression of sincere imaginative moods. The latest volumes of Mr. Carman and Mrs. Watson, whatever we may think of the worth of the thoughts informing them, have that measure of virtue at least; Mr. Taylor's first book shares it, and has a very marked poetic idiosyncrasy beside; while Mr. Woodberry's collected Poems is almost unique among recent books of verse in giving evidence of all three of the aptitudes of the "true poet" in harmonious accord, — temperament, skilled mastery of the ancient resources of the poetic art, and a poet's mind.[1]

Mr. Carman's attempted compellation of the shade of Sappho in the rewriting of her hundred lost odes is an instructive experiment, colored by a very pleasing poetic quality. Handicapped as it is by Mr. Roberts's emotional Introduction singularly lacking in "the high, imperious verbal economy" which it celebrates, and notwithstanding the copious sameness of the work itself, it contains scarcely a line which read by itself will not trouble and delight the imagination with a vague sense of

> "Old, unhappy, far-off things,"

and quicken it with the poignancy of

> "the first sob of the south wind
> Sighing at the latch with spring."

Yet a haunting sense of poetic imperfection will stay with the reader. This is particularly noticeable in the different

[1] *Sappho.* One Hundred Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. With an Introduction by Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

After Sunset. By Rosamund Marriott-Watson. New York and London: John Lane. 1904.

The Overture. By Joseph Russell Taylor. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

Poems. By George Edward Woodberry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

lustre of the tags from Wordsworth and from Mr. Carman which we have just quoted. Mr. Carman's half-quantitative, unrhymed versification, with its subtle suggestion of Sapphic metre, is a technical triumph, the atmosphere and mood suffer no lapse, and the phrase is always suave and limpid; but its very suavity and limpidity are allied to the source of its defect. Sings Mr. Carman, —

> And there as darkness gathers
> In the rose-scented garden
> The god who prospers music
> Shall give me skill to play.
> And thou shalt hear, all startled,
> A flute blown in the twilight
> With the soft pleading magic
> The greenwood heard of old.

This sweetness of phrase and tune is everywhere in the book, but it goes along with a kind of facile profusion which is never drawn together in a single great line, compact, pregnant, and immortal like the one of Wordsworth's we have applied as a touchstone, and like all of Sappho's. Furthermore, there is a letting down of tone, a coolness of passion, that estops the verse from dateless perfection. For a time the magic of the flute (and with all its useful tone-color and connotation, the word occurs in nearly every poem) makes us oblivious of the real mood of what we are reading. Gradually we are aware: it is not Love, not Sapphic love, not even Theocritean love; it is *l'amour*.

Mrs. Watson's writing in verse has the poetic effectiveness that inheres in the simple and musical expression of moods of real tenderness and regret. Her pieces rarely convey the effect of bookishness so common in the plaintive music of fellow poets not for nothing called minor. Her chief literary inspiration is clearly from the German lyric Muse; but the likeness is one of affinity rather than of imitation. This connection is most obvious in her naming of poems, where such titles as Abschied, "Einst O Wunder," or Zigeunerlied aptly suggest the burden of her song. Her gift of intimating a lyric mood in the German fashion, with the sparing use of "poetic" imagery and diction, as well as her tone of casual, unrevising spontaneity will appear from these fine memorial verses: —

> The wind blows sweet through the valley,
> A strong wind, pleasant and free;
> It blows with a rumour of travel
> To the moorland up from the sea.
>
> The miles and the desolate distance,
> It shatters them all at will,
> While we wait here for a message
> From a voice forever still.
>
> O wind from the great new countries,
> What know you of pain or loss?
> We are weeping for him in England
> Who died 'neath the Southern Cross.

Herrick in Ohio would have been an apt sub-title for the little book of an uncommonly attractive individuality which Mr. Taylor has happily called The Overture. Mr. Taylor has little of the limpidity of Mr. Carman, and less of the simplicity of Mrs. Watson. His work is exuberant with imagery and sound drawn from American woods and fields, conveyed in a prodigious number of lyric words drawn from the vast storehouse of the poets. But this opulence is more promising than penury; it is so often controlled by an imaginative heat, and so invariably modulated in unusual and effective rhythms, that it augurs still better work to be done. There is no other poet now writing who adventures irregular swallow flights of dactyls and anapæsts so successfully as Mr. Taylor; witness these enraptured lines: —

> Hark, how the bobolinks ripple and bubble!
> Out of the orchard what rapture of robins!
> And look, the brown thrush up and facing the storm
> With a shaken, jubilant splendor and storm of song,
> And more than the heart can bear!

We like Mr. Taylor better in his dealings with bird songs and the Ohio countryside than we always do in his

celebrations of more social sentiments. He is rather too much disposed toward undue detail and unction in his enumeration of a girl's charms, too prone to dally over some one of them, like the ankle, not particularly expressive of character. Some of the Elizabethans and Herrick contrived to produce fine poetry in spite of a similar predilection. But nowadays it is haply a dangerous thing to attempt to poetize the passion of love unidealized either by the mood of romantic devotion, or by that foreboding of motherhood which has ennobled most English poetry in this kind. Mr. Taylor has the advantage that his dalliance is out of doors, and the keen air and sunlight which fill his lines keep the sentiment just above *l'amour*. As is often the case with young poets, whose store of allusion and observation is an embarrassment, Mr. Taylor is seen at his best in set verse forms. This sonnet might to advantage have known more of file and hammer, but nevertheless it represents the quality of his best achievement, and conveys his characteristic mood and poetic creed: —

Not only through old legend's royal guise,
Nor in the quest that sought the fleece, the grail,
The sudden god looks forth to turn men pale
With wonder looking out of beauty's eyes.
At times a light of great enchantment lies
On my plain fields; in woods as through a veil
Gleams the unknown romance; and the lost tale
Informs familiar rivers with surprise.
Once, when upon the utmost hills the sun
An hour unmoving hung, and, all song dead,
Grew lovelier, sterner, deepening into red,
Harrow of stars, shaping the arrow blade
I saw the wild geese go. Summer was done.
The winged longing left me half afraid.

Writing in the Atlantic fourteen years ago Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, then editor of the magazine, said at the close of an extended review of Mr. Woodberry's first volume of verse: "The reviewer whose diversions in this sort are not many counts it a fortunate month, indeed a fortunate year when he can say, 'Here is a new poet,' and commend a volume which makes so rich promise as the North Shore Watch." But two climacterics of Mr. Woodberry's life have passed since then; "a life," as he says, in his preface, "never so fortunate as to permit more than momentary and incidental cultivation of that art which is the chief grace of the intellectual life;" yet the promise has been made good. The collected edition will be welcomed by many readers to whom the North Shore Watch and Wild Eden are not so much books of admirable verse to be respectfully neglected, as a constant and intimate possession. Though it is too fine and sincere a product ever to be the idol of a cult, there are qualities in Mr. Woodberry's poetry which make it, in a certain loose sense, esoteric. For all its human wistfulness it is not quite poetry for the man in the street, nor is it poetry for the lean and slippered pantaloon; it is peculiarly the poetry of young men, of young men of generous mind, no strangers to the old paths of the Muses and soaring philosophies, yet quick with the sense of present beauty, and earnest with the thought of present obligation. It will, perhaps, not be amiss to take occasion of the appearance of this collected edition to consider the quality and significance of Mr. Woodberry's work.

It is impossible to open the volume anywhere, at random, without at once observing as its prime characteristics a purity of line, a sweetness of melody, a fineness of sentiment, not to be found present in such perfect and unbroken harmony in the work of any other among contemporary poets. These lines from the little Platonic drama of Agathon are not a purple patch; they represent the color and texture of the woof of the poem: —

Love comes in youth, and in the wakeful heart
Delight begins, soft as Aurora's breath
Fretting the silver waves, and dimly sweet
As stir of birds in branches of the dawn,
So soft, so sweet, thy touches round my heart.
O, fable, fable on!

Here, in little, are many of the qualities of Mr. Woodberry's work; its musical sweetness, its fineness, its concern with maidenhood, and maiden youth. But to see these traits in their intensity we shall have to turn to some of the lyrics, wherein a true lyrical mood is poetized, with firm lyrical structure, and with the canorous quality that invites to reading aloud. Take, for example, these stanzas: —

O, strange to me and wondrous,
The storm passed by,
With sound of voices thundrous
Swept from the sky;
But stranger, love, thy fashion, —
O, tell me why
Art thou, dark storm of passion,
So slow to die?

As roll the billowy ridges
When the great gale has blown o'er;
As the long winter dirges
From frozen branches pour;
As the whole sea's harsh December
Pounds on the pine-hung shore;
So will love's deep remember,
So will deep love deplore.

In the deepening music of the vowels, in subtle and haunting repetends, in perfect fusion of syntax in cadence, as well as in the imaginative rightness of the underlying similitude, this is as perfect in its way as — why should we hesitate — the songs of Tennyson.

There are in these lines qualities, other than those of formal perfection, which will lead us inward. The view of nature in them is of a piece with that found in every poem. There is almost no piece without its setting of landscape, — Italy, the Cyclop's shore, the sea, the prairie; — but most often it is the keen, sweet New England countryside and seashore. This is the real natural background of Mr. Woodberry's mind, and it is so sharply realized that all of his work has a peculiarly racy and indigenous tang. In that noble elegy the North Shore Watch, for all its freightage of idealistic monism, the mood of the old lament for Bion is as perfectly reproduced amid the "brine and bloom" of the Beverly shore as it was by Milton on the banks of Cam, or by Arnold on Thamesside. But here, as everywhere else in the volume, there is one striking fact to be noted which will help us to apprehend the quality of the poetry still more intimately. The natural background is uncommonly real and vivid, but we do not enter upon it by the aid of many details of observation, as in the case of Mr. Taylor's verse, or through very much concrete imagery. Mr. Woodberry's affair is not so much with the types of Nature, as with her moods and symbolical processes, with the turn of tides and seasons, and with the temperament of the weather. It is Nature recollected in tranquillity — and Platonized.

Here we have foreshadowed the trait of Mr. Woodberry's poetry that gives it its power with youth, and justifies our attribution to him of the poet's mind. His work has the tonical coherence that springs from a single view of the world, clearly conceived, and firmly and consistently maintained. It is easy for the whimsicalist who has never found — or has lost — himself to smile at "idealism;" it is easy for the Lockist to confute it; yet it is the indispensable stuff of poetry which is life. Mr. Woodberry is a Puritan by inheritance, a Platonist by temperament, and a cosmopolitan student of letters by training. Out of these strands he has woven and presented elsewhere in prose an idealistic programme which is pretty much that of Sidney and Shelley ripened for the times. Held by an immature mind of any age, such a faith is often far from convincing, but when it is put forth with mature enthusiasm, and informed with the results of sound historical and literary scholarship, it gains an evidential import that will not be gainsaid. This is the vital principle in Mr. Woodberry's poetry, and it will appear more clearly from almost any stanza of the poetry itself than from many paragraphs of expository tediousness. These stanzas, torn from an ode

remarkable for its sustained flight in a perilous course, will serve for illustration. We quote from Wild Eden (1899), which here, as in several other cases, presents a better text, to our mind, than that of the collected edition : —

I shall go singing over-seas :
" The million years of the planet's increase,
All pangs of death, all cries of birth,
Are clasped at one by the heart of earth."

I shall go singing by tower and town :
" The thousand cities of men that crown
Empire slow-rising from horde and clan
Are clasped at one by the heart of man."

I shall go singing by flower and brier :
" The multitudinous stars of fire,
And man made infinite under the sod
Are clasped at one by the heart of God."

It is clear that poetry so intellectual as this, so constantly — even in occasional pieces — guided by the spiritual sense of life, is not calculated to win to the outer circles of popularity. There will, moreover, be those who will call it " academic." This is a true characterization, but if it be used in dispraise it involves a misconception. Mr. Woodberry is an academic poet in precisely the sense that Virgil and Catullus, Milton and Tennyson were academic poets; not in the sense that Addison and Leo XIII were so. He has the sieve for noble words. Everywhere in the volume are images, turns of thought, cadences, symbols, that send the lettered mind flashing away to Shelley, or Gray, or Tasso, or Theocritus ; yet no piece is merely bookish. The mood is always real and deeply felt, and if for the expression of it the author has drawn deeply from the old stores of the Muses, it is but the rightful privilege of the *ultimus calamus*, the last pen, which, so it make them its own by eminent domain, may use at will all the riches of its predecessors. It may well be that here and there is a turn of this sort that is " bookish " in the sense that it fails quite to carry to a reader not acquainted with the classics of our own and other tongues. In the main, however, Mr. Woodberry's volume is a vindication of the scholarly mode of poetry. His envisagement of life is the richer for his scholarship, his expression more suave and eloquent. And if there be a loss in extensiveness of appeal, there is a compensating gain in the intensity of delight for qualified readers. *F. G.*

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Typewriter vs. Pen.

When I declare my preference for the pen over the typewriter, the hustling business man of to-day will class me among the cranks who would abolish the railway in favor of the stagecoach. But I am no bigoted devotee of ancient ways. I have myself used the typewriter for thirteen years, and would not hesitate to give it a testimonial for services rendered. I can understand, too, that to the merchant or lawyer, with his immense correspondence, it has become a necessary labor-saving device. I do not dispute its usefulness as a commercial instrument ; it is as a literary instrument that I believe its value to be commonly over-rated.

Let it be granted that in many cases the machine promotes legibility. There are persons of so vexatious a handwriting that the Golden Rule would prohibit them from putting their thoughts on paper without its assistance. Yet, in spite of the neglect of penmanship in modern schools, these are exceptions. The next advantage is speed. No doubt this counts for much in an office, or in the reporters' room of a daily paper, but where it is a

question of thoughtful composition, and not of the mere transcribing of shorthand notes, the supposed profit is illusory. You do not need a literary automobile for ideas that can scarcely keep up with a pedestrian pace. I have serious doubts about the ingenious conceptions that have been lost to the world because the author's pen lagged behind his imagination.

Now for my grievances against this vaunted substitute for the old-fashioned pen. First, there is its weight, which restricts its use to the table or desk at home. Next, there is the fact that, being a machine, it is subject to all the ills that machinery is heir to. All makes of typewriter except one — see advertisements and circulars passim — have a tendency to get out of order, and the law of chances makes it unlikely that any individual among us will capture that elusive perfect creation. Now, as a rule, the professional author is not of a mechanical bent: neither natural aptitude nor training has given him the knack of dealing authoritatively with levers and pawls. And the derangements are sure to come at the most irritating moments, with disastrous effects upon the writer's moods. There was no unhealthiness of tone about Oliver Wendell Holmes, yet he was careful to avoid all possible friction that might interrupt the act of composition. Many a fine thought, he said, had perished ere it was fairly born, being strangled in the birth by a hair on the nib of the pen or choked out of life by muddy ink. How much more apprehensive would he have been of the intellectual parts of an erratic type-bar or a refractory ribbon! Then, the physical labor involved in the working of any make of machine must consume much more energy than the formation of letters by the pen. Possibly the average literary man would be better if he took more exercise, but indoor athletics of this sedentary type scarcely supply the lack. Further, although one may not be acutely conscious of the noise of the operation, the constant rattle cannot but add to the strain, and produce a certain nervous wear and tear.

A novice at typewriting commonly fears that the demand of the machine upon the attention must make original composition upon it impossible. Actually there is no difficulty here, for after a little practice he thinks as little about his keys as the bicyclist about his balance. The real drawback does not lie in any sense of the unnaturalness of the medium, but in the awkwardness of making corrections while writing. It is a clumsy task to alter a word, or change the order of clauses, or make interlineations while the paper is on the cylinder, so we decide to wait until the sheet comes off the machine. By the time we have reached the bottom of the page the projected amendment has slipped our memory. To some kinds of writing the forfeiture of this opportunity means a serious loss. Literary quality is still further impaired by a temptation to which the typewriter exposes those authors for whose work there is a great demand. In the facilities it supplies for the copying of dictated matter in a short time, and at a cheap rate, some professional writers have discerned an expedient for increasing their output. This inevitably means the production of poorer stuff. Mr. Herbert Spencer confessed not long ago that in re-reading his own books he found those which had been dictated inferior in style to the others. When a writer attempts to compose at shorthand speed he turns himself into an extempore speaker; he is insensibly drawn to cultivate the style of the man on the platform, and his article has the diffuseness of an harangue. It might be impressive with an audience, but it wearies the reader.

But suppose that the book or article is completed without the aid of either stenographer or machine, is it not desirable that the manuscript should then be translated into the clearer letterpress of the

typewriter before coming into the printer's hands? Only in one case, — namely, when the author performs this translation himself. If his own handwriting is hard to read, better let him send his autograph sheets to the printer in all their tangle and uncouthness than have them "straightened out" in a typewriting office. The average compositor, in a good house, is far more competent than the average girl typist to decipher difficult manuscript, and when his sagacity fails he has expert assistance close at hand to appeal to. The typist will misread a word and substitute another, which, though it goes a long way toward spoiling the sentence, does not make nonsense of it. The author, glancing hurriedly through the typewritten sheets and not comparing them minutely with the first draft, does not notice the difference, and the printer, of course, follows the copy that is set before him. If the autograph original had gone straight to the compositor's case the mistake would not have been made. I could give instances within my own knowledge, illustrating the corruption of a text by the process just described. As I said at the outset, I am no unreasoning foe to the typewriter, for it has been a helper and friend to the journalist and author as well as to the man of business; but at a time when there are so many other causes of slovenliness in the production of printed matter it will be a great pity if its indiscriminate use leads to a degeneration in literary style, or to a lowering of the standard of high-class printing.

Unhandsomely Illustrated.

I BEGAN to read the Contribution called "Handsomely Illustrated," in a recent Club, with all the pleasant anticipation of the small boy who sees his contemporary about to come in for an application of the maternal slipper. (Let me correct myself and say paternal, for the Contributor has done his utmost for the credit of the Club by betraying his sex.) I read with interest and sympathy, but finished disappointed. Was it possible that he had failed to bring the slipper down on the right spot, — which meant, of course, the one I was thinking of? Should that bad boy still go unpunished for that particular sin? Discipline forbid! Not if I have to give him what he deserves myself!

"He [the illustrator] derives his idea from the text just as the reader derives his," remarks the Contributor. But there are times when we are forced sadly to doubt the truth of this statement, in fact, to wonder whether the illustrator derives his idea from the text at all. "Sophronia sat in the twilight pondering," Sophronia being represented in the story as a gentle, quiet New England maid. Illustration, a thick-lipped, fierce-eyed, disheveled, tropical sort of creature whom one suspects of mixed descent. Or Alicia's straitened circumstances and narrow village life are happily indicated by a modish, low-cut, evening frock. Two generations ago we could forgive a Becky Sharp who was apparently a decrepit Italian hag. And in 1840, when the burning of the Steamer Lexington was pictured, we were much edified to see all the gentlemen, escaping on mattresses or floating in the water, prudently attired in high hats. We should not, I think, have caviled if we had seen them courteously removing those stately coverings in deference to the ladies whom they were helping to places of refuge. But times have changed since then, and our demands have changed with them. It appears, however, that methods have not changed so much as we are sometimes led to fancy. With all the boasted advance in illustration, Sophronia's West Indian countenance and Alicia's low-necked dress seem to my humble perception to belong to the same stage of development as the early Becky and the "toppers" of the Lexington's passengers.

Another weakness we should surely have outgrown. "Isabel watched Robert's changing expression," remarks an author in a late magazine. But in the illustration, Isabel's attention is deter-

minedly fixed upon a spot on the wall, about on a level with Robert's waist. Again I am sent back to the past, this time to those large wall-engravings that within not so very long a memory no gentleman's parlor was without. "The Marriage of Pocahontas" was especially admirable for the ingenuity of the artist in providing separate points of attention for all the numerous wedding guests, and still avoiding the necessity of having a single one glance in the direction of the pair just making their vows to Heaven. "The Declaration of Independence" presents the same effect with no less success, the august Signers showing an entire lack of interest in the great document before them, and bending their minds, to judge from their evident uneasy self-consciousness and rapt gaze at vacancy, on having their pictures taken. The illustrator who gave us Isabel cannot rival these examples in point of elaborate composition, but so far as his subject permits he has followed their tradition faithfully.

I quite agree with the Contributor. Illustrations should illustrate. Is it too much to ask that they also make a nearer approach to that realism which we are so often assured is the most striking characteristic of our time?

Europe Unvisited.

It is a matter of self-gratulation with me that I am at one and the same time an American, and not a millionaire. Because of the first I may go to Europe; because of the second, I have n't been there already.

But I find two fears menacing my airship fancies. Do I know enough to go to Europe? When I am ready to see Europe, will there be a Europe there to see? For I am densely, deeply ignorant. That is all very well in America, where I am only one among a nation of bluffers; but would not Europe see through me, find me out, refuse to shake hands? I fear that the Grandmother Past would not take me on her lap and tell me stories if I could n't recite my English sovereigns, if I proved hazy on architecture, and imperfect in geography. Would the dead come forth debonair out of their crypts to welcome me, if I could furnish no dates by way of credentials? I knowing no Italian, would the gondoliers sing into my heart all the gayety of Venice? My French being rusted, would Paris pass with me the merry time of day? I am afraid Europe will say to me, Out of my palaces, away from my pictures, don't lay finger on my cathedrals, — no ignoramus wanted here! — But I have no time to study all these matters, nor patience either. Nor am I minded to do Europe by Baedeker; I am right gypsy with the lust for strange faces and beckoning byways, and with no nose whatsoever to be buried in a guidebook. I mentioned these my doubts and fears to a fellow worker, who had scraped and saved and bought herself a summer, and returned as one likes to see travelers return — shabby-coated, shining-eyed, speaking little, with do-it-again-as-soon-as-possible writ large over all her plans and purposes. She answered promptly, "It is much better to study about it after you have seen it than before." Perhaps it is; I will leave it that way, I think. Europe must take me just as I am; if it does n't, so much the worse for Europe.

Yet when I take stock of my knowledge of that various other side, what a small parcel it is, and how shakily done up! London, for instance. In London there are the Tower, and Westminster, and the Temple, and lodgings, — streets and streets of lodgings. In the Tower are beef-eaters, — a sort of mediæval policemen carrying halberds; and crown jewels in glass cases, — I never did care much for things in glass cases; and then there are bloodstains; but I am afraid to appreciate bloodstains; I should have gone abroad younger. Westminster is a great dim place where you may stay all day, like a Mr. Addison or a Mr. Harding, or poking about the Poets' Corner, feeling the ashes of the great mouldering genially all about you, — only it would

be just my luck to be thrilled by a cenotaph.

The Temple is a name of magic. I 've no notion of its appearance. There is an Inner Temple, — that implies, I suppose, a building like an American apartment house built around a court. But it is the Temple, the Inner Temple that I want to see in London, because *he* lived there, had chambers there, held his Wednesday evenings there, — the saddest, merriest soul that ever chuckled in print.

Those London lodgings, — I should have to live in lodgings in London, poor lodgings, because they are cheap and I am cheap, — frowzy lodgings, savored with frying, garnished at intervals with a slatternly landlady and a little slavey. In lodgings they furnish candles and toast and tea, a diet which would have to be washed down with plentiful draughts from that cask I carry with me, that wine called Traveler's Delight.

My Continental itinerary is delightfully vague; my imagination supplies a map of the everywhere, marked with bright red crosses where are the Alps, Paris, Rome, Venice. My general impression of the Continent is that, as a whole, it suffers from a lack of the great American bathtub, and does not supply ice water. Dirty and thirsty and happy-hearted shall I make my pilgrimage. Paris first, where you can sit — sit on *what?* — and see all the world drive by, see all the world out pleasuring; Paris, that performs all manner of naughtiness so prettily that nobody cares, because it 's Paris, — should I dare to sip the tiniest sip of absinthe myself? Paris, — where I should be cheated of my hard-wrung dollars with shrugs so picturesque and smiles so ready that I would gladly pay the price. But I have heard that in Paris strange men speak to young girls on the street. I am not a young girl, but a man *might* speak to me, and being an American, I should n't like it.

Posting southward, I shall find my Italy, with its sunshine, its brown, carefree beggars, its old gardens, its old palaces, its old statues, all its grace of beautiful decay. I want to see Rome, Horace's Rome, Hawthorne's Rome, Crawford's Rome; I want to see the Pope, and St. Peter's, and the Faun, and Miriam. And I want to see the catacombs. How do you get to them? I picture myself running about the streets hunting diligently for a stairway down, just as I hunt for the basement in a department store. How damp and shivery and fearsome and Poe-ish! Let no man cheat me of my catacombs.

Venice is the next red spot on my map, Venice by day and Venice by night, with the music over the water, the rhythmic dip of oars, the lights of palace windows, and the gliding through moonlight into shadow. But my American soul rises up in query, as thus, — if Venice were in America, what a clatter it would make in the press with its typhoid and its malaria! what in the world does Venice do about microbes and mosquitoes? This is irreverence. Let me here admonish myself betimes, — look 'ee, miss, when you go to Europe, do not carry the skeleton of a microbe with you to spoil the feast.

But even as I dream of my red crosses, and the brave unknown roads that lead to them, that other fear of mine comes knocking, knocking, — will Europe wait for me? Even now it shows signs of impatience at my delay, says, "Hurry up!" and knocks down a Campanile in dudgeon. It is causing its cathedrals to crumble, it is girdling its Alps with trolley lines, it is undressing its peasants to trick them out in ugly clothes like ours, it is even muttering threats of household sanitation. If it would only wait a little while!

Such titles as "Vanishing London" alarm me. I had not supposed that London would be vulgar enough to vanish. I thought they did things better over there; Henry James gave me so to understand. I should have thought John

Bull would thrust forward his jaw as who should say, "Pooh, pooh. Don't talk to me about vanishing!"

Not long since there appeared a series of articles showing forth the commercial conquest of Europe by America. I did not read the articles; the illustrations made me sufficiently sick at heart. They represented glaring American dollar signs hung out all over the landscape from Labrador to the boot-toe of Italy, from Portugal to Siberia! Matter of apprehension, indeed, to the wanderer held at home!

You travelers who are setting out ahead of me, who are even now shouldering scrip and taking up staff for the pilgrimage, carry my message over the seas, — tell Europe to wait for me, pray Europe to sit down hard and hold on to itself with both hands to keep from vanishing, for I am surely coming, — I, the great American wage-earner — tramp, tramp! — I am coming!

New England Visionaries.

A PHASE of the rural life of New England, often touched upon by local writers, surely needs further elucidation. No attempt to define the cause or even the nature of a well-known feature of this part of our country seems adequate. There are not many villages or settlements in New England where there is not at least one person afflicted — if you choose to use that word — with a sort of mild monomania, an unshaken belief in something which does not exist, either a remembering of what has never happened, or a hoping for what cannot come. One can hardly call this insanity, madness, for upon all other points the mind is clear and healthy. Some have styled these hallucinations dreams. But we wake from dreams, and I have never known a case of the kind referred to cured, or one of these illusions or delusions dispelled. I would not bring such a trite subject to these pages had I not met lately with two or three illustrations which seem to me somewhat significant.

For several years I have met at intervals in one of our northern hill villages a pleasant little countrywoman. Her neat, white cottage and gay little garden are well known to many summer boarders. She is a tiny creature, with twinkling black eyes and intelligent face, and I have always enjoyed my chats with her about her posies, her dog and cat, and her neighbors. For years I never saw in her the faintest sign of an unbalanced mind, nor did any of the country folk about seem to regard her as anything but sane and sensible. But one day when she came to bring me a bunch of "posy-peas" — a name given to distinguish the decorative sweet peas of the borders from the homelier blossoms of the kitchen garden — she told me a story. I knew that she had lost two children under painful circumstances many years before, but had forgotten that she had a son still living. Some word of mine showed that I thought her childless, and she exclaimed, "Why, don't you know I 've got a boy livin' way out West?" Her whole face shone as she went on speaking of that boy. In her story he was the best, the most devoted of sons, steady, industrious, prosperous, and, moreover, very religious. He was married, and had two children, little girls. These she had never seen, but they loved her dearly, and always sent her messages of affection in their father's weekly letters. "I wish I 'd got their picturs here," she said wistfully. "I 'd 'a' fetched 'em along if I 'd thought; so pretty and cunnin' they be in their little white frocks, with their hair all slicked and curled. John says in his last letter — Here, I 'll read it to you." She put her hand to the bosom of her dress as if to draw forth the cherished paper, but withdrew it, saying, "No, I left it to home. But I can say it off every word." And she repeated slowly, as if from memory, "'Mary Ann and 'Lizy' — that one 's named for me — 'send their love to dear grandma. They keep a-talkin' about you, and every

single night when they say their prayers they put in "God bless grandma and take care of her." '" The old woman's voice broke, and the tears rolled down her face as she quoted this. She gave me many homely details, till I seemed to know all about this loving son and his filial piety. It was a pathetic tale, but as she used the broadest dialect of the region, and introduced many odd idioms of her own, I often "smiled as well as sighed." When she spoke earnestly of her daughter-in-law, "John's wife, Libby Jane, the best woman that ever breathed the breath o' life," I was touched, and thought of Jean Ingelow's lines, —

> "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
> Than my son's wife, Elizabeth."

But when she added that Libby Jane was a real Christian though she did weigh nigh on to two hunderd pounds, I smiled inwardly.

She went away, promising to bring the pictures and letters soon.

Now for my sequel: The poor woman's story was true only in one particular, — she had a son living. But he was a scamp. He left her years before, and had never sent her a word since he went away. She heard of him from time to time, of his ill repute as a drunken, worthless vagabond. He had married, but had abandoned his wife after a few months. These were the hard foundation facts upon which was reared the airy, beautiful castle shown me that day.

Now, nobody can make me believe that this little woman was deliberately lying. That she thoroughly believed, at the time, all she told me, I cannot doubt. You would not doubt had you seen and heard her. The neighbors whom I questioned all gave her credit for being honest and truthful, and all pronounced her sane. "But," as one of them said in explanation, "she 's had a sight of trouble, and no child to be a mite of comfort, so she 's just got to believing this about her son being good and all that, and we never let on it is n't so." Well, I hope no sincere but mistaken stickler for truth will ever let on to the poor woman that it is n't so. I have met her again and again since that time, but she has rarely spoken of her son. Once she met me, with a beaming face, saying, as soon as she was within hearing, "I got a letter from John last night, and I 'm goin' to fetch it over." She never fetched it. Now, where and how did her story, with its many little details of her son's devotion and that of his family, come to the simple soul? She could not have manufactured all at any one time. It must have been the growth of years, all that the poor creature had heard or seen of filial affection being woven into it, bit by bit. It seems to me it must have begun with a yearning desire which at last became to her the firm substance of the "things hoped for."

I was driving in northern New England a few years ago, and stopped for the night at a small inn. When I went to my room I was at once struck by the odd look of a piece of furniture there. It was a low, benchlike table or tablelike bench, not a foot-stove, nor a shelf, but a little like either or both. Its decoration was the most striking thing about it. This was in gaudy color, — a wild, flying, sprawling, bold, free creation. Was it a dragon or an archangel? Was it meant for a winged victory or the spirit of plague, pestilence, and famine? I cannot describe it; I never saw anything so weird as this — Thing — as it tossed its limbs or wings or tentacles about and flung them across that wooden background. I found myself saying over to myself some lines from an old hymn my father used to sing: —

> "And on the wings of mighty winds
> Came flying all abroad."

When the landlady's little daughter came into the room I asked her what the strange object was. She answered glibly, but I could not understand her. The reply seemed one long, unintelligible

word. I repeated my inquiry. This embarrassed the bashful child, and rattling off the name again she fled from the room. But this time I made out the syllables of the strange utterance, "crazy-man's-vision." And she spoke the strange name as if it was the well-known designation of any ordinary bit of household furnishing, as one should say, a low-boy, or a settle, or a secretary.

As I passed through the hall on my way downstairs I glanced into two or three bedrooms, and in each I saw an exact counterpart of the article in my own room. Later I found one in the parlor and another in the dining-room. Then I questioned the landlady, an intelligent, sensible woman, and this is what she told me: —

These objects were all made by a resident of the village, a man of some means, not obliged to work for a living. For years his one occupation had been the making and decorating these strange, useless things. They were all exactly alike, having upon each the same marvelous, spreading, flying — as my informant described it, "*sprangling*" — creature. And it was his own name for these which the little girl had given me, crazy-man's-vision. He never sold one, but gave them all to friends and neighbors. "He don't need money," the good woman said, "being about the well-to-doest man about here." And she added, "There is n't a house in the village, I guess, that has n't got at least one of these crazy-man's-visions." The man himself was said to be sensible and bright, esteemed by his neighbors, and often consulted by them in matters of business and village affairs. He had never shown the slightest sign of an unsound mind save in this one matter. But my landlady and one or two neighbors with whom I talked all spoke of his strange absorption in this occupation, and his intense admiration of the completed work. "I 've seen him sit and look at one of those outlandish figures," said one old man, "by the hour, and I 've heard him say that folks did n't know how splendid that picture was, but they would some day."

These two illustrations — drawn from real life and not retouched or exaggerated in the slightest degree — seem to have much in common.

The mother-love, disappointed and objectless, seeking a resting-place so earnestly that it seems already gained; the artistic, imaginative nature, untaught, untrained, aspiring toward expression, and finding this strange outlet and utterance, — these are not dissimilar. But I found no theory upon them. I leave that to wiser heads.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

I.

The historian of the future, reviewing an epoch preëminent in so many respects, will find the nineteenth century not, at least, far behind its predecessors in the odd character of its cults. He will be, moreover, surprised to learn that one of the most bizarre of these, though compelled by nature to make its way without the assistance of logic, actually grew — slowly but surely — until it had, in a few years' time, attained a size to be accounted for, if not an influence to be reckoned with; and that this eminently illogical proceeding took place without the appearance of anything that could be called a serious answer to the challenges made, — even from the profession most directly attacked. For the criticisms of Christian Science, though numerous and in many cases just, have been, I think, far from satisfactory. And for this reason: that they have attacked superficial defects without due regard to underlying principles. Probably no characteristic of the Christian Science Bible, for example, is so obvious as its inconsistencies; certainly no book, making any claim to scientific consideration, so abounds in manifest contradictions. And yet we have not disposed of the question when we have pointed these out. Mrs. Eddy offers us a theory of knowledge and of evil; and her inconsistencies in elaboration affect the truth of neither the one nor the other. Jibes, too, make a somewhat poor substitute for logic, — if reasoned conviction be, indeed, your aim; for it is easy to ridicule where you cannot cope, and a very small genius may be a very large jester.

Nor does the charge of fanaticism do away with all need of debate; for Truth has, in more than one instance, been done high service by this enthusiasm run riot. Jeopardizing accuracy in an epigram, we may say that history hibernates between honest fanatics. But for them, indeed, the world's thankless chores would fare but ill. Without under-estimating the value of a conservative position in both the theoretical and the practical concerns of life, or for a moment suggesting that any other position could, in the long run, surpass it in the majestic front it offers to fickleness of thought and action, it is important to remember that the people of one idea — the "dare-to-do-right" men of the juvenile books — have done, unattractive as their lack of mental equilibrium may be, some big things in the world. The really intellectual men of an age are, for the most part, conservative men; and often they are conservative to the extreme of prejudice. Anything iconoclastic risks being for them, *ipso facto*, beyond the pale of legitimate belief. Yet we must not forget how often in history the thoughtful and conservative men of a century have accepted and taught ideas which the conservative and thoughtful men of preceding years had dallied with only to scoff at them. Any striking work must expect striking opposition. Indeed, those

who wish to be effective in the world have, among the first and most discouraging obstacles they meet, the wooden men who hover on the safe edge of every conflict, their arms laden with wet blankets, finding the delight of their life in smothering enthusiasms. A long history has taught us that to condemn as a fanatic may be to canonize, — provided, always, the enthusiast qualify for saint-hood by his absolute sincerity.

Nor, again, is it any sure sign of falsity that Christian Science has been an intellectual failure. Mrs. Eddy has, to be sure, failed to make a strong brief for a confessedly weak case. She has elaborated a system which will be most readily accepted by those who are usually found at the other end of tangents. Yet truth *may* live in spite, not because, of its intellectual support. Indeed, many of the thought-movements which subsequent history has stamped as genuine advances of the truth have had at the outset to contend with the culture and refinement of their day, and to find their champions in the crude, the unlettered, sometimes even the coarse stratum of society. Luther, with his monk's training and one deep conviction, gave a new direction to history; while Erasmus, the aristocrat of scholars, refusing to soil his mind with theological squabbles, busied his more brilliant talents with the fine subtleties of thought, leaving the dark age to get its light as best it could. The humility of intellect and the insolence of intellect are phrases with a meaning in history. An emphasis of the moral reason and a relative neglect of the pure reason are no sure signs of weakness; and the logician has sometimes to follow the visionary.

In a word, then, it is the duty of the critic of Christian Science to detect some weakness in its basal principles. That duty neglected, he has accomplished nothing final, though he attack its obvious inconsistencies with never so logical an accuracy, or its fanaticism with never so keen a humor, or its intellectual weakness with never so fine a scorn.

To gain anything like a clear idea of just what Mrs. Eddy intends the teaching of Christian Science to be is a most difficult matter; for it is never easy to analyze into a systematic grouping of principles, a maze of disconnected and contradictory statements. Mrs. Eddy's book is absolutely inorganic, — what Lamb would call *βιβλίον ἄβιβλιον*: a sequence of sentences characterized by chronic non-sequaciousness. It knows nothing of outline, and is innocent of development. Yet certain points are made clear, even if not consistently adhered to. To begin negatively, — and this is an all-important point, because misunderstanding of the facts has resulted in the popular misconception to the contrary, — Christian Science is not fundamentally a system of therapeutics, any more than it is fundamentally a system of salvation. Sin and Sickness are, by its dictum, in the same category; and the transference of emphasis from Evil in general to Sickness in particular, is an incident in the history, rather than an essential in the theory, of Christian Science. The transition from philosophy to therapeutics is, of course, simple enough if you start with a certain kind of philosophy. Here is Mrs. Eddy's logic: Instances of the deceitful testimony of the sense-organs are common; therefore we can never trust what they tell us of the world without. But their testimony of that world being that it is existent, and that testimony being always false, the external world does not exist. Therefore, matter in general does not exist, and the conditions of matter must be illusions. Disease is a condition of matter, and is, therefore, an illusion; and the cure for it is the removal of the illusion. Therapeutics, evidently, is only secondary; and an attack in that direction, to be effective, must be aimed back at the philosophy. For Christian Sci-

ence *therapeutics* is the truth if Christian Science *philosophy* is the truth; indeed, if Mrs. Eddy's premises be correct, her conclusion is the only consistent one. Fundamentally, Christian Science is a philosophy of Evil based on a philosophy of Knowledge, and its cure of disease is only incidental, even though identified in the popular mind with the system itself.

The basal propositions upon which Christian Science may be wrought into a system, and at which any criticism of that system must be directed, are its teachings about God, Man, Knowledge, Matter, Evil, and Christianity. Briefly, they are these: —

1. *God*, the Ego, is All in All, the only Life, Substance, and Soul, the only Intelligence of the Universe. He is Mind and fills all space.

2. *Man* is the true image of God; he has no consciousness of material life or death; his material body is a mortal belief; he was, is, and ever shall be perfect.

3. *Knowledge.* Knowledge gained from the material senses is a tree whose fruits are sin, sickness, and death. The evidence of the senses is not to be accepted in the case of sickness any more than it is in the case of sin. The physical senses are simply beliefs of mortal mind.

4. *Matter* cannot be actual. God being all, matter is nothing.

5. *Evil.* (a) Sin. Error is unreal. All that God made is good; hence there is no evil. (b) Sickness. Health is not a condition of matter. Human mind produces organic disease as certainly as it produces hysteria. (c) Death is an illusion. (d) Cure. The cure for sin, sickness, and death — since all are illusions — is the destruction of the illusion.

6. *Christianity* is a demonstration of divine principle casting out error and healing the sick. Soul cannot sin nor being be lost. Scripture must be interpreted spiritually.

II.

There are four great highways of evidence which will lead, I think, — as all roads met at Rome, — to the essential unsoundness of Christian Science: though each may bring us to a different aspect of it. In the first place it defies the canons of history; and it may be shown, in addition, to be specious philosophy, superficial science, and a caricature on Christianity.

Christian Science comes to us claiming a revealed origin; and the presumption from the first is therefore against it. Men who have read history have learned to suspect such claims. They know that thousands like it have been made before; and they know, too, that few have stood off oblivion long enough even to get themselves discussed. They have come to recognize certain characteristics as proofs of speciousness; they have learned to demand as indispensable certain other distinguishing qualities. Simplicity, with a majestic mystery; humility, with a commanding dignity; when these are wanting — as they are most emphatically wanting in Science and Health — men with some knowledge of history have a right to be suspicious; and when shocked Christian Science replies, "The Hand that made me is Divine," the critic, with his textbook of the Past open, answers, "Your name is Legion." Claims to divinity must stand history's tests; when they fail to do so, history can do no more than stamp them specious. And it is about as likely that the Great Unknown, casting about for a medium for his sanitary pronouncement, should have singled out this bungling prophetess, as that the immortal spirits, dead and not yet born, should find no more profitable occupation than strumming banjos for the delight of mediums too spiritually constituted to engage in honest work.

But Christian Science takes its second fling at the canons of history in its attitude toward the future and its limitless

claims over it. For this naïve philosophy nothing is impossible. It is a catholicon — absolute and unfailing. The mysteries of Life — the one mystery especially which has absolutely baffled every thinker who has attacked it (and that includes humanity) — are to Mrs. Eddy ridiculously plain. We are suspicious of omniscience, and we have a right to be. A few æons of disappointed hopes have taught us to smile at that word "Panacea."

More unhistorical still, however, is the claim of Christian Science to be, not a development, but a flash of light from heaven. Truth hates haste, and history knows no short cuts. Most iconoclastic institutions have made their entrance into the world gradually, in the face of recognized difficulty; and, if analogies from nature be valid, it would seem that it is always thus with progressive processes. Indeed, so thoroughly have men come to realize this fact that "evolution" is a byword with the essayists; and whether the subject be "The Digestive Apparatus of the Oyster," or "The Origin of Religion," they are never tired of telling us that slow growth is the universal habit of the truth. Only in rare instances has any new truth been brought to light by a flash; the rule that history teaches is — a slow stumbling in the dark until the light is reached. The presumptive evidence, as the great laws of life working themselves out in history have made it of value to us, is against Christian Science. The system fails to align itself with the past. It fails emphatically to exhibit the premonitory symptoms of truth. And, apart from all other considerations, these are strong counts against it.

But, as a system of philosophy, — and as, essentially, a theory of matter and knowledge, — Christian Science is even more obviously unsatisfactory. The history of idealism in modern times, from Bishop Berkeley down through Leibnitz and Kant to Hegel, is one of the most fascinating chapters in the story of thought. Moreover, the contest that raged so long and so fiercely as to the ultimate nature of knowledge resulted, at least, in establishing the value of the profound idea that is at the basis of a thoughtful idealism. The thinkers of this school felt, not of course for the first time, but perhaps more centrally and vividly than their predecessors, that we had possibly been too hasty in accepting as final the outer world as it impressed itself upon us. They suggested that we be cautious in regarding as real anything which could not be proven real. And, while they realized that our relation to the objective world — as mediated by senses which we must trust absolutely in their perceptions, though never allowing them to be final in their interpretations — was an unchangeable fact, they also realized that the traditional theory of matter and our relation to it was not necessarily the true one. The value of idealism became, of course, apparent; and men, as usual in history, began to be extreme. From doubting matter they came to deny it; and the fundamental weakness of idealism, cropping out even in its most thoughtful exponents, but painfully obvious in the extremists, was seen to be its failure to square with what we may call — indefinitely, it is true, but still intelligibly — common sense. To say that matter is non-existent means nothing, in the ordinary sense of those words; the only way in which it can be made to mean anything is by interpreting it, not as a statement about matter, but as an unusual definition of existence. And it was just this that the profounder idealists had in mind. It was not the annihilation of phenomenal existence, but the distinction of it from *real* existence which they insisted upon; so that on logical grounds they stand immeasurably above the gross philosophy which identifies lack of "existence" with nothingness. Yet, on grounds of common sense, even this position is a weak one. "The essence of anything," said Spinoza

in his seventh axiom, "which can be conceived as non-existent does not imply existence." But the point is that matter cannot be so conceived. For matter is *as* existent as anything we know about. We can conceive of spirits as on a higher plane of existence because manifesting qualities which we, intuitively or empirically, if not arbitrarily, call higher; but the qualities which we ascribe to spirit are as much a matter of perception with us (though not, it is true, *directly* perceived by the physical senses) as the qualities which we ascribe to matter. So that, to discard the findings of perception is to annihilate not matter only, but spirit also, and to leave us with no world to explain. We must ask extreme idealists to define their terms. When they say that matter does not exist what do they mean? That it really fails to exhibit extension in space? Then there remains for them to explain the illusion, and they have only substituted one problem for another; beside which, they have denied to the one object we know which *seems* to exhibit extension in space that attribute without the manifestation of which by matter the whole conception of extension in space becomes unthinkable. Or do they mean that extension in space can be exhibited by an object which does not exist? Then they are merely defining existence in a new way, and species of existence must now be distinguished. What then do they take as a standard? Spiritual existence? This itself is a matter of perception, and there is nothing to show that it exhibits more stigmata of reality than material existence — whatever you may hypothecate about its immortality or self-consciousness, which are, after all, only added attributes to an already existent object. Or do they speak in terms of abstract existence? Then I answer that their statements mean nothing; for while abstract existence may be a dialectical entity, it is far more reasonable to suppose that an object, with which we are brought into actual relation with every activity of the cells of our sense-organs, really *is*, than to imagine that existence is monopolized by a something the conception of which simply passes human understanding; unless we only hypothecate it as a basis for the actual world with which we have to do, and so make that world not final, but a manifestation of something more fundamental. But philosophy must be more than a "soulless play of concepts." It will not do merely to "play bricks with words" and imagine that we are doing a grown man's work. It is possible, I suppose, by way of analogy, to talk of dry water. But it is ridiculous; as it is always ridiculous for men to adopt the concepts of another universe than their own and apply them to present conditions. We mean nothing when we talk in terms of another existence. The world of matter and the world of spirit are the two worlds with which we have actually to do; and to talk of one of them as illusional is an attempt to view life with a perspective which only omniscience makes possible. "A dream which all dream together," said Kant, "and which all *must* dream, is not a dream, but reality." "That which is probable for all," said Aristotle, "is certain." And, practically, too, the theory is unsatisfactory. For, granted that external objects have no existence save as subjective ideas, how will that change my relation to them? I cannot destroy my sensations; and so long as I have sensations the illusion stays. While eyes and ears and hands remain the fashion, the world will exist for me; and my belief that it does not exist in itself, but only in my mind, can alter in no respect my practical attitude toward it. If subjective idealism means merely that matter and spirit manifest themselves in different ways, then it is a self-evident truth; if it means that all our knowledge is a knowledge of relations, and that the unconditioned is attainable by faith alone, then it is, if not the truth, at least defensible; but if it

means, on the other hand, that matter can be actually proven non-existent, then it is a philosophy which, though conceivably tenable for omniscience, is ridiculous and unpractical as a theory of life for finite man.[1]

So much for idealism *per se*. The uncompromising idealism, however, which Mrs. Eddy offers us not only has these defects, but is guilty of a far more serious charge. It poses as an explanation, and is in reality a total evasion. To deny that matter exists, and assert that it is an illusion, is only another way of asserting its existence; you are freed by your suggestion from explaining the fact, but forced by it to explain the illusion. It is the old mistake of imagining that an escape from a problem is a solution. You are out of the frying-pan, it is true, but you are in the fire instead. Christian Science philosophy makes sensations and dreams analogous; but it is a fallacy to attempt to analogize two activities which not only are felt to be different in kind, but which bear a suggestive time relation to each other, and without the previous occurrence of one of which the other can never be shown to function. And this is the fact about sensations and dreams. I smell a rose, and that night I dream of what I have done. Both acts, says Mrs. Eddy, are dreams. Then, I answer, how do you account for my recognition of the two activities as different in kind? If *all* psychic phenomena are dreams, why do I recognize only certain psychic phenomena as dreams? To equate illusion and sensation is to balance inches with pounds; and it explains neither. The great ideal philosophers recognized this inadequacy; though it was Berkeley's weakness that he failed to recognize it clearly. Kant, Leibnitz, Fichte, and Hegel were idealists with a qualification; and this qualification was their salvation. But Mrs. Eddy has strengthened her position in no such way. For the testimony of the senses is, to her, absolutely unacceptable: not because it fails to be final, but because it is essentially false. She quite ignores the fact that while, so long as we have no extrinsic standard, it may be impossible to demonstrate the reliability of the senses' reports, it is equally, and for the same reason, impossible to prove their unreliability. And matter, which idealism had warned us against accepting as known or knowable, Mrs. Eddy rejects, not as unproven, but as proven non-existent. In a word, she has jumped at a conclusion in a way that is pathognomonic of dilettanteism. From slight hints which Nature gives that, in certain details, the external world is not just as our senses report it, the wild hypothesis is, I will not say arrived at, but rushed at, that everything with which our senses have to do is a deep, base lie. She tells us that inasmuch as we cannot be sure that the external world does exist as we perceive it, we must be sure that it does not exist at all; whereas the conservative and rational theory, which the facts suggest, is that the report of the senses, so far from being rejected, is to be sincerely accepted: but always under the condition that the perceptions be subject to mental interpretation. "Do not conclude," says Browning, "that the child saw nothing in the sky because he assuredly did *not* see a flying horse there as he says."

While Christian Science, then, is so closely allied to this fundamental position of philosophy, it must not, for a moment, be supposed that it rises or falls with the rise or fall of idealism. The latter, in its healthy manifestations, is one of the profoundly true positions of modern thought, for it makes the valuable fundamental distinction be-

[1] For a recent statement, in more philosophical form, of the epistemology here advanced, see Reality and Delusion, by August Kirchmann. American Journal of Psychology, July-October, 1903.

tween conditioned and non-conditioned existence; but Christian Science ontology is not healthy ideal metaphysics, and the very best that can be said for it is that it wildly hypothecates what the extreme interpretation of idealism merely suggests. Transcendentally speaking, we can never show that matter either has or has not *real* existence. The weakness lies not in suggesting that it may not exist, — philosophers recognize that clearly enough, — but in asserting dogmatically that it *does* not exist; and Mrs. Eddy has taken the weakest portions of a weak philosophy, and, by subtracting its elements of strength, has made it weaker still.

Her treatment of Evil, too, — manifesting itself in the favorite trio: sin, sickness, and death, — is equally unsatisfactory from the philosopher's point of view. The explanation of each is its non-existence; the origin of the illusion is simply neglected. Here, for example, is a man from whom you have removed the heart. He is dead, according to our ignorant and loose use of the word. "No," says Mrs. Eddy, "that statement shows a subjective illusion." "Whence did this illusion arise?" I ask. "From custom," is the reply; "men have learned to associate the supposed absence of a non-existent heart with the illusion, death." "But," I say, "back in primitive times, before there were customs or majority opinions, before men had learned to connect the heart with life at all, what started the illusion, death?" And there is absolute and ridiculous silence. She has done nothing more, you see, than define death — and the same holds true of sickness — in an unusual way; but incapable of a large vision, and ignorant of the distinction between proximate and ultimate causes, she persuades herself that she has really explained the mystery.

Moreover, aside from all theoretical considerations, the practical solution of suffering which the heroes of life and thought have given us, and have proven practicable by applying it to the sorrow and limitations and cruel obstacles in their own careers, has in it so much of nobility and bravery, so little of hypocrisy and willing blindness to facts, — rings, in a word, so true to the highest ideas and ideals of life, — that the discordant clang of this panacea grates on a discriminating taste. Blind John Milton, "bearing the mild yoke" in a life of high-minded and stimulating content; Stevenson refusing to allow medicine bottles and bloody handkerchiefs to color his view of things; martyrs and saints in high places and low, going cheerfully and usefully to work in a world whose ugliest facts are best known to them in some circumstances of their own lives, which are there to be triumphed over, but which, nevertheless, are there: does not this attitude appeal by its frankness and bravery and nobility where Christian Science disgusts by its insincerity and bravado and lack of refinement? "That he is unhappy," writes Epictetus, "is an addition which each one must make for himself;" significantly calling attention to the facts which must exist before our attitude can be added, and reminding us that the nature of the addition we make determines the character of our philosophy — whether of hope or despair — and the outcome of our living — whether in triumph or defeat.

The theology which Mrs. Eddy offers us is nothing more nor less than pantheism. It is true that she denies this accusation often and strenuously; but, as a matter of fact, no grosser statement of the pantheistic position has ever been made than when Mrs. Eddy attempts to eliminate matter by maintaining that if it existed and had real dimensions, God would by it be actually elbowed out because there would be no room for Him in space. The philosophical argument against pantheism is, of course, well enough known, and, it may be thought, admits of satisfactory answer. I wish

here only to point out the inconsistency of Mrs. Eddy's adoration of the Bible, on the one hand, and her absolute monism, on the other. The man who has finally accepted pantheism should, indeed, take his Bible from the philosophical shelf and treat it henceforth as mere literature. His thinking from that time on, if it is to be characterized by sincerity and brave honesty, must find some other foundation than the book of the Christians: for to attempt to insinuate pantheism in the Biblical philosophy is an experiment in dovetailing, the miserable results of which are among Mrs. Eddy's most obvious failures.

But if the system is heretical on the philosophical side, it is even more so as science. Nothing, I suppose, is more characteristic of the best science than accuracy of observation and carefulness in recording it; yet you will find Mrs. Eddy's method as loose in the latter respect as it is inconsistent in quoting and arguing from the evidence of the former. Having positively overthrown the senses' testimony, you might be surprised to find the Christian Scientist proving her cures from data obtained by those same senses; but that is because you do not understand the Divine Science. And to one used to the reports of experiments written with a carefulness of detail that makes accurate deduction possible, Mrs. Eddy's clinical records are somewhat startling. Let us take a few examples. In order to prove that man is neither young nor old a story is told of a woman, who, becoming insane and losing all account of time, *literally grew no older*. Now I am curious enough to ask whether a microscopical examination of her tissues actually showed no senile changes; also, if she died; and if so, how it was explained on the hypothesis that death is an illusion? A scientific observer would follow a case to the end. Again, we are frequently told of cures of "consumption" and of "organic disease," but I am impudent enough to ask, in the first place, how the healer knew what disease she had in charge; and, in the second place, what warrant she had for considering it cured. In view of the popular misconceptions on medical subjects and the similarity of Mrs. Eddy's claims to the conventional quackery, I must ask something more definite than mere lay assertions: bacteriological and pathological and clinical testimony, for example. For if ever there was debate in which appeal to demonstration could be final, the discussion about the cure of disease is that debate. Here is a novel treatment claiming definitely to accomplish certain things; and Medicine, herself somewhat familiar with the conditions of the case, says quite fairly and reasonably, "Well and good; but show us your results." And what has the answer been? Has the case been ingenuously submitted to competent judges? Has the slightest effort been made, by those who claim to have here a balm for every ill, to ascertain the facts and publish them for the conviction of the benighted world in which Mrs. Eddy has such a keen maternal interest? You may search the "literature" of the subject through, but you will find not a single complete clinical history, not the record of one careful examination, nothing, from hark away to kill, beyond the "I say so" of laymen and laywomen who could not tell a floating cartilage from a floating kidney, or a malarial parasite from a cobra de capello. For, though "yarbs" have cured their thousands, and simples their tens of thousands, you will still find men, like Judge Ewing of Boston, who ought to know something of the nature of evidence, throwing the whole weight of the Christian Science structure on similar and equally convincing testimony.

But to this deplorable inaccuracy is added a looseness of statement and of argument that is simply laughable. "Longevity is increasing," Mrs. Eddy tells us, "for the world feels the alterative

effect of Truth." Is this guessing or statistics? Does she seriously mean to tell us that since 1865, or thereabouts, the slight hold that Christian Science has had on the world has really lengthened life? Could statistics culled in a period covering only thirty-eight years really prove anything as to longevity and its cause? Has she any scientific understanding of the meaning of statistics and of the tremendous periods they must cover in order to be of value? "It is proverbial," we are told again, "that so long as you read medical works you will be sick;" and the expansion of a fallacy with a semblance of truth in it into such a lie as that is expected to appeal to hard-headed men! "The ear really hears not," Mrs. Eddy tells us in her typical dogmatic way; but such a glib statement is surely capable of demonstration, and if the demonstration has been wanting, it is fair to assume that the statement is prattle. Will she stuff her ears and tell me what I am saying? "Brain," we are told, "is the material stratum of the human mind, a mortal consolidation of material mentality and its suppositional activities;" and we are not surprised that a mind which can call that mess of words a definition — in face of the fact that all materiality has previously been denied — runs into argument after argument whose weakness and looseness are obvious to the slightest thought. Here are a few samples of such logic. The simple fact that the sun's apparent rotation is really due to the movement of the earth is made a proof of the unreliability of the senses' testimony. "Until this false testimony of the eye was rebuked by clearer views of the everlasting facts it deluded the judgment and induced false conclusions;" but, as a matter of fact, the testimony of the eye falsely interpreted, so far from being rebuked by clearer views, was set straight by that same eye-testimony, rightly interpreted. It was not the testimony, but the meaning of it, that was at fault; and it is the most specious sort of logic which can argue away the value of the sense-organs by quoting conclusions based on the work done by those very organs. It is obvious enough that the brain is necessary back of the senses; but that does not eliminate the senses. For Copernicus, as for Ptolemy, the thing seen was a moving sun; Astronomy was reborn only when an old observation received a new and true interpretation.

Again, notice the absurd explanation of the action of drugs. "When the sick recover," we are told, "by the use of drugs, it is the law of general belief, culminating in individual faith, which heals; even if you take away the individual confidence in a drug . . . the chemist, . . . the doctor, and the nurse equip the medicine with their faith, and the majority of beliefs rules." Acetanilid, then, reduces temperature, by action on the heat-coördinating nerve centre, because the majority of men, or the patient himself, believe this to be the case. Well, the fact is that the majority of men have never heard of acetanilid, or the heat centre; that there was a time when practically no one had heard of the drug, and yet it had the very action that it now exhibits; that the explanation of its power, as due not essentially to an effect on metabolism but to an increase of heat-dissipation through a vaso-motor change, had to win its way to its present universal acceptance in the face of scientists' previous unanimous belief that the opposite was the case; that the drug itself, in spite of the majority opinion of those who know, — that it will always reduce fever, — sometimes fails to do so even when exhibited in maximal quantities; and that its action, so far from being dependent on the patient's belief, is observed in animals, which may reasonably be assumed to have no belief on the subject whatever! Again, Mrs. Eddy has loosely ignored origins. She neglects the fact that a ma-

jority opinion must start somewhere; and she betrays a lamentable ignorance of the frequency, in the history of pharmacology, with which an established majority belief has been overthrown by the ideas of one man. Her explanation, besides, takes no account of the varying action of drugs when exhibited under varying conditions. Some of the antipyretics, for example, fail to reduce temperature when the connection between body and basal ganglia is broken; yet there can be only one majority opinion at one time, and this is not affected by an operation on an unconscious dog's brain. If belief were the essence of therapeutics, patent medicine would, long ere this, have induced paradise: as a myriad dupes could testify.

But no less deplorable than her inaccuracy and speciousness is Mrs. Eddy's ignorance of elemental natural history, — an ignorance quite unimportant except for the fact that she has not only claimed, but actually usurped, the function of oracle to a large and growing clientele. When a finger is amputated we are told that the nerve is gone which we say had been the occasion of pain in the finger; and referred pain after amputation is made to prove that sensation is independent of matter. This is inexcusable ignorance. The nerve is *not* gone; and pain is, of course, just as possible, as it is possible for water to run through a hose with its nozzle wanting; or, in Weir Mitchell's simile, as it is possible to ring a doorbell from any point along the wire as well as from the knob itself. The appearance of the horizon on the retina is cited as a proof of the falsity of sense testimony; here sky and earth appear to meet when, as a matter of fact (we are told this as though it were a new idea), they do nothing of the kind. Well, Mrs. Eddy is apparently ignorant of the fact that the retina alone does not give us our idea of the outside world; that a complicated system of fibres, known as the optic tract, and a part of the brain in the region of the calcarine fissure are part and parcel of the visual apparatus. If apparent vision proves the sense-organ a liar, what about the sight of the mind without an organ of vision? Does a blind man see truly?

Unscientific, too, is the charlatanry with which the author of Science and Health appropriates for proof, as results of her system, cases in which that system has not been applied. It is a popular misconception that the therapeutics of Christian Science is identical with the therapeutics of Mental Science; that both teach the annihilation of existent disease by the superior influence of spirit over existent matter. True mental therapeutics is, however, as a matter of fact, based on the theory that disease is a molecular disorder, and that the power of mind is curative by reason of its ability to bring order out of molecular chaos; while obviously, Mrs. Eddy teaches nothing of the kind. "The remedy for disease," as she outlines it, "lies in probing the trouble to the bottom, in finding and casting out, by denial, the error of belief which produces a mortal disorder, and never honoring it with the title of law or yielding obedience to it;" and yet in nearly every one of her reported cures such a procedure is conspicuous by its absence! It is the boldest kind of appropriation to assume that a given cure is the result of a therapy which has not been applied in the case, but which has been replaced by methods of treatment whose power is perfectly well recognized. And appropriation is only a parlor name for theft.

But, again, Mrs. Eddy is unscientific in her attitude toward the Bible. This, she noisily claims, over and again, as her sole guide; but when we press the matter home we find that the Bible means an allegory based on the Hebrew Scriptures, interpreted so as to accord with a special pleader's views, and mutilated till it supports them. It is a canon of scientific criticism that the right meaning of a passage is the meaning it would naturally

have conveyed to those for whom it was written. In this light read Mrs. Eddy's "Spiritual interpretation" of the Lord's Prayer, which (though I say nothing of the actual mutilation where, by altering the hortatory of the original Greek, the petition "Thy Kingdom come" is made to read "Thy kingdom *is* come," and is interpreted as a statement of a proposition of Christian Science) which, I say, were it not so blasphemous, would be as ridiculous as it is unscientific; and then place with it her interpretation of Simon's impetuous reply, "Thou art the Christ, the son of the living God" (by which he meant, she says, "The Messiah is what Thou hast declared — Christ, the divine idea of Truth and Life *which heals mentally*"); and, though you are ignorant of her ridiculous, fragmentary view of Genesis and of numerous other absurd interpretations which defy every principle of criticism, you have in these two quotations alone sufficient patents of quackery.

But the last item in the indictment is that Christian Science is fundamentally unchristian, — a charge made, not against one who has refused intellectual assent to a certain faith, in which case it would be a statement and no charge, but against one confessedly committed to the very tenets thus wantonly emasculated, in which case the question of honesty naturally arises. For Christianity certainly embodies *some* ideas, and you cannot, without hypocrisy, bow piously in the creed, and then go about denying in the voice of the street what you have just intoned. And central in the Christian theology stands the idea of the Atonement; for it is the one idea, to say nothing of the uniqueness of its Christian form, intimately incorporated in, and expressly developed by, Jewish ritualistic history, Psalms and Prophecy, Christ's own words, and the writings of apostles and fathers alike. To deny it may be to take a perfectly rational position; but of one thing there is no question: it is to take a thoroughly antichristian position.

I offer no theory of the Atonement; nor do I pretend here to defend the traditional theory. I make all reasonable allowance for the honest difference of opinion which has long existed on every side of the question, among those whose ideas we are bound to respect, as to the correct interpretation of the mystery. I ask for no hard-and-fast definition of a phenomenon which men can no more explain than comprehend. I plead neither for a vicarious, nor for a symbolic, nor for an idealistic interpretation. But I *do* say that, given a belief in the essential truth of the Bible, no one can dare honestly to call himself a Christian who does not regard Christ's death as sacrificial, whatever interpretation he may subsequently make of that word. And the point is that logically, whatever may be Mrs. Eddy's method of smoothing over this obvious defect, the whole idea of the Atonement, whether interpreted sacrificially or not, should be rejected by Christian Science; for, having annihilated sin as a fact in life, what need is there for a savior from sin? But it is characteristic of Mrs. Eddy to reject so much of a system of thought as flies counter to her hypotheses, and to accept enough to serve for a captious catch-call. Nazarene, not Christian, should she be called, — as Canon Liddon said of Martineau. The Resurrection, too, — which most Christian thinkers rationally regard as a central fact in Christian apologetics, — Mrs. Eddy will have none of. She does not deny the historical fact, — we might sympathize with her if she did. But she interprets the fact away. It is not, she tells us, a demonstration of Christ's divinity, but of man's divinity. Christ rose — that is, spirit overcame matter — in order to show that man may do the same. "Anybody can do that," is her Easter hymn; and it seems only a fair inference to draw that a system which rejects both Atonement and Resurrection does little less than masquerade when it poses as Christian.

But it is in her attitude toward the Scriptures that Mrs. Eddy is most brazenly unchristian. This shows itself, first, in literal contradiction; for exegesis with her means acceptance of so much of the Bible as aligns itself with her hypotheses, and flat contradiction of the rest. Her pages bristle with assertions most strikingly opposed to the statements of the Book she loves so much, and the opposition extends, in many cases, to verbal gainsaying. But what are we to expect? We cannot ask literal consistency of one whose theory of interpretation allows her to accept as revealed truth two chapters and five verses of Genesis because so much of it answers her needs, and to reject as Error's Story the rest of the account, for the very acceptable reason that it fails to square with her ideas! The fact is, Mrs. Eddy's loving adoration of the Bible shrivels, under the light of investigation, to the crassest maudlin sentiment. She is innocent of exegesis. Eisegesis she has substituted for it, and she has done it clumsily.

It often happens, however, that heresy in spirit is more serious than crime against the letter: and Mrs. Eddy's is a case in point. Her philosophy is more blasphemous than her exegetical mutilation. The Bible has little or nothing to say as to the origin of evil; for the account of the Fall is, after all, not an explanation, but a description. But it has a great deal to say on man's attitude toward the problem. I suppose it says it nowhere more fully nor more clearly than in the Book of Job: the book which, Mr. Froude tells us, "will one day be seen towering up alone, far away above all the poetry of the world." I take it that that book teaches essentially three things as to suffering: first, that it is really here; second, that God, if not its author, has, at least, an overseeing part in it; and third, that the solution consists, not in denial of the fact, but in one's attitude toward the fact. In one line — magnificent and triumphant — the man of Uz outlined the attitude toward suffering which found favor with God. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him;" that was the optimism of Job. And the whole Bible teaches no other. From Genesis to Revelation the word is, Endure; and Christ himself never attempted to treat as anything less than fact the sorrow of the world, before his share of which even his own bravery almost flinched. There is nowhere the slightest Scriptural warrant for expecting immunity from pain. No rosy picture is anywhere drawn. The only solution of the problem from first to last is the old-fashioned trust of intelligent resignation. And the drama of Job, aligning itself with Scripture as a whole, teaches as plainly as drama can teach that faith is the only philosophy which can square with God's demands; that, as Mr. Froude puts it, "no clearer or purer faith is possible for man than that which Job achieved when he learned to feel that he could do without happiness, that it was no longer essential, that he could live on and still love God and cling to Him." This is the answer of the Hebrew poem to the world's great question: Be brave and trust; for "only to those who have learned to say 'We can do without happiness, it is not what we ask or desire,' is there no secret." But for Christian Science the opposite is the truth. With a flare of bravery that is nothing more than bravado, a foolish claim of certainty is substituted for a majestic and triumphant faith. Suffering is no longer a mystery and trust is impossible. The grim philosophy of Job, which has seldom failed in history to lead to the sturdy faith that makes men, is swept away at a blow; and in its place we have the effeminate bravery of a vulgar creed of certainty. Essentially it lacks nobility. If it had been regarded as truth from the first, history would have lost its chapter of heroes. It stands condemned by rational philosophy and

shamed by Christian faith; and by its fundamental opposition to the Scriptural theory of the solution of the problem of evil, it brands itself as criminally inconsistent. It is nothing less than blasphemy — and blasphemy of the most insidious kind — to distort the plain philosophy of the Bible, until it offers men the pathetic delusion that they are to escape completely the suffering, without a relatively large share of which no human being has been known to pass his threescore and ten. The essential unsoundness of practical Christian Science lies here: that a philosophy is proposed which assumes man made purposely for perfect happiness in this dispensation, — an assumption at once gratuitous if observation base philosophy, and groundless if Holy Writ be the standard. It is not, as Dr. Wace said in a very different connection, that things ought not to be so explained, but that they cannot be. Mrs. Eddy's opposition to the spirit of the Bible is even more fundamentally heretical than her contradictions of its letter; and the evidence of infidelity to professed standards, corroborating the evidence of historical, philosophical, and scientific weakness, points to the fact, or, — if knowledge may never get higher than probability, — to the extremely well-founded probability that Christian Science is, at the best, a long, long way from the truth.

III.

The bald facts of life may be said to be the legitimate forbears of pessimism; the possibilities of life the legitimate forbears of meliorism; and rose-water optimism a bastard for which indifference, ignorance, or inexperience is responsible. Pessimism is here; meliorism must be constructed. Material for it exists, no doubt; but it is not obvious, does not obtrude like the other, — must, indeed, be sought for with diligence, and marshaled, even whipped, into line before any serviceable theory results. That the Evil of the world is a reality, that improvement is a possibility, but that equation of facts with our highest desires is an extreme improbability: this is a creed to which, I suppose, the most wholesomely thoughtful among men would not hesitate to subscribe. "Panacea" and "Despair" are twin devil-words, which, despite their fascination, history has blotted from thoughtful language. Healthy-minded men, while they do not blind themselves by gazing straight at the sun, are broad enough, at the same time, not to turn backs to the sun and spend their lives with eyes on the shadows. Not to emphasize either the cloud or the lining, but to stand aside that we may see both, — this is the liberalism of culture. Evil is a fact; but possibility of improvement is also a fact; and the honest seeker after truth must not look so intently at the former as to be blind to the latter. Men who have known what it is to suffer and to see others suffer are cruel if they are not ever ready to accept any innovation that gives promise of amelioration. But such men, aware of the terrifying power of disease, and of the pathetically helpless attitude which medicine must take before so many of its manifestations, will turn with a sickening sense of disappointment and disgust, and a humiliating feeling of tricked credulity, from the boastful claims of Christian Science. Its ridiculous extremism, unsupported by dignity, breadth, or logic, marks it unmistakably as charlatanry. It ignores the past, as it defies the future. It makes limitless claims, substitutes assertion for proof, prefers the captious to the logical, abounds in contradiction, never hesitates to shift ground when the enemy's firing grows hot, answers unanswerable argument with suave evasion, contents itself with the most obviously superficial reasoning, appropriates as its own work what is manifestly the work of others: in a word, exhibits absolutely no points of strength, courage, or consistency, but preserves an unbroken monotony of fantastical word-play that, were it true,

would be as hopelessly unpractical as, being false, it is hopelessly unappealing. And when all is said and done, what does it offer suffering men? Why, this eminently satisfying advice: that to ignore obstacles is to overcome them; that to avoid the precipice we must close our eyes and be blind to it; that the darkness of night is to be illuminated by blowing out the stars! And what is the word with which we are sent back to a world of error and ignorance and sin and suffering? That God's service is the deadening of sensation; that a world of bravely struggling individuals must be transformed into a raft of logs: heroes and God's men being the most thoroughly anæsthetized among them!

And yet it is interesting to inquire whether the "genetic succession of ideas" may not be found to account for the presence in the world — not of Christian Science, for that certainly can be given no place in so distinguished an evolution, but — of the general mental movement of which it is but one, and that a pathological, manifestation. And I think the people who are fond of the word "inevitable" might use it with some effect in this connection. It might, for instance, be found that a movement, no matter how exorbitant, which tended to restrain a popular mind now in extravagant ecstasy over a purely natural method could, where it touched thought at all, only improve it. For it ought not to be forgotten that the great problem as to the ultimate nature of matter and spirit is not yet really laid; nor assumed that it will ever be solved by a "wave of the critical hand." History has, it is true, shown the practical results of spiritual intoxication: volatilization of activity with nothing more virile than asceticism left. But it has also shown something of the other extreme, — prostitution of activity, degradation of purpose, and worship of license that come when a people has "sucked — got drunk — at the nipple of sense." And it may quite conceivably be true that we need, both in our philosophy and in our life, a reminder of the mental problem, so busy are we with the concerns of the physical. For Science, — a loose enough word to be sure, but one suggesting pretty definitely the attitude of mind which inaccurate usage has associated with it, — having passed her nonage and reached her proverbially dangerous majority, begins to assume the precarious function of making the traditions; and mindful, perhaps, of the bullying to which she was subjected in youth, when the traditions had another source, she has in some instances begun to bully in turn. We have, for example, but the other day, seen a book — the reasoning of which was pronounced from a high source to be a disgrace to the philosophy of Germany — set the scientific world agape, and the pseudo-scientific herd hurrying along after it like hungry sheep, for no better reason than that the author spoke the tongue of science like a native, — the tongue from the vocabulary of which "authority" and its synonyms were once blotted with such gusto. It is quite easy, indeed, to forget the limits beyond which Roger Bacon long ago stated that scientific explanation had no right to go; and, rushing into metaphysics, to indulge in dogmatism far more sweeping than that which is criticised so keenly in the opponents.

But the simple fact remains that the question "Whence?" still goes unanswered save for the old-fashioned reply; and the chief objection to that rejoinder seems to be that it clashes, not with truth, but with the new traditions, — which is a sort of reversed echo from the past with a ring Science ought to recognize. And while we cannot complain if Science refuse to dally with that question, — indeed the point is that her sphere lies entirely this side of it, and has to do with that other question, "How?" — we are right in complaining if she presumes, with no more data than are now at hand, to answer it definitely with any other

word than the traditional one. Suggestive phenomena, too, keep crowding to the front with every advance in knowledge, which make it idle blandly to dismiss the metaphysical element in living activity.

In calling attention to this limitation of a purely natural method, it is by no means necessary, of course, to degrade criticism to tirade. It would be idle, as it would be unjust, to attempt to detract from the glory of the recent triumphs of Natural Science. The term, indeed, has been not so much developed as made anew. Old fields have been worked out and fresh ones opened. New hypotheses, new methods, and a new spirit, — what could these beget save an almost new world of thought? Instruments hitherto undreamed of for their delicacy and ingenuity, a technique almost fantastic in some of its refinements, an equipment made possible by the combination of growing interest and growing wealth, a spirit almost religious in its enthusiasm, fidelity, high ideals, and intolerance of defect, — these are some of the forces whose resultant we see in that array of facts and figures, laws and hypotheses, truths and guesses, which, massed together, we know as Science. And the questioner has known no bounds. Birth and death, hitherto restraints to inquiry, no longer block the way. Research refuses to confine her labors to the day of Life. She will prevent the morning; and far into the dark, when only the stars are burning, she will carry the query with a brave spirit, a triumphant hope, and what light from the day her ingenuity can devise. "But do not conclude from this," the mental philosophy might say, "that the whole problem has been cleared up." The "Topsy" theory of things — that they "just growed" — has yet to prove itself the final theory; Feuerbach's definition of man ("Er ist was er isst") has not given quite the complete satisfaction once prophesied and hoped for; mental causation, as Martineau said, has not been successfully reduced to physical by diluting it with duration; nor is there now any more reason than in Romanes's day for concluding that, when "a phenomenon has been explained by means of natural causation, it has thereupon ceased to be ascribable to God." It is, moreover, to put it mildly, hasty epistemology to echo the trite and tiresome monotone running through thought and literature to-day: "We know only what we see or feel or taste or hear or smell;" and any system, be it Christian Science or what not, which strikes a blow at this cheap sort of precipitate conclusion from quite inadequate data has, to that extent, struck for fairness, if not for the truth.

But such considerations as these lead us somewhat afield; for our most obvious task, in view of the popular identification of Christian Science with its therapeutics, is to determine whether this thought-deformity — whatever may be our criticism of its metaphysics — has really anything of value to offer orthodox medicine as regards either its theory or its practice. Now it must never be forgotten that the moment we make philosophical inquiry into the nature of disease we enter on a devious path leading through delicate metaphysical ground. The word itself hardly admits of exclusive definition; and, though you have as you think never so satisfactory a theory, you will be sore put to it to understand or explain intelligently many pathological phenomena lying in the twilight realm between perfect health and outspoken disease. You cannot draw sharp lines about disease by making it always depend on a pathological lesion, and so class those morbid phenomena, with apparently no such etiology, as illusory conditions. For that test is obviously impossible always to apply. Nor will it do to imagine that by introducing the word "neurasthenia" or "psychosis" the problem vanishes. For pain, one of the most constant and striking

manifestations of disease, is so obviously a subjective symptom that our diagnosis of it as "in the head" not only gives us no solution of the problem, but is a hair-fine distinction for the *patient*, whose testimony, after all, is the final witness as to the existence or non-existence of the condition in question. The problem of perception is, of course, elusive enough, attack it where you will; but when the question is of such a nature that the perceptive faculties of more than one individual may be called into court, we have, at least, the law of probability to guide us. So that if one man sees a golden cross in the sky and a hundred thousand cannot see it, the verdict can only be one way. "Illusory pain" cannot, however, be so easily dealt with; so that when Christian Science offers us a theory of disease which is manifestly not the true one, Medicine ought to remember that her own pathological theory of the thing, though perfectly satisfactory so far as it goes, ceases to be invulnerable where all natural reasoning begins to weaken, — at the mysterious blending of physical and "mental" conditions. As a matter of fact, technical terminology no more explains "illusional" pathological conditions unassociated with known lesions, than Christian Science explains ordinary organic disease. Virtually an orthodox physician yields to the Christian Science position when he talks of "appendicular hypochondriasis;" but these and similar perfectly legitimate descriptive words are disingenuously assumed to be at the same time explanatory in a far different sense. So long, however, as we cannot ourselves offer any explanation that is satisfactory, a bland dismissal of a theory of disease — which emphasizes, even if it exaggerates, the mental factors of pathological conditions — is unwarranted. For there are certainly clinical facts — like the curious phenomena of hysteria — far too suggestive to be waved away; and to attempt to cover our low-sounding ignorance with high-sounding words is merely to substitute the pretentious Latin of the physician for the captious capitals of Mrs. Eddy, — without any gain in the logical appeal. For the problem is a real one. On this side, obvious physical facts; on that side, quite as apparent "mental" phenomena; between them, a mysterious link, the existence of which long ago ceased to be debatable. What sort of a theory is it which removes or lessens the mystery? Certainly not the one Mrs. Eddy has given us, — that to acknowledge the mental factors of disease or health is to make cancer a phantom. But when that is said the problem still looms, — looms large despite a scientific shrug, an imposing dialect, a condescending smile. How satisfactorily to comprehend the etiological importance of mental states in disease, and the relation of tissue changes to psychoses; how intelligently to apply to therapeutics the mental factor which present ignorance forces us to neglect altogether, or to treat as a mere plaything, — these are the problems which the "mental" movement is giving over to science for solution. Christian Science may have succeeded in calling more emphatic attention to a neglected group of phenomena; certainly it has failed satisfactorily to interpret them. But just as certainly, in spite of a tendency indifferently to shun the issue or to regard the question as a closed one, the last word is very far from having been said on this mysterious subject.

And all this theoretical consideration has a very practical bearing. For this much may at least be said: that, however great be the limitations in our theory, the relation of intelligence to disease is a clinical reality. In the large majority of patients (most typically, perhaps, in those afflicted with tumors) it is hard to conceive that this relation means anything at all: for there is not the slightest trustworthy evidence that the course of one of these has ever in a single instance

been affected by the mental state. In others, however, the "habit of mind" seems to be an important factor in determining the occurrence or issue of disease, — a proposition of no mystical nature if the well-established relation between "emotions" and physiological processes be kept in mind. And if this be true, as I think it is, the therapeutic deduction is obvious. Moreover, it is a deduction which a generation destined to a high-tension life (such as the coming generation will necessarily lead) would do well to write on the tablets of their hearts. It is not mysticism, but the statement of clinical inference, to call Descartes' motto — "tâcher toujours à me vaincre" [1] — good hygiene as well as good philosophy; and if the children of to-day, who are to-morrow's men, be taught to overcome that sort of selfishness which centres attention on one's own sensations, future health will have been potentially promoted by the relegation to history of that class who — "habit," with them, "tending toward disease" (as Burton said) — enter the large army of the neurasthenics, and worry themselves into their graves. For the striking fact is that people of high intelligence and of natural or studied composure actually offer a stronger front to disease, other things being equal, than their weaker brethren. If a cancer single them out they will, of course, go the one way, for all their "willing;" but with a properly schooled mind the man of an average constitution, decently cared for, may actually avoid that great class of diseases which, though their etiology is not yet clear, are certainly furthered, if not started, by an improper mental attitude. High-minded and intelligent indifference to small but annoying ailments beyond cavil increases effectiveness and makes for health.

The history of philosophy has grown up about three high aims of intellect. Theories of the Universe, theories of Knowledge, theories of Evil: these are the massive concept-systems which Aspiration has left pricking up into history, relieving the deeps of degeneration, and ribbing — as mountain ranges stand out from a continent — the dead flat of self-content. But Christian Science, exhibiting no constructive activity whatever, has certainly played no part in this creative work. No peak in the philosophical landscape reaches, after Mrs. Eddy's vaporings, one whit nearer heaven. The most charitable thing to be said is that attention has again been called to certain glaring defects and limitations in our much vaunted towers of Babel.

John W. Churchman.

THE FRENCHWOMAN'S SON.

It was the year of the coarse April that the Frenchwoman's son took to the woods. He had no reason, except that with the spring he had become abruptly aware that since his mother's death his house was intolerable, and that he could farm no longer on the small holding that had been hers. It was beyond him to dig, and plant potatoes, and raise two lean pigs to be killed in the fall. He left Bear Cove without ostentation, and his absence found it indifferent; he had never been an ornament, nor precisely a reproach; but neither was he missed. The priest was the only soul in the parish who stood an instant at the shut door of the silent, forlorn house, and even he said nothing. As for his thoughts, they were more in tune with the ceaseless rain

[1] "Tâcher toujours plutôt à me vaincre que la fortune et à changer mes désirs que l'ordre du monde."

than with the battering west wind that was driving the ice off the shore and lifting up the dull winter grass. But he had been too cold all winter, and too much given to fasting that the poor of his flock might eat, to have much of the spring in his blood. And the fact remained; the Frenchwoman's son was gone.

He had made inland of a rough, gray morning, and his method of traveling was the method of the otter, who never sleeps two nights in the same place; and for a fortnight he rioted in it. He sang to himself as he toiled over the wet, treeless barrens; laughed when he just got out with his life from the sucking soil of the Long Swamp, which was not a thoroughfare; was exultant when he came at last to the woods where the trees were a man's girth round. He had turned his back on the sea for good and all; on the gray swelter of the spring tides; on the winter-thickened waves that ran sullen, too cold to break; on the miserable village that dragged a living out of the bitter water and the sour, brackish land. He was free. He did not even mind the icy rain, nor the wicked gales that blew all that month, though down on the shore he had left they would have been another matter. He was where he belonged; and he accepted the rough weather as placidly as did the just come robins that sang all round him, no more at home than he. Things he had never known came to him spontaneously. He built and lit his fires of wet wood without any trouble to speak of, though he had scarcely made a fire out-of-doors in his life; and the camp that he began to build one morning by the head waters of the lonely Sou'west was done in a way which was not that of the shore settlements, nor of any shelter he had ever seen. But it had a form of its own, and it pleased him; also it shed water like a loon's back, and when he was inside it the roar and lash of the spring storms might be sounding like a mighty organ in the great hemlocks overhead, and the rain sluicing on the open spaces, but he was in his house.

"It is," he said to himself thoughtfully, "a camp with long walls." The words pleased him, and sounded familiar; which was absurd, because in all his twenty years he had never heard of anything but shingled houses.

He had no plans about life; it was merely a thing that had been thoroughly distasteful, and was become an insistent, ever-present pleasure and excitement; and when one morning the sun at last came out clear and scorching he sat on a drying deadfall and basked in it, and smelt the spring out of the soggy ground. He never thought at all of Bear Cove, nor even of the priest; and he had been fond of the priest. His mother had been on curiously equal terms with the smooth-faced old man. She had never been a common woman, no matter what else she had been in the years she cast behind her when she arrived in the ugly little English-speaking settlement and bought Jim Miller's house.

"The Frenchwoman," the village called her, all but the priest; who, perhaps, was sorry for her, for he was kind to her and the boy, and unoffended by her wild moods and flinging tongue. But she had been dead for a year now, and there was no tombstone over her till Sandy Brine had time to cut one. Father Gillespie had not hurried him. There was in his mind a discrepancy between his answers to her dying instructions as to a truthful inscription over her grave, and those regarding her son. But the son had cut away the knot of both promises by his absolute unconsciousness that there was any to cut. Whereby he sat and whistled on his sunny perch, and mocked a song sparrow till it suddenly flew away. The boy sniffed the air quite as suddenly, and swung round his long legs till he faced the east.

An Indian was standing close beside him. He looked young, but it was not then the Frenchwoman's son could tell

an Indian's age. Anyhow, he was not thinking of it. He sat angry and very still; and the man greeted him eagerly with a long-drawn "Well?"

"What do you want?" he asked roughly. He had been thoroughly startled, for he had not heard a sound of footsteps. "Do you live here?"

"Want you." The man regarded him from under the thatch of stiff hair that stuck out from his hat. "Your name John — John Noel?" He said Noo-el, with the soft Indian o.

The boy stared. "Yes — But I don't use that name! Ba'tiste, I use."

"That all same," said the visitor blandly. "Ba'tiste your mother call you; your father John. You his son, so we come."

"Whose son?" snapped John Ba'tiste; he had never heard mention of his father, nor been particularly concerned about him.

The Indian took off his hat. "The Old Man's."

It was Greek to the hearer, to whom an old man was an old man; he never dreamed that the words and the act were a shibboleth of respect for an Indian esteemed next to a chief.

"What old man?" he asked contemptuously; the thing had nothing to do with him if his name were John ten times over.

"He tell me you come some day" — the question was placidly ignored — "so we come. Long time ago that — fifteen year — we don' know! But he say you come all same as him."

"You could n't know I was here!"

"We come see," quietly; "every year we come. Old Man my friend; he say, 'We die. You be good friend my son. Some time he come to the Sou'west, where he was born at. You be help to my son.'"

The listener got down from his log and spoke with rage. "I was born at Mirimichi; and I don't know who you are, but you never knew my father. He 's been dead for years, and he never needed Indians for friends. Where d' ye live? Because you 'd better go back there."

The Indian turned away with an ugly dignity. "Old Man good man to me, he say you all same; very well. You say not so; very well too. We go."

"Oh, stop. Do you live round here? That 's what I want to know." If he had neighbors he would tramp at once.

"No one live here. No Indian come but me." He waved his hand around him. "We come not one time more. Your house, your place," he observed finally; and the Frenchwoman's son affirmed it with an oath.

Yet his curiosity was awake in him, and he turned a volley of questions on his visitor; but the man walked away untouched by the demands fired at him. The Frenchwoman's son never knew what made him care, but he made a dash after him and held out his hand.

The Indian seized it, his whole face changing, till it was another man who smiled.

"We bring things," he cried; "flour," all what you say! You good friend; we give you this. Every year we bring it here, like Old Man say. He say: 'Good friend to you, you give it; bad friend, you go 'way!'" He fumbled in his coat and brought out a letter.

The Frenchwoman's son stared at it. Old, tattered, dirty, and written in characters and a language he did not know, it could not belong to him. But he took it. And then a lordly thought struck him.

"Come in and have something to eat." Houses still meant eating to him, and his house was his pride.

The Indian laughed. "We got plenty meat! We kill caribou two days back. You got plenty meat?"

"Yes." John Ba'tiste was savage again. It had seemed to him that he was doing great things by living alone in the wilderness, and here was a low person who considered it a storehouse.

"Well," he nodded offendedly, "good-by; if you don't want anything to eat!"

"Adiou," returned the man, and laughed again. He was gone into the bushes while the Frenchwoman's son stood staring stupidly, and wondering where he had heard people say adieu with that twist to it before, till suddenly there came back to him his mother's daily cry at him: "Will you speak like a pig and an outcast? Whistle your u, I tell you; shape your mouth! I will not have you 'adiou' like an outcast." It was funny, and he laughed. Through the laugh a voice came to him suddenly.

"Bimeby you hungry; then we come," it remarked.

The Frenchwoman's son swore at it, and retired to his house. He glanced contemptuously at the extraordinary letter which was meant for somebody else, and was going to burn it; only his fire was out; and then he applied himself once more to the joys of doing nothing, and not caring what time it was; he had had to care in the village. Yet daylight of the next morning found him pulling the letter out of a crack in his wall, and staring at it. What if it were for him, after all? But the queer words were nothing that he could make out, and only made him angry; he put it away again, and was suddenly aware that he was lonely, and afraid; something had taken the heart out of him. He had no pleasure any more in his house, nor in his prowls over the country. He took to sitting at his door, beside a senseless anxiety. Every now and then he took out the crazy letter that was not meant for him, and all he got from it was a biting anger that he could not read the thing. It grew to be an obsession; he woke to it in the long mornings, could not eat for the memory of it lying in its chink; time and again tried to burn it, and never did. He let his food give out, because every day he meant to leave his camp and the letter in it; but he never started, and he knew it was because he had taken a terror of meeting more men who should speak to him of his father. It was like sitting alone in the dark and fearing a dead man at his elbow, and about as sensible. If he had been in his white-washed house by the shore he would have sickened, but the woods he had loved kept him whole. They were kind to him, even while he was hardly conscious of them. The black birch twigs that he chewed, just to be chewing, took his bodily fever out of him; the nameless sweetness in the wind of midnight made him drowsy; a hundred things helped him even while he was careless of all but his own haunting misery, till one May morning he woke to find himself lying hungry at his door with a man between him and the sunshine.

It was the Indian back again, and a queer pain jolted the boy's heart, till he could not think of a word to say. He saw that the man carried a heavy load, and that there must be things to eat in it, but his real thought was that now he could get at that letter. He swayed on his feet as he stood up.

The man looked at him curiously. "We bring things," he said, "we cook; bimeby we talk. You call us Sabiel."

He flung down his pack, and the Frenchwoman's son sat and glared. He had not eaten fresh meat all that winter, — it was not an article of diet in Bear Cove, — and the smell of it made him forget even the letter. As he ate, the strong food went to his head like drink, till he sat happy in the sun, and, basking, lit his last fill of tobacco, or meant to. The match died in his fingers as he spilled half his pipeful in his palm and held it out to Sabiel, who shook his head.

"Bâpkusedumeí!" said he, bringing out a dirty clay.

The Frenchwoman's son started. Somewhere, long and long ago, he had heard that word time and again. He swore to himself in French, and Sabiel smiled uncomprehendingly: —

"We say, we light our pipe!"

"I know that," snapped the boy, "though I don't see how you do;" and through his angry puzzle a queer phrase came to him. "Menuagaí tamôwayau!" said he, very slowly and falteringly; and sat back lax and sick. The Indian had handed him a fig of tobacco, and gabbled something in a jargon of which at least two words were familiar even if he had not translated the last one as he pointed to the camp, — "pembtek, a house with long walls."

"What are you talking?" screeched the Frenchwoman's son; "what kind of language?"

"Indian," placidly. "Your father's talk."

"Indian! Do you mean my father was an Indian?" He hardly knew he said it, and he did not listen to the answer. He was seeing, as from a long way off, his mother making a fire on the ground; seeing himself, a little boy, playing with a burning stick, and an Indian man laughing where he sat beside him; and the man had been his father. He knew it as he knew he sat now cheek by jowl with another Indian and understood his tongue. "But my father was a Frenchman!" He found his voice without commanding it, and even in the making of the words, remembered they had never been said to him; he had only taken them for granted. But he kept on speaking. "I don't believe you."

Sabiel returned three slow sentences. They broke the defenses the boy was trying to make in his mind, because he knew them to be true; and the gist of them checked his heart. He was a half-breed; just a half-breed. He knew now why there had been days when his mother hated him, knew why the priest had set him down to books and the choir-singing as soon as he began to take to the wind-swept woods over the village. He had never been meant to know; and he saw how easy it had been to keep him ignorant. They never had Indians round Bear Cove, never thought of them; his mother's French blood had been enough to carry a darker skin and eyes than his. Half of his soul rose up in a dreadful revolt, and half of it in a wilder exaltation of freedom. He sat and stammered questions at the man on the other side of the fire, and finally got out what was last in his mind as it had been first. The letter: he wanted it read to him.

When he had heard it his eyes were different. He got up and lit his pipe as if he had never thrown it away from him; and after a long time he spoke, with a laugh that was not a boy's laugh.

"While I choose to be a white man, I will be a white man!" he said, and cast away salvation; for in the woods he was one thing, and out of them another. He took the Indian letter he could not read for himself from where it lay on the ground, and threw it on the fire, and on top of it he tossed the red head handkerchief that had been his mother's. The old paper blazed, and the common silk smouldered writhingly, but he did not look at them; neither of the two should ever call to him any more. He would be a white man now, and make a new name for himself.

But he never did it, his world being a jealous world which did its own christening. There were not ten people who ever knew him as John Noel, and they were unimportant, chief among them being a despised squatter called Welsh, to whose retired abode he was in the habit of repairing when he was tired of being the white man whom his intimates addressed as Frenchy. As for his official name, it was no new one; though when it cropped up in a lawless country it stood for a hundred things. Well-off people shook at the mention of it, but to the poor and desolate it was another matter. When Sabean the outlaw was finally caught and caged there were scores of prayers going up that the Frenchwoman's son might not be caught too. Sabean had been the terror of two

counties, and, having the poor on his side, had robbed with impunity; there was not a man anxious for his capture but his victims and the sheriff, and every one but they knew he was only the tool of the Frenchwoman's son. If there were darker things they were only whispered of; the Frenchwoman's son had found a world full of friends by the simple process of placidly, and at once, cracking down on his enemies. There was always, or nearly always, a smack of righteous vengeance in his sins.

When McManus's mill was burned just as he was bringing down his season's cut, well-informed people did not consider it an accident, though not one of them said so; and the Frenchwoman's son was unostentatiously elsewhere on important business, so that the law did not seek him any more than public gossip named him. It was well for McManus that he had no insurance, or his friends would have said he fired his mill himself. As it was they smiled crookedly, and remarked that the attention drawn to the working of his lumber business was worse than the fire; — whereat he swore impotently, and cast about for vengeance, which was not forthcoming; and was so unpleasant to Fanny, his housekeeper, that she ran away of a dark night with his foreman, and he had to do his own cooking, which did not cool him. He began to talk of sending for his only daughter, who had been banished to her uncle Welsh's with the advent of Fanny; but it was a radical measure, and he put it off.

The Frenchwoman's son heard nothing of these last matters because he had gone out to Welsh's on the Long Swamp to make love to Welsh's niece.

In the northern woods the spring comes up in scarlet, leaf and shrub and blossom, with white drifts of Indian pear flower flung across a blood-red world. He had seen the red of it often enough, but it was the first year in his life he had noticed the white, or thought of the priest at Secret Lake in connection with a woman; and he had known a few as tall as Welsh's niece, and not so ragged. In the intervals of his variegated life he had watched her growing up, cast off, half starved, and lonely, till his heart was soft within him.

Welsh was a kind man when he was not drunk, but his shack was too convenient a place to bestow an inconvenient child. In front of it stretched a lake, and close behind it the Long Swamp, which was not as pretty as it looked. It was not called a quicksand; but it was not crossed, even in winter. A few Indians had tried it. Persons having business afterwards on the other side went round; and there grew up about it an ugly tradition with an Indian name. It looked an innocently sleeping waste; but it had its times, which were not seasons, for waking. In the dead calm of an August noon the Frenchwoman's son had seen its bay bushes sway as with wind, bow, and spring backwards with the passage of things he could not see; had heard out of it the crying that might have been the crying of a hurt loon, or the frantic screech of a man who tries to keep death off him by shrieking to the living. To a stray trapper hearing it meant to wipe the sweat from his face, if he knew any Indian words. But the Frenchwoman's son was a white man determinedly, and had put away all fear of ghost-calling; it was merely a shamefaced care for the child that sent him to Welsh's to see her after an absence of a year. He found her a woman. Also absolutely and astoundingly beautiful in an old flannel shirt of Welsh's, and a skirt made of flour sacks.

At the sight of her he stood dumb for the first time in his pleasantly irresponsible life. Then, as she ran to him and put her hands on his, he was suddenly aware that the spring was scarlet, and the whiteness of the pear blossoms the whiteness of Mary McManus's face and throat above her unspeakable clothes. It

was not till he had spoken about the priest at Secret Lake that he kissed her.

He was not known by sight in that district, so that when he went to McManus and announced he was going to marry his daughter it was annoying to be shown the door — profanely. McManus's mill happened to burn down the night John Noel went back to his courting. His plans were not changed, merely hurried, but back at Welsh's by the Long Swamp they bade fair to be destroyed. Mary McManus had waked to the desire of clothes.

"But," said he, very tenderly and without laughter, "I will buy you clothes for the wedding. Your father says" — he had never lost his mother's shrug — "there will be no wedding; and he says other things, too."

"You saw Fanny!" She spoke without looking at him.

"Yes." For once his mind was slow.

"Then," very low, "*I'll* have a dress with roses on it; and a pair of shoes! I never had a pair of shoes since I come here."

"I can buy them." He smiled into her eyes, but they did not answer him.

"No; I'll make him! I'm his daughter; and Fanny has silk dresses."

The Frenchwoman's son sat down on the spring flowers, and looked across the nameless color of the Long Swamp.

"Then it will be a long time to the wedding," he said, softly considering, "when he takes you home and I have to steal you out of his house in the dark. It is spring now, and there are a great many things to do where I live — in spring! There is the loon to watch, — on her nest." Something in his slow voice flooded her slim throat scarlet.

"When I cook for you in your house you shall buy me clothes," she retorted passionately.

The Frenchwoman's son was not used to complex emotions. He sat silent, because he was provoked and grieved and proud of her all at once. He knew that the sooner he and she were off to the priest and the Sou'west the better, for many reasons. But she was extremely beautiful, and very white.

"You go 'way and get me some paper," she ordered suddenly, "and I'll send him in a letter." With his first word of love to her she had changed from the little girl who had openly adored him all her life at Welsh's to a woman who dominated him body and soul. "You learned me to write; I'll write to him."

"When we 've been to the priest," he said calmly; and she flung round on him.

"I can't — in these," she sobbed. Her shame had caught her at her heart as she looked at her rags and her bare legs. "Why, there 's people, and — I can't. And Welsh has n't any money, and I want a — cotton dress — with roses on it."

The Frenchwoman's son took her in a strong arm and comforted her with more confidence in himself than in McManus.

"You shall have the dress with roses on it. I will bring the paper and you shall write; but it will take two days. Will that do?"

"What 's that?" she said, without answering. "Don't you hear some one calling?" She twisted away from him, and stood listening.

"No!" And on the heel of it he did hear. It was only the old cry he was used to disbelieving in that floated over the loneliness, and he laughed. "That? It 's only a bird in the swamp! You 've often heard it."

"Never that way. There," — every line of her was rigid, — "it 's coming again! It — it sounds like as if it was calling me. I — oh, I 'm afraid!"

"There 's no harm in it. Why," — he moved to her serenely as he remembered, — "I went through the swamp once, when I was a boy. It 's a very good way to go if you know the path."

"There 's no path!"

"I know one;" and over his comfort-

able voice the call came close and mocking.

"Welsh says," she clutched him, whispering, "that 's lost people's ghosts; and they only call when they 're hungry! I — don't it sound like my name?" and he felt the fear in her.

"It 's only a bird," he said softly. "Do I look as if I were afraid of it? If it were your name I would be afraid."

McManus's daughter looked at him, and at five-and-twenty the Frenchwoman's son was a beautiful sight. There was no half-breed about him except the straight sling of his walk and the dark clearness of the cheek bent down to her; and there was that in his eyes that made her safe and happy and miserable all at once. If she had not caught sight of her own incredible skirt she would have clung to him, and begged him to take her away then and there. But she had remembered the cotton dress, and her father's money; and Fanny in silk. And perhaps the sudden terror that cut the quiet air was only a bird! What he said was gospel.

"There 's nothing you 'd be afraid of, except me!" she said, with the insolence of a woman to the man she adores. "Get me the paper an' a pencil."

It was Welsh who took in the letter, half from honest affection for his niece, and half for the chance of getting thoroughly drunk on some one else's whiskey. If he did it was not on McManus's. Mary was no diplomatist, especially in the written word.

"I take my pen in hand to tel you I am going to be married to mister Noel if you don't send me some mony to get a dress I wil come down to the vilage and tel how you tret me I wil come in Welsh's old shirt and the flower sak I hav for a petticoat that is al the dress I hav and show them Mary at Welsh's."

Perfectly sober, and a day before his time, the messenger returned, and sheepishly confronted his niece and Noel.

"He says," he announced sourly, "that you 're to come home right to once, and he 'll flour-sack you! — and his mill 's burnt down, and the talk is that the Frenchwoman's son done it. And Fanny 's run off with Jake Perry, and you 're to go home to-morrow. And so I guess you two 'd better git married and gone, and tell him afterwards; for he won't give you nothing, and he 's wanting of you home."

"He can want," said McManus's daughter blackly. "Did n't he send me nothing?"

"Just that word, honey; and you ain't but seventeen; he can git you. I — I ain't a man to fight," with sudden shrillness, "and that letter made him dump me right out on the road!"

She stood up straight and looked at him. "I 'll never go home, and I 'll have my clothes; and I 'm glad his mill 's burnt, and I love the Frenchwoman's son for doing it, and I 'm glad Fanny 's run away; and I hate dad," she said, as emotionless as though she repeated a lesson.

Noel looked sharply from Welsh to the girl. "What 's that about the Frenchwoman's son?"

"Some say it was him had a grudge again McManus. Labrador said so; he only said so; they don't know who done it. I ain't never seen the man, but he 's got a hard reputation, and Labrador thinks it was him. But when I wanted to know why, he soured on me; and he said he 'd kill me if I opened my mouth on it to McManus."

"He certainly would," returned Mr. Noel placidly; and having been hand in glove with Frank Labrador, perhaps he knew.

"The Frenchwoman's son ain't bad if Labrador likes him," said Mary unexpectedly. "I love him, anyhow!"

"Yes" — began Noel stupidly, and stopped. She did not know any more than Welsh did, and perhaps he had never realized it before. But it was time to get away from the Long Swamp and take his wife with him. "I am sorry

about that burning," he observed slowly. "It was a pity; and foolish. But he is not altogether a bad man, the Frenchwoman's son."

"Well, there 's no handling McManus till he finds out who burnt his mill!" muttered Welsh. He was suddenly tired of the subject. "He ain't heard of the Frenchwoman's son, and he ain't likely to. You git away and git married, honey! Noel, he 'll git you a dress."

Mary made no answer; the Frenchwoman's son saw there was no handling her, either. He stood and whistled a thoughtful tune, and she swung round on him.

"Who 's the Frenchwoman's son?" she demanded.

"Just a man." He said it between two bars of the tune that covered his thoughts.

"Is he in the village?"

He shook his head.

"Can dad catch him?"

The whistle stopped abruptly in a scornful smile. "Not if he 'd seen him fire the mill!"

"Do you think he did it?"

"Oh yes," carelessly. "But he had his reasons!" He looked at her with amusement. "He has never done things without his reasons."

"They say he 's a hard-living man," Welsh objected casually.

"That 's a lie," slowly. "And if he was he 's done with it. And catch him"— he laughed superbly. "When they can catch the screaming in the swamp!" He flung back at it with a free gesture of his head and shoulders, and McManus's daughter drew a breath and set her teeth on it. There could not be in all the world a man like him! She would go with him to the priest in a dress with roses on it, in spite of her father. She listened without objecting while he and Welsh arranged for the wedding in three days' time, but when she turned away to the house she sat thinking, instead of getting supper. Noel had departed to interview the priest, and, incidentally, the proprietor of the only shop at Secret Lake. In three days he would be back for the wedding; and the dress with roses on it was no nearer. Nothing would take Welsh back to McManus, and she had no other messenger. But when in the white dawn Welsh arose and unexpectedly went fishing, his niece leaped from her bed and cast on her casual garments. Even as his back disappeared in the thin spring bushes she was down at the lake shore, and the last sound of his going was covered by another sound: the plunging rush of a canoe launched and sprung into with one and the same movement. Frank Labrador, coming up half an hour later on business of his own, saw the shack deserted except for the blue jays making faces at him from the rooftree, and went half-heartedly away.

It was sunrise of the next day when the girl came back, to find the place still empty. She was tired, and she went to sleep, but once and again a horrible clamor in the swamp roused her till she went out to listen; when she came back for the second time she barred the door uneasily, and dressed herself. Her skin crept on her as she crouched down by the window and watched the empty glittering lake the long, silent morning, wishing impatiently that Welsh would come back; if she had had even a dog to speak to it would have lightened the senseless dread that was on her. And at the thought, leaning out and shading her eyes, she forgot it. A canoe had shot round the point and was at the landing. There was one man in it, — a dirty messenger with a parcel.

When she raced down and dragged it out of his hand she saw her shoes, her stockings, and her wedding gown. Her father had been as good as his word, though he had sent the things by a stranger, instead of by Labrador as she had asked him. With a low laugh she plumped down on her knees and fondled

the common print with roses on it; when she looked up to ask the man who had brought it if he wanted his dinner, he had gone away, and in the still air the rustling from the swamp was loud. For a moment her chill fear rushed back on her, but she would not heed it. She was back at the house, kneeling on the floor, feverishly putting the scissors into her wedding gown.

The Frenchwoman's son, coming unexpectedly to the door in the late afternoon, stood thunderstruck. Mary had sprung to her feet at the sight of him, transfigured; her face a pale flame, her eyes shining, her triumphant mouth scarlet. He let fall the things he had painfully procured for her as he stared.

"I got it!" she cried, and flung herself at him, her arms warm round his throat; "I made him. I've shoes and stockings and white cotton and a dress with roses on it. And it's nearly done, and I'll marry you to-morrow!"

"How did you get them?" He laughed because he was proud of her, and had never seen her so beautiful. "Tell me! How?"

"I went down," — simply, — "and waited at the portage, and sent a boy with notes on the paper you gave me. I asked him if he would give me the dress if I told him who fired his mill, and he sent back 'Yes.' So I told him it was the Frenchwoman's son, and he sent back to say 'it was cheap at a cotton gown, and he'd send it right away.' And he did. And you said he could n't catch the Frenchwoman's son!"

Life, color, and expression were all wiped off her listener's face.

"The Frenchwoman's son!" he repeated like a parrot. "But — and you told him?" His ready tongue had failed him.

"You said he could n't catch him, any more than the ghost-calling in the swamp." She stood back, a little anxious. "He — he can't, can he?"

"Not then! Now" — He took her with both hands, and held her at his arms' length, and the feel of his hands frightened her, like the strangeness in his voice. "Did n't you know Labrador was here looking for me? That he found me last night, and told me a man from Sabean's had seen me when I fooled over to speak to your father, and told him it was me you were going to marry; me, the Frenchwoman's son! And now" — The familiar shrug did not match the sound in his voice. "Well — I should have told you. But I could n't trust Welsh."

"You ain't French." She smiled disdainfully; but as she saw what was in his face her legs shook under her, and she shrieked at him, "Do you mean it? Did I do — that?"

"My mother was a Frenchwoman," he said heavily; he had no desire to swear, even to be angry with her; the thing had gone too deep. "But I've been coming here for so long I forgot you could n't know." He glanced through the open door to get the time from the westering sun, and saw, instead, that the young scarlet was gone from the world; it was old, green, usual, — and the thought made his voice rough. "Come, we'll get out of this!" If he left her behind he would lose her, and once at the head waters of the Sou'west, it would be a better man than McManus who should lay a claw on him. But his heart felt numb as he stooped to gather up the poor finery that had betrayed him.

As he bent, the girl's miserable eyes fell on the window.

"Keep down," she whispered thickly. "There 's a boat! There 's — it 's dad, and another man!"

The Frenchwoman's son heard her without surprise. He did not even glance out, but as he stepped softly back into the shadow of the room he looked at her with a curious trick of the eyes that made them seem all pupil, and showed the whites above and below the irids.

"That is the sheriff," he said evenly,

"with your father. What would you like me to do? For I burned the mill because your father was cruel to you, and I disliked him." He kept his strange gaze on her, standing motionless.

McManus's daughter sobbed wordlessly as she sprang at him and ran him out the back door.

"There 's the swamp; you ain't afraid of it," — anguish and hate had killed her own terror of the place; "hide! What 's an old mill? Hide!"

"You 'd be afraid in it!" he said uneasily; and she laughed fiercely over her sobbing.

"That would n't make me stay. Hurry; stoop down!"

There was dead silence abroad now. Through it the two slipped safely across Welsh's inadequate clearing, into the thin green of its fringe of alders; and between them and the heavy screen of the swamp maples something moved. It was the man from Sabean's, the dirty messenger of the morning; and the Frenchwoman's son cut off his shout in the middle. But the half cry had done it. McManus was hot foot round the house with the sheriff after him, and Noel was dragging the girl through the binding maples, down into the bay bushes that stretched breast-high between green abysses and runnels of fathomless black water. When they reached his path they could drop and lie hidden, for not a man would dare follow them; but for now they must be cat-footed over the deadly green that spurted to their every step. There was cover enough, and he put her behind him, without daring to take his eyes from the quaking ground under his feet.

"Walk in my steps," he ordered, wondering if the next few yards would bear them; and his heart stopped as she screamed, —

"My dress — my dress with roses on it!" Even as he wheeled to clutch her she had broken away from him and was running, leaping helter-skelter back to the house, with no heed to the careful way she had come.

The Frenchwoman's son stood up straight in the afternoon light, his black head a clear mark against the young sun-filtered green of the thicket he was making for.

"Lie down!" he yelled, "lie down!"

He did not hear any answer. It was McManus who had fired, and the sheriff, who was half-hearted about the whole business, had been slow in knocking up his gun. Mary McManus had lain down in a very pretty patch of quaking grass. The Frenchwoman's son knew she was dead as she crumpled forwards, but he was a white man who had been going to marry a white girl. He went back for her. He was heedless of the sheriff's calling; he knew a path through the swamp, and he must carry her to it that he might bury her out in the clean ground of the Sou'west. But the weight across his shoulder had somehow confused him; and the dead girl's hair kept brushing over his eyes, so that in the waving shadow of it he saw another shadow moving before him. To the dull anguish of his haste the very bushes were malignant; they kept him back, springing in his face with blow after blow, as though he followed too close a trail. But he was a white man, and he fought through them, making blindly for the sinking sun. It was on the edge of a bottomless black channel that he stumbled, and fell.

No sound came back out of the swamp; that which had been unquiet was perhaps fed; but in Welsh's house a light air crept through the open back door and fluttered the dress with roses on it that lay half made on the floor.

S. Carleton.

AN AMERICAN PRIMER.[1]

[The American Primer is a challenge rather than a finished fight. Whitman shows in it what he was prepared to do rather than what he thought he had perfected. It was his original intention to enlarge these notes into a study which would in a sense inclose the theme and dignify it in the way it deserved. Whitman in his early career planned for all sorts of literary ventures which were not consummated. Whitman was undoubtedly convinced that he had a mission. This conviction never assumed fanatic forms. Whitman was the most catholic man who ever thought he had a mission. But he did regard himself as such a depository. Yet he never believed or contended that he possessed exclusive powers or an extraordinary divination. He felt that if the message with which he was entrusted did not get out through him it would get out through some other. But in his earlier career, after he tired of writing in the formal way and to the formal effect, — for he played the usual juvenile part in literary experiment, — he felt that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to secure publishers either for his detail work or for his books. He often asked himself, How am I to deliver my goods? He once decided that he would lecture. And he told me that when the idea of the American Primer originally came to him it was for a lecture. He wrote at this thing in the early fifties, — even as far along as 1856–57. And there is evidence that he made brief additions to it from time to time in the ten years that followed. But after 1855, when he succeeded in issuing the first edition of Leaves of Grass, some of his old plans were abandoned, — this lecture scheme with others, — and certain new plans were formulated. The Primer was thenceforth, as a distinct project, held in abeyance. I remember that once in the late eighties he laughed and said to me, "I may yet bring the Primer out." And when I laughed incredulously he added, "Well, I guess you are right to laugh: I suppose I never shall. And the best of the Primer stuff has no doubt leaked into my other work." It is indeed true that Whitman gave expression to the substance of the Primer in one way or another. Even some of its sentences are utilized here and there in his prose and verse volumes. But the momentum gathered and brought to bear upon the subject in the manuscript now under view was nowhere else repeated. The Primer, therefore, has, as a part of Whitman's serious literary product, a marked identity. Whitman said of it, "It was first intended for a lecture: then when I gave up the idea of lecturing it was intended for a book: now, as it stands, it is neither a lecture nor a book." — HORACE TRAUBEL.]

MUCH is said of what is spiritual, and spirituality, in this, that, or the other, — in objects, expressions. For me, I see no object, no expression, no animal, no tree, no art, no book, but I see, from morning to night, and from night to morning, the spiritual. Bodies are all spiritual. All words are spiritual — nothing is more spiritual than words. Whence are they? Along how many thousands and tens of thousands of years have they come? — those eluding, fluid, beautiful, fleshless realities, Mother, Father, Water, Earth, Me, This, Soul, Tongue, House, Fire.

A great observation will detect sameness through all languages, however old, however new, however polished, however rude. As humanity is one under its amazing diversities, language is one under its. The flippant read on some long past age, wonder at its dead costumes [customs?], its amusements, &c.; but the master understands well the old, ever-new, ever-common grounds, below those animal growths, and, between any two ages, any two languages and two humanities, however wide apart in time and space, marks well not the superficial shades of difference, but the mass shades of a joint nature.

In a little while, in the United States, the English language, enriched with contributions from all languages, old and new, will be spoken by a hundred millions of people: perhaps a hundred thou-

[1] As an alternate to his adopted headline I find this among Whitman's memoranda: "The Primer of Words: For American Young Men and Women, For Literati, Orators, Teachers, Musicians, Judges, Presidents, &c." — H. T.

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sand words ("seventy or eighty thousand words" — Noah Webster).

The Americans are going to be the most fluent and melodious voiced people in the world — and the most perfect users of words. Words follow character, — nativity, independence, individuality.

I see that the time is nigh when the etiquette of salons is to be discharged from that great thing, the renovated English speech in America. The occasions of the English speech in America are immense, profound — stretch over ten thousand vast cities, over through thousands of years, millions of miles of meadows, farms, mountains, men. The occasions of salons are for a coterie, a bon soir or two — involve waiters standing behind chairs, silent, obedient, with backs that can bend and must often bend.

What beauty there is in words! What a lurking curious charm in the sound of some words! Then voices! Five or six times in a lifetime (perhaps not so often) you have heard from men and women such voices, as they spoke the most common word! What can it be that from those few men and women made so much out of the most common word! Geography, shipping, steam, the mint, the electric telegraph, railroads, and so forth, have many strong and beautiful words. Mines — iron works — the sugar plantations of Louisiana — the cotton crop and the rice crop — Illinois wheat — Ohio corn and pork — Maine lumber — all these sprout in hundreds and hundreds of words, all tangible and clean-lived, all having texture and beauty.

To all thoughts of your or any one's mind, — to all yearnings, passions, love, hate, ennui, madness, desperation of men for women, and of women for men, — to all charging and surcharging, — that head which poises itself on your neck and is electric in the body beneath your head, or runs with the blood through your veins, or in those curious incredible miracles you call eyesight or hearing, — to all these, and the like of these, have been made words. Such are the words that are never new and never old.

What a history is folded, folded inward and inward again, in the single word I.

The words of the Body! The words of Parentage! The words of Husband and Wife. The words of Offspring! The word Mother! The word Father!

The words of Behavior are quite numerous. They follow the law; they are courteous, grave, have polish, have a sound of presence, and abash all furniture and shallowness out of their sight.

The words of maternity are all the words that were ever spoken by the mouth of man, the child of woman, — but they are reborn words, and the mouth of the full-sized mother, daughter, wife, amie, does not offend by using any one of them.

Medicine has hundreds of useful and characteristic words — new means of cure — new schools of doctors — the wonderful anatomy of the body — the names of a thousand diseases — surgeon's terms — hydropathy — all that relates to the great organs of the body. The medical art is always grand — nothing affords a nobler scope for superior men and women. It, of course, will never cease to be near man, and add new terms.

Law, Medicine, Religion, the Army, the personnel of the Army and Navy, the Arts, stand on their old stock of words, without increase. In the law is to be noticed a growing impatience with formulas, and with diffuseness, and venerable slang. The personnel of the Army and the Navy exists in America, apart from the throbbing life of America, — an exile in the land, foreign to the instincts and tastes of the people, and, of course, soon in due time to give place to something native, something warmed with throbs of our own life.

These States are rapidly supplying themselves with new words, called for by new occasions, new facts, new politics, new combinations. Far plentier additions will be needed, and, of course, will be supplied.

Because it is a truth that the words continually used among the people are, in numberless cases, not the words used in writing, or recorded in the dictionaries by authority, there are just as many words in daily use, not inscribed in the dictionary, and seldom or never in any print. Also, the forms of grammar are never persistently obeyed, and cannot be.

The Real Dictionary will give all the words that exist in use, the bad words as well as any. The Real Grammar will be that which declares itself a nucleus of the spirit of the laws, with liberty to all to carry out the spirit of the laws, even by violating them, if necessary. The English Language is grandly lawless like the race who use it, — or, rather, breaks out of the little laws to enter truly the higher ones. It is so instinct with that which underlies laws and the purports of laws it refuses all petty interruptions in its way.

Books themselves have their peculiar words, — namely, those that are never used in living speech in the real world, but only used in the world of books. Nobody ever actually talks as books and plays talk.

The Morning has its words and the Evening has its words. How much there is in the word Light! How vast, surrounding, falling, sleepy, noiseless, is the word Night! It hugs with unfelt yet living arms.

Character makes words. The English stock, full enough of faults, but averse to all folderol, equable, instinctively just, latent with pride and melancholy, ready with brawned arms, with free speech, with the knife-blade for tyrants and the reached hand for slaves — have put all these in words. We have them in America, — they are the body of the whole of the past. We are to justify our inheritance, — we are to pass it on to those who are to come after us, a thousand years hence, as we have grown out of the English of a thousand years ago: American geography — the plenteousness and variety of the great nations of the Union — the thousands of settlements — the seacoast — the Canadian North — the Mexican South — California and Oregon — the inland seas — the mountains — Arizona — the prairies — the immense rivers.

Many of the slang words among fighting men, gamblers, thieves, prostitutes, are powerful words. These words ought to be collected, — the bad words as well as the good. Many of these bad words are fine.

Music has many good words, now technical, but of such rich and juicy character that they ought to be taken for common use in writing and speaking.

New forms of science, newer, freer characters, may have something in them to need new words. One beauty of words is exactitude. To me each word out of the —— that now compose the English language, has its own meaning, and does not stand for anything but itself — and there are no two words the same any more than there are two persons the same.

Much of America is shown in its newspaper names, and in the names of its steamboats, ships, — names of characteristic amusements and games.

What do you think words are? Do you think words are positive and original things in themselves? No. Words are not original and arbitrary in themselves. Words are a result — they are the progeny of what has been or is in vogue. If iron architecture comes in vogue, as it seems to be coming, words are wanted to stand for all about iron architecture, for the work it causes, for the different branches of work and of the workman — those blocks of buildings, seven stories high, with light, strong façades, and girders that will not crumble a mite in a thousand years.

Also words to describe all American peculiarities, — the splendid and rugged characters that are forming among these states, or are already formed — in the

cities, the firemen of Mannahatta, and the target excursionist and Bowery boy — the Boston truckman — the Philadelphian.

In America an immense number of new words are needed to embody the new political facts, the compact of the Declaration of Independence, and of the Constitution — the union of the States — the new States — the Congress — the modes of election — the stump speech — the ways of electioneering — addressing the people — stating all that is to be said in modes that fit the life and experience of the Indianian, the Michiganian, the Vermonter, the men of Maine. Also words to answer the modern, rapidly spreading faith of the vital equality of women with men, and that they are to be placed on an exact plane, politically, socially, and in business, with men. Words are wanted to supply the copious trains of facts, and flanges of facts, arguments, and adjectival facts, growing out of all new knowledges. (Phrenology.)

Drinking brandy, gin, beer, is generally fatal to the perfection of the voice; meanness of mind the same; gluttony in eating of course the same; a thinned habit of body, or a rank habit of body rots the voice. . . . The great Italian singers are above all others in the world from causes quite the same as those that make the voices of native healthy substrata of Mannahatta young men, especially the drivers of horses, and all whose work leads to free loud calling and commanding, have such a ring and freshness.

Pronunciation of Yankees is nasal and offensive — it has the flat tones. It could probably be changed by placing only those teachers in schools who have rich ripe voices — and by the children practicing to speak from the chest and in the guttural and baritone methods. All sorts of physical, moral, and mental deformities are inevitably returned in the voice.

The races that in their realities are supple, obedient, cringing, have hundreds of words to express hundreds of forms of acts, thoughts, flanges, of those realities, which the English language knows nothing of.

The English tongue is full of strong words native or adopted to express the blood-born passion of the race for rudeness and resistance, as against polish and all acts to give in: Robust, brawny, athletic, muscular, acrid, harsh, rugged, severe, pluck, grit, effrontery, stern, resistance, bracing, rude, rugged, rough, shaggy, bearded, arrogant, haughty. These words are alive and sinewy, — they walk, look, step, with an air of command. They will often lead the rest, — they will not follow. How can they follow? They will appear strange in company unlike themselves.

English words. Even people's names were spelt by themselves, sometimes one way, sometimes another. Public necessity remedies all troubles. Now, in the 80th year of these States, there is a little diversity in the ways of spelling words, and much diversity in the ways of pronouncing them. Steamships, railroads, newspapers, submarine telegraphs, will probably bring them in. If not, it is not important.

So in the accents and inflections of words. Language must cohere — it cannot be left loosely to float or to fly away. Yet all the rules of the accents of and inflections of words drop before a perfect voice — that may follow the rules or be ignorant of them — it is indifferent which. Pronunciation is the stamina of language, — it is language. The noblest pronunciation, in a city or race, marks the noblest city or race, or descendants thereof.

Why are names (words) so mighty? Because facts, ancestry, maternity, faiths, are. Slowly, eternally, inevitably, move the souls of the earth, and names (words) are its (their) signs.

Kosmos words, words of the free expansion of thought, history, chronology, literature, are showing themselves, with foreheads, muscular necks and breasts. These gladden me. I put my arms

around them — touch my lips to theirs. The past hundred centuries have confided much to me, yet they mock me, frowning. I think I am done with many of the words of the past hundred centuries. I am mad that their poems, bibles, words, still rule and represent the earth, and are not yet superseded. But why do I say so? I must not, will not, be impatient.

The American city excursions, for military practice, for firing at the target, for all the exercises of health and manhood, — why should not women accompany them? I expect to see the time in Politics, Business, Public Gatherings, Processions, Excitements, when women shall not be divided from men, but shall take their part on the same terms as men. What sort of women have Massachusetts, Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and the rest, correspondent with what they continually want. Sometimes I have fancied that only from superior, hardy women can rise the future superiorities of these States.

Man's words, for the young men of these States, are all words that have arisen out of the qualities of mastership, going first, brunting danger first, — words to identify a hardy boyhood — knowledge — an erect, sweet, lusty body, without taint — choice and chary of its love-power.

The spelling of words is subordinate. Morbidness for nice spelling and tenacity for or against some one letter or so means dandyism and impotence in literature. Of course the great writers must have digested all these things, — passed lexicons, etymologies, orthographies, through them and extracted the nutriment. Modern taste is for brevity and for ranging words in spelling classes. Probably the words of the English tongue can never be ranged in spelling classes. The phonetic (?) spelling is on natural principles — it has arbitrary forms of letters and combinations of letters for all sounds. It may in time prevail, — it surely will prevail if it is best it should. For many hundred years there was nothing like settled spelling.

A perfect user of words uses things — they exude in power and beauty from him — miracles from his hands — miracles from his mouth — lilies, clouds, sunshine, woman, poured copiously — things whirled like chain-shot rocks, defiance, compulsion, horses, iron, locomotives, the oak, the pine, the keen eye, the hairy breast, the Texan ranger, the Boston truckman, the woman that arouses a man, the man that arouses a woman.

Tavern words, such as have reference to drinking, or the compliments of those who drink, — the names of some three hundred different tavern drinks in one part or another of these States.

Words of all degrees of dislike, from just a tinge, onward or deepward.

Words of approval, admiration, friendship. This is to be said among the young men of these States, that with a wonderful tenacity of friendship, and passionate fondness for their friends, and always a manly readiness to make friends, they yet have remarkably few words of names for the friendly sentiments. They seem to be words that do not thrive here among the muscular classes, where the real quality of friendship is always truly to be found. Also, they are words which the muscular classes, the young men of these States, rarely use and have an aversion for; they never give words to their most ardent friendships.

Words of politics are numerous in these States, and many of them peculiar. The Western States have terms of their own: the President's message — the political meeting — the committees — the resolutions: new vegetables — new trees — new animals.

If success and breed follow camels and dromedaries, that are now just introduced into Texas, to be used for travel and traffic over the vast wilds between the lower Mississippi and the Pacific, a number of new words will also have to be tried after them.

The appetite of the people of these States, in popular speeches and writings, is for unhemmed latitude, coarseness, directness, live epithets, expletives, words of opprobrium, resistance. This I understand because I have the taste myself as large, as largely, as any one. I have pleasure in the use, on fit occasions, of — traitor, coward, liar, shyster, skulk, doughface, trickster, mean cuss, backslider, thief, impotent, lickspittle.

The great writers are often select of their audiences. The greatest writers only are well pleased and at their ease among the unlearned, — are received by common men and women familiarly, do not hold out obscure, but come welcome to table, bed, leisure, by day and night.

A perfect writer would make words sing, dance, kiss, bear children, weep, bleed, rage, stab, steal, fire cannon, steer ships, sack cities, charge with cavalry or infantry, or do anything that man or woman or the natural powers can do.

Latent, in a great user of words, must actually be all passions, crimes, trades, animals, stars, God, sex, the past, might, space, metals, and the like — because these are the words, and he who is not these plays with a foreign tongue, turning helplessly to dictionaries and authorities. How can I tell you? I put many things on record that you will not understand at first, — perhaps not in a year, — but they must be (are to be) understood. The earth, I see, writes with prodigal clear hands all summer, forever, and all winter also, content, and certain to be understood in time. Doubtless, only the greatest user of words himself fully enjoys and understands himself.

Words of names of places are strong, copious, unruly, in the repertoire for the American pens and tongues. The names of these States — the names of Countries, Cities, Rivers, Mountains, Villages, Neighborhoods — borrowed plentifully from each of the languages that graft the English language — or named from some natural peculiarity of water or earth, or some event that happened there — often named from death, from some animal, from some of those subtle analogies that the common people are so quick to perceive. The names in the list of the Post Offices of these States are studies.

What name a city has — what name a State, river, sea, mountain, wood, prairie, has — is no indifferent matter. All aboriginal names sound good. I was asking for something savage and luxuriant, and behold, here are the aboriginal names. I see how they are being preserved. They are honest words, — they give the true length, breadth, depth. They all fit. Mississippi! — the word winds with chutes — it rolls a stream three thousand miles long. Ohio, Connecticut, Ottawa, Monongahela, all fit.

Names are magic. One word can pour such a flood through the soul. To-day I will mention Christ's before all other names. Grand words of names are still left. What is it that flows through me at the sight of the word Socrates, or Cincinnatus, or Alfred of the olden time — or at the sight of the word Columbus, or Shakespeare, or Rousseau, or Mirabeau — or at the sight of the word Washington, or Jefferson, or Emerson?

Out of Christ are divine words — out of this savior. Some words are fresh smelling, like lilies, roses, to the soul, blooming without failure. The name of Christ — all words that have arisen from the life and death of Christ, the divine son, who went about speaking perfect words, no patois — whose life was perfect, — the touch of whose hands and feet was miracles, — who was crucified, — his flesh laid in a shroud, in the grave.[1]

Words of names of persons, thus far, still return the old continents and races — return the past three thousand years —

[1] Whitman here inserts a memorandum, a sort of self-query, to this effect: "A few characteristic words — words give us to see — (list of poets — Hindoo — Homer — Shakespeare — Pythagoras, Plato, Zoroaster, Menu, Socrates, Sesostris, Christ). Improve this." — H. T.

perhaps twenty thousand — return the Hebrew Bible, Greece, Rome, France, the Goths, the Celts, Scandinavia, Germany, England. Still questions come: what flanges are practicable for names of persons that mean these States? What is there in the best aboriginal names? What is there in strong words of qualities, bodily, mental, — a name given to the cleanest and most beautiful body, or to the offspring of the same? What is there that will conform to the genius of these States, and to all the facts? What escape with perfect freedom, without affectation, from the shoals of Johns, Peters, Davids, Marys? Or on what happy principle, popular and fluent, could other words be prefixed or suffixed to these, to make them show who they are, what land they were born in, what government, which of the States, what genius, mark, blood, times, have coined them with strong-cut coinage?

The subtle charm of beautiful pronunciation is not in dictionaries, grammars, marks of accent, formulas of a language, or in any laws or rules. The charm of the beautiful pronunciation of all words, of all tongues, is in perfect flexible vocal organs, and in a developed harmonious soul. All words, spoken from these, have deeper, sweeter sounds, new meanings, impossible on any less terms. Such meanings, such sounds, continually wait in every word that exists — in these words — perhaps slumbering through years, closed from all tympans of temples, lips, brains, until that comes which has the quality patiently waiting in the words. . . . Likely there are other words wanted. Of words wanted, the matter is summed up in this: When the time comes for them to represent anything or any state of things, the words will surely follow. The lack of any words, I say again, is as historical as the existence of words. As for me, I feel a hundred realities, clearly determined in me, that words are not yet formed to represent. Men like me — also women, our counterparts — perfectly equal — will gradually get to be more and more numerous, — perhaps swiftly, in shoals; then the words will also follow, in shoals. It is the glory and superb rose-hue of the English language, anywhere, that it favors growth as the skin does, — that it can soon become, whenever that is needed, the tough skin of a superior man or woman.

The art of the use of words would be a stain, a smutch, but for the stamina of things. For in manners, poems, orations, music, friendship, authorship, what is not said is just as important as what is said, and holds just as much meaning. Fond of men, as a living woman is — fond of women, as a living man is.

I like limber, lasting, fierce words. I like them applied to myself, — and I like them in newspapers, courts, debates, congress. Do you suppose the liberties and the brawn of these States have to do only with delicate lady-words? with gloved gentlemen words? Bad Presidents, bad judges, bad clients, bad editors, owners of slaves, and the long ranks of Northern political suckers (robbers, traitors, suborned), monopolists, infidels, . . . shaved persons, supplejacks, ecclesiastics, men not fond of women, women not fond of men, cry down the use of strong, cutting, beautiful, rude words. To the manly instincts of the People they will forever be welcome.

In words of names, the mouth and ear of the people show an antipathy to titles, misters, handles. They love short first names abbreviated to their lips: Tom, Bill, Jack. These are to enter into literature, and be voted for on political tickets for the great offices: Expletives, . . . curious words and phrases of assent or inquiry, nicknames either to persons or customs. Many actions, many kinds of character, and many of the fashions of dress have names among two thirds of the people, that would never be understood among the remaining third, and never appear in print.

Factories, mills, and all the processes

of hundreds of different manufacturers grow thousands of words. Cotton, woollen, and silk goods, — hemp, rope, carpets, paper-hangings, paints, roofing preparations, hardware, furniture, paper mills, the printing offices with their wonderful improvements, engraving, daguerreotyping.

This is the age of the metal iron. Iron, with all that it does, or that belongs to iron, or flanges from it, results in words: from the mines they have been drawn, as the ore has been drawn. Following the universal laws of words, these are welded together in hardy forms and characters. They are ponderous, strong, definite, not indebted to the antique, — they are iron words, wrought and cast. I see them all good, faithful, massive, permanent words, — I love well these iron words of 1856. Coal has its words also, that assimilate very much with those of iron.

Gold, of course, has always its words. The mint, the American coinage, the dollar piece, the fifty dollar or one hundred dollar piece. California, the metallic basis of banking, chemical tests of gold, — all these have their words: Canada words, Yankee words, Mannahatta words, Virginia words, Florida and Alabama words, Texas words, Mexican and Nicaraguan words, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana words.

The different mechanics have different words, — all, however, under a few great over-arching laws. These are carpenter's words, mason's words, blacksmith's words, shoemaker's words, tailor's words, hatter's words, weaver's words, painter's words.

The farmer's words are immense. They are mostly old, partake of ripeness, home, the ground, — have nutriment, like wheat and milk. Farm words are added to, now, by a new class of words, from the introduction of chemistry into farming, and from the introduction of numerous machines into the barn and field.

The nigger dialect furnishes hundreds of outré words, many of them adopted into the common speech of the masses of the people. Curiously, these words show the old English instinct for wide open pronunciations, as *yallah* for yellow, — *massah* for master, — and for rounding off all the corners of words. The nigger dialect has hints of the future theory of the modification of all the words of the English language, for musical purposes, for a native grand opera in America, leaving the words just as they are for writing and speaking, but the same words so modified as to answer perfectly for musical purposes, on grand and simple principles. Then we should have two sets of words, male and female as they should be, in these States, both equally understood by the people, giving a fit, much-needed medium to that passion for music which is deeper and purer in America than in any other land in the world. The music of America is to adopt the Italian method, and expand it to vaster, simpler, far superber effects. It is not to be satisfied till it comprehends the people and is comprehended by them.

Sea words, coast words, sloop words, sailor's and boatman's words, words of ships, are numerous in America. One fourth of the people of these States are aquatic, — love the water, love to be near it, smell it, sail on it, swim in it, fish, clam, trade to and fro upon it. To be much on the water, or in constant sight of it, affects words, the voice, the passions. Around the markets, among the fish-smacks, along the wharves, you hear a thousand words, never yet printed in the repertoire of any lexicon, — words, strong words solid as logs, and more beauty to me than any of the antique. . . .

In most instances a characteristic word once used in a poem, speech, or what not, is then exhausted; he who thinks he is going to produce effects by freely using strong words is ignorant of words. One single name belongs to one single place only, — as a keyword of a book may be best used only once in the book. A true composition in words returns the

human body, male or female, — that is the most perfect composition, and shall be best beloved by men and women, and shall last the longest, which slights no part of the body, and repeats no part of the body. To make a perfect composition in words is more than to make the best building or machine, or the best statue or picture. It shall be the glory of the greatest masters to make perfect compositions in words.

The plays of Shakespeare and the rest are grand. Our obligations to them are incalculable. Other facts remain to be considered: their foreignness to us in much of their spirit — the sentiment under which they were written, that caste is not to be questioned — that the nobleman is of one blood and the people of another.

Costumes are retrospective, — they rise out of the sub-strata of education, equality, ignorance, caste, and the like. A nation that imports its costumes imports deformity. Shall one man be afraid, or one woman be afraid, to dress in a beautiful, decorous, natural, wholesome, inexpensive manner, because many thousands dress in the reverse manner? There is this, also, about costumes, — many save themselves from being exiled, and keep each other in countenance, by being alike foolish, dapper, extravagant. I see that the day is to come very soon in America when there will not be a flat level of costumes.

Probably there is this to be said about the Anglo-Saxon breed, — that in real vocal use it has less of the words of the various phases of friendship and love than any other race, and more friendship and love. The literature, so full of love, is begotten of the old Celtic metrical romances, and of the extravagant lays of those who sang and narrated, in France, and thence in England, — and of Italian extravaganzas, — and all that sighing, vowing, kissing, dying, that was in songs in European literature in the sixteenth century. Still, it seems as if this love sickness engrafted on our literature were only a fair response and enjoyment that people nourish themselves with, after repressing their words. The Americans, like the English, probably make love worse than any other race. Voices follow character, and nothing is better than a superb vocalism. I think this land is covered with the weeds and chaff of literature.

California is sown thick with the names of all the little and big saints. Chase them away and substitute aboriginal names. What is the fitness — what the strange charm — of aboriginal names? Monongahela: it rolls with venison richness upon the palate. Among names to be revolutionized: that of the city of "Baltimore."

Never will I allude to the English Language or tongue without exultation. This is the tongue that spurns laws, as the greatest tongue must. It is the most capacious vital tongue of all, — full of ease, definiteness, and power, — full of sustenance, — an enormous treasure house, or ranges of treasure houses, arsenals, granary, chock full of so many contributions from the north and from the south, from Scandinavia, from Greece and Rome — from Spaniards, Italians, and the French — that its own sturdy home-dated Angles-bred words have long been outnumbered by the foreigners whom they lead — which is all good enough, and indeed must be. America owes immeasurable respect and love to the past, and to many ancestries, for many inheritances, — but of all that America has received from the past, from the mothers and fathers of laws, arts, letters, etc., by far the greatest inheritance is the English Language — so long in growing — so fitted.

All the greatness of any land, at any time, lies folded in its names. Would I recall some particular country or age? the most ancient? the greatest? I recall a few names — a mountain or sierra of mountains — a sea or bay — a river —

some mighty city — some deed of persons, friends or enemies, — some event, perhaps a great war, perhaps a greater peace — some time-marking and place-marking philosoph, divine person, king, bard, goddess, captain, discoverer, or the like. Thus does history in all things hang around a few names. Thus does all human interest hang around names. All men experience it, but no man ciphers it out.

What is the curious rapport of names? I have been informed that there are people who say it is not important about names, — one word is as good as another if the designation be understood. I say that nothing is more important than names. Is art important? Are forms? Great clusters of nomenclature in a land (needed in American nomenclature) include appropriate names for the months (those now used perpetuate old myths); appropriate names for the days of the week (those now used perpetuate Teutonic and Greek divinities); appropriate names for persons American — men, women, and children; appropriate names for American places, cities, rivers, counties, etc. The word "country" itself should be changed. Numbering the streets, as a general thing, with a few irresistible exceptions, is very good. No country can have its own poems without it have its own names. The name of Niagara should be substituted for the St. Lawrence. Among the places that stand in need of fresh appropriate names are the great cities of St. Louis, New Orleans, St. Paul.

The whole theory and practice of the naming of college societies must be remade on superior American principles. The old theory and practice of classical education is to give way, and a new race of teachers is to appear. I say we have here, now, a greater age to celebrate, greater ideas to embody, than anything even in Greece or Rome, or in the names of Jupiters, Jehovahs, Apollos, and their myths. The great proper names used in America must commemorate things belonging to America and dating thence. Because, what is America for? To commemorate the old myths and the gods? To repeat the Mediterranean here? Or the uses and growths of Europe here? No (nä-o-o), but to destroy all those from the purposes of the earth, and to erect a new earth in their place.

All lies folded in names. I have heard it said that when the spirit arises that does not brook submission and imitation, it will throw off the ultramarine names. That Spirit already walks the streets of the cities of these States. I, and others, illustrate it. I say that America, too, shall be commemorated, — shall stand rooted in the ground in names, — and shall flow in the water in names, and be diffused in time, in days, in months, in their names. Now the days signify extinct gods and goddesses, — the months half-unknown rites and emperors, — and chronology with the rest is all foreign to America, — all exiles and insults here.

But it is no small thing, — no quick growth; not a matter of ruling out one word and of writing another. Real names never come so easily. The greatest cities, the greatest politics, the greatest physiology and soul, the greatest orators, poets, and literati, — the best women, the freest leading men, the proudest national character, — such, and the like, are indispensable beforehand. Then the greatest names will follow, for they are results, — and there are no greater results in the world.

Names are the turning point of who shall be master. There is so much virtue in names that a nation which produces its own names, haughtily adheres to them, and subordinates others to them, leads all the rest of the nations of the earth. I also promulge that a nation which has not its own names, but begs them of other nations, has no identity, marches not in front, but behind.

Names are a test of the æsthetic and

of spirituality. A delicate subtle something there is in the right name — an undemonstrable nourishment — that exhilarates the soul. Masses of men, unaware what they like, lazily inquire what difference there is between one name and another. But the few fine ears of the world decide for them, — the masses being always as eligible as any whether they know it or not. All that immense volumes, and more than volumes, can tell, is conveyed in the right name. The right name of a city, State, town, man, or woman, is a perpetual feast to the æsthetic and musical nature. Take the names of newspapers. What has such a name as The Ægis, The Mercury, The Herald, to do in America?

Californian, Texan, New Mexican, and Arizonian names have the sense of the ecstatic monk, the cloister, the idea of miracles, and of devotees canonized after death. They are the results of the early missionaries and the element of piety in the old Spanish character. They have, in the same connection, a tinge of melancholy and of a curious freedom from roughness and money-making. Such names stand strangely in California. What do such names know of democracy, — of the hunt for the gold leads and the nugget, or of the religion that is scorn and negation?

American writers are to show far more freedom in the use of words. Ten thousand native idiomatic words are growing, or are to-day already grown, out of which vast numbers could be used by American writers, with meaning and effect, — words that would be welcomed by the nation, being of the national blood, — words that would give that taste of identity and locality which is so dear in literature.

Walt Whitman.

LIFE'S TAVERN.

In this old Tavern there are rooms so dear
That I would linger here.
I love these corners and familiar nooks
Where I have sat with people and with books;
The very imperfections and the scars
About the walls and ceiling and the floor,
The sagging of the windows and the door,
The dinginess that mars
The hearth and chimney, and the wood laid bare
There on the old black chair.
The dear dilapidation of the place
Smiles in my face,
And I am loath to go.
Here from the window is a glimpse of sea,
Enough for me;
And every evening, through the window bars,
Peer in the friendly stars.
— And yet I know
That some day I must go, and close the door,
And see the House no more.

Mary Burt Messer.

THE SICILIAN HIGHLANDS.

With the exception of the hinterland of Calabria, there is probably no part of Europe so unknown to the ordinary traveler as the interior of Sicily. These inlands practically begin at the coastline all along the circumference of over six hundred miles; it is only on the southern and southwestern coasts, or the desolate promontory behind which lie the ruins of Selinunte, and then again at Terranova, the ancient Gela, and thence along the sea-loop to Syracuse and Augusta, to Lentini and Catania, that a mountain-wall does not at once exclude the inlands from the shore lands as a country apart. Of the seven or eight railway lines or short branches which traverse this Sicilian hinterland at remote distances, only three are commonly traveled by the tourist in Sicily: the north-coast line from Messina to Palermo, the east-coast line from Messina to Syracuse, and the central line from Palermo and Termini via Castrogiovanni to Catania (with its due south bifurcation from Roccapalumba to Girgenti). Very few tourists avail themselves of the Palermo-Occidental railway, except those interested in the wine and other export trade of Marsala and Trapani — or a few of the more erudite travelers, anxious to break at Calatafimi for the solitary magnificence of the ruins of Segesta; or at Castelvetrano for the fallen temples of Selinunte (Selinus); or at Marsala to view that promontory of Lilybaion, the "most splendid city," the scene of one of the greatest of Roman sieges, where thirty years earlier the great Pyrrhus failed disastrously, and where for generations Melkarth and the gods of Carthage reigned supreme. Every year, too, a few classical enthusiasts journey to Trapani, to see and climb the Monte San Giuliano of to-day, the Eryx of the ancient world, at whose summit (2500 feet) stood one of the most famous of all the shrines of antiquity, that of Venus Erycina, — as, before her, of the Erycinian Aphrodite of the Hellenes, as, before her, of the Phœnician Astarte; and, once more, as, before her, of the unknown Goddess of the Sea and of Love, worshiped by the primitive Sikelians, — perhaps in turn the successor of the Woman before whom bowed down the semi-legendary Elymians and Sicanians.

The southwest railway between Siracusa and Licata may be said to be wholly unused either by the "classically minded" traveler or the ordinary tourist. The country is desolate and unbeautiful: traveling is never comfortable, and in outlying regions is sometimes unsafe; and the towns of Modica, Ragusa, and Licata (the Hellenic *Phintias*) have little to attract the general traveler, though they have much to interest the folk-lorist. Even less traversed, save by the few Sicilians concerned, is the short bifurcation inland, from Lentini to Caltagirone.

There remains only the short line south from Palermo up into the mountain lands of Corleone, — concerning which the Palermitans have a jibe, — that only one *forestiero* (foreigner) in a year attempts the journey, and *he* never returns!

To these official railway lines must be added the short Circum-Ætnea loop line, — a narrow mountain-climbing railway starting westward from Catania or northward from Giarre, and making the circuit of the vast lava lands of Etna by Linguaglossa and Terremorte to Randazzo and Bronte (west, north, and east of which lies the duchy of Bronte, — the Sicilian estate of our great Nelson, Duke of Bronte), — where the line ascends sometimes to close on 4000 feet,[1] to

[1] The highest reach is between Randazzo and Bronte. Between the watersheds of the Alcantara and the Simeto, a few miles from Randazzo, the elevation of the line is over 3800

Adernò (the ancient *Hadranum*), Paternò (*Hybla Minor*), and southwestward down the lava-ravaged, earthquake-shaken, southern flanks of Etna, through a paradise of orange and lemon and almond, of prickly pear and medlar and fig, to where the black flood of the volcano stops like an arrested wave outside the Borgo of Catania.

But if one look at an enlarged map of Sicily, it will be seen at a glance that by far the greater part of the island, practically the whole hinterland from the coasts, remains uninvaded by the *dragone a vapore*, — the iron horse, as we have it. And, in truth, as with so much of the Basilicata and Calabria, this vast isolated country is little invaded even by roads, — roads, that is, as distinct from stony mule-paths or craggy hillways. From centres such as Petralia, under Monte Salvatore of the Madonian mountain range; or Gangi in its hill-wilderness between Monte Zimmara and Monte Zambughetti; or those regional mountain capitals Nicosia or Troina, one may look out upon a vast mountainous wilderness little changed if at all for a thousand years. Or, again, as wild and lonely a region may be seen from Mistretta, isolated between the highlands of Tusa and the great Bosco or forest region of Karonía to the north of the Nebrodian Range, or from Novara, swept by the Tyrrhene winds beating upon the arid crests of the Peloritanitan (or Peloric) Mountains, whence one may look far southward past Roccafiorita or Francavilla to where Mount Tauros overhangs beautiful Taormina on the Ionian Sea, or far northward to the pearl-white gulf where of old (with Vulcano and Stromboli and the other Lipari Islands beyond) sat the towns of Mylæ and Tyndaris and perhaps Longanum (to-day, respectively, Milazzo, and La Scala di Capo Tindaro, and Barcellona[1]), and even westward to the long shore where are the Sweet Waters of Saint Agatha, and that lovely promontory of Karonía, the *Kalaktê*, or "beautiful shore," founded by Ducetius in the fifth century.

To-day, as in the days of the Hellenes of Sicily, the true centre of the land is Enna (Castrogiovanni). But the famous home of Persephone is not a suitable "centre" for the pilgrim to old sites or the seeker of interesting or picturesque survivals. Indeed, except the excursion to the opposite crag-citadeled town of Calascibetta, on the north, or, on the south, to the Lake of Pergusa, "that beautiful water where Persephone sank," a desolate swamp (without charm save in early spring) reached by an undrivable circuitous path, or, on the east, to Assoro, the site of the ancient Sikelian town of Assorus, there is none that cannot better be made from a more accessible point of departure, — for though Agira (*Agyrium*) and Centorbi (*Kenturipa*) seem near, these can be reached more conveniently from Adernò, on the Circum-Ætnea railway; whence also, or from Bronte, it is easier to reach the mountain towns of Troina and Nicosia. Moreover, at Castrogiovanni, everything of to-day is as it was three hundred years ago, as Sicilians themselves complain. If, however, the traveler, or travelers (for it is not agreeable, nor even advisable, for strangers to travel alone in this region) are hardy, and content to fare roughly in the Holy City of Demeter and Persephone, and can discard the service of a carriage for that of mules, or, at need, can go far afoot, then, certainly, rooms may be taken for a day or two at the locanda in the Via Roma.

An undulating line drawn through the inlands of Sicily will loop at these six mountain towns: Corleone, in the

feet; at Maletto, the station for the Castle of Maniace (the Duke of Bronte) stands at 3700.

[1] Not only is the site of the short-lived if not legendary Longanum uncertain, but it is disputed that the stream by Barcellona is the Longanus where Hiero, Tyrant of Syracuse, defeated the Mamertines in B. C. 269.

heart of the western province, some forty miles due south from Palermo (for Salemi, the ancient *Halicyæ*, some fifty miles westward toward Marsala, though it has a population of about 15,000, is only a rude hill village without an inn); Castrogiovanni, in the heart of the central province; Troina, the "capital" of the northeast; Centuripe, high-set among its craggy ways above the valley of the Symaithos (Simeto); Randazzo, formerly *Ætnea*, between which and Troina lie the lofty forest lands and lower vinelands and orange woods of the beautiful duchy of Bronte; and Novara, the centre of the province of Messina.

Corleone is the mountain terminus of the little line which crawls up from Palermo, by way of Misilmeri, the Moorish *Menzil-al-Ensir*. Both at the last-named and at Corleone, whose name has changed little from *Korliûn*, the Saracenic type has survived more strongly than perhaps anywhere else in Sicily. There is little of interest to see here: the population is of the worst Sicilian type, and the beggars have all the swarming instinct of those at Cefalù, the gnat-like insistency of those at Monreale, and the insolence of those at Girgenti, with a clamant perseverance and terrible famished appeal all their own. Still, if one would traverse the wild and desolate crossways between Corleone and Castrogiovanni, one must either begin here or leave the region unexplored. The best road is that southeast along the rocky slopes of Monte Cardellia, and thence to Castionoro, where fresh mules and a hill guide must be hired for the mountain paths of the Cammarata. But for the less hazardous traveler I should recommend that the Corleone-Prizzi hill road be left about halfway, at the Ford of the Amendola, and that then the course of the Amendola be followed for some twelve miles by rude goat-ways, till a road is reached beneath the hill village of Vicari, which will lead south and then northeastward to Roccapalumba. There is neither good accommodation nor tolerable fare to be had in the village, but at the station of the same name (the junction on the Palermo-Catania Central Line for Girgenti) one can be fairly sure of a meal and even of the purchase of provisions. Here as elsewhere, however, one should remember the cardinal rule for travel in the interior of Sicily, — namely, to travel with waterproof tent if possible, but in any case always to carry ample provender, solid and liquid. Milk (goat's milk, of course) can sometimes be procured by the way, but rarely anything else, even bread. In many regions, too, one must be on guard against drinking the water unboiled.

It is extremely doubtful, however, if this part of the Sicilian hinterland be worth the trouble, expense, and fatigue of a systematic tour. It would be better for the traveler to start by rail from Girgenti in the south, or from Termini-Imerese (or, better, of course, as so near, from Palermo itself) on the north, and, by either route, reach Roccapalumba, having previously arranged with the Capo di Stazione there to procure mules and a guide. Hence one may pass under the old half-savage hill town of Alia, — where it is said certain ancient Moorish or Saracenic rites as well as types survive, — across the picturesque and beautiful region of the southern Madonian spurs to the two Petralias, — Petralia Soprana, and Petralia Sottana, — and thence to the remote and almost from year's end to year's end unvisited mountain town of Gangi, and so to Nicosia, of which the citizens claim that it is the heart of Sicily.

Although in the Nebrodian and Peloritanitan highlands of the north and northeast the mountain scenery is, as a rule, wilder and grander, no trip in central Sicily could be more impressive in its way, or could better afford an idea of the Sicily of the Middle Ages and of the Norman and Saracenic days, than that from Corleone or Termini to Nicosia.

If one has time to spare, money to spend, patience to accept the divers tribulations of travel in a country less civilized than England or France many centuries ago, and a serviceable knowledge of Italian (with at least a smattering of Sicilian colloquial terms), the best way to make this trip would be to start from Termini-Imerese, with mules hired, not at the Grande Albergo della Terme, where the few foreigners invariably put up, but at the neighboring and less pretentious Locanda della Fenice. There is also a very fine forest route, somewhat shorter, starting inland a few miles eastward of Cefalù, via Castelbuono and Gerace (called Gerace Siculo to distinguish it from the Gerace of Calabria) to Gangi. But from first to last the inconveniences of this route are very great. As to making Gangi a point at which to rest, or upon which to depend for any manner of accommodation or service in that wild and desolate if picturesque hill capital of one of the most wild and desolate regions of Sicily, blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.

Having left Termini-Imerese, then, we travel eastward two or three miles till we reach the gray-green waters of the Fiume Torte, and then diverge due south by the road to Cerda. In this wild region, between the Fiume Torte on the west and the Fiume Grande (or Imera Settentrionale) on the east, we are upon the famous Saracen Road; for this was the favorite route of the Carthaginians of the city which the later Hellenes called Panormus, and of the Saracens (and Normans) of Palermo, on their martial or predatory raids into the interior. On this steep winding road southward from Cerda to Sclafani (a desolate township in a relatively fertile region, where one must not look to obtain even a cup of coffee) many a splendid procession of turbaned and vividly arrayed Orientals must have ridden proudly through what they considered subject lands, or returned more proudly still, with spoil and captives from the Hellenic settlements or Sikelian towns of the interior.

The abrupt racial contrasts so often to be noted in Sicily are exceptionally evident here. At Termini-Imerese, for instance, Norman and Roman, or the later "Sicilian blend," are prevalent; at Cefalù, a few miles away, the Greek type is to be seen oftener than perhaps anywhere along the north coast, where it is less frequent than on the southern shores, and notably at Syracuse, Girgenti, and Taormina, or rather the vicinage of Taormina (Letojanni, Gallodoro, Mola, Graniti, Roccafiorita, Castiglione, and Linguaglossa); and here at Sclafani the debased Italic type is common, while at the high hill town opposite, Caltavuturo, one might almost fancy one's self in El Keb or other of the mountain towns of Western Tunisia, or in the beyarchy of Constantine. It is worth the ascent, to walk or ride on muleback up the steep winding road to Caltavuturo, that ancient Saracenic eyrie perched at a height of 3000 feet. The population (of whom, at certain seasons, few will be seen, except women, children, and old men) will not beg insistently, as in most places of the kind, but will stare at one with a fixed, passive curiosity as concentrated as that which meets the European in one of the oasis towns of the Sahara. The name, too, is Saracenic, and is taken from the ruined fortress which crowns the arid rock rising beyond it, much as Mola rises beyond the Monte di Castello at Taormina, or, rather, as the Monte di Castello rises out of and over Taormina. Till the Arabic tongue faded out of Sicily the hill fortress of Caltavuturo was Kala't-Abi-Tooro (*Thûr*), — the fortress town of the lord Abi-Thûr.

In the now extraordinary and fantastic savagery of this region a rough triangle might be drawn, with Caltavuturo as its left base, the two Petralias as its right, and Polizzi with the towering height of Monte Salvatore and of the

Peaks of the Antenna — two of the highest summits of the Madonian Range — as its apex.

There is, except from Mount Etna or from the Comb of the Cammarata, from the great rock above Castrogiovanni, or from the walls of Centuripe or Troina, or from the beech woods of Maniace at the summit of the Serra del Rè, no view in Sicily comparable in magnificent range with that from *La Generosa*, as Polizzi is surnamed. This small town, once a Norman eyrie of Count Roger, — his mountain whip for the Saracens, — stands on an extraordinary rock or precipice at an elevation of over 3000 feet sheer from the surrounding mountain region. In the Middle Ages Polizzi was one of the most prosperous inland towns of the Sicilian Highlands, though how it could ever have been so may well puzzle the traveler of to-day, who looks up to its crag-set height either in the blaze of the merciless heat beating with a furnace-wing against the arid rock, or with the sleety rain and tempestuous cloud of the *tramontana* or *gregâle* in the dreaded *stagione di Temporale* — the Season of Tempest.

But none will grudge the ascent. There is, too, a tolerable locanda, not to put up at, but at which to rest awhile and enjoy, perhaps, a garlicky omelet or still more highly savored *frittura*, and some strong and crude, but otherwise creditable, red wine. The immense panorama of the view extends over much of central Sicily, — from the last spurs of the Madonian Range on the north, above Cefalù and the Tyrrhene Sea, to the height of Enna in the south; from the Montemaggiore and Cammarata mountain ranges of the west to the steeps of Nicosia and Troina and to the snows of sky-reaching Etna on the east. Far below, in the rocky valley, foam the torrents which become the Fiume Salso (the *Himera Meridionalis*) and the Fiume Grande (the *Himera Septentrionalis*). Near by are the precipitous neighboring mountain towns of Castellana and Petralia, and, due south, Alimena, on the flanks of Monte Balza, — the site, it is believed, of the ancient Imacha. And even in the little town itself there are things of interest to be seen, — in particular some fine carving and other sculptural adornment in the Duomo, or *Chiesa Matrice*, as the cathedral church is always called in Sicily, and in the church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli a really fine archaic triptych, brought here no one seems to know when or by whom, but obviously painted by a disciple of Memlinc, if not by the great Fleming himself.

As for the Petralias, I wonder if any tourist has ever wandered thither by some strange freak of curiosity or accident? Coins and other remains have been found here in considerable number, but nothing, I believe, of special interest, or even absolutely to confirm the fact that here of old stood Petræa. Gangi, on the other hand, that grimly sordid centre of a region in part luxuriantly fertile, and for the rest desolately wild, may well draw the archæologist who remembers how Verres (who despoiled so many Sicilian fanes and so many civic treasures, and yet whom we in a sense gratefully remember as the cause of some of Cicero's most vivid and splendid eloquence) swept this Siculo-Cretan township of all it held most sacred, and how the great Roman orator spoke bitterly of the "august and sacred fane" that, till the robber-prætor came, still stood here undefiled in honor of the Cretan Mothers (the "Magna Mater," rather, of Cicero's oration). The amateur archæologist must be on guard, however; for the Gangi of to-day is not the same as that which as *Engyum* stood some two miles southward, on the bridle path leading to Buonpietro. All that remained of Engyum to the Middle Ages was destroyed in the last year of the thirteenth century by the then ruler of Sicily because of the revolt of its overlord, one of the powerful family of Ventimiglia.

From Gangi to Nicosia is from ten to twelve miles, though a pedestrian in late spring or early autumn might think it twenty.

Nicosia is perhaps the one remote town of the interior to which a few travelers do annually find their way. These, however, do not approach from the northeast or north or west, rarely even from Castrogiovanni in the south; but from Troina in the east, or directly from more distant Adernò, — which, by comparison with the rail-unserved towns of the interior, appears to the inland traveler as a modern civilized town of excellent parts. Nicosia is certainly well worth a visit for its picturesque aspect, standing as it does on a precipitous steep with two ragged peaks, on the higher of which are the ruins of one of Roger the Norman's many castles or fortresses. Below are the two torrents of the Fiume Salso, and all around is a region of sometimes beautiful and always savage and fantastic mountain scenery. But the interest of the town and its citizens has been exaggerated. The one is said to be the most mediæval-looking town in Sicily, or even in Italy, and the other are reputed to be both in dialect and appearance a people more Lombard than Sicilian. Nicosia is certainly "mediæval" enough, both in dirt and discomfort, and in general backwardness, but is less noteworthy in this respect than, say, Corleone, or even than Bronte, for all that the latter is on the populous Ætnean slope. The "Lombard," too, has long since disappeared. As to the dialect, it seems to be neither better nor worse than the Sicilian of the coast lands, though colloquially it no doubt retains many archaic or debased Lombard words, survivals of the Norman and Lombard colonists who settled, or were "planted" here seven or eight centuries ago. For the benefit, however, of those who think their Italian will carry them far with Sicilian, let me give a few lines in the vernacular. A popular sonnet begins, —

A Ddi e a Mmarìa. . . . Acussi passà 'n' atr' annu. . . .

Another, —

Iiva u mmiaggiu agghiiri a Bbillafranca. . . .

Another, —

A nnâtru lu 'ngiuriani Sam Pasquali.

But as the most popular *sonetti* are those in dialogue, here is a typical example, — mercifully given only in part: —

Chi ffa la chiina ?! . . .
— A ddocu ! . . . talïati ! . . .
Ari 'na facci di malacunnutta
Cô 'm pari veru ! . . .
— Bbah ! . . . si vi fidati
D' idda pi ccamadora, vi cci ammutta
Certu ddàgghiusu a mmari : 'un ci pinzati ! . . .
Pi ccomu la canussciu ji' ! . . .
— Cchiù ssutta
L'acqui fannu trimari ! 'Ntrubulati
Tunnu p' unn' en' e gghiè ! . . . (etc.)

A friend in Taormina, to whom I showed this, remarked that it took away from him all desire to visit the interior, as he could not sleep a night in a place where he heard any one — "murderer or murdered" — "sputtering" words like, —

Certu ddàgghiusu a mmari . . . 'Ntrubulati
Tunnu p' unn' en' e gghiè !

The hill town of Troina, some twelve miles eastward, is better worth a visit. From both, it should be added, are to be had the noblest views of Etna in its full gigantic magnificence. Troina is called the highest town in Sicily, but there are several at a greater elevation, though, certainly, it *looks* a more inaccessible eyrie than any other mountain citadel. The neighboring Ætnean township of Maletto, for example, is higher in actual elevation above the sea by about a hundred feet (3730). Here, at Troina, the people are indeed primitive. I write this article at Taormina, and only a few days ago a good lady came to this "dazzling" place in the great outer world on her first visit away from her mountain town, though she is nearer seventy than sixty; and it was strange to note her anxiety to behold at first hand three things she had never seen, — a steamer, a train, and a piano. The steamer was

too far away to impress her much; the train, even viewed from the safe distance of the station wall at Giardini, had more of terror than of delight; but before the marvel of the piano her whole soul all but worshiped and adored.

No one who visits Troina is likely to omit a visit to its rival, Centuripe or Centorbi, where to this day more coins, terra-cottas, and other Græco-Roman fragments are found than almost anywhere else in Sicily. The people here are markedly of the Hellenic type or types, though the Roman or Neronian face is often to be seen among the lithe stalwart youth. Probably the real Sicilian of the earlier Middle Ages survives more in Troina and Centorbi than in any other Trinacrian town.

Novara, far away in the northeast, the hill capital of the Messenian Highlands, or the "Neptunian mountains," or "Peloric range," as the geographers and historians have it, is practically never visited. From the north, it can be best reached by the village of Falcone in the Gulf of Milazzo, about halfway between Barcellona and Patti, — a long and arduous but superbly beautiful ascent. But few will ever attempt that route. From the south, by mule, I should recommend either the northeast route from Randazzo (a guide, and perhaps a single *carabiniero* escort, and certainly ample store of provender, should be taken), or, if the traveler be a good climber and willing to "rough it," and able also to risk rapidly varying climatic changes, to go from Taormina — the Eden of Sicily, where it rests in inexhaustible beauty and charm on its chasm-riven crags above the Ionian Sea — either up behind Mola and Monte Venere, and then by way of Graniti and Francavilla, or first to Letojanni on the eastern Corniche, and then northward and upward by Gallodoro, Mongiuffi, and Roccafiorita. At these last-named villages, however, the people are often unfriendly, and at best are apt to be sullen. It will be well, therefore, not to accede to any prior requests for a halt for food or rest there, unless for change of mules. But except for the splendid views, — hardly, however, so exceptional as to be worth the fatigue and trouble of the excursion, — there is nothing to see in Novara itself, and even the archæologist is hardly likely to be impelled by any passionate desire to view the site of ancient Abacænum. At Roccafiorita, I may add, one day last spring, I came upon a brotherhood of three rejoicing in the baptismal names Orestes, Æschylus (*Æschìlò*), . . . and Galahad (*Galahotto*)! and heard of a girl of the place called Saffa (*Sappho, Psappha*). At Taormina and Syracuse, indeed, there are many Greek names in common use among the people. I have been shaved by an Orestes in the one, and by a Diodoro in the other, and, in the same street as the latter, saw Olisso (Ulysses) and Ullissu (Sicilian) twice, and Dionisio (Dionysius) and Empedocle, above shops or handicraft quarters. Medea and Aretusa, and other Greek women-names survive; and among the two or three hundred vine laborers on the lands of Maniace, in the duchy of Bronte, are such unexpected baptismal names as the ancient Zeffonìa and Sephone, both (like the Sicilian *Ssuffinnù*) a corruption of Persephone — and as the more modern surname Kyrieeleison! Indeed, there are at least a score of vintagers — possibly a score of families — on the Maniace estate, whose name of Kyrieeleison (Pietro Kyrieeleison, Maria Kyrieeleison, Giorgio Kyrieeleison, and so forth — modern Græco-Sicilian colonists, no doubt) I have seen entered on the Duke of Bronte's labor list, kindly brought to me for my interested investigation by Mr. Charles Beek, Lord Bridport's (the Duke of Bronte's) agent at Castello di Maniace, the ducal residence.

From Castello di Maniace date some of my most memorable and delightful

experiences of inland Sicily. In the company of the Duca Alessandro [1]—or the *Ducchino*, the Young Duke, as he is commonly called—I have seen more of the wild and beautiful country behind Etna than would be practicable otherwise. The duchy of Bronte is, in itself, one of the most remarkable tracts in Sicily, stretching as it does from the high plateau of lava-covered lands near the Lake of Gurrida (between Randazzo and Maletto),—the *Balze*, as it is called, and not only the legendary scene of the wanderings of Demeter, but the historical background of a great battle wherein the Saracen host was routed by the Greek general Maniaces and his ally—of all unexpected persons, Harald Hardrada, future King of Norway, with his fierce Northmen!—to the superb orange forest of the ravines of the Simeto (Symaithos), miles away beyond Maniace Castle and its vinelands, and distant, half-savage, hill-set Bronte itself, and more than a thousand feet lower. At Maletto one looks over a great region that is all the duchy; and at Bronte, ten or twelve miles away, at another part of it; and from the hills above the Simeto at another part, hidden below the gorges of that classic and beautiful stream; and from the far-stretching vinelands of Maniace, below the fantastic hill of Rapiti, as from the beautiful gardens and north end of the castle itself, up at hill rising from hill, and mountain ridge cresting upon mountain ridge, first to the oak woods of the Serraspina, and then to the famous ducal beech forests of the Serra del Rè.

I have lived amid and traversed this wonderful region—which one regrets that the first Duke of Bronte, our great Nelson, never saw—in spring and autumn and winter, and hardly know when it is loveliest. Doubtless it has a supreme loveliness in March and April, when the lava-wilderness blossoms with the yellow flowers of the spurge,—that characteristic Sicilian plant, the euphorbia, more characteristic even than the cactus or prickly pear ("Indian fig"), so omnipresent throughout Sicily and southern Italy, and yet so strangely ignored by both painter and poet that I can remember no painting wherein it takes its dominant place, and only a single poem in which it is even mentioned,—one of the lovely "sonetti di natura selvaggia" in the Flora of Alinda Brunamonti; and there, as *Veleni* (used equivalently to *fleurs-du-mal*), the poet sees only the evil side of this beautiful if poisonous plant:—

> Euforbie gonfie di maligno latte,
> Neri solani e di cicuta ombrelle
> Consacrate alla morte atre sorelle,
> Crescon tra sassi dove il Sol non batte. . . .

At this season, too, every variety of crocus and lily and violet, of jonquil and narcissus and iris, almost every wild bloom of north and south, from the wild rose to the asphodel, appears in incredible luxuriance. This is the season of Persephone, and of the youth of the world. But inland Sicily is not a joyous land, and I think its beauty is less poignant and more exquisite in late October or early November. Is there anything in Europe finer than the beech forests of the Serra del Rè when the wind from Etna, blowing at a height of six to eight thousand feet, moves across this gold and amber mountain raiment, immense, primeval, solitary, on the neck of the vast Sicilian watershed; or, anywhere, is there another Enchanted Garden like that *giardino selvaggio* of the Castle of Maniace, surrounded by giant poplars, vast tremulous columns of shaken but unfalling gold?

William Sharp.

[1] Lord Bridport's son, the Hon. Alex. Nelson Hood, Administrator-General of the duchy of Bronte.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

XII.

THE Phillipses had spent the winter in Europe. Mrs. Phillips was still adding to her collection for the new house, — Forest Manor as she had dubbed it. Leaving Venetia in Paris with some friends, she descended upon Italy, the rage for buying in her soul. There she gathered up the flotsam of the dealers, — marbles, furniture, stuffs, — a gold service in Naples, a vast bed in Milan, battered pictures in Florence. Mrs. Phillips was not a discriminating amateur; she troubled her soul little over the authenticity of her spoil. To San Giorgio, Simonetti, Richetti, and their brethren in the craft, she was a rich harvest, and they put up many a prayer for her return another season.

In March of that year, Jackson Hart, struggling with building strikes in Chicago, had a cablegram from the widow. "Am buying wonderful marbles in Florence. Can you come over?" The architect laughed as he handed the message to his wife. "Some one ought to head her off! She 'll send over a shipload of fakes." Helen, thinking that he needed the vacation, urged him generously to accept the invitation and get a few weeks in Italy. But it was no time just then for vacation: he was in the grip of business, and another child was coming to them.

From time to time Mrs. Phillips's treasures arrived at Forest Park, and were stored in the great hall of her house. Then late in the spring the widow telephoned the architect.

"Yes! I am back," came her brisk, metallic tones from the receiver. "Glad to be home, of course, with all the dirt and the rest of it. How are you getting on? I hear you are doing lots of things. Maida Rainbow told me over there in Paris that you were building the Bushfields an immense house. I am so glad for you, — I hope you are coining money!"

"Not quite that," he laughed back.

"I want you to see all the treasures I have bought. I 've ruined myself and the children. However, you 'll think it 's worth it, I 'm sure. You must tell me what to do with them. Come over Sunday, can 't you? How is Mrs. Hart? Bring her over, too, of course."

Thus she gathered him up on her return, with that dexterous turn of the wrist which exasperated her righteous brother-in-law. On the Sunday, Jackson went to see the "treasures," but without Helen, who made an excuse of her mother's weekly visit. He found the widow in the stable, directing the efforts of two men servants in unpacking some cases.

"How are you?"

She extended a strong, flexible hand to Hart, and with the other motioned toward a marble that was slowly emerging from the packing straw.

"Old copy of a Venus, the Syracuse one. It will be great in the hall, won't it?"

"It 's ripping!" he exclaimed warmly. "Where did you get that bench?"

"You don't like it?"

"Looks to be pure fake."

"Simonetti swore he knew the very room where it 's been for over a hundred years."

"Oh! He probably slept on it!"

"Come into the house and see the other things. I have some splendid pictures."

For an hour they examined the articles she had bought, and the architect was sufficiently approving to delight the

[1] Copyright, 1903, by ROBERT HERRICK.

widow. Neither one had a pure, reticent taste. Both were of the modern barbarian type that admires hungrily, and ravishes greedily from the treasure house of the Old World what it can get, what is left to get, piling the spoil helter-skelter into an up-to-date American house. Mediæval, Renaissance, Italian, French, Flemish, — it was all one! They would turn Forest Manor into one of those bizarre, corrupt, baroque museums that our lavish plunderers love, — electric-lighted, telephoned, with gilded marble fireplaces, massive bronze candelabra, Persian rugs, Gothic choir stalls, French bronzes, — a house of barbarian spoil!

A servant brought in a tray of liquors and cigarettes; they sat in the midst of pictures and stuffs, and sipped and smoked.

"Now," Mrs. Phillips announced briskly, "I want to hear all about you."

"It 's only the old story, — more jobs and strikes, — the chase for the nimble dollar," he answered lightly. "You have to run faster for it all the time."

"But you are making money?" she questioned directly.

"I 'm spending it!"

He found it not difficult to tell her the state of his case. She nodded comprehendingly, while he let her see that his situation was not altogether as prosperous as it appeared on the surface. Payments on buildings were delayed on account of the strikes; office expenses crept upwards; and personal expenses mounted too. And there was the constant pressure of business, the fear of a cessation in orders.

"We may have to move back to town. That Loring place is pretty large to swing. In town you can be poor in obscurity."

"Nonsense! You must not go back. People will know that you have n't money. You are going to get bigger things to do. And you are so young. My! Not thirty-five!"

Her sharp eyes examined the man frankly, sympathetically, approving him swiftly. His clay was like hers; he would succeed — in the end.

"Come! I have an idea. Why should n't you build here, on my land? Something pretty and artistic, — it would help you, of course. I know the very spot, just the other side of the ravine, — in the hickories. Do you remember it?"

In her enthusiasm she proposed to go at once to examine the site. Pinning a big hat on her head, she gathered up her long skirt, and they set forth, following a neat wood-path that led from the north terrace into the ravine, across a little brook, and up the other bank.

"Now, here!" She pointed to a patch of hazel bushes. "See the lake over there! And my house is almost hid. You would be quite by yourselves."

He hinted that to build even on this charming spot a certain amount of capital would be needed. She frowned and settled herself on the stump of a tree.

"Why don't you try that Harris man? You know him. He made a heap of money for me once, — corn, I think. He knew just what was going to happen. He 's awfully smart, and he 's gone in with Rainbow, you know. I am sure he could make some money for you."

"Or lose it?"

She laughed scornfully at the idea of losing.

"Of course you have got to risk something. I would n't give a penny for a man who would n't trust his luck. You take my advice and see Harris. Tell him I sent you."

She laughed again, with the conviction of a successful gambler, and it became her to laugh, for it softened the lines of her mouth.

She was now forty-one years old, and she appeared to Jackson to be younger than when he had first gone to see her about the house. She had come back from Europe thinner than she had been for several years. Her hair was perfectly black, still undulled by age, and

her features had not begun to sharpen noticeably. She had another ten years of active, selfish woman's life before her, and she knew it.

Meantime he had grown older, so that they were much nearer together. She treated him quite as her equal in experience, and that flattered him.

"Yes," she continued, in love with her project, "there is n't a nicer spot all along the shore. And you would be next door, so to say. You could pay for the land when you got ready."

She gave him her arm to help her in descending the steep bank of the ravine, and she leaned heavily on him. The June sun lay warmly about the big house as they returned to it. The shrubbery had grown rankly around the terrace, doing its best in its summer verdancy to cover the naked walls. Beneath the bluff the lake lapped at the sandy shore in a summer drowse. The architect looked at the house he had built, with renewed pride. It was pretentious and ambitious, mixed in motive like this woman, like himself. He would have fitted into the place like a glove, if his uncle had done the right thing! Somewhat the same thought was in the widow's mind.

"It was a shame that old Powers treated you so shabbily! It ought to have been yours."

They stood for a moment on the terrace, looking at the house. Yes, it was like them both! They loved equally the comforts and the luxuries and the powers of this our little life. And they were bold to snatch what they wanted from the general feast.

"You must make Harris do something for you!" she mused. "You can't bury yourself in a stuffy flat." Then in a few moments she added, "How 's that handsome wife of yours? I hear she 's going to have another child." She continued with maternal, or, perhaps, Parisian, directness, — "Two babies, and not on your feet yet! You must n't have any more. These days children are no unmixed blessing, I can tell you. . . . Venetia? I left her in the East with some friends. She 's too much for me, already. She needs a husband who can use the curb."

When Jackson reported to Helen the widow's offer, his wife said very quickly, "I had rather go back to the city, Francis!"

"Why?" he asked with some irritation.

"Because, because" —

She put her arms about his neck in her desire to make him feel what she could not say. But he was thinking of Mrs. Phillips's advice to see the broker, and merely kissed her in reply to her caress. It was the year of the great bull market, when it seemed as if wealth hung low on every bough, and all that a bold man had to do to win a fortune was to pick his stock and make his stake. . . .

Forest Park was very gay that summer. There were perpetual dinners and house parties and much polo at the Shoreham Club. The architect, who was very popular, went about more than ever, sometimes with his wife, and often alone, as her health did not permit much effort. Occasionally he played polo, taking the place of one of the regular team, and usually when there was a match he stopped at the club on his way from the city.

One of these polo Wednesdays, late in August, Helen strolled along the shore-path in the direction of the Phillipses' place, with an idea of calling on Venetia Phillips, if her strength held out. The path followed the curves of the bluff in full view of the lake, from which rose a pleasant coolness like a strong odor. Back from the edge of the bluff, in the quiet of well-spaced trees, stood the houses. They seemed deserted on this midsummer afternoon; those people who had the energy to stir had gone to the polo grounds. The Phillips house was asleep, but Helen finally roused a ser-

vant, who departed in search of Venetia. The silence of the long drawing-room, with its close array of dominating furniture, oppressed her. She moved about restlessly, then crossed the hall to an open window, where from the north the lake air was floating into the close house. Outside on the terrace there were voices.

The murmur of the voices was broken by a laugh which she knew to be her husband's, and she started forward in surprise. Through the open window she could see the blue lake, and, nearer, a corner of the north terrace, where the luxuriant vines curtained a sheltered nook. Jackson and Mrs. Phillips were there, leaning slightly forward in the animation of their talk. The widow put her hand on the architect's arm to emphasize her words, and it lay there while she looked into the man's face with her vivacious, gleaming eyes. The odor of Jackson's cigar floated up through the open window into Helen's face.

It was nothing. She had no suspicion of wrong, or jealousy of this woman, who liked men, — all men. Yet some unfamiliar pain gripped her heart. Some mysterious and hostile force had entered her field, and she seemed to see it pictured, dramatized here before her in this little scene, a man and a woman with chairs pulled close together, their faces aglow with eager feelings! The other part of her husband, that side she dimly felt and put from her with dread, was fed by this woman. And the wife hated her for it.

She lingered a moment, not listening, but trying to still her beating heart, not daring to trust herself to move. . . .

There was nothing evil, however, between those two on the terrace. The architect had come from town by an early train to see the polo, and there Mrs. Phillips had found him, and had brought him home in her automobile. She had just learned a piece of news that concerned the architect closely, and they were discussing it in the shade and quiet of the north terrace.

"I know they 're going to start soon. The judge let it out last night. He 's no friend of yours, of course, because I like you. You must get hold of your cousin and the other trustees."

It was here that Mrs. Phillips laid her hand on the young man's arm in her eagerness. Hart murmured his thanks, thinking less of the widow than of the trustees of the Powers Jackson bequest.

"It 'll be the biggest thing of its kind we have had in this city for years. It 's only right that you should have it, too. Can't your wife win over the judge? He 's always talking about her."

It was not strange that the man should take the woman's hand in the end, and hold it while he expressed his gratitude for all her good offices to him. It was a pleasant hand to hold, and the woman was an agreeable woman to have in one's confidence. Naturally, he could not know that she considered all men base, — emotionally treacherous and false-hearted. . . .

Venetia found Helen in the drawing-room, very white, her lips trembling, and beads of perspiration on her forehead.

"It 's nothing," the older woman protested. "I should n't have walked so far. And now I must go back at once, — yes, really I must. I 'm so sorry!"

"Let me call Mr. Hart," Venetia said, troubled by the woman's face. "I saw him come in with mamma a little while ago."

"No, no, I prefer not, please. It would worry him."

Then Venetia drove her home, and left her calmer, more herself, but still cold. She kissed her, with a girl's demonstrativeness, and the older woman burst into tears.

"I am so weak and so silly! I see things queerly," she explained, endeavoring to smile.

After the girl had gone, Helen tried to recover her ordinary calm. She played

with the little Francis, who was beginning to venture along the walls and chairs of his nursery, testing the power in his sturdy legs. This naïve manifestation of his masculine quality touched the mother strangely. She saw in this germ of manhood the future of the boy. What other of man's instincts would he have? Would he, too, fight for his share of the spoil of the world?

The terrible hour of her woman's agony was fast approaching, when she should put forth another being into the struggle with its mates. She did not shrink from the pain before her, although she began to wonder if it might not end her own life, having that dark foreboding common to sensitive women at this crisis.

If death came, now, what had she done with her life? She would leave it like a meal scarce tasted, a task merely played with. This afternoon when she saw her husband, so remote from her, traveling another road, a bitter sense of the fruitlessness of all living had entered her heart. This husband, whom she had so passionately loved!

An hour later, as the architect was taking his leave of Mrs. Phillips, the butler brought him a telephone message from his house. His wife was suddenly taken ill. He raced home through the leafy avenues in the big touring car, which fortunately stood ready to take him. He found Helen white and exhausted, her eyes searching the vacant horizon of her bedroom.

"Why, Nell! Poor girl!" he exclaimed, leaning over her, trying to kiss her. "Venetia said you were there this afternoon. Why did n't you let me know?"

Her lips were cold and scarcely closed to his caress. She pushed him gently from her, wishing to be alone in her trial. But shortly, purging her heart of any suspicion or jealousy, — still haunted by that fear of death, — she drew him again to her.

"You were with Mrs. Phillips. I did n't — It 's all right, Francis. I love you, dear!"

XIII.

Rumor had it that the Powers Jackson trust was about to be fulfilled. It had become known among the friends of the trustees that during these prosperous times the fund for the educational project had grown apace, and was now estimated to be from five to six millions of dollars. It was understood that certain trustees were in favor of handing over this munificent bequest to a large local university, with the stipulation that a part of the money should be devoted to some form of manual training or technological school on the West Side.

One morning Jackson Hart read from the newspaper an item to the effect that negotiations were under way with the university.

"So that 's their game!" he exclaimed to Helen, seeing an unexpected check to his ambition. He went away to the train, trying to remember who were the influential trustees of the university, and wondering whether, after all, there would be any monumental building. He scarcely noticed his wife's disgust over the news.

She was stirred unwontedly to think that already to this extent had the old man's design become blurred!

"He did n't care for universities or theoretical education," she protested warmly the next time she met Judge Phillips on the Chicago train.

Pemberton, also one of the trustees, was sitting beside the judge. He listened gravely to Helen's speech. The judge, who preferred to talk babies or shrubs with a pleasant young woman, admitted that there had been some negotiations with the university; but nothing had been decided.

"Mr. Hollister seems to be against it. You 'll have to talk to Pemberton here. It was his idea!"

"He would n't have done it!" Helen protested, looking at Pemberton. "We often used to talk over college education. He thought that colleges educated the leaders, the masters; and there would always be enough of that kind of institution. He wanted to do something with his money for the people!"

"Yes, of course, it must be a technical school," Pemberton replied dryly, "and it must be out there on the West Side."

"But for the people, the working people," she insisted.

"Naturally! But we are all the 'people,' are n't we, Mrs. Hart? I have n't much sympathy with this talk nowadays about the 'people' as opposed to any other class."

"That 's the unions!" the judge nodded sagely. "We are all the 'people'! We want to offer the best kind of education for the poor boy or the rich boy. What was Powers himself? His school must be a place to help boys such as he was."

They were both completely at sea as to the donor's real intentions, she felt sure, and she was eager to have them see the matter as she saw it. Suddenly ideas came to her, things she wished to say, things that seemed to her very important to say. She remembered talks that she had had with the old man, and certain remarks about college education which had dropped from him like sizzling metal.

"But a technological school like the one in Boston," — Pemberton had instanced this famous school as an example they should follow, — "that 's a place to educate boys out of their class, to make them ambitious, to push them ahead of their mates into some higher class."

"Well?" asked Pemberton. "What 's the matter with that idea?"

"Uncle wanted something so different! He wanted to make boys good workmen, to give them something to be contented with when they had just labor before them, daily labor, in the factories and mills."

The judge's face was puckered in puzzle. He was of an older generation, and he could see life only in the light of competition. Free competition, that was his ideal. And the constant labor disputes in Chicago had thickened his prejudices against the working people as a class. He believed that their one aim was to get somebody's money without working for it.

But the other man was more responsive. He felt that this woman had an idea, that she knew perhaps what the benefactor really wanted, and so they talked of the school until the train reached Chicago.

"Well," the judge said, as the people bustled to leave the car, "I hope we can get the thing settled pretty soon, and start on the building. I want to see something done before I die."

"Yes," Helen assented. "I should think you would want to see the school go up. I hope Jackson will have the building of it."

She expressed this hope very simply, without considering how it might strike the trustees. It was merely a bit of sentiment with her that her husband, who had got his education from Powers Jackson, might, as a pure labor of love, in gratitude, build this monument to the old man. It did not then enter her mind that there would be a very large profit in the undertaking. She assumed that the architect would do the work without pay!

But Pemberton's thin lips closed coldly, and the judge's reply made her face turn crimson for her indelicacy.

"We have n't got that far yet, Mrs. Hart. It 's probable that we shall have a competition of designs."

The two men raised their hats and disappeared into the black flood pouring across the bridge, while she got into an omnibus. That remark of hers, she felt, might have undone all the good of the talk they had had about the old man's plan. Her cheeks burned again as she thought of hinting for favors to her husband. It seemed a mean, personal seek-

ing, when she had been thinking solely of something noble and pure.

This idea distressed her until she was engulfed in that mammoth caravansary where one half of Chicago shops and, incidentally, meets its acquaintances and gossips. She hurried hither and thither in this place in the nervous perturbation of buying. Finally, she had to mount to the third floor to have a correction made in her account. There, in the centre of the building, nearly an acre of floor space was railed off for the office force, the bookkeepers and tally clerks and cashiers. Near the aisle thirty or forty girls were engaged in stamping little yellow slips. Each had a computation machine before her and a pile of slips. Now and then some girl would glance up listlessly from her work, let her eyes wander vacantly over the vast shop, and perhaps settle for a moment on the face of the lady who was waiting before the cashier's window. This store boasted of the excellent character of its employees. They were of a neater, more intelligent, more American class than those employed in other large retail stores. Even here, however, they had the characteristic marks of dull, wholesale labor.

Helen was hypnotized by the constant punch, click, and clatter of the computation machines, the repeated movements of the girls' arms as they stretched out for fresh slips, inserted them in the machines, laid them aside. This was the labor of the great industrial world, — constant, rhythmic as a machine is rhythmic, deadening to soul and body. Standing there beside the railing, she could hear the vast clatter of our complex life, which is carried on by just such automata as these girls! What was the best education to offer them, and their brothers and fathers and lovers? What would give them a little more sanity, more joy and humanity? — that was the one great question of education. Not what would make them and their fellows into department managers or proprietors!

The receipted bill came, with a polite bow. She stuffed the change into her purse and hurried away, conscious that the girl nearest the railing was looking languidly at the back of her gown.

Before going to the Auditorium to meet some women who were to lunch with her there, she stopped at her husband's office. The architect had moved lately to the top story of a large new building on Michigan Avenue, where his office had expanded. He had taken a partner, a pleasant, smooth-faced young man, Fred Stewart, who had excellent connections in the city, which were expected to bring business to the firm. Cook was still the head draughtsman, but there were three men and a stenographer under him now. His faith in Hart had been justified, and yet at times he shook his head over some of the work which passed through the office.

He recognized Helen when she entered the outer office, and opened the little wicket gate for her to step inside.

"Your husband 's busy just now, been shut up with a contractor most all the morning. Something important 's on probably. Shall I call him?"

"No," she answered. "I 'll wait a while. Is this the new work?" She pointed in surprise to the sketches on the walls of the office. "It 's so long since I have been in the office. I had no idea you had done so much."

"More 'n that, too! There 's some we don't hang out here," the draughtsman answered. "We 've kept pretty busy!"

He liked his boss's wife. She had a perfectly simple, kindly manner with all the world, and a face that men love. The year before she had had Cook and his younger brother in the country over Sunday, and treated them like "distinguished strangers," as Cook expressed it.

"That 's the Bushfields' house, — you know it, perhaps? This is Arnold Starr's residence at Marathon Point, — Colonial style. That 's an Odd Fellows hall in Peoria. I did that myself."

Helen said something pleasant about the blunt elevation of the Odd Fellows hall.

"That 's the Graveland," he continued, pointing to a dingy photograph that she recognized. "It was called after the contractor's name. We did that the first year."

"Yes, I think I remember," she murmured. That was the building her husband had done for the disreputable contractor, who had made it a mere lath-and-plaster shell.

She kept on around the room, studying the photographs and sketches. Among the newer ones there were several rows of semi-detached houses that, in spite of the architect's efforts, looked as if they had been carved out of the same piece of cake. Some of these were so brazen in their commonplaceness that she thought they must be the work of the Cooks. Probably Hart had got to that point of professional success where he merely "criticised" a good many of the less important sketches, leaving the men in the office to work them out.

She sat down to wait, her interest in the office sketches dulled. They were like the products of the great emporium that she had just left, — of all marketable kinds to suit all demands. The architect worked in all the "styles," — Gothic, early English, French château, etc. There was nothing sincere, honest, done because the man could do it that way and no other. It was clever contrivance.

Men came and went in the offices, the little doors fanning back and forth in an excitement of their own. The place hummed with business; messengers and clerks came in from the elevators; contractors exchanged words with the busy Cook; and through all sounded the incessant call of the telephone, the bang of the typewriter. A hive of industry! It would have pleased the energetic soul of the manager of Steele's emporium.

Meantime the wife was thinking, "What does it mean to *him?*" When they began their married life in a flat on the North Side, Jackson had brought his sketches home; they had kept a little closet-like room off the hall where he worked evenings. But from the time they had moved into the Loring house he had rarely brought home his work; he was too tired at night and felt the need for distraction. Had he lost his interest in the art side of his profession? Was he turning it into a money-making business, like Steele's? She reproached herself as the spender and enjoyer, with the children, of this money, which came out of these ephemeral and gaudy buildings, whose pictures dotted the walls.

She was roused by the sound of her husband's voice. He was coming through the inner door, and he spoke loudly, cheerily to his companion.

"Well, then, it 's settled. Shall I have Nelson draw the papers?" A thick, cautious voice replied, "There ain't any hurry, is there? What in hell do we want of paper, anyway?"

Then they emerged into the outer office. The stranger's square, heavy face, his grizzled beard, and thick eyebrows were not unknown to her.

"Why! You here!" the architect exclaimed, when he caught sight of his wife. "Why did n't you let me know? Always tell Miss Fair to call me."

He took her hand, and putting his other hand under her chin he gave her a little caress, like a busy, indulgent husband.

"Who was that man, Francis?" she asked.

"The one who came out with me? That was a contractor, a fellow named Graves."

She had it on her lips to say, "And you promised me once that you would never have any more business with him." But she was wise, and said simply, "I came away this morning without enough money, and I have those women at luncheon, you know."

"Of course! Here!" He rang a bell

and pulled a little cheque book from a mass of papers, letters, memoranda that he carried in his pocket. He made out a cheque quickly with a fountain pen, still standing.

"There, Miss Fair!" He handed the cheque to the waiting stenographer. "Get that cashed at the bank downstairs and give the money to Mrs. Hart."

When the young woman, with an impersonal glance at the husband and wife, had disappeared, the architect turned to Helen and pulled out his watch.

"I may have to go to St. Louis tonight. If you don't see me on the five two, you 'll know I have gone. I 'll be back Saturday, anyway. That 's when we dine with the Crawfords, don't we?"

His mind gave her only a superficial attention, and yet he seemed happy in spite of the pressure of his affairs. The intoxication of mere activity, the excitement of "doing," so potent in our country, had got its grip on him. In his brown eyes there burned a fire of restless thoughts, schemes, combinations, which he was testing in his brain all the time. Yet he chatted courteously, while they waited for the stenographer to return.

"By the way," he remarked, "I telephoned Everett this morning, and he says there 's nothing in that story about their giving the university the money. He says Hollister knows uncle would n't have wanted it, and Hollister is dead set against it."

"Judge Phillips and Mr. Pemberton were on the train with me this morning, and they talked about it. They don't seem altogether clear what the trustees will do. I hope they won't do that. It would be too bad!"

"I should say so!" Jackson added warmly.

He accompanied his wife downstairs, and bought her some violets from the florist in the vestibule. They parted at the street corner. She watched him until he was swallowed up by the swift flowing stream on the walk, her heart a little sad. He was admirable toward her in every way. And yet — and yet — she hated the bustle of the city that had caught up her husband, and set him turning in its titanic, heartless embrace. There rose before her the memory of those precious days on the sea when they had begun to love.

XIV.

Hart had lately bought a couple of hunters, and Sundays, when it was good weather, they often went over to the club stables to see the horses and the hounds. It was a pleasant spot of a fine summer morning. The close-cropped turf rolled gently westward to a large horizon of fields, where a few isolated trees, branching loftily, rose against a clear sky. The stables were hidden in a little hollow, and beyond was a paddock where a yelping pack of hounds was kept. Close at hand at one side crouched in their pen some captive foxes, listening sharp-eyed to the noisy dogs.

No sports of any kind were allowed on Sundays. The community was severely orthodox in regard to the observance of Sunday, as in other merely moral matters. But when the weather was good there were usually to be found about the stables a group of young men and women, preparing for tête-à-tête rides or practicing jumps at the stone wall beside the paddock. Later they would stroll back to the club veranda for a cool drink, and gossip until the church-going members returned from the morning service, and it was time to dress for luncheon.

Of the younger set Venetia Phillips was most often to be found down by the stone wall on a Sunday morning. She had come home from Europe this last time, handsome, tall, and fearless, thirsty for excitement of all sorts, and had made much talk in the soberer circles of suburban society. She was a great lover of dogs and horses, and went about followed

by a troop of lolloping dogs, — an immense bull presented by an English admirer, and a wolf hound specially imported, being the leaders of the pack. She was one of the young women who still played golf, now that it was no longer fashionable, and on hot days she might be seen on the links, her brown arms bare to the shoulders, and a flood of blue-black hair hanging down her back. She rode to all the hunts, not excepting the early morning meets late in the season. It was said, also, that she drank too much champagne at the hunt dinners, and allowed a degree of familiarity to her admirers that shocked public opinion in a respectable and censorious society, which had found it hard to tolerate the mother.

Indeed, Mrs. Phillips could do nothing with her; she even confided her troubles to Helen: "My dear, the girl has had every chance over there abroad, — we had the very best introductions. She spoiled it all by her idiocy. Stanwood is making a fool of himself with a woman, too. Enjoy your children, now, while you can spank them when they are naughty!"

Helen, who had little enough sympathy with the domestic tribulations of the rich, remembered the widow's words the next time she met Venetia at the stone wall by the club stables, watching Lane, who was trying a new hunter. Lane's temper was notoriously bad; the Kentucky horse was raw and nervous; he refused the jump, almost throwing his rider. Lane, too conscious of the spectators, his vanity touched, beat the horse savagely on the head.

"Low!" Venetia grumbled audibly, turning her back on the scene. "Come!" she said to Helen, seizing her arm. "Have n't you had enough of brutes for one morning? Come up to the club and have a talk. That 's the man madame my mother thinks I am going to marry. Do you suppose he 'd use the whip on his wife?"

They had the club veranda to themselves at that mid-morning hour. Venetia flung herself into a chair, and flicked the tips of her boots with her whip. The small Francis, who had followed his mother, tumbled on the grass with the terrier Pete. Now and then Pete would hobble to the veranda and look at his mistress.

"You would n't marry that person, would you? Well? You want to say something disagreeable. You have had it on your conscience for weeks. I could see it in your eye. Spit it out, as the boys say!"

"Yes, I have had something on my mind! Why — why are you so" —

"You mean, why do I smoke? drink champagne? and let men kiss me?"

She laughed at the look of consternation on Helen's face.

"That 's what you mean, is n't it? My sporting around generally, and drinking too much at that dinner last fall, and supplying these veranda tabbies with so much food for thought? Why can't I be the nice, sweet young woman you were before you were married, eh? A comfort to Mrs. Phillips and an ornament to Forest Manor!"

"You need n't be all that, and yet strike a pleasanter note," the older woman laughed back.

"My dear gray mouse, I 'm lots worse than that! Do you know where I was the other night when mamma was in such a temper because I had n't come home, and telephoned all around to the neighbors?"

"At the Bascoms'?"

"Of course, all sweetly tucked up in bed. Not a bit of it! A lot of us had dinner, and went to see a show, — that was all on the square. But afterwards Teddy Stewart and I did the Clark Street levee, at one in the morning, and quite by ourselves. We saw lots and lots, — it was very informing; I could tell you heaps; and it went all right until Teddy, like a little fool, got into trouble

at one of the places. Some one said something to me not quite refined, and Ted was just enough elated to be on his dignity. If we had n't had an awful piece of luck, there would have been a little paragraph in the paper the next morning. Would n't that have made a noise ? "

" You little fool ! " groaned Helen.

" Oh ! I don't know," Venetia continued imperturbably. " Just as I had hold of Ted and was trying to calm him down, somebody hit him, and there was a general scrap. He is n't so much of a fool when he is all sober. Just then a man grabbed me, and I found myself on the street. It was — Well, no matter just now who it was. Then the man went back for Ted, and after a time he got him, rather the worse for his experience. We had to send him to a hotel, and then the man saw me home to the Bascoms'. My, what a talking he put up to me on the way to the North Side ! "

She waited to see what effect she had produced, but as Helen said nothing she continued, —

" I suppose you are thinking I am a regular little red devil. But you don't know what girls do. I 've seen a lot of girls all over. And most of 'em, if they travel in a certain class, do just as fool things as I do. On the quiet, you understand, and most of them don't get into trouble, either. They marry all right in the end, and become quiet little mammas like you, dear. Sometimes when they are silly, or weak, or have bad luck, there 's trouble. Now, I am not talking loose, as Ted would say. I 've known Baltimore girls, and New York girls, and Philadelphia girls, and Boston girls, — they 're the worst ever !

" Why should the women be so different from the men, anyway ? They are the same flesh and blood as their fathers and brothers, and other girls' fathers and brothers, too. . . . Don't make that face at me ! I 'm nice, too, at least a little nice. Did n't you ever sit here evenings, or over at the Eversley Club, and watch the nice little girls ? But perhaps you could n't tell what it means. You ought to get a few points from me or some other girl who is next them. We could tell you what they 've done ever since they left school, day by day."

The small Francis was rolling over and over on the green turf, rejoicing in the pleasure of soiling his white suit. Beyond the polo field a couple on horseback were passing slowly along the curving road into the woods. The cicadas sang their piercing August song in the shrubs. It was a drowsy, decorous scene.

" It is n't all like that," the older woman protested. " Most of the men and women you know, here in Chicago " —

" Oh yes ! They 're good out here, most of 'em, and dull, damn dull. They 're afraid to take off their gloves for fear it is n't the correct thing. A lot of 'em are n't used to their good clothes, like that Mrs. Rainbow. As uncle says, ' Our best people are religious and moral.' Chicago is too new to be real naughty, and too busy, but wait a few years. Meanwhile, there 's more going on than you dream of, gray mouse ! "

" You are too wise, Venetia ! "

" I 'll tell you the reason why we sport. We 're dull, and we are looking for some fun. The men get all the excitement they need, scrambling for money. Girls want to be sports, too, and they can't do the money act. So they sport — otherwise. That 's the why."

She rapped the floor with her whip, and laughed at Helen's perplexity.

" I want to be a real sport, and know what men are like, really, when they are off parade, as you nice women don't know 'em."

" Well, what are they like ? "

" Some beasts, some cads, some good fellows," Venetia pronounced definitively. " Do you know why I let men kiss me sometimes ? To see if they will, if that sort of thing is all they want. And most of 'em do want just that, married or single. When a man has the chance,

why, he goes back to the ape mighty quick."

She nodded sagely when Helen laughed at her air of wisdom. Then she continued serenely, —

"There are some of them now, coming up from the paddock. They have had their little Sunday stroll, and now they want a drink to make them feel cool and comfy, and some talk with the ladies. We must trot out our prettiest smiles and nicest talk, while they sit tight and are amused."

"And so you think this is all, just these women and men you see here and in other places like this? And the millions and millions of others who are trying to live decent lives, who work and struggle?"

"I talk of those I know, dearie. What are the rest to me? Just dull, ordinary people you never meet except on the street or in the train. We are the top of it all. . . . I don't care for books and all that sort of thing, or for slumming and playing with the poor. If you knew them, too, I guess you 'd find much the same little game going on down there."

"What a horrid world!"

"It is a bit empty," the girl yawned. "I suppose the only thing, after you have had your run, is to marry the decentest man you can find, who won't get drunk, or spend your money, or beat you, and have a lot of children. Yours are awfully nice! I 'd like to have the kids without the husband, — only that would make such a row!"

"And that would please your mother, to have you married?"

"Oh, mother! I suppose it would please her to have me marry Mr. Stephen Lane," Venetia answered coldly. "One does n't talk about one's mother, or I 'd like to tell you a thing or two on that head. She need n't worry over me. She 's had her fun, and is taking what she can get now."

The group of men and women drew near the clubhouse. Jackson stopped to speak to a man who had just driven up. Venetia pointed to him.

"There! See Jackie, your good man? He 's buzzing old Pemberton, that crusty pillar of society, because he 's got a little game to play with him. You must n't look so haughty, dear wife. It 's your business, too, to be nice to old Pemberton. I shall leave you when he comes up, so that you can beguile him with your sweet ways. It 's money in thy husband's purse, mouse, and hence in thy children's mouths. Now, if we women could scramble for the dollars, — why, we should n't want other kinds of mischief. I 'd like to be a big broker, like Rainbow, and handle deals, and make the other fellows pay, pay, pay!"

She swung the small Francis over her head and tumbled him in the grass, to the delight of Pete, who hobbled about his mistress, yelping with joy.

There was something hard and final in the girl's summary of her experience. Vigorous, hot-blooded, and daring, Venetia would have battled among men as an equal, and got from the fight for existence health, and sanity, and joy. As it was, she was rich enough to be protected in the struggle for existence, and was tied up by the prejudices of her class. She was bottled passion!

The architect still held Pemberton in conversation on the drive, and Venetia presently returned to Helen, smiling slyly into her face.

"That doctor man was an amusing chap, was n't he? I mean Dr. Coburn, the one who mended up Pete when I was a young miss, and outraged mamma by sending her a receipted bill for two hundred and fifty dollars. He asks about you. Why did you drop him?"

"Where have you seen him?"

"Oh, here and there. Why not? He was the man who helped me out of that scrape with Teddy. Would n't Jackie let you have anything to do with him? Jackie is an awful snob, you know."

"How is he?"

"Just as always, — poor, down at the heel and all over, an out-and-out crank."

"How do you meet him?" Helen asked pointedly.

"Sometimes at his hang-out, as he calls it. I've had supper there once or twice with Molly Bascom. You need n't be alarmed. We talk science, and he abuses doctors. He trundled off to Paris or Vienna with that queer machine of his, and got some encouragement. You should hear him talk about Europe! Now he 's crazy about some new scheme. He may not make good, but he has a great time thinking all by himself. He 'd starve himself to do what he 's after. That 's the real thing. I offered him money once!"

"Venetia!"

"Yes. I said, 'See here, friend, I've more of this than I want,' which was a lie. But I was willing to sell a horse or two. 'Help yourself,' I said. I put a cardcase I had with me on the table, stuffed of course. He took it up, took out what was in it, and put the case back. 'None of that,' he said. 'I don't take money from a woman,' and he handed the money back. I was glad afterwards that he did, though he looked specially hard up. I suppose I might have taken a nicer way to do it, but I thought he would understand and treat me like a little girl, as he always has. . . . Well, there comes Jackson, at last."

She gave the architect a hand, which he shook with mock impressiveness.

"How do, Jackie! I've been corrupting your angel."

It was evident that she and Jackson understood each other very well.

XV.

The Harts were to dine at the Stewarts', and Jackson Hart had considered this dinner of sufficient importance to bring him back to Chicago all the way from Indianapolis. Elisha Stewart made his money many years ago, when he commanded a vessel on the lakes, by getting control of valuable ore properties. The Elisha Stewarts had lived in Shoreham for many years, and were much considered, — very good people, indeed. Their rambling, old-fashioned white house, with a square cupola projecting from the roof, was one of the village landmarks. It was surrounded by a grove of firs set out by Elisha himself when he built the house.

It was a large dinner, and most of the guests were already assembled in the long drawing-room when Helen and Jackson arrived. The people were all talking very earnestly about a common topic.

"It 's the Crawfords," Mrs. Stewart murmured asthmatically into Helen's ear. "You know they find everything in a frightful tangle. There won't be much left."

"Indeed!" Jackson exclaimed sympathetically.

"He was n't all right, not fit for business for more than a year before he died," Colonel Raymond was saying to the group. "And he snarled things up pretty well by what I hear."

"That slide in copper last March must have squeezed him!"

"Squeezed? I should say it did."

"It was n't only copper."

"No, no, it was n't only copper," assented several men.

With the women, the more personal application of the fact was openly made.

"Poor old Anthony! It must have troubled him to know there was n't one of his family who could look out for himself. Morris was a pleasant fellow, but after he got out of Harvard he never seemed to do much. It will come hard on Linda."

"What has the youngest boy been up to lately?"

"The same thing, I guess."

"I heard he 'd been doing better since he went on the ranch."

"He could n't do very much else there."

"Is n't there anything left?"

"Oh, the widow will have a little. But the sons-in-law will have to hunt jobs. One is out in California, is n't he?"

The company could not get away from the topic. After they went out to dinner, it echoed to and fro around the table.

"I say it 's a shame, a crime!" Mr. Buchanan pronounced. "A man with that sort of family has no right to engage in speculative enterprises without settling a proper sum on his family first. There 's his eldest daughter married to an invalid, his youngest daughter engaged to be married to a parson, and neither of his sons showing any business ability."

"That 's a fact, Oliver," Mr. Stewart nodded. "But you know Anthony always loved deep water."

"And now his family have got to swim in it!"

"He was a most generous man," Pemberton threw into the conversation. "I hardly know of a man who 's done more first and last for this town."

"Seems to have looked after other people's affairs better 'n his own. It 's a pity now the boys were n't brought up to business."

"That is n't the way nowadays."

From time to time there were feeble efforts to move the talk out of the rut in which it had become fixed. But the minds of most about the table were fascinated by the spectacle of ruin so closely presented to them. The picture of a solid, worldly estate crumbling before their eyes stirred their deepest emotions. For the moment it crowded out that other great topic of the strike in the building trades. Every one at the table held substantially the same views on both these matters, but the ruin of the Crawford fortune was more immediately dramatic than the evils of unionism.

"When are you fellows going to start that school, judge?" some one asked at last.

"Not until these strikes let up, and there 's no telling when that will be. If these labor unions only keep on long enough, they will succeed in killing every sort of enterprise."

Pemberton, who was seated next to Helen, remarked to her, —

"You will be glad to know, Mrs. Hart, that the trustees have decided not to hand the work over to any institution, at least for the present."

"I am so glad of that!" she replied.

"That 's as far as we have got!"

Sensitively alive to her former blunder in expressing her wish that her husband might draw the plans for the school, she took this as a hint, and dropped the subject altogether, although she had a dozen questions to ask him about it.

She noticed that Jackson, who was seated between Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Phillips, was drinking a good deal of champagne. She thought that he was finding the dinner as intolerably dull as she found it, for he rarely drank champagne. When the women gathered in the drawing-room, the topic of the Crawfords' disaster had reached the anecdotal stage.

"Poor Linda! Do you remember how she hated Chicago? She 's been living at Cannes this season, has n't she? I suppose she 'll come straight home now. Does she own that place in the Berkshires?"

"No, everything was in his name."

"He was one of the kind who would keep everything in his own hands."

"Even that ranch does n't belong to Ted."

"My, what a tragedy it is!"

Helen sat limply in her chair. There seemed to be no end to the talk of the lost money. The leaden dullness of the dinner-talk, the dead propriety and conventionality of the service, the dishes, the guests, had never before so whelmed

her spirit as they did to-night. These good people were stung into unusual animation because a man had died leaving his family, not poor, but within sight of poverty, for poverty is the deadliest spectre to haunt the bourgeois, at his lying down and at his uprising!

When the men returned, murmuring among themselves fragments of the same topic, she felt as though she might shriek out or laugh hysterically, and as soon as she could she clutched her husband as he was sitting down beside Mrs. Pemberton.

"Take me away, Francis. It 's awful," she whispered.

"What 's the matter? Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, yes, I am all right. But can't we get away?"

As they got into their carriage, he demanded, "What was the matter?"

"Nothing, — just the awful dullness of it, — such people, — such talk, talk, talk about poor Mr. Crawford's money!"

"I thought the crowd was all right," he grumbled. "What better do you want?"

Then they were silent, and from the heat, fatigue, and champagne, he relapsed into a doze on the way home. But when they reached the house he woke up briskly enough, and began to talk of the dinner again: —

"Nell, Mrs. Phillips was speaking to me about Venetia. She 's worried to death over the girl. The men say pretty rough things about her. Little fool! She 'd better marry Lane and keep quiet."

"Like mother, like daughter," Helen replied dryly.

"What makes you say that? Louise is all right; just likes to have her hand squeezed now and then."

"Phew!" Helen exclaimed impatiently.

There was something so short and hard in his wife's voice that Jackson looked at her in surprise. They went to their dressing-room; now that he had got his eyes open once more Jackson made no haste to go to bed. He lit a cigarette, and leaned back against the open window, through which the night air was drawing gently. After a little time he remarked, —

"The judge was talking some about the school. They are getting ready to build as soon as the strikes let up. Has Everett said anything to you about it?"

"Not lately. I have n't seen him since we were at the Buchanans'. Why?"

"Why! I am counting on Everett, and the last time I saw him he seemed to me to be side-stepping. I 've seen Pemberton once or twice, but he avoided the subject. I asked him point blank to-night what their plans were, and he said the papers had everything that had been settled. He 's a stiff one! I saw you were talking to him. Did he say anything about the school?"

Helen, who had been moving about the room here and there, preparing to undress, suddenly stood quite still. The memory of her remark to Pemberton that morning on the train swept over her again, coloring her cheeks. She answered the question after a moment of hesitation, —

"Yes, he spoke about their not giving the money to the university, but that was all."

"Oh!" Jackson murmured in a disappointed tone. "You might have drawn him out. He 's likely to have a good deal to say about what is done. The judge is down on me, never liked me since I built for Louise, — thinks I stuck her, I suppose. Was n't his money, though! Hollister is on the fence; he 'll do what Everett tells him. It rests on Pemberton, mostly."

Helen turned toward where he was standing and asked swiftly, "Why do you want them to give it to you so much?"

"Why?" The architect opened his

mouth in astonishment. "Don't you know the size of the thing? They 're going to spend a million or more, put up one large building or several smaller ones. It 's a chance that does n't come every week, to do a great public building."

She had begun to unhook her dress, and her nervous fingers tangled the lace about the hooks. Jackson, seeing her predicament, put down his cigarette and stepped forward to help her. But she swerved away from him unconsciously, tugging at the lace until it broke loose from the hook.

"Francis!" she exclaimed, with a kind of solemnity. "You would not do it for money, just like any ordinary building?"

"And why not?" he asked, puzzled. "Am I drawing plans for fun these days? I 'll tell you what, Nell, I need the money, and I need it badly. Something must turn up and right away. Since the strikes began there has n't been much new business coming into the office, of course, and it costs us a lot to live as we do. That 's plain enough."

"We can live differently."

"Yes, but I don't want to. That 's nonsense!"

They were silent for a little while before their unfinished thoughts. He broke the silence first: —

"Perhaps I ought to tell you that I 've been caught in an — investment, some stocks I bought. A friend of mine advised me, a broker who is in with Rainbow. But the thing went wrong. I don't believe those fellows know as much as the man outside! Well, instead of making a good thing by it, I must find ten or fifteen thousand dollars and find it mighty quick. Now if I get this commission, I can borrow the money all right. I know who will let me have it. And then by the end of the year it will straighten out. And the next time I go to buy stocks, well" —

"But that building, — the school?" Helen interrupted. She pulled a thin dressing-sacque over her shoulders, and sat down on the edge of the bed, looking breathlessly into his face. What he had said about his losses in the stock market had made no impression on her. "That work is uncle Powers's gift, his legacy to the people. You can't make money out of it!"

"Why not?" he demanded shortly, and then added, with a dry little laugh, "I should say that building rather than any other! I 'd like to pick up a few crumbs from the old man's cake. It 's only common justice, seeing he did me out of all the rest."

She stared at him with bewildered eyes. Perhaps she was not a very quick woman, if after five years of daily contact with her husband she did not know his nature. But the conceptions she had cherished of him were too deep to be effaced at once. She could not yet understand what he meant.

"'Did you out of all the rest'?" she queried in a low voice.

"Yes!" he exclaimed hardily. "And I think the trustees should take it into consideration that I did n't contest the will, when I had the best kind of case and could have given them no end of trouble. I was a fool to knuckle under so quickly. I might at least have had an agreement with them about this matter!"

"So," she said, "you want to build the school to make up what you think uncle should have given you?"

"You need n't put it just like that! But I need every cent I can make. The bigger the building the better for me! And I can do it as well for them as anybody. They 're probably thinking of having a competition, and having in a lot of fellows from New York and Boston. They ought to keep it in this city, anyway, and then the only man I 'd hate to run up against would be Wright. He 's got some mighty clever new men in his office."

He talked on as he stripped off his

coat and waistcoat and hung them neatly on the clothes-tree, detailing all the consideration he had given to his chances for securing this big commission. Evidently he had been turning it over and over in his mind, and he was desperately nervous lest he might lose what he had counted on all along ever since his marriage. He refrained from telling his wife that he felt she had seconded him feebly in this matter ; for she knew the judge, and Pemberton, and Everett, too, in a way better than he did.

Helen said nothing. There was nothing in her surprised and grieved heart to be said. For the first time she knew clearly what manner of man her husband was. She knew how he felt about his uncle. He was vindictive about him, and seemed to welcome this job as a chance to get even with the old man for slighting him in his will. For some reason unknown to her he had not tried at the time of his death to break his will and show his ingratitude, and now he was sorry that he had displayed so much forbearance.

This sudden sight of the nakedness of the man she loved dulled her heart so that she could not view the thing simply. It was impossible for her to see that there was nothing very dreadful in his attitude, nothing more than a little ordinary human selfishness, sharpened by that admirable system of civilized self-interest, which our philosophers and statesmen take such delight in praising! She had been dreaming of her husband's designing this great building as a testimonial, a monument of gratitude, to the man who had succored his youth, who had given him his education. Her sentiment turned rancid in her heart.

"Now, if Everett should say anything to you, give you a chance, you know what it means to me!" Jackson remarked finally, as he put his boots outside the door for the man to get in the morning.

But she had already stepped back into the dressing-room, and did not hear him. When she returned her husband was already in bed, and his eyelids were closed in sleep. She placed herself beside him and turned out the light.

She lay there a long, long time, her open eyes staring upwards into the darkness, her arms stretched straight beside her, as she used to lie when she was a little child and her nurse had told her not to stir. Something strange had happened that day, something impalpable, unnamable, yet true, and of enormous importance to the woman. The man who lay there beside her, her husband, the indivisible part of her, had been suddenly cut from her soul, and was once more his own flesh, — some alien piece of clay, and ever so to be!

She did not cry or moan. She was stunned. All the little, petty manifestations of character, unobserved through those five years of marriage, were suddenly numbered and revealed to her. It was not a question of blame. They declared themselves to her as finalities, just as if she had suddenly discovered that her husband had four toes instead of five. He was of his kind, and she was of her kind. Being what she was, she could no longer worship him, being what he was. And her nature craved the privilege of worship. That thin, colorless protestantism of her fathers had faded into a nameless moralism. She had no Christ before whom she could pour her adoration and love! Instead, she had taken to herself a man ; and now the clay of his being was crumbling in her hands. . . .

Outside the room the lake began to clamor on the sands beneath the bluff. It called her by its insistent moan. She left her bed and stepped out upon the little balcony that looked eastward from their bedroom. The warm night was filled with a damp mist that swathed the tree trunks to their branches, and covered the slow moving waves of the lake. Through this earth fog there was mov-

ing a current from some distant point, touching the sleeping village.

She held her arms out to the mist, vaguely, blindly, — demanding some compensation for living, some justification that she knew not of. And there in the vigil of the misty night the woman was born. From a soft, yielding, dreaming, feminine thing, there was born a new soul, — definite, hard, and precise in its judgment of men and life. . . .

In the house behind her slept her husband and her two boys. Her children and his! But only in the words of the sentimentalists are children a sufficient joy to woman's heart. Loving as she was by nature, she asked more of life than her two boys, whose little lives no longer clung to hers by the bonds of extreme infancy. They were growing to become men; they, too, like her husband, would descend into the market for the game which all men play. The fear of it gripped her heart!

And at last she wept, miserably, for the forlorn wreck of her worship, thinking of the glorious man she had once adored.

The next morning she said to her husband, —

"Francis, I want to live in the city this winter."

"Well, — there 's time to think of it, — you may change your mind by the fall."

She said no more, but the first step had been taken.

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

MORAL OVERSTRAIN.

In mechanics it is part of the engineer's profession to consider carefully the amount of physical weight and pressure which various substances will bear, — how many pounds a given girder will sustain; how much an upright. It is upon this science and its carefully figured mathematical details that the safety and well-being of the housed community so largely depend. Sometimes, to be sure, even the most carefully estimated plans are spoiled by some unforeseen and unforeseeable weakness in the structural material, and it gives way at a pressure or strain apparently none too great for its endurance. But these occasional obsessions of inanimate nature do not discourage the engineer, or make him abandon his interminable mathematics. In spite of them, or rather on account of them, he continues his studies so that he may better succeed in placing on the materials which he uses no grievous burden, and may not subject them to a stress or strain forbidden by natural law. Collapses of buildings are less frequent, and community life becomes safer, as this expert knowledge, founded on study and experience, grows broader and surer.

It is rather a sad thing, when one thinks of it, that the field of this sort of mathematics has such definite limitations, and that we cannot by mathematical formulæ calculate moral stress and strain, and ascertain how far we can safely go in placing burdens on the characters of those with whom we do business, or of those with whom we have social intercourse. Consider, for example, the great court calendars in the large cities. How many thousands of those cases, formal announcements of men at war with one another, or of so-

ciety itself at war with the individual, are really nothing more or less than examples of the unfortunate results of moral overstrain. One man has placed too great a burden on the moral strength of another, and there has been a break or a total collapse. And when that collapse comes, note the difference in the procedure which follows. As soon as the building wall cracks, or at the first observable indication of insecurity of foundation, the builder's first thought is to preserve the building, to relieve the strain on the weak spot, to strengthen its supports, and to reinforce its foundation. There has been no corresponding practice yet devised which may be taken when the moral crash comes and a business man's character goes to pieces, or when a thief or murderer is brought to the bar of criminal justice. There is no "jacking-up" process for overstrained morals to be found in the law courts.

We take philosophically enough the daily moral breakdown of our fellow men, and do not ordinarily complain to Providence against our inability to ascertain with mathematical certainty the extent of the confidence we can safely repose in the people with whom we have intercourse. It has always been so and always will be. We cannot apply mathematics to human conduct. The Fidelity insurance corporations which have sprung up within recent years have, to be sure, their systems based on experience for estimating moral hazards; and they have curious and exceedingly interesting theories of moral probabilities by which, for example, they estimate the chances of defalcation by an employee in a given employment in which given opportunities for wrong-doing are not counterbalanced by certain systems of inspection or supervision. These corporations and a few large financial institutions apparently recognize the necessity of considering moral risks somewhat in the way in which the engineer estimates as to the girder, — how he can make it perform its useful functions in a house without being broken down by overstrain and bringing calamity with its fall. The method of the financial institutions in dealing with this question deserves a study by itself. Their method involves, generally, in its application to subordinate employees, a complex and carefully studied business system filled with "checks and balances," with frequent inspections and examinations, which are intended to reduce the opportunity for successful wrong-doing to a minimum. The pay of the minor employees of a banking house who handle fortunes daily is, as a rule, pitifully small, showing a conscious purpose in these institutions of relying principally upon a practical certainty of detection, coupled with a remorseless and relentless severity in prosecution and punishment, as a relief for the severe moral strain upon employees whose opportunities and temptations for wrong-doing are, from the nature of the employment, large.

Outside of these financial institutions and these Fidelity insurance corporations, there seems to be in practical operation no rational system for estimating or relieving the strain upon morals which business life necessarily involves. Outside of this narrow group the only theory which seems current is one based upon a generality, the fallacy in which receives almost daily demonstration, and yet one which is firmly fixed in the public mind. It is a theory which is as far as possible the absolute opposite of that upon which the engineer deals with the question of strain and stress in mechanics. This theory, curiously enough, has a quasi-religious origin. It is based upon that duty of faith concerning which we hear so much in this generation. We are realizing now, as no previous generation has realized, the importance and power of the element of faith, both to our happiness and to our capacity for usefulness. The word itself is a noble one, and has the greatest importance, not

solely in its connection with the unrevealed part of religion, but with our daily work in business as well. It is certain that we must have faith in our fellow men. It is undoubtedly true that one of the worst misfortunes, as well as one of the most singular marks of weakness and incapacity in either man or woman, is the absence of faith and the habit of suspicion. As Lord Bacon well said: "Suspicions amongst thoughts are like bats among birds. They ever thrive by twilight. Certainly they are to be repressed, or at least well guarded, for they crowd the mind, they lose friends, and they check with business, whereby business cannot go on currently and constantly."

It is undoubtedly true that faith itself is something essential to the happiness of mankind, whether one considers it as including faith in God, or in man, or in both. Our great men, both in public and private life, have been men who had trust and faith in their fellows. It cannot be too often repeated that this element of faith is one of the strongest and finest of those unseen particles which go to build up the highest type of character. But, as La Rochefoucauld says, "the truth has not done so much good in the world as the appearance of truth has done evil." The trouble with this constant iteration in these days of the necessity for us to have faith in our fellows is that it fails to note the necessary and logical limitations of the doctrine. The engineer or builder may have faith in a span or girder he uses, but he does not for that reason allow an unlimited pressure to fall upon it. On the other hand, the rule of faith which is commonly preached to us from the pulpit is generally based upon the assumption that faith itself has the unique quality or power of *creating* strength where it puts pressure, and that the rules of natural or physical law cannot be applied in this regard to the unseen structural materials of the spiritual world. How many times, for example, have we all heard, in one form or another, the pathetic anecdote of the malefactor turned from his projected crime by some one trusting him, or of the criminal placed with a full opportunity of crime immediately before him, with escape practically certain, who has been deterred from his evil purpose simply by the moral force which the trust and confidence of another have created in him.

This illustration of the power of faith is one used most frequently by persons whose understanding of spiritual matters and things of God far overbalances their judgment and their practical insight into human character. It is a very beautiful story when well told, and we all have sentimental sides to our natures to which it appeals. But while these occasional cases may and undoubtedly do exist, a theory of conduct based on them is scarcely less foolish than for the reader of sentimental novels to assume that in the world of men truth crushed to earth always rises uninjured, and that virtue always triumphs in the last chapter.

A doctrine, the precise opposite to this rule of faith, I heard as it was laid down impressively some years ago by a great criminal jurist. His long daily experience on the bench with human weakness, while it had enlarged his great natural insight into character and motive, had neither soured him nor made him cynical. He, certainly, could speak on the subject of moral strain with the voice of authority. It was in the old court of Oyer and Terminer in New York, and Recorder Smyth had just passed sentence on a young man who had been convicted of robbery in snatching a watch from a lady in the shopping district of Sixth Avenue. It was in the fall of 1892, when times were hard, and the streets and park benches were filled with gaunt, hungry-faced creatures, out of work and full of misery. This lady had been shopping all day long in streets thronged with these people, wearing a small jeweled watch attached by a chatelaine to her

dress. This young man, who was scarcely more than a boy, had seen the watch, and, snatching it, had attempted to escape in the crowd, when he was caught. After the Recorder had passed sentence, sending this young fellow to penal servitude, he turned and addressed a few remarks to the prosecutrix, who stood near the bar, weeping sympathetically, and mopping up her copious tears with her handkerchief. The tears were even more copious, though from different emotions, when the judge had finished. "Madam," he said, "it is one of the great defects of the criminal law that it has no adequate punishment for those who incite their fellows to crime. If it were in my power to do so, I can assure you I should feel it a pleasanter duty to impose an even severer sentence than the one I have just rendered, on the vain woman who parades up and down the crowded streets of this city, filled as they are to-day with hungry people, wearing ostentatiously on her dress, insecurely fastened, a glittering gewgaw like this, tempting a thousand hungry men to wrong-doing. There are, in my judgment, two criminals involved in this matter, and I sincerely regret that the law permits me to punish only one of them."

These rather caustic remarks of the old Recorder have a much broader scope than merely an application to the women who love to display costly finery. How many thousands of business men there are who manage their affairs in slipshod, slovenly fashion, and who complain bitterly of the abuse of the "perfect confidence" which they have reposed in their employees. My own notion of this "perfect confidence" is that in ninety cases out of a hundred it is not genuine confidence at all, but a mere excuse for business shiftlessness or lack of system. The law relating to actions for personal injuries provides that a man whose body has been injured by the carelessness of another must, in order to entitle him to claim damages, prove not only that carelessness, but also his own freedom from negligence contributing to or causing the injury. If every business man who suffers from a defaulting employee were obliged to prove not only the employee's crime, but the absence of substantial business carelessness on his own part, which afforded both the opportunity and the temptation for the offense, how few convictions of these defaulters there would be! It is a great misfortune that those who speak so eloquently and so often on the duty of "faith in man," and who expound this doctrine as though it had no limitations or qualifications whatever, do not devote at least a substantial portion of their attention to expounding earnestly the equally important duty which each man owes his fellow of not throwing unnecessary moral stumbling-blocks in his way. It is curious that almost the only "temptation" which receives any particular attention from moralists, either in the pulpit or elsewhere, is that occasioned by one man offering spirituous beverages to another who may be inclined to indulge in potations to excess. By some odd distortion of moral values the custom of "treating" has been singled out as though it were the greatest or most important of those actions or omissions by which we cause our neighbors or employees to offend. Whoever heard a sermon or lecture on the duty of keeping reasonably strict oversight on one's employees, or on the duty of having a business system which shall reduce the opportunities of dishonesty to a minimum? The duty of not putting on the character of another a greater burden than it can safely bear is as important as any duty in the realm of morals, and the matter of temperance is only one branch of it, and by no means the most important. An examination of the daily criminal calendars in the courts of the large cities conclusively proves this fact. In early days, when property was mainly in land or its products, and when business life moved more slowly than it does in these flush

times, the temptations and opportunities for crimes against property were far less frequent. We are not essentially a systematic people. Our tendency is to do business on as large a scale as possible, without that care to detail which is exhibited in the more cumbrous business methods of countries in which the margins of profit are narrower, and where commercial transactions are not conducted with the astonishing rapidity which characterizes our own. To a large extent these defects in system are more or less necessary and inherent to these peculiar methods and habits of our business life. They are nevertheless defects, and should not be so consistently ignored and overlooked as they have been generally in the past. We are paying greater attention yearly to the physical discomforts of the worker, trying to relieve the overburdened, and to lighten the load of hard work which has fallen so heavily in our struggle for commercial supremacy, particularly on the women and children. This is all excellent, but we must remember that we have no more right to overload a man's morals than his back, and that while it is a duty as well as a privilege to have faith in our fellows, we should temper that faith with common sense, so that our faith may be to them a help and a support rather than a stumbling-block and a cause of offense.

George W. Alger.

INVOCATION.

Blown mist of rosy grasses,
  Into my singing drift;
Kindle its cloven masses
  With lights that sway and shift;
Within its dark impasses
  Your fairy torches lift.

Brown rill through rushes wending,
  Where red-wings flash and dip,
Lend me the rhythm bending
  Each dark reed's yellowing tip, —
The pause, the swift ascending,
  The careless slide and slip.

Into my plodding measure
  Your least enchantment fling,
Earth of the winds' wild pleasure
  And leaves' soft jargoning:
Yield me but one hid treasure,
  Then listen while I sing!

Gertrude Buck.

LUGGING BOAT ON SOWADNEHUNK.

THIS is a Penobscot story.

When the camp-fire is lighted, and the smoke draws straight up without baffling, and the branches overhead move only as the rising current of heat fans them, then if the talk veers round to stories of crack watermen, and the guides, speaking more to each other than to you, declare that it was Big Sebattis Mitchell who first ran the falls at Sowadnehunk, — though full twenty years before John Ross himself had put a boat over and come out right side up, — do not, while they are debating whose is the credit of being first, let slip your chance to hear a better tale: bid them go on and tell you how it was Joe Attien, who was Thoreau's guide, and his men who followed after and who failed, that made the day memorable.

And if your guides are Penobscot men they will tell it as Penobscot men should, as if there were no merit in the deed beyond what any man might attain to, as if the least a man should do was to throw away his life on a reckless dare, and count it well spent when so lavished. For so are these men made, and as it was in those days of the beginning, so is it yet even to the present among us.

You will have heard, no doubt, of Sebattis, he who from his bulk was called by the whites Big Sebat, and from his lazy shrewdness was nicknamed by his tribesmen *Ahwassus*, the Bear. Huge and round he was, like the beast he was named for, but strong and wise, and in his dark, flat face and small, twinkling eyes there were resources, ambitions, schemes.

And scores of you who read this will recollect the place. In memory you will again pass down the West Branch in your canoe, past Ripogenus, past Ambejemackomas, past the Horse Race, into the welcome deadwater above Nesowadnehunk. There, waiting in expectancy for that glorious revelation of Katahdin which bursts upon you above Abol, that marvelous picture of the giant towering in majestic isolation, with its white "slide" ascending like a ladder to the heavens, you forgot yourself, did not hear the tumult of falling waters, did not see the smooth lip of the fall sucking down, were unconscious that just before you were the falls of Sowadnehunk. Then, where the river veers sharply to the right, you felt the guide spring on his paddle as he made the carry by a margin, and you realized what it would have been to drift unguided over those falls.

So it has always been, the sharp bend of the river to the right, blue, smooth, dazzling; the carry at the left, bare, broad, yellow-earthed. Crossing it forty rods, you cut off the river again, and see above you to the right the straight fall, both upper and lower pitches almost as sheer as milldams, and in front the angry boil of a swift current among great and thick-set rocks. So it always stays in memory, — at one end the blue river, smooth and placid, and the yellow carry; at the other, the white hubbub of tossing rapids below perpendicular falls.

One May day long ago, two boats-crews came down to the carry and lugged across. They had lugged three miles on Ripogenus, and a half mile on Ambejemackomas, besides the shorter carry past Chesuncook Dam; they had begun to know what lugging a boat meant. The day was hot, — no breeze, no shade; it was getting along toward noon, and they had turned out, as usual, at three in the morning. They were tired, — tired, faint, hot; weary with the fatigue that stiffens the back and makes the feet hang heavy; weary, too, with the monotony of weeks of dangerous toil without a single day of rest, the weariness that gets upon the

brain and makes the eyes go blurry; weary because they were just where they were, and that old river would keep flowing on to Doomsday, always drowning men and making them chafe their shoulders lugging heavy boats. There was not a man of them who could not show upon his shoulder a great red spot where the pole used in lugging boat, or the end of an oar on which barrels of pork or flour had been slung in carrying wangun, had bruised and abraded it. And now it was more lugging, and ahead were Abol and Pockwockamus and Debsconeag and Ambejijis and Fowler's and — there are, indeed, how many of them! The overweary always add to the present burden that mountain of future toil.

So it was in silence that they took out the oars and seats, the paddles and peavies and pickaroons, drew the boats up and drained them of all water, then, resting a moment, straightened their backs, rubbed the sore shoulders that so soon must take up the burden again, and ran their fingers through their damp hair. One or two swore a little as relieving their minds, and when they bent to lift the boat one spoke for all the others.

"By jinkey-boy!" said he, creating a new and fantastic oath, "but I do believe I'd rather be in hell to-day, with ninety devils around me, than sole-carting on this carry."

That was the way they all felt. It is mighty weary business to lug on carries. For a driving boat is a heavy lady to carry. The great Maynards, wet, weigh eight to nine hundred pounds, and they put on twelve men, a double crew, to carry one. The old two-streakers (that is, boats with two boards to a side where the big Maynards had three) were not nearly so heavy, and on short carries like Sowadnehunk were lugged by their own crews, whether of four men or six; but diminishing the crew left each man with as great a burden. A short man at the bow, another at the stern, with the taller ones amidships under the curve of the gunwale if they were lugging without poles, or by twos fore, aft, and amidships for six men lugging with poles, was the usual way they carried their boats; and it was "Steady, boys, steady; *now* hoist her!" — "Easy, now, easy; hold *hard!*" for going down hill she overrode John and Jim at the bow, and going up a rise Jack and Joe at the stern felt her crushing their shoulders, and when the ground was uneven with rocks and cradle-knolls, and she reeled and sagged, then the men at the sides caught the whole weight on one or the other of them. Nothing on the drive speaks so eloquently of hard work as the purple, sweat-stained cross on the backs of the men's red shirts, where the suspenders have made their mark; they get this in lugging boat on carries.

But they bent their backs to it, wriggled the boat up and forward to her place, each crew its own boat, and staggered on, feet bracing out, and spike-soled shoes ploughing the dirt and scratching on the rocks. They looked like huge hundred-leggers, Brobdingnagian insects, that were crawling over that yellow carry with all their legs clawing uncertainly and bracing for a foothold. The head boat crowded Bill Halpin upon a rock so hard that he fell and barked his shins on the granite; that dropped the weight suddenly upon Jerry Durgan's shoulder, so that a good two inches of skin was rasped off clean where it had been blistered before; little Tomah Soc stumbled in a hole, and not letting go his grip, threw up the other gunwale so that it half broke his partner's jaw. Those boats took all the mean revenges wherewith a driving boat on land settles scores for the rough treatment it receives in the water.

They were lugging that May morning only because no boat could run those falls with any reasonable expectation of coming out right side up. For those were the days of the old-style Wallace

boat, built low and straight in the gunwale, raking only moderately at the bow and low in the side. It is related that when the great high-bowed Maynard batteaus were first put on the river, short old Jack Mann, who wore the laurels of senior waterman on Penobscot, and was pensioned in his latter days by "P. L. D.," looked with high disfavor on the big, handsome craft, and then, rushing into the boat-shop, demanded an axe, an auger, and a handsaw.

"What 's that for?" asked the foreman, suspecting that it was but one of Jack's devices for unburdening his mind in some memorable saying.

"Want 'em to cut armholes in that blasted boat," growled Jack, insinuating that the bows were above the head of a short man like himself.

But the old boat, — you may yet sometimes see the bones of one of them bleaching about the shores of inland ponds, or lying sun-cracked in the back yards of country farms, — stable and serviceable as she was, was no match for this handsome lady of to-day. They run the Arches of Ripogenus now with all their boats, and have done it for years; but at the time when Sebattis came down to Sowadnehunk, such water no man ever dreamed of running. It is likely enough that Sebattis, just back from a sixteen years' residence at Quoddy, did not know that it had ever been run successfully.

Be that as it may, when Sebattis and his crew came down, the last of three boats, and held their batteau at the taking-out place a moment before they dragged her out and stripped her ready to lug, what Sebattis, as he sat in the stern with his paddle across his knees, said in Indian to his bowman was simply revolutionary.

"Huh?" grunted his dark-faced partner, turning in great surprise; "you t'ought you wanted run it dose e'er falls? Blenty rabbidge water dose e'er falls!"

The bowman had stated the case conservatively. That carry was there merely because men were not expected to run those falls and come out alive.

But the bowman's objection was not meant as a refusal: he knew Sebattis, that he was a good waterman, few better. A big, slow man, of tremendous momentum when once in motion, it was likely enough that all the years of his exile at Quoddy he had been planning just how he could run those falls, and if he spoke now it was because this was the hour striking. In his own mind he had already performed the feat, and was receiving the congratulations of the crowd. It was no small advantage that he knew an audience of two boats' crews was waiting at the lower carry-end to testify, however grudgingly, to the authenticity of what he claimed to have done.

The bowman had faith in Sebattis; as he listened to the smooth stream of soft-cadenced Indian that cast silvery bonds about his reluctance and left him helpless to refuse (Sebattis being both an orator in a public and a powerful pleader in a private cause), the bowman caught the rhythm of the deed. It was all so easy to take their boat out into midstream where the current favored them a little, to shoot her bow far out over the fall, and, as the crews ashore gaped in horrified amazement, to make her leap clear as a horse leaps a hurdle. And then to fight their way through the smother of the whirlpool below, man against water, but such men as not every boat can put in bow and stern, such strong arms as do not hold every paddle, such great heads for management, such skill in water-craft as few attain.

This was the oration, with its Indian appeal to personal glory. It was, as Sebattis said, "*Beeg t'ing*," and he fired his bowman with the desire for glory. The Penobscot man, white man or Indian, dies with astonishing alacrity when he sees anything worth dying for. And the name of "crack waterman" is a shining mark to strive for.

Thus at the upper end of the carry

Sebattis and his bowman talked over at their leisure the chances of dying within five minutes. At the other end the two boats' crews lay among the blueberry bushes in the shade of shivering birch saplings and waited for Sebattis. It did not worry them that he was long in coming; they knew the leisurely Indian ways, and how unwilling, though he weighed hard upon two hundred and sixty, and had strength to correspond, was Big Sebattis to lug an extra pound. They pictured him draining his boat and sopping out with a swab of bracken the last dispensable ounce of water, then, tilting her to the sun for a few minutes, to steam out a trifle more before he whooped to them to come across and help him. It did not worry them to wait, — it was all one in the end: there would be carries to lug on long after they were dead and gone.

So, looking at the logs ricked up along the shores and cross-piled on the ledges, looking at the others drifting past, wallowing and thrashing in the wicked boil below the falls, they lounged and chaffed one another. Jerry Durgan was surreptitiously laying cool birch leaves on his abraded shoulder, and Bill Halpin was attentively, though silently, regarding his shins: there had been none too much stocking between him and that "big gray." The Indians, stretched out on their backs, gazed at the sky; nothing fretted them much. On one side, an Indian and an Irishman were having a passage at wit; on the other, two or three were arguing about the ins and outs of a big fight up at 'Suncook the winter before, and a Province man was colloguing with a Yankee on points of scriptural interpretation. It was such talk as might be overheard almost any time on the drive when men are resting at their ease.

"It was French Joe that nailed Billy; Billy he told me so," came from the group under the birches.

From among the Indians out in the sunlight arose a persuasive Irish voice. "Why is it, Tomah, that when your folks are good Catholics, and our folks are good Catholics, you don't ever name your children Patrick and Bridget?"

And the reply came quick: "'Cause we hate it Irish so bad, you know!"

Off at the right they were wrangling about the construction of the Ark.

"And I 'd just like to have seen that bo't when they got her done," said the Yankee; "just one door an' one winder, an' vent'lated like Harvey Doane's scho'l-'ouse. They caught him nailin' of the winders down. 'How be ye goin' to vent'late?' says they. 'Oh,' says he, 'fresh air 's powerful circulatin' stuff; I callate they 'll carry the old air out in their pockets, an' bring enough fresh air in in their caps to keep 'em goin';' an' that was all they ever did get 's long 's he was school agent. My scissors! three stories an' all full of live stock, an' only one winder, an' that all battened down! Tell you what! I 'd 'a' hated to be Mr. Noah's fambly an' had to stay in that ole Ark ten months an' a half before they took the cover off! Fact! I read it all up onct!"

Said another: "I don't seem to 'member how she was built 'ceptin' the way they run her seams. She must have ben a jim-dickey house with the pitch all on the inside 's well as on the outside o' her. Seems to me a bo't ain't bettered none by a daub o' pitch where the' ain't none needed."

"'T ain't the Ark as bothers me some," put in the Province man; "I reckon that flood business is pretty nigh straight, but I could n't never cipher out about that Tower of Babel thing. Man ask for a hod o' mortar, an' like enough they 'd send him up a barrel of gaspereau; that 's" —

The religious discussion broke off abruptly.

"Holy Hell! — Look a-comin'!" gasped the Yankee.

Man! but that was a sight to see! They got up and devoured it with their eyes.

On the verge of the fall hovered the batteau about to leap. Big Sebat and his bowman crouched to help her, like a rider lifting his horse to a leap. And their eyes were set with fierce excitement, their hands cleaved to their paddle handles, they felt the thrill that ran through the boat as they shot her clear, and, flying out beyond the curtain of the fall, they landed her in the yeasty rapids below.

Both on their feet then! And how they bent their paddles and whipped them from side to side, as it was "In!" — "Out!" — "Right!" — "Left!" to avoid the logs caught on the ledges and the great rocks that lay beneath the boils and snapped at them with their ugly fangs as they went flying past. The spray was on them; the surges crested over their gunwales; they sheered from the rock, but cut the wave that covered it and carried it inboard. And always it was "Right!" — "Left!" — "In!" — "Out!" as the greater danger drove them to seek the less.

But finally they ran her out through the tail of the boil, and fetched her ashore in a cove below the carry-end, out of sight of the men. She was full of water, barely afloat.

Would Sebattis own to the boys who were hurrying down through the bushes that he had escaped with his life only by the greatest luck? Not Sebattis!

"Now you bale her out paddles," said he to his bowman, and they swept her with their paddles as one might with a broom.

"Now you drain her out," commanded Sebattis, when they could lift the remaining weight, and they raised the bow and let the water run out over the slanting stern, all but a few pailfuls. "Better you let dat stay," said the shrewd Sebattis.

It was quick work, but when the crew broke through the bushes, there stood Sebattis and his bowman leaning on their paddles like bronze caryatids, one on either side of the boat. They might have been standing thus since the days of the Pharaohs, they were so at ease.

"Well, boys, how did you make it?" queried the first to arrive on the spot.

Sebattis smiled his simple, vacuous smile. "Oh, ver' good; she took in lill' water mebbe."

"By gee, that ain't much water! Did she strike anything?"

Sebattis helped to turn her over. She had not a scratch upon her.

Then the men all looked again at the boat that had been over Sowadnehunk, and they all trooped back to the carry-end without saying much, two full batteau crews and Sebattis and his bowman. They did not talk. No man would have gained anything new by exchanging thoughts with his neighbor.

And when they came to the two boats drying in the sun, they looked one another in the eyes again. It was a foregone conclusion. Without a word they put their galled shoulders under the gunwales, lifted the heavy batteaus to their places, and started back across that carry forty rods to the end they had just come from.

What for? It was that in his own esteem a Penobscot man will not stand second to any other man. They would not have it said that Sebattis Mitchell was the only man of them who had tried to run Sowadnehunk Falls.

So they put in again, six men to a boat, full crews, and in the stern of one stood Joe Attien, who was Thoreau's guide, and in the bow Steve Stanislaus, his cousin. That sets the date, — that it was back in 1870, — for it became the occasion for another and a sadder tale.

And they pushed out with their two boats and ran the falls.

But the luck that bore Sebattis safely through was not theirs. Both boats were swamped, battered on the rocks into kindling wood. Twelve men were thrown into the water, and pounded and swashed about among logs and rocks. Some by swimming, some by the aid of Sebattis

and his boat, eleven of them got ashore, "a little damp," as no doubt the least exaggerative of them were willing to admit. The unlucky twelfth man they picked up later, quite undeniably drowned. And the boats were irretrievably smashed. Indeed, that was the part of the tale that rankled with Sebattis when he used to tell it.

"Berry much she blame it us" (that is, himself) "that time John Loss." (Always to the Indian mind John Ross, the head contractor of the drive, was the power that commanded wind, logs, and weather.) "She don' care so much 'cause drowned it man, 'cause she can get blenty of it men; but dose e'er boats she talk 'bout berry hard."

That is how they look at such little deeds themselves. The man who led off gets the credit and the blame; he is the only one remembered. But to an outsider what wins more than passing admiration is not the one man who succeeded, but the many who followed after and failed, who could not let well enough alone when there was a possible better to be achieved, but, on the welcome end of the carry, the end where all their troubles of galls and bruises and heavy burdens in the heat are over, pick up their boats without a word, not one man of them falling out, and lug them back a weary forty rods to fight another round with Death sooner than own themselves outdone.

Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

THE ARISTOCRACY OF THE DOLLAR.

It is much to be doubted whether any marriage contract in history had ever a simpler or compacter basis than that between the celebrated Dr. Samuel Johnson and the lady who became his wife. It stands recorded, not in Boswell's Life of him, but in the scarcely less entertaining letters of his contemporary, Miss Anna Seward. He told the object of his affections that he was, in the first place, of mean extraction; that, in the second place, he had no money; and that, in the third place, he had had an uncle hanged. Not to be outdone, the lady replied as promptly that she valued no man the more or the less for his parentage; that as to money, she had none herself; and that, in regard to his last point, although she had never had a near relative literally and actually hanged, she had at least twenty who deserved to be. It is needless to say that a marriage between two such congenial spirits followed, and that it was, all things considered, fairly happy. It is worth noticing, also, that the two lovers sketched out unconsciously the successive phases of social structure which have prevailed in the world. Society must always have some kind of aristocracy or leadership, some standard of social precedence. The aristocracy of birth is one form of this standard; that of wealth is another; while that of wisdom, of virtue, and of never having had a relative hanged is still another. Let us for the present confine ourselves to the first two of these alternatives.

We are living in a transition period of our social history. The aristocracy of birth is passing away. The aristocracy

of wealth is coming forward. This in its turn may yield to something better. There is certainly room for it! But standing as we do at the deathbed of one form of social organization and the birth of another, it is worth while to compare their merits. There are those who honestly believe that in losing hereditary aristocracy the world is losing much, and who see a formidable danger in the aristocracy of wealth. Others maintain, as sincerely, that this movement is a step forward and not backward. It is a good time to set the two side by side and see how far the world is likely to lose or gain by the exchange.

In all Europe, of the hereditary governing bodies which once ruled it, there is left to-day but one, the English House of Lords. In one or two other countries, such as Austria and Prussia, the upper chamber contains the hereditary element, but it is never exclusive, while the English House of Lords stands by itself. It is, indeed, in one respect more aristocratic than in the Middle Ages, because in those days it consisted quite largely of an appointive body, the dignitaries of the church, who had commonly risen from the ranks of the people, and whose position was not hereditary. This life element, comprising the bishops, has now been reduced, as Goldwin Smith once said, "to comparative insignificance in point of numbers, and to almost total insignificance in point of influence." This impairing of power further extends to the whole body of the House of Lords from the very dignity of its traditions, and from the recent origin of most of its peerages. Not only do very few of these date back as far as the landing of the Pilgrims in America, but the very membership of the House, and consequently its voting power, depends at any moment on the action of the King. When the Reform Bill was carried, June 7, 1832, by the express promise of the King to create new peers enough, if needful, to carry it through the Lords, the Lords became from that moment, for practical action, a wholly secondary body; a system of brakes — not of wheels — for the car of state. It is becoming filled, accordingly, as Mr. Bodley tells us in his France, with "newly made peers, who prevail upon the editors of peerages to erase from their pedigrees the worthy aldermen who founded their fortunes, and accord them forefathers who performed feats at Hastings unknown to the workers of the Bayeux tapestry" (II. 375). We see the outcome in the criticisms of Vanity Fair on London society: "In Rome and Vienna, and even in republican Paris, London society has become a laughing stock. Blood, pride of race, what are these? Where are they nowadays? Money, above all the willingness to entertain, these are the pass-keys to what was once a fortress to be entered by birth, and by birth alone."

For the aristocracy of birth, the English basis was the law of primogeniture, which Dr. Johnson maintained to be a good law, because it made only one fool in each family. Yet we forget how few years it is since, in some of our older American colonies, the traditions of Old England were still upheld, in this respect, and hereditary forces ruled the state. I remember talking once with a Rhode Islander, now an aged man, who recalled the time when he had returned from India from a five years' absence, and who had then voted when but one day in port, because he was the oldest son of his father.

Nothing, indeed, now remains in America which so recalls the feudal system as the whole region of the Narragansett country in Rhode Island, where one still sees the remains of a class of buildings differing in kind from any now erected. They represent great square houses of fifty or a hundred and fifty feet front, with drawing-rooms twenty feet square and from fourteen to sixteen feet high. There were two stories, with high gambrel attics for the slaves, who often occu-

pied outbuildings, also. The houses were so large that in one of them, the old Potter house, there occurred a house-warming of three days and nights, during which the old father and mother, in their out-of-the-way rooms, never learned that anything was going on. Under the law of primogeniture, then prevailing, the households were on such a scale that one of these magnates, Robert Hazard, is said to have boasted of economy, when he brought his family down to seventy persons. He owned twelve thousand acres, kept foxhounds, four thousand sheep, one hundred and fifty cows, and fourteen saddle horses. He employed twelve negro dairymaids, each with a small girl to wait upon her, by whose joint labors from twelve to twenty-four cheeses were made every day in the year for family consumption; and, let us hope, people took exercise enough to digest the product. These are, at any rate, the still living traditions of the Narragansett country as they prevailed thirty years ago.

In a similar way an almost feudal system of proprietorship was tried on the Hudson, and went down in the "anti-rent war." In the catalogues of our early colleges, the names of students were not arranged alphabetically, as now, but according to the relative social position of students' families, this lasting until 1767 at Yale, and until 1772 at Harvard. The Society of the Cincinnati was undoubtedly relied upon by many as a step toward hereditary aristocracy. But what came of it? You hear of a few quiet, elderly gentlemen as eating an annual dinner together, and that is all the world knows of it. Thus easily have died out all efforts to establish such hereditary classes among us. Yet I can remember when it was jocosely said of some families of Massachusetts that they claimed to have had, in the time of Noah's deluge, a boat to themselves; and I can recall, on the other hand, when a social aspirant in Boston asked, "Who belong to the really old families, grandmamma?" and that relative shook her weary head and said, "Mostly no one, my dear."

The advance in the standard of wealth in the last century is recognized by all as something formidable. In the writer's boyhood, John P. Cushing was the only man in Boston, or its vicinity, who was suspected of being a millionaire; and even in his case some regarded such wealth as incredible. He was an essentially modest, retiring man, and said to a lady of my acquaintance, who ventured to reproach him for having holes in his shoes, that he knew no real advantage of wealth, except to be able to wear one's old shoes without criticism. But what is a million dollars to-day? To the eyes of many it represents economy, almost poverty; at any rate, a step toward the almshouse. John Jacob Astor was said to be worth twenty millions, and that was such a colossal fortune, people had again to alter their standard of figures in arithmetic. After this, Commodore Vanderbilt's forty millions seemed but a step, and the next Vanderbilt's two hundred millions were not so wholly startling. Yet men looked with commiseration on the division of this last fortune by his published will. Sixty millions to each of two sons, and the rest of the family cut off with ten millions apiece! Men felt like taking up a contribution in the churches. Yet what seemed even these wonders compared with the personal fortunes of the present day!

Let us look first at the alarming side of this rapid growth of wealth. First comes its possible interference with our whole system of local government. A successful merchant of the last generation in Boston felt the increasing burden of taxation so heavily that he moved from the city to a country town where his father had been a modest clergyman. Inquiring of the town officials as to his taxation, they hesitated a little to reply, as if wishing to deal gently with the brilliant fish thus migrating to their quiet

pool. To solve the problem, he suggested that they send him the town bills as presented for the coming year, and let him try a financial experiment. He then paid them all in succession, and thereby saved twenty thousand dollars on his annual tax, as paid hitherto in Boston. The selectmen, meanwhile, collected of all other taxpayers their usual amount, made a separate fund of it, and spent that in securing the best roads and signboards in the county. It was all very well in this instance. But suppose a series of millionaires, migrating to a series of country towns, what would be the result, and how long before we should have a new form of feudalism? This was one question to be seriously raised, and soon there were others.

How is it all to end, men asked, this new development? Consider history, they said. We can readily understand how the castles on the Rhine went down. The traveler visits their terrible torture-chambers, their oubliettes, and then reads the tale of the free burghers, the weavers and lace-makers of the Low Countries who swept down that beautiful valley and made an end of feudalism. No such easy process suggests itself amid the complications of modern labor; and should a new race, born of sudden wealth, arise, what would it be? How many generations would it take to secure good manners, for instance, in the new masters of the community? What will become of the refinements of life, if all the guidance of good society is to be transferred to the hands of those who have spent the prime of their existence in making money?

It is to be noticed, moreover, that the very men who repudiated the coat-of-arms were the men most eager to assume it when they once had an excuse. How rarely do you find in society the men who have the courage to tell the exact truth about their own antecedents! It is so exceptional that, wherever it is done, it fills us with admiration. Pope Urban IV was the son of a cobbler, and had pursued that vocation himself, and so, with proper pride, he used a cobbler's tools as his symbol. Bishop Willegis, who was brought up as a wheelwright, becoming at last a bishop, and being entitled to a coat-of-arms, found, when he went to take possession of his palace, that the little boys had been chalking wheels all over the walls. Being a man of sense, he put a wheel upon his coat-of-arms, and the little boys lost their fun, while the price of chalk went down.

Again, Goethe's father was in early life a blacksmith, and in Frankfort, over the door of the house where the great German poet was born, may be seen the coat-of-arms assumed, in a manner, by his father. The elder Goethe was skilled in the manufacture of horseshoes, and he wished to put three horseshoes over his door for a crest; but his architect, wishing the fact to appear to the utmost advantage, wove those horseshoes into the shape of a musical lyre, and thus unconsciously predicted that within those walls the greatest of modern poets should be born. How fine is all this, yet how vainly one may watch along the streets of any fashionable watering-place for any carriage panel that might have been designed by Pope Urban, Bishop Willegis, or the elder Goethe; and how many may one see which represent a dragon or unicorn or griffin, some creature out of whose hide and horn no one ever made a living since the world began. Not one of these even rivaled the traditional motto of Senator Philetus Sawyer, of Michigan, who, having gained a fortune by the honest pursuit his name implied, adorned his carriage with the Latin word "Vidi," which, being translated, signifies "I saw."

No doubt there were facts enough on which to base all this solicitude, yet there is another side. The aristocracy based on the dollar has its own weaknesses and follies; yet it has certain merits. Its first

merit is that it belongs to the present, not to the past; it represents something that is being done, or has lately been done, whether for good or evil; not something which has long gone by. When Theodore Parker first visited Cincinnati, at that time the recognized leader among Western cities, he said that he had made a great discovery, namely, that while the aristocracy of Cincinnati was unquestionably founded on pork, it made a great difference whether a man killed pigs for himself, or whether his father had killed them. The one was held plebeian, the other patrician. It was the difference, Parker said, between the *stick 'ems* and the *stuck 'ems;* and his own sympathies, he confessed, were with the present tense. It was, in other words, aristocracy in the making. It stood for a race which had found forests to be cleared, streams to be bridged, and roads to be built; the dollar was not only behind these forms of service, but it was the corner-stone of the schoolhouse and the church. It predicted a civilization which should belong to to-day, not to yesterday; and belonging to to-day, should also predict to-morrow.

Out of this close allegiance to the present tense, the aristocracy of the dollar has derived several other advantages. It has always emerged, within a generation or two at the farthest, from the ranks of the plain people, and thus always seems nearer to them. It takes for that reason the color of its time. It is not too permanent. It finds sympathies at home, and spends its money there: in three quarters of the towns in Massachusetts, for example, you find a town hall or a public library that was presented by some native of the town. It is not easily crushed or even intimidated; so that it is not uncommon to find a man who has made one or two fortunes and lost them, and is now resting on his third. It appreciates other forms of influence than its own, and has a secret reverence for science, for history, and even for literature.

None are more ready than rich men to recognize that while one man makes money in business, another may devote himself to intellectual pursuits. The elder Agassiz once refused a profitable course of lectures on the ground that he had not, just then, the time to make money. If mere material wealth is all that is thought of among business men, he would have been thought fit for an insane hospital, but as it was, he was all the more respected. Those who say that our people look merely at wealth take a very superficial view. As a rule, men do not know who is the richest man in the next city or the next state. Mere wealth has, after all, a very limited reputation compared with that of intellect. An English novelist comes here, and every town hall is open to him; a Swedish peasant girl comes to sing to us, and we pay any price to hear. Bring forward your art and your genius, the community seems to say, and we will provide the money. Let an ordinary millionaire land at the wharf, on the other hand, and no more attention is paid to him than if he were an ex-governor. The very fact that the pursuit of wealth among us demands rare talent and energy seems of itself to create respect for those same qualities when manifested in other ways.

Why did the aristocracy of parentage fail to hold its own? Why did it die out in America and, practically speaking, in all the British colonies? It had every advantage at the outset; it held the inside track. It failed because two great laws of the universe were against it: first, the laws of arithmetic, and, secondly, the laws of physiology. It violated the principles of arithmetic because it required that each individual or household should have a distinct line of ancestors, and it would thus be discovered in a few generations that there were not nearly enough ancestors to go round, leaving people in the position of Mark Twain, who declared that he had "no parents to speak of, only a father and mother or so." It was contrary to the laws of physiology, as shown

by the deterioration of one royal family after another in Europe, these having come to resemble those English race horses which have so much blood that there is very little horse, and it must be replenished from a more plebeian stock.

To sum it all up, the strength of hereditary aristocracy lay, undoubtedly, in a sort of accumulated self-respect; the coats-of-arms may or may not have been given originally for great deeds, but memory or imagination gradually assigned them to that origin as time went on. As Marmontel nicely defined it, "Nobility of birth is a letter of credit given us on our country, upon the security of our ancestors, in the conviction that at a proper period of life we shall acquit ourselves with honor to those who stand engaged for us." On the other hand, the strength of the newer form of aristocracy lies in its greater nearness to the community at large, as being of more recent and tangible origin, and as usually showing some special visible gift or faculty in those who represent it. Its beginning may have been never so humble, yet these qualities bear some vague promise of its future.

The thing which most puzzled that early traveler in America, Captain Basil Hall, in 1827, was to see on the high-road a pig-driver wearing spectacles; and it is only a few years since a newly arrived Englishman mentioned to me, as something requiring explanation, that he had seen somebody in a full suit of black broadcloth feeding hogs. I had a call, many years since, from a young lady, well-dressed, well-bred, and of American birth, who wished to be hired to do housework, and stipulated that she should bring her own piano. I met lately a man whose professions were farming, cigar-making, running a saw-mill, ice-cutting, sailing a fishing schooner, and peddling parched-corn candy balls. The average life of a college boy might furnish material for that book entitled the Romance of a Poor Young Man; and we all make a living, as Shakespeare's Touchstone threatens to kill his rival, in a hundred and fifty different ways. No doubt plenty of young people are now born rich, but they are very rarely people whose grandparents had that experience. The community watches them with some interest to discover whether they are to furnish new illustrations of the rural American proverb that it takes but three generations to go from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves.

After all, the worship of the dollar is but the foam upon the advancing wave of modern civilization. It breaks into spray and vanishes, even while we gaze. Even now there are not a score of men in America who are known by name throughout the land for their wealth alone; but a young man who makes a single brilliant speech at a political meeting, or a young girl who writes a clever story, may wake up some fine morning and encounter a fame spread from Maine to California, before either of them has made enough money out of it to pay a washerwoman's bill. "The whole interest of history," says Emerson, "lies in the fortunes of the poor." All the novels are full of the enjoyments of wealth; but who celebrates the joys of poverty? The pride of its little prudences, the joy of its wholesome abstinences, the magnificent delight of its occasional holidays; — who but Dickens ever described them? Who but his little Jacob ever knew what oysters were, or really saw a play? Enjoyment does not lie in quantity, but in quality. The first book is worth the library; the first cheap engraving may give more lasting pleasure than the picture gallery that follows. How few really cheerful faces one sees in the carriages on a fashionable avenue; in the carriage, for instance, of Mrs. Crœsus, who thinks it her duty to drive, "in order to air the horses." But what unutterable bliss is the Sunday afternoon drive to the overworked clerk who has been putting by the two dollars for at least two years,

and lying awake at night to decide on the cheapest livery stable! True, Mrs. Crœsus has the felicity of being the more stared at, but the young man has the profounder felicity of not caring whether he is stared at or not, so long as he — and the young woman — enjoy themselves. Thus the little boy who was seen asleep at the theatre, night after night, explained, toward the end of the season, to the sympathetic and inquiring stranger who waked him, "Ah, but you see, I have to come. I've got a season ticket!" Alas for wealth, which has season tickets for everything and gets the full relish out of nothing!

If the general tenor of this essay is thus far correct, it may be claimed that the aristocracy of the millionaires is only a prelude to the aristocracy of the millions. We talk of the upper ten thousand now, and may talk of the upper ten million by and by, and so on toward the whole population. As this advance is gradually made, we need not fear but that all the proprieties of life will follow, even if slowly. It is really a greater step to have taught a whole people to read and write than to have taught them all to carry themselves politely and to use their forks properly. I can remember well, in visiting our Western states, fifty years ago, that one encountered in traveling scarcely a person who did not eat with the knife; whereas now one would think, in hotel or steamboat, that every man was born, not with a silver spoon, but with a silver fork in his mouth. A friend of mine, in those days, using a choice phrase at a Western steamboat table was hailed by an unexpected voice: "That's a very pretty word you made use of, stranger. Would you have the goodness to repeat that word?" That condition of things made the popularity of English novels at that day. They were handbooks of good manners for a public longing to be taught. Here were twenty-five million people eager to learn the manners of duchesses. This spread the new fashions; in older countries, dress was a badge; the cook would lose her place if she ventured to wear a bonnet like that of her mistress. Here, if the mistress objected to the bonnet, she would lose her cook.

In all this process of gradual development, wealth naturally takes the lead upon a path which tends, on the whole, upward. The aristocracy of the dollar may or may not prepare the way for anything better than its predecessor, but it will have its day. The aristocracy of birth yields, though reluctantly. A story is told of an Englishman who, after a delightful chat with Thackeray, whom he met as a stranger at a club in London, upon being told that it was a famous author to whom he had been talking, replied with surprise, "Is he an author? I had taken him for a gentleman." So Dr. Johnson, nearly two centuries ago, had defined an English merchant as "a new species of gentleman," and Lord Stanhope said, with undoubted truth, that the only trade in which an English gentleman could then engage was that of a wine merchant. Travelers tell us of an instance in Scotland where, at a dinner party, an upper servant was sent round beforehand to inquire how many acres of land each guest had inherited, so that they might be arranged at the table in their proper order. How childish these discriminations appear in a land where, as the newspapers lately informed us, a single resident of Rochester, New York, owned four hundred farms in different states in the Union, including thirty-five thousand acres in the state of Kentucky alone; or where, as was stated not long since, one American citizen controlled two great telegraph lines across the continent and four out of the seven New York daily papers!

That the new aristocracy will have its own problems to meet is plain enough. One great one lies already in the foreground. In Mr. Bodley's France, gen-

erally recognized as one of the ablest of modern social studies, he tells us that in all the leading modern nations, whether styled republican or otherwise, society is no longer complex, but has practically become divided into only two social classes: "that which gains a livelihood by manual toil, and that which earns a living in other ways, or subsists on the interest of capital" (I. 9). Is this easy conclusion justified? Now that mercantile life has come to be, as in America, a gentleman's employment, who can help seeing that it only involves a question of time for mechanical occupations to receive the same recognition? Who can go into a machine shop of the present day without thinking how much more of intellect dwells in those wheels and bands than in the majority, not merely of counting-rooms, but even of court-rooms and pulpits? Constant inventive power is steadily transforming trades into arts; the great factory not only educates the man who runs it, but every boy who tends a lever or minds an engine. I remember that once, when I approached at evening, by a local railway branch, the New England village where I was to give a lecture, I noticed, as we drew near the station, an eager interest and mutual conference among the passengers, joined with an air of evident pride and exultation. I was at last approached by the conductor, who had evidently noted me, with the inquiry whether I was the lecturer expected. On my assenting, his face lighted up as he eagerly told me the fact which had evidently thrilled every breast. "You may not be aware, sir," he said, "that the president of the lecture association has been called out of town, and that the vice president who is to present you to the audience is the engineer of this very train!" When the time came, no President of the United States could have introduced a guest with more propriety and dignity than did this railway engineer; and when I left that little town at dawn, he honored me with a seat beside him on the locomotive, — his own lecture platform. I felt for an hour, in the glory of the swift motion and of that winter sunrise, as if the whole problem of democracy were solved and the future of the republic were secure.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

SOME RECENT ASPECTS OF DARWINISM.[1]

FOR us who have grown up since 1859, the doctrine of the Origin of Species has become so far one of those things *quod semper, quod omnibus, quod ubique creditum est*, that we waken from our dogmatic slumbers with something of a start to find that, of three recent books which touch upon Darwinism, two are frankly skeptical as to the sufficiency of Natural Selection.

The fact is, however, that the Darwinian, along with his other troubles, has always had to face one serious dilemma. Seeking to discover why, if there must be living beings in the world, there should be so very many different kinds, he

[1] *Doubts about Darwinism.* By A SEMI-DARWINIAN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

Evolution and Adaptation. By THOMAS HUNT MORGAN, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Variation in Animals and Plants. By H. M. VERNON, M. A., M. D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

Mendel's Principles of Heredity, a Defence. With a Translation of Mendel's Original Papers on Hybridization. By W. BATESON, M. A., F. R. S. Cambridge, at the University Press. 1902.

seizes — not unreasonably — upon the little differences as the starting-point for the big ones. He sees that, as a matter of fact, no two leaves on the same oak are exactly alike, and no two oaks have just the same average leaf. Almost inevitably he imagines that ten thousand of these minute differences have been lumped together to make the greater ones which distinguish red oak leaves from white. Thus far the Darwinian is one with all evolutionists. He parts company with the others only on the question of causes. Darwin's great discovery was Natural Selection; a convenient short-hand expression — though, as experience has shown, a very confusing one — for the interaction of several causes, which together integrate little differences into larger ones. The Darwinian, then, attributes a great part of the multiform variety of living beings, and the adaptation of each to its special place in the world, to the continued selection of such small variations as are seen to occur in nature. But, unfortunately for the logic of his case, there are two sorts of these variations. There are, in the first place, those innumerable slight differences which hardly serve to distinguish one creature from another. There are, besides, those occasional and greater unlikenesses between parent and offspring — such as the double paws of the house cat — which it is now the fashion to call discontinuous variations or mutations. If now the Darwinian, called upon to declare which of these two kinds of variation has furnished the raw material for selection, alleges the commoner sort, he is immediately told that no new organ can possibly arise from these, because they are always too small for selection to seize upon. Survival, he is informed, is a matter of real fitness, of having or not having some important quality, not a question of a little more here and a little less there. If, on the other hand, he takes to citing cases of greater departures, he must meet the objection that these are always so few that they are, of necessity, promptly swamped by intercrossing. What if important mutations do occur once in ten thousand times, who can find a trace of any of them after ten generations!

Darwin himself saw this difficulty quite as clearly as anybody. With characteristic disregard of merely formal considerations, he rested his case on the facts. There are, he said in effect, practically these two sorts of variation. Gardeners and breeders have actually used one kind or the other to produce all the countless varieties of pigeons, dogs, horses, cattle, fruits, flowering plants, and the rest. Whatever man has done, Nature has done also, on a larger scale, by the same means. The origin of any particular natural species, or of any prize-winning artificial stock, by selection of one sort of variants or the other, is a matter of detailed evidence, and is not to be discussed on general grounds. It was a case of *solvitur ambulando*, and on that basis Darwin converted the world. When, however, it came to threshing out the evidence for individual cases, Darwin, in general, put most stress on the commoner sort of variation. When this did not seem to meet the case, he fell back on the other kind in a way that made some of his opponents say that he was playing fast and loose with the whole question, and many of his supporters feel that he had not, after all, quite met the whole difficulty. When all has been said, artificial races are not exactly the same as natural species. Then, too, the analogy between Nature and the gardener and breeder breaks down at the wrong point, since Nature cannot segregate her single favored individual by transplanting it to another bed, or shutting it up in a box stall. In spite, therefore, of a great deal of very ingenious reasoning, the old dilemma, under one form or another, has remained, to be the basis of pretty much every reasonable objection which has ever been urged against Natural Selection,

except only those which spring out of that other plague of the Darwinian, the too numerous cases of imperfect adjustment to environment.

For about a generation following the publication of the Origin, writers on evolution were inclined to content themselves with constructing ingenious theories on the basis of Darwin's evidence, piecing out one untested hypothesis with another, and, in general, following a dialectical method which fairly merited Mr. Bateson's sarcastic paraphrase: "'If,' say we with much circumlocution, 'the course of Nature followed the lines we have suggested, then, in short, it did.'" As he put the case ten years ago: —

"So far, indeed, are the interpreters of Evolution from adding to this [Darwin's] store of facts, that in their hands the original stock becomes even less, until only the most striking remain. It is wearisome to watch the persistence with which these are revived for the purpose of each new theorist. How well we know the offspring of Lord Morton's mare, the hitch Sappho, the Sebright Bantams, the Himalaya Rabbit with pink eyes, the white Cats with their blue eyes, and the rest! Perhaps the time has come when even these splendid observations cannot be made to show much more. Surely their use is now rather to point the direction in which we must go for new facts."

The last decade has changed all this. A few of the younger men who have come up since the days of ignorance have turned their backs upon the older questions, and have gone to work on the two great presuppositions of Darwinism, heredity and variation, making them always a question of fact, and not of logic, in a way that would have delighted Darwin's heart. As a result of this work, unless all signs fail, the next few years should see an advance in the theory of evolution comparable with that which is just now making the physicist the thaumaturgist of science.

Variation is, therefore, except for Darwin's work, almost a new subject; so new, that important facts concerning the commonest animals and plants are still ungathered. Indeed, so inconsiderable is the amount which has yet been written from the modern standpoint, and that little is so easily come at, that almost any one who enjoys playing with mathematics, or any amateur gardener with a turn for experimenting, can, with a few months' reading, put himself in the way of making worthy contributions to science.

Luckily, too, for all writers on heredity and variation, and perhaps still more fortunately for the interest of their readers, the two turn out to be, not, as used to be said, two antagonistic principles, but merely different aspects of the same problem. Nature seems always to be striving to give to each creature seed after its kind. She never quite succeeds, and, in so far as she fails, we call her failure variation. She rarely fails seriously, and such measure of success as she attains we term heredity. A single illustration will serve to show how close the two stand to each other and to everyday life. It must be a matter of common observation that different parts of the body are so correlated that, for example, long arms nearly always accompany long legs, and usually a long face also. Modern standards of accuracy, however, demand something more definite than general impressions that certain things are apt to occur together. So the powerful mathematical analysis, which is perhaps the most distinctive feature of recent work in this field, has yielded, among other things, the index of correlation, a convenient numerical measure of the strength of the tie between the variations of any two organs of the body. On the other hand, the index of correlation for the same organs between parent and offspring is a measure of the force of heredity. Professor Karl Pearson finds that this correlation is least between mother and daughter, somewhat greater between

mother and son, greater still between father and daughter, and greatest of all between father and son. Thus it appears — and this is corroborated by other evidence — that men not only transmit more to their children of either sex than do women, but also inherit more even from their mothers; a striking justification of our immemorial emphasis on inheritance in the male line. *Per contra*, if women inherit less from their fathers and grandfathers, by so much more are they the daughters of the race. Professor Pearson's discovery recalls a piece of biological speculation — out of fashion now and much frowned upon in certain quarters — to the effect that males furnish everywhere the variable and progressive element of a species, while the great stream of racial inheritance flows through the females; a theory which would explain the differences between men and women by supposing that in the one Nature tries her little fliers, in the other, she salts down her gains.

For the anonymous author of Doubts about Darwinism the old dilemma still offers nothing better than a choice of horns on which to spit himself, in spite of all the good work of the last dozen years, with which, to be sure, he shows no very striking acquaintance. Like the worthy clergymen who, a generation ago, used to refute the evolutionists on the basis of a sight acquaintance with the commoner domestic animals, the "Semi-Darwinian" can only fall back on a special act of creative energy whenever he finds a "gap." It is always possible, of course, that the teleologist is right, though even his ready-made explanation has its own difficulties. Teleology, however, is not science; and there never would have been any science if men had been contented with giving the easy explanation, — as there never was any until they stopped giving it.

For the two naturalists, on the other hand, the way out of the old difficulty lies through the newer studies of inheritance and variation. But the two authors tend so far to opposite opinions on most theoretical questions that they are, in a general way, the spokesmen for the somewhat diverse schools into which students of the double problem are divided by the two sorts of variation. Dr. Vernon gives an account of all important discoveries in variation, heredity, adaptation, and related subjects since Darwin, with so much of Darwin's own work as is necessary for a background. But while he treats all aspects of the question in due proportion, his chief interest is with the stricter Darwinism which puts most stress on normal variation. Professor Morgan comes to his somewhat unorthodox opinions by way of the remarkable studies in the regeneration of lost parts, an account of which he brought out two years ago. So that his first concern is with the problem of adaptation, where incidentally he disposes most effectively of the teleology of the Semi-Darwinian. For him the study of discontinuous variations and their inheritance has been the most significant aspect of recent work. Both authors, therefore, cover a good deal the same ground; Professor Morgan with the more critical attitude and the greater interest in the general question, Dr. Vernon with more attention to new facts and methods for their own sake. He assumes that his public is already on reading terms with Darwin, while Professor Morgan begins at the beginning, and devotes half his space to matters which the other takes for granted. Dr. Vernon is, on the whole, the easier reading; largely because his collection of facts is many times greater; in some degree because, as a general rule, English men of science write better than Americans. Between the two, modern aspects of organic evolution get pretty well discussed.

But to return to our old dilemma. There is, from the side of continuous variation, a great deal which goes to show that, all theory aside, Natural Selection

does seize on small differences which seem to us of no great importance, and does use them to hold one species to its most efficient form, or to modify another to fit a new set of conditions. To take but one example out of many, Dr. Bumpus found that of 136 storm-beaten English sparrows, the 72 that revived differed appreciably from the 64 that died. In general, the aberrant individuals perished, and those nearest the typical size and shape survived. But besides this, the survivors were shorter and lighter than the others, longer of leg and breast-bone, and larger of skull. Yet who would not have said *a priori* that half a gram more of average weight would not be rather an advantage than otherwise when it came to weathering a storm, or that a little inferiority in length of leg could possibly make the slightest difference one way or the other! Still more striking, perhaps, is the case of Mr. Weldon's crabs, in which Natural Selection is modifying a species under our very eyes. It appears from measurements of thousands of individuals, and after all imaginable precautions for avoiding error, that the small shore crab of Plymouth Sound, England, is growing narrower of body, the ratio of breadth to length falling off about two per cent in five years. This change is due to the selective destruction of the broader individuals under the rapidly changing conditions of their environment. As the water of the Sound becomes dirtier year by year with the growth of the cities near by, the narrower crabs are slightly better able to filter it through their gill-chambers, and have, therefore, by so much the advantage over the others in the struggle for existence. And since their days, on the average, are longer in the water than their competitors', they leave more descendants to inherit their advantage, with the result that the race, continually recruited from the offspring of the "fitter" individuals, is maintaining itself in a situation where many species once common have been exterminated. The obvious conclusion is that here are the beginnings of two new species. Given time enough, there should be a new sparrow to fit American weather, and a new crab to fit the mud of Plymouth Sound. It is easy enough for the philosopher to say offhand that the selection of such little differences can never go beyond the production of local races; but how, after all, does he know?

On the other hand, from the side of discontinuous variation, we have learned that almost any plant or animal may suddenly exhibit new characters. A perfect tulip appears with all its parts arranged by fours, when, by all precedent, they should go by threes; and we men, — who are sometimes thought, very erroneously, to be above all bodily change, — even we are somewhat given to having more ribs or fewer than is thought quite correct, and six or seven digits in place of the usual five. Equally striking facts of the same sort were, of course, known to the older naturalists. But they missed seeing how common they are; in part, no doubt, because the analysis of the idea of discontinuity had not, in their day, shown that variation may be indefinitely small and yet entirely discontinuous. Size in man, for example, is one of the most variable qualities known, — the dime-museum giant is well up to ten times the weight of the dwarf, — but the variation is continuous, in the sense that all intermediate sizes occur, and those nearest the mean are most numerous. Eye-color, on the other hand, though a very small and unimportant matter, is discontinuous. Nearly all eyes can be assigned at a glance either to the brown-black group or to the gray-blue-green group. Eyes, therefore, are either dark or light, almost never intermediate. Not only, therefore, do we now know that abrupt variation is very much more common than used ever to be suspected, but we have, besides, good reason to think that almost any species, after plodding quietly along for ages, may, all of a sud-

den, take to varying in the most unexpected manner. Once a species gets to kicking over the traces, the new forms are likely to come with a rush, and the same mutation to appear independently over and over again. De Vries, studying mutations of the evening primrose, found among 50,000 plants in eight generations, 359 of one "incipient species," 229 of another, 158 of a third, and smaller numbers of four more, all distinct and self-consistent. Moreover, two of these new primroses grew wild, and maintained themselves under natural conditions unswamped by intercrossing with the stock from which they came.

By all the rules of logic, half-a-dozen plants or animals of a new variety breeding freely with a hundred times their numbers of the older sort ought shortly to disappear. The reason why they do not is that a discontinuous variant is likely to transmit its peculiarity completely, or else not at all. Though Darwin knew this in a general way, the first accurate statement of the matter, like many another fertile idea, came from Mr. Francis Galton. Galton pointed out long ago that there are at least three kinds of heredity, shown conveniently in the transmission of coat-color among horses. If a pure white horse is mated with a pure black one, the colt may follow one parent to the exclusion of the other, and be entirely black or entirely white, the missing color remaining latent, to appear, perhaps, in a subsequent generation. This is alternative or discontinuous inheritance. The latent quality is now termed "recessive;" the other "dominant." Or the colt may fuse completely the parental qualities and be gray, — blended or continuous inheritance. Or it may exhibit both colors unblended, as a black and white piebald, — particulate or mosaic inheritance. The observer of mankind will easily recall a sufficiency of cases of the two extreme sorts. We expect children to be blends of the diverse qualities of their parents, and usually do find them a hodgepodge of ancestral characters, — the nose of one, the temper of another, on the average copying their forbears in due proportion; but as to separate qualities, the heirs of single individuals. Striking physical peculiarities and unusual mental gifts are thought to be very liable to entail, and to come down through half-a-dozen generations unblended and unimpaired. Good cases of mosaic inheritance are not so common. Eye-color is almost always a discontinuous heritage, but once in a while an iris is flecked with two colors, or marked with two concentric bands, and, more rarely, the two eyes of a pair are not mates.

All these facts had, of course, been known time out of mind. Galton, however, analyzed the matter and provided a terminology. He also taught the world not to mix the evidence for different sorts of inheritance, and he formulated his Law of Ancestral Heredity, the most important contribution to the theory of the subject up to the last year of the nineteenth century. With that year came the final discovery which was to gather up and interpret a thousand scattered facts, the final chapter of a story which began a generation before.

Gregor Mendel was Abbot of Brünn in Moravia when Darwin was at work on the Origin. He does not appear to have had any unusual interest in the problem of evolution; indeed, his main concern was with an essentially pre-Darwinian question, — the nature of plant hybrids. With this problem as an avocation from his serious clerical duties, the abbot busied himself in the garden of his cloister; a leisurely, clear-headed, middle-aged churchman in whom a great scientist was spoiled. For eight years he experimented with varieties of the common pea, and in 1865 communicated to the Society of Naturalists in Brünn the substance of the discovery which is hereafter to be known as Mendel's Law, "the greatest discovery in biology since Darwin." Unfortu-

nately, at that time, the Brünn Society, like the rest of the world, had other things on its mind. The controversy over Darwin and evolution was then merrily under way, and the world promptly forgot the one thing which was needed to complete Darwin's work. He, it is clear, never saw Mendel's paper. If he had, a good many books would have remained unwritten. Mendel himself appears never to have understood the full value of his own idea. Except for one short paper written in 1869 he made no effort to follow the matter out, and devoted the remaining twenty years of his life to theology and the weather, — fields where his great talent for experiment could hardly have had free vent. He died in 1884 with no suspicion that, within twenty years, his modest paper would stand alongside of Animals and Plants and Natural Inheritance, and himself, as a student of heredity, with Darwin and Galton. Somehow or other, Mendel's discovery escaped attention until four years ago, when De Vries reached it independently. Two years later Mr. Bateson, who had been among the first to realize its significance, made a translation of the two original papers; this, together with his somewhat hasty commentary, is the basis of Professor Morgan's excellent though brief account, and, in part, of Dr. Vernon's less satisfactory one. Since then, Mendel's Law has been found to hold for a considerable number of cases, both among animals and plants, but most unaccountably not to work for a few others; so that, as yet, no one knows how nearly universal it may prove to be, nor how it is to be reconciled with the older Law of Ancestral Heredity of Galton. Its latest important aspect is an ingenious attempt to apply it to the inheritance of that commonest and most obscure of all discontinuities, — sex.

One illustration will serve to make clear the practical workings of Mendel's principle. If a single rough-coated guinea-pig of either sex be introduced into a colony of normal smooth-coated individuals, all its offspring of the first generation will be rough-coated like itself. In the next generation, if one of the parents is smooth and the other rough, the young will be half of one sort and half of the other, but if both parents are rough, three quarters will take the "dominant" rough coat. In the next, and all subsequent generations, one half of those rough-coated individuals which had one smooth-coated grandparent, and one third of those which had two smooth-coated grandparents, which were not mated, will drop out the "recessive" smooth-coatedness, and become, in all respects, like their original rough-coated progenitor, even to having only rough-coated young, no matter what their mates may have. Thus Mendel's Law, though by no means simple, is very precise. The essential part of his great discovery is that in each generation of plants or animals of mixed ancestry, a definite proportion lose one half of their mingled heritage, and revert, in equal numbers, to one or other of the pure types. As a corollary to this there is also the discovery that there may be, as among our guinea-pigs, two sorts of individuals, alike in outward appearance, but fundamentally different in having or lacking a latent quality which, when it exists, becomes patent again in a fixed proportion of their offspring. Apparently in about one case out of two in which Mendel's Law holds, the new quality or organ of a mutation is "dominant" over the old one, like the rough coat of the guinea-pig over the smooth, and thereby gets a fair chance to prove its fitness for survival.

If Darwin had only known this, how easily he would have disposed of objections based on the swamping effects of intercrossing!

The reader who follows out at length in the pages of our two authors the case which I have outlined here, and realizes that, in spite of all logic, common varia-

tions are seized upon by Natural Selection, and uncommon ones not swamped, should be convinced that the horns of the old dilemma are neither so long nor so sharp as they were, and that — always *pace* the Semi-Darwinian — one set of objections which used to be urged against Darwinism can now be fairly met. But the reader of Professor Morgan will not go very far before he discovers that the Origin of Species by means of Discontinuous Variation is, for him, no part of Darwinism.

Professor Morgan is always a formidable dialectician, and when he gets to running amuck through Sexual Selection, Germinal Selection, Protective Coloration, Mimicry, and the rest, one comes to realize how insecure are the foundations of some parts of our evolutionary science. Here is his unflattering opinion of Sexual Selection: —

"It is not shown in a single one of the instances that the postulated cause has really had anything to do with the difference in question; and the attempt to show that the theory is probable, by pointing out the large number of cases which it appears to account for, is weakened to a very great degree by the number of exceptional cases, for which an equally ready explanation of a different kind is forthcoming."

Weismann, anent the Indian butterfly, Kallima, which looks almost exactly like a leaf, and is the stock case of Protective Mimicry, gets this shrewd thrust: —

"Thus the philosopher in his closet multiplies and magnifies the difficulties for which he is about to offer a panacea. Had the same amount of labor been spent in testing whether the life of this butterfly is so closely dependent on the exact imitation of the leaf, we might have been spared the pains of this elaborate exordium. There are at least some grounds for suspicion that the whole case of Kallima is 'made up.' If this should prove true, it will be a bad day for the Darwinians, unless they fall back on Weismann's statement that their theory is insufficient to prove a single case."

Unlike Herbert Spencer and others for whom Natural Selection is inadequate, Professor Morgan does not accept the Inheritance of Acquired Characters; so that, if the orthodox Darwinians cut rather a sorry figure on his pages, the Lamarckians and other heretics will hardly feel like grinning at their discomfiture.

"These experiments of Brown-Séquard, and of those who have repeated them, may appear to give a brilliant experimental confirmation of the Lamarckian position; yet I think, if I were a Lamarckian, I should feel very uncomfortable to have the best evidence in support of the theory come from this source, because there are a number of facts in the results that make them appear as though they might, after all, be the outcome of a transmitted disease, as Weismann claims, rather than the inheritance of an acquired character." "Paleontologists have been much impressed by the fact that Evolution has been along the lines which we might imagine that it would follow if the effects of use and disuse are inherited. . . . But, as has been said before, it is not this kind of evidence that the theory is in need of, since Lamarck himself gave an ample supply of illustrations. What we need is clear evidence that this sort of inheritance is possible. . . . Why not then spend a small part of the energy, that has been used to expound the theory, in demonstrating that such a thing is really possible? One of the chief virtues of the Lamarckian theory is that it is capable of experimental verification or contradiction, and who can be expected to furnish such proof if not the Neo-Lamarckians?"

Now while much of this criticism is admirable, coming like a fresh wind of common sense and reality through a region of tinsel and gaslight, much of it also serves but to suggest that in Science,

as in Theology, the inclusive Catholic doctrine splits up into the creeds of warring sects, when one article or another is unduly emphasized.

Darwin taught that species arise sometimes by the selection of one kind of variation, or the other, or both; sometimes by the inheritance of acquired characters; sometimes by the direct influence of environment; sometimes by discontinuous variation without selection; and was quite ready to admit any other factor for which there might be evidence in any particular case. Weismann, Wallace, and the Neo-Darwinians, finding that Selection is a good explanation in a large number of cases, straightway conclude that it is the only factor, and are prepared to excommunicate everybody who agrees with Darwin. The Neo-Lamarckians, on the other hand, finding that the direct influence of the environment and the inheritance of acquired characters are often the better explanations, decide that selection is of no particular importance, and set themselves to account for the world without it. Finally enter Morgan, De Vries, and the believers in the new Theory of Mutations, — which is not so very new, — who, because Nature does get ahead *per saltum*, are ready to shake off the dust of their feet at Neo-Darwinians and Neo-Lamarckians alike.

However, Professor Morgan is no very violent sectary, and, having once flung selection out at the door, is quite willing to let it in again through the window in half-a-dozen scattered sentences like this, which really concede the whole case: "From this point of view it may appear, at first thought, that the idea of evolution through mutations involves a fundamentally different view from that of the Darwinian school of selection; but in so far as selection also depends on the spontaneous appearance of fluctuating variations, the same point of view is to some extent involved, — only the steps are supposed to be smaller." As if that, after all, were of any great consequence! I venture, therefore, to interpret the Mutation Theory as a wholesome reaction against the extreme Selectionism of Weismann, and one sign that the world is coming back to the more moderate and saner Darwinism of Darwin. Nevertheless, when all is said, Natural Selection, in some form or other, would be a logical necessity if it were not a matter of fact. Though the future should discover a thousand factors of organic evolution Natural Selection would still be one of them, and Professor Morgan, or anybody else, who attempts to account for the living world without it, will find that, like Alice in the Looking-Glass Country, when he thinks he has at last got out of sight of the house, he is just walking in at the front door.

E. T. Brewster.

NOTES ON THE SCARLET LETTER.

THE trouble with those who deny Shakespeare's authorship of the plays usually ascribed to him is that they cannot believe in a miracle. How can this great thing come out of Warwickshire, — a hundred miles away from London, — this son of a wool-comber, this truant deer-stealer who never saw Oxford, yet writing plays such as the world had not heard before nor has heard since? It was a miracle indeed, but of the kind that is all the while happening in a world that is greatly in need of what a miracle only can yield. For genius is a miracle; that is, it is inexplicable. Balzac, in the preface of Le Père Goriot, says that

"chance is the great romance-maker of the ages." It might be said that it also makes the romancers, for they appear as by chance, — unheralded and without apparent cause. Here is this boy Hawthorne, born in Salem a century ago, son of generations of shipmasters, not a touch of genius in ancestors or kindred, in a community absorbed in commercialism and at that time singularly free from any flame at which genius could kindle its torch. At the age of fourteen he goes to Maine to reside with an uncle for a time; returns to Salem and prepares for Bowdoin College, where he has Longfellow as a classmate and Franklin Pierce as a friend. He proves to be an indifferent scholar, and shows no signs of genius, unless it be an undue love of solitude and a brooding disposition that might argue either dullness or unusual intelligence. Genius has no clear signs. Nothing heralds it, and it has no true authentication until it does some work that stamps it as its own.

The authentication came late with Hawthorne. Three years after graduation in 1825, he published anonymously a short novel — Fanshawe — that had no sale, and was so slightly regarded by himself that he destroyed most of the first edition, with the result that not more than five copies are in existence. It had, however, the touch that is the peculiar charm of his later writings. For the next ten or twelve years he produced almost nothing, at least nothing commensurate with the long period of time and apparent leisure. Yet, he regarded literature as his vocation, and was striving to live by his pen. He wrote a group of seven short stories which he burned, with how much wealth of genius in them we do not know. That they were rejected by seventeen publishers is no sign that they lacked this subtle quality. Nothing is so elusive and so shy of recognition as genius, for the simple reason that there is no rule by which it can be measured. The publishers have a little mathematical machine by which they can, in a moment, tell you how many printed pages will be required for your bulky pile of manuscript; but they have not yet found a machine that will measure or even detect the presence of that imponderable and unmeasurable thing called genius. The only approach to such a machine is some rare human being who happens (and here the miracle again comes in) to have a spark of it — latent or active — in his own composition. Doubtless these seven tales were full of the qualities that give priceless value to the few stories that are left. Nor is it strange that he did not himself detect the divine spark that glowed within them. Genius is like the eye which sees all things except itself. Hawthorne had a way of burning his productions whenever the hour of weakness or self-distrust — such as often visits men of genius — came to him. Mr. James T. Fields told the writer — in the sixties — that Hawthorne, having got well into the Scarlet Letter, invited him to Salem to hear it read. Hawthorne was disposed to destroy it, and that might have been its fate had not Mr. Fields, who, better than any man of his day, knew a book when he saw one, interposed with a publisher's authority, and so saved one which Mr. Woodberry — Hawthorne's latest biographer — says is "a great and unique romance, standing apart by itself in fiction; there is nothing else quite like it."

There is but little to tell of him biographically; and far less concerning his inner life; or, this would be the case were it not that a writer who deals chiefly with the human soul, and spreads it out in scores of characters, cannot fail also to reveal himself. He was shy to the last degree, and he early formed what he called "a cursed habit of solitude;" but the accuracy with which he uncovers the hidden working of the hearts of others becomes a mirror in which his own heart is pictured. At first, one is inclined to think him a cold, impassive writer, who

holds the mirror up to Nature, — himself simply steadying it while the artist looks through, and declares what he sees. But a full reading somewhat alters one's opinion of him. It does not follow that the recluse is indifferent to humanity; he may be simply less gregarious, or he has less need of others, or finds his best development in solitude, or is called to some task that requires a steady gaze at certain types of life without disturbing them with spoken words. It is easy to say that had Hawthorne's contact with the world been closer, and had he been reared in a richer and more complex society, his writings would have been less sombre and more varied in their themes. Mr. Henry James — his severest critic while a great admirer — grants that the simplicity of his life was in his favor; "it helped him to appear complete and homogeneous." But when Mr. James seems to limit him by declaring that he is "intensely and vividly local," one pauses to ask if local color hinders universality of treatment. He had the independence and originality of his own genius, but he found his subjects in New England. His chief theme was the play of conscience under a sense of sin and guilt. Now, nothing is truer than that this theme had wide illustration in New England, and especially in its theology, where it was an organic factor. The reality of sin; its destructive effect on character; its doomlike aspect; the horrible certainty of its result; the impossibility of escape from it except by a special and personal decree of God; the haunting misery of it, fed by uncertainty as to escape; the tragedy that not seldom sprang out of it in every community, — all this was familiar to Hawthorne; but it is a singular fact that, while treating the generic truth, he never seriously touches the prevalent theological aspects of it. It is not the sin, nor the guilt, nor the reprobation of the New England theology exclusively that yields him his themes. Had he established a closer relation to it in his plots, he might almost have been claimed as an adherent or a critic of it. But he cannot be located in that region of thought. Neither sin, nor guilt, nor remorse, belongs exclusively to the Puritan, nor to any theology, though wrought into all. They belong to humanity as parts of its universal problem, and it is as such that Hawthorne treated them. Thus he escaped the charge of provincialism. It is no derogation to admit that he was, in one sense, provincial, — like Burns and Scott, — but his genius was adequate to his standing in the broad field of universal humanity in company with the great masters of it.

Why did Hawthorne choose this one theme, — sin and its consequences, — hardly putting pen to paper except to set down something bearing on it? He was not what is usually termed a religious man; that note was not fully accentuated in him; though what depths of spiritual feeling were hidden in that never-revealed heart let no man attempt to measure. Nor did he take an interest in the theological debates that clustered about sin. Orthodox and Unitarian were one or nothing with him; their contentions will pass, — his remain as new and as old as humanity. He took no interest in reforms, and held himself aloof from every practical question of social life and activity except when forced to it by the necessity of a livelihood, — for until he was forty-six chill penury was his lot. Why, then, did he choose sin as his theme? For the same reason that the great masters in literature always gravitate to it. The Hebrews put it into the first pages of their sacred books. Job chose it, and set a pace often followed but not yet overtaken. The Greeks built their drama upon it. Shakespeare and Goethe could not justify their genius except as over and over again they dealt with it. Dante put it under heaven and hell and all between. Milton could find no theme adequate to his genius but "man's first dis-

obedience." Shall we say, then, that a great genius makes sin his theme because it suits his purpose as an artist? Let us not so belie him. He takes it because it is the greatest theme, and also because it falls in either with his convictions as in the case of Milton, or with his temperament as in the case of Hawthorne. And why is it great? Because it is a violation of the order of the world, and is the defeat of humanity. It throws human nature wide open to our gaze; we look on the ruin and see man's greatness; on his misery, and so uncover pity, which becomes a redeeming force. Thus it opens the whole wide play of human life in its highest and deepest relations. Nothing so interests men as their sins and defeats. Tragedy is born of them, and tragedy fixes evermore the steady gaze of mankind. Genius is its own interpreter; it makes few mistakes. Hawthorne wrote four novels and seven or eight short stories, all turning on sin, and he never errs in its analysis, its operation, or its effect, — though he stops short of finality. His characters are infallibly true to themselves. He is always logical. The environment suits the case down to slightest details. Nature conforms to the tragedy, either illuminating or darkening the play as it goes on, but always with rigid fidelity. His entire work is bathed in truth. Never does he weaken its absoluteness by introducing his personal belief, though occasionally, in his Note-Books, he gives us a glimpse of himself, like this: "When I write anything that I know or suspect to be morbid, I feel as though I had told a lie."

He has no theory of his own; it is the same old story: eating forbidden fruit; hiding from God; losing Paradise; tempted of woman; tempted of Satan; tempted of Mammon; sowing to the flesh and reaping corruption; a deceived heart feeding on ashes; death the wages of sin, — and no clear glimpse of a way out. If stated in modern phrase, it would be this: whatever a man does, he does to himself. There is no profounder truth in morals or religion, or in life than this. The Puritan theology obscured it in its doctrine of sin and of redemption. Both were weakened by over-localization outside of the man himself — putting sin in the progenitor of the race, and redemption into imputation and an expiatory process. However uncertainly these doctrines are held to-day, they still cast a blinding shadow upon ethics, and make it difficult to persuade men that whatsoever they sow they shall reap.

It is enough to say of Hawthorne, at this point, that nowhere in literature is this truth taught more clearly, — with such freedom from the alloy of dogmatic obscuration, with such absence of personal prejudice, — one might almost say of feeling, — with such solemnity, such tragic force and poetic beauty, and, above all, such closeness to life, as are to be found in these four novels and the stories.

We will take a closer look at the greatest of them. What shall be said of the Scarlet Letter; where shall it be located in the realm of Letters? It is not a love story, nor a romance, nor an allegory, nor a parable, nor a historical novel, though it has something of each. It comes near being a dogma set in terms of real life, and made vivid by intense action; but Hawthorne cared nothing for dogma of any sort. What then shall it be called? It must go without classification. It is a study of a certain form of sin made graphic by conditions best calculated to intensify each feature. Mrs. Hawthorne said that during the six months he was writing it, his forehead wore a knot. So will the reader's, if he reads as carefully as Hawthorne wrote.

It was published in 1850, when Hawthorne was forty-six years of age. It has, first of all, this distinction: it is — as Mr. James says — "the finest piece of imaginative writing yet put forth in the country." In the half-century since, a true

and full American literature has been produced; authors of high merit have secured a lasting place; and others of less merit have given us works of fiction that sell almost by the million, but none that are worthy to stand by the side of this short story of sin and shame and remorse. What is claimed for it in this country is freely accorded abroad, though, of course, no comparisons are made with the long annals of English literature, where there are names that defy comparison. It is, however, read more widely there than here, and is held in steadier estimate than we accord, who read as gregariously as sheep crop the grass. We simply state the consensus in which it is held in our American world of letters when we say that it is the most consummate work in literature yet produced in this country.

The explanation of the permanent high estimate of the Scarlet Letter — for it would be as safe to wager on it as on the Bank of England — is the absolute perfection of its art and corresponding subtilty and correctness of thought, and, not least, a style that both fascinates and commands. If it is criticised on slight points, — as that it has too much symbolism, that the story is mixed with parable, and the like, — we grant or deny as we see fit; but we brush all this aside, we turn to the book again and close it with a sigh, or something deeper than a sigh, — even thought, and pronounce it perfect.

It is a simple story, told of a simple age, Greek in its severity, having only four characters: a wife forgetful of her vows; a clergyman forgetful of more than his vows; a wronged husband, left in England, but brought forward; a little child, — these and no more, save the people, individually unimportant, but necessary to form a background for the tragedy. Boston is not yet half a century old, Puritan to the core, hot still with a hatred of the tyranny and sin it had crossed the ocean to escape, governed by the letter of Scripture wherein was found the command that an adulteress should die. But some mercy had begun to qualify the Hebrew code, and instead of death or branding with a hot iron, Hester Prynne was condemned to stand upon the pillory-platform, wearing upon her breast the letter A wrought in scarlet, not only then, but ever after. With her babe in her arms she faces the people, and sees her husband among them, — an old and learned man, — who unexpectedly appears and takes his place as an avenger. The real history of the tragedy begins when the young minister, Mr. Dimmesdale, is required by the magistrate to appeal to Hester to reveal the partner of her guilt. Dimmesdale is at no time in the story represented as wholly contemptible. However sinful his characters may be, Hawthorne always clothes them with a certain human dignity. From the first he is the victim of his sin, — suffering the tortures of remorse to a degree impossible to Hester, because to the first sin he added that of concealment and hypocrisy by continuing in his holy office; and, heavier than all, was the sense that he was dragging the cause, in both church and state, for which the colony was founded, down to the level of his own degradation. It was not for this that Hester, when adjured by him, refused to make the declaration for which he called, but for love only. The story, at the outset, is lifted out of all carnality. Shame and remorse have burned up that dross, until in time only the capacity to suffer is left, while in her heart love remains, — pure always, and made purer by acquiescence in her punishment and the discipline of motherhood. The story moves on, most human, but inexorable as fate. The scarlet letter on Hester's breast almost ceases to do its office. A sense of desert and undying love and pity make her shame endurable. But Dimmesdale finds no relief. The scarlet letter burns itself into his flesh, and he dies in late confession for love, if not for his soul.

It would be difficult to find elsewhere so close an analysis of the play of the soul in the supreme moments of life as that of the leading characters, — all brought to the logical conclusion of their history. The blending of spiritual insight and literary art forms one of those triumphs the like of which one may look for in vain until one reaches the great masters in drama. It also suggests a problem in theology that has vexed the souls of men from the beginning, and will continue to vex them so long as sin and conscience stand opposed to each other. The problem is that of forgiveness: is it ever fully won? The plot goes no further than their contrasted destiny. The curtain drops when the chief actor dies. If here and there it is lifted for a moment, or swept aside by some gust of irrepressible grief, it springs from hope, not from the main purpose. It is in Hester that riddance from sin comes nearest a possibility. Her acceptance and patient endurance of her penalty, without suffering it wholly to break her heart or her will, become a natural and real atonement that yields, if not peace, something of more value. The current of her life ran on in its natural channel in the light of day, before the eyes of the people. The contrast at the last between her strength and his weakness was not between a strong woman and a weak man, — each such by nature, — but between them as each came to be under the discipline of the seven years of experience so differently borne. Dimmesdale was not originally a weak man; had he been, the story would have lost point and emphasis, and would have sunk to the level of a vulgar scandal of every-day life. Hawthorne quickly lifts the narrative out of that region, and confines it to the world where only moral and spiritual forces fill the stage. But under the concealment of his sin Dimmesdale gave way at every point; all the sources of his strength were dried up by the hypocrisy in which he had wrapped himself, and he grew steadily weaker, while Hester gained a certain robustness of will without loss of her love. Hawthorne here comes very near preaching. Indeed, he seldom does anything else; it is the function of genius to preach. Give him a text, put on him the Geneva gown, and you have a preacher of universal orthodoxy fulfilling his calling with awful veracity.

But Hawthorne will not allow the tragedy to sink into the hopelessness of reprobation, — not that he cared for the doctrine one way or the other, but, as an interpreter of evil and as a literary artist, he could not leave Dimmesdale absolutely where his sin placed him; for, in one character, he saw that evil, simply because it is evil, is a mystery, and as an artist he could not map out human passion in mathematical lines. It had stripped Dimmesdale of all that was best, obscured his judgment, defeated his love, blinded him to the distinction between good and evil, overthrown his will, involved his body in the sin of his soul, and brought him to the verge of death; but something is left that revives as soon as he clasps the hand of his child, and — leaning on Hester — he mounts the scaffold where she at first had stood alone and taken on herself the punishment he should have shared with her. Under his decision to confess he revives, and begins to move aright. The scene changes. Each character is transformed. Confession begins to do its work. A far step is taken in the next word: "'Is not this better,' murmured he, 'than what we dreamed of in the forest?'" — meaning flight together, at Hester's suggestion, for his sake. Here he regains something of himself; better to die a true man than to flee a false one. Hester can see the matter in but one light. She had slowly worked out a conscious redemption through "shame, despair, and solitude." She had not sunk to his depth, and she could not rise to the height to which confession was lifting him. She cannot

escape the constraint of her love and pity. She had freed herself; she thought she could free him. "'I know not,' she replied. 'Better? yea: so we may both die, and little Pearl die with us!'" In Hester the passion of love dominates; let it be death if we can die together; but in him the passion of a soul achieving deliverance from sin in the only possible way is stronger, and he is ready to die even if it be alone. He exults in the confession he is about to make before the people. It is the fifty-first Psalm over again. Had Hawthorne read St. Augustine? Or was it the insight of genius brooding in long silence on the way of a guilty soul emerging from the hell of measureless sin? Nowhere does Hawthorne rise so high in tragic skill and power as in the confession that follows when Dimmesdale uncovers his breast and shows burnt into his flesh the letter Hester had worn openly upon her bosom. Here are the stigmata of the early saints, brought out by sin instead of by self-absorption in the crucified One. The final and only atonement is made, and he sinks upon the scaffold to die. Forgiving his tormentor whom he had wronged, he turns to his child where the tragedy completes itself.

Pearl is the one consummate flower of Hawthorne's genius, — unsurpassed by himself and absolutely original. There is woven into her the entire history of these two suffering but diverse souls, which she must fulfill and yet preserve her perfect childhood. She sets forth the sin of her parents without a trace of its guilt, yet reflects the moral chaos in which it had involved her. This is done with matchless art: — "an elf child," the people called her, passing from one mood to another as though a double nature, an Undine as yet without soul, but restless because it is withheld; or, as Mr. Dimmesdale himself had described her, having no "discoverable principle of being save the freedom of a broken law;" and there is added a far-reaching word: "whether capable of good, I know not." Hawthorne does not here hint at inheritance of natural disposition, but has in mind a possible transmission of the confusion springing out of a violation of the moral order. It was not a dream of human love that passed into her being, but something stronger than love.

His thought here runs very deep. This child of guilty passion inherited not the passion, but a protesting conscience that always put her at odds with herself. As Chillingworth was the malignant conscience that destroyed Dimmesdale, Pearl was the natural conscience that wholesomely chastened her mother so long as the inevitable penalty lasted. This ministration is strikingly brought out in the profoundest chapter of the book, where Hester's inner life is disclosed. One is tempted, as one follows it, to ask if Hawthorne suffered his own thoughts to wander into the region where the question of woman's place and rights in human society was undergoing heated discussion. The din of it filled his ears unless he closed them, as he usually did when anything like reform met them. But in this tender and sympathetic chapter he tells where Hester's thoughts often led her, and where she surely would have followed them had she been free to fulfill her dreams. It certainly was where his thoughts would not have gone. But as in Tennyson's Princess a child solved the problem, so here Pearl and motherhood dispelled her dreams and kept her within the lines of natural duty. In every case Pearl dominates the situation, whether she be regarded as a symbolized conscience or as a child. The story throughout is a drama of the spirit; the real and the spiritual play back and forth with something more than metaphor, for each is both real and spiritual. She is woven with endless symbolism into every page; from the first wail in the prison where she was born, the child sets the keynote and keeps it to the end. The brook in the forest ran

through black shadows and through sunshine, and babbled in two voices. "'What does this sad little brook say, mother?' inquired she. 'If thou hadst a sorrow of thine own, the brook might tell thee of it, even as it is telling me of mine.'" Here is a sermon in running brooks deeper than the Duke heard, — the response of nature to the inner spirit of man.

But this contradiction that ran through the child passes away as soon as the purpose of confession enters the heart of Dimmesdale, whom before she had shunned so long as he and her mother talked of flight. As the two meet upon the scaffold after treading their bitter but diverse paths, and become spiritually one through this confession, the child mingles her life with theirs through the truth that now invests them, and proves that "she has a heart by breaking it." Here we have the purest idealism, Greek in the delicacy of its allusions, and Hebrew in its ethical sincerity. What Hawthorne has in mind all along is that a sin involving hypocrisy can in no way be undone or gotten over except by confession, and so getting back into the truth. Dramatic art requires that it shall involve all the actors, — Chillingworth as well as Hester. Though a wronged husband, he was fiendish in his revenge, and as false as Dimmesdale. Any other writer of Romance would have hurled him to a doom of fire or flood. But Hawthorne has other uses for him. He is the malignant conscience of Dimmesdale as Pearl is the beneficent conscience of Hester. All the dramatis personæ must be subdued into the likeness of the common motive; and so Hawthorne places Chillingworth on the scaffold, where the mingled atmosphere of unconquerable love and repentance enfolds him. He calls it a defeat; "thou hast escaped me," he said to Dimmesdale; but it was more than defeat. Hawthorne leaves room for the thought at least that something of good found its way into his poor soul and stayed there.

We must acquit Hawthorne here, and on every other page of his works, from aiming at mere effect, but we cannot fail to see that in this last scene he comes near losing himself and letting his pity carry him beyond the point where the logic of his story left Dimmesdale; for to have wholly absolved him from his sin would have carried the writer beyond his purpose to unfold the working of broken law, — a thing not to be tampered with by an over-sympathetic pen. Hawthorne was neither a skeptic, nor a pessimist, nor a cold-hearted man; he was widely the reverse of each. It was the intensity of his faith in the moral laws and in the reality of goodness, and the delicacy and strength of his sympathy, that made him capable of writing in an unfailing strain of justice tempered, but not set aside, by pity.

But behind these qualities was the artistic sense, which — in a great man — is one with his power and insight, and he could write only what he saw and knew; for art is authoritative. Tennyson was once asked why he did not give In Memoriam a happier ending, — a Paradiso with its vision of God instead of a great hope only. He replied, "I have written what I have felt and known, and I will never write anything else." Hawthorne could say the same of himself; and we might add that his sense of art, as well as his sense of truth, held him in leash. His reserve, however temperamental, is a sign of his consummate skill as a literary artist. On what page, in what sentence, does he fall short? The reader turns over the last page and feverishly demands the next scene in the tragedy, but finds only hints or nothing at all; the characters sink back into the mystery from which they emerged. They move like spirits in a world unreal except as their truth makes it real. Hence their intangibleness; they haunt one in the guise of the quality they set forth, but beyond that they do not exist. They stand for no person, but only for

some law — kept or broken — which they symbolize. There is no Dimmesdale, nor Hester, nor Pearl, nor Chillingworth, but only shadows of broken law working out its consequences in ways of penalty wrought into the Eternal Order. They stay but a moment, and — like a faded pageant — disappear; but while they stay, the deepest meanings of life are set before us in forms of transcendent power, and become permanent in ourselves.

This ready impartation of ideas is everywhere a marked feature of Hawthorne's works, due to the absolute sincerity of their ethical elements, their perfection of literary form, and their pervasive humanity. To doubt the last factor is to rob his genius of its mainspring. The severity of his treatment grows out of the accuracy of his logic. He deals with mystery and, therefore, says little, only enough to show that whatever a man does he does to himself; that obedience is light, and disobedience is darkness in which, because nothing can be seen, there is nothing to be said.

Still, Hawthorne does not hold it to be contrary to his opinions or his art to suffer gleams of hope to illumine even the darkest of his pages. With a masterly touch at the very beginning of the Scarlet Letter, he expressly states this to be a feature of the story he is about to tell. He puts by the door of the prison, where Hester was confined, "a wild rosebush," and says, "it may serve, let us hope, to symbolize some sweet moral blossom, that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow." Therefore, in the last scene there are almost forecasts of a good outcome. In the child the spell that drove her apart from her father is broken, and with tears she kisses his dying lips. Hester raises the unconquerable question of love: "'Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Thou lookest far into eternity with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?'" Hester was mistaken. Her cleansed eyes could see, but his could not with any certainty; he had lived in the dark too long for clear vision. And yet Hawthorne will not hide the end behind so dark a pall. The rose at the prison door blossoms into a hope. The moralizing of the great master is not forgotten: "There is some soul of goodness in things evil." Dimmesdale remembers that there is recovery through suffering, and that it is a sign of mercy. Having set his ignominy before the people, his death becomes triumphant, and he departs with words of praise and submission. Still, Hawthorne will neither assert nor deny, but leaves each to read the story in his own way.

It is not well to look for a doctrine in this masterly and carefully balanced picture. Hawthorne did not intend one; he drew from a broader field than that of dogma. One may hope where one cannot well believe. Belief is special; hope is universal. Dimmesdale stated his own case correctly, — a confused and conflicting statement, because having long lived a lie its bewildering confusion impregnated all his thought. In Hester life has done its worst and its best, and, brooded over continually by truth, she emerges clear-eyed, and sees — shall we say heaven or hell? — She cared not, so long as she could be with him. One is here reminded of Dante's Francesca in the Inferno, "swept about the never resting blast" of hell with Paolo, — her only consolation being that they would never be separated. Mr. Dinsmore, who calls attention to this resemblance in his able book, the Teachings of Dante, thinks that Hawthorne — not having then learned Italian — came to it alone. It may well be so, for it is the quality of love to transcend all motives beside its own; and not seldom does it cast itself with loss of all that it has in time or eternity, for so it chooses, rather than give up itself, — not voluptuous love, but that spiritual passion which makes of two souls one. They

have no life if they are separated. Such was Hester's love. Penance had not weakened, but rather had refined it, until its spiritual essence only was left with its commanding power. This Hawthorne sees by the light of his own genius. But to unwind the thread of human fault, and hold it up so that it shall shine in a brighter color, is a task that he hints at, but does not attempt.

Still, he touches sin with a firm hand, and traces it without flinching to the point where it culminates, — always the same; it separates man from God and his fellows, and at last from himself; it returns in retribution, and the evil he has done to others he does to himself. A casual reading may set this down as a Puritan dogma. It is Puritan, but it is universal before it is Puritan. Hawthorne in his greater works touched nothing that was only and distinctively Puritan. His characters wear the garb, but underneath is simply the human soul. This distinction is to be made because it helps to a right understanding of the book, and redeems both it and its author from the charge of provincialism, — a derogation not to be made concerning a genius whose province lay among themes as broad and universal as human nature.

Hawthorne put no unmeaning words into the Scarlet Letter, and the question may arise how far he intended to include Chillingworth in the scene of redemption on the scaffold, — for such it may be called. The answer must be found in Chillingworth's exclamation: "Thou hast defeated me!" Why did he say that? Because Dimmesdale had taken himself out of the world of lies, and put himself into the hands of the God of truth, and thus brought not only himself, but all about him, under the redeeming influences that filled the air, for even the people went home, as it were, smiting their breasts. If the story be a parable, the harassing conscience must be set at rest; it is defeated, and Chillingworth no longer has a vocation. Dimmesdale had done what he had advised him to do: "Wouldst thou have me to believe, O wise and pious friend, that a false show can be better — can be more for God's glory, or man's welfare — than God's own truth?" His advice, given in answer to Dimmesdale's specious paltering with an eternal reality, deepened his victim's agony and so fed his revenge; but when acted on, his patient passed beyond his reach. He had gone deeper than he knew, and had brought to the surface a spiritual power that outmastered his own. Shall we say that Hawthorne did not intend to hint that Chillingworth came under this greater power, and that, finding himself a defeated man through his own suggestion, he felt its divineness? He utters no word of malice, no confident boast, no plan of further revenge. Instead, what else is seen of him is beneficent, and in accord with a nature originally sound and high-minded. Along with others, he has been involved in a furious storm of human passion, but it passes by when truth wins the victory. Hawthorne, like the consummate artist that he is, never asserts or paints in full, but only intimates and leaves the rest to the reader; and so we may believe that the tragedy pauses at the door of Chillingworth. At the close Hawthorne plays uncertainly and with jest over this strange yet natural character. Chillingworth is reduced to nothingness and withers away, — a logical end, but he reappears in a new light as enriching Hester and Pearl, — a strange thing to do unless some goodness is left in him. Then the author jests and sends him literally to the devil where "he would find tasks enough," and receive "his wages duly." If Hawthorne ever falters it is when he plays between the Parable and the Romance. Here he drops the former, and ends his story — in Walter Scott fashion — with a word for each. Evidently he writes with a weary pen, yet not with an unpitying heart. In the next sentence he would fain be merciful to "all

these shadowy beings, so long our near acquaintances, — as well Roger Chillingworth as his companions ; " and finally, after a bit of psychological byplay, by no means serious, — on the possible identity at bottom of hatred and love, — raises the question whether the old physician and the minister may not find " their earthly stock of hatred and antipathy transmitted into golden love." Thus, though the Scarlet Letter is a sad book, the author would not leave it black with hopeless sorrow. Even as an artist Hawthorne knew better than to paint his canvas in sober colors only ; and as a man he had no right to bruise the human heart with needless pain. Sad as the Scarlet Letter is, we need not think him forgetful of Madame Necker's saying that " the novel should paint a possible better world." But if better, it can be such only through truth and never through lies.

What renders the Scarlet Letter one of the greatest of books is the sleuth-hound thoroughness with which sin is traced up and down and into every corner of the heart and life, and even into nature, where it transforms all things. Shakespeare paints with a larger brush, and sets it in great tragic happenings ; but its windings, the subtle infusion of itself into every faculty and impressing itself upon outward things, are left for Hawthorne's unapproachable skill. This leads us to speak of the criticism of Mr. Henry James upon the twelfth chapter, where the story reaches its climax. Dimmesdale and Hester and Pearl stand at night upon the scaffold, where Hester had stood alone with her babe seven years before. His remorse had reached its lowest depth ; its sting lay in the fact that she wore the scarlet letter while he went clad in robes of unquestioned sanctity. It is the letter that torments him, and carries the guilt and shame of the whole bitter history. He has come into a condition where, because he can think of nothing else, he can see nothing else. A meteor flashes across the black sky and paints upon a cloud the fatal letter. A page of magnificent writing describes the objective picture and the heart within which only it exists. Mr. James regards it as overworked, and, along with a general charge of the same over-doing here and there, intimates that the author " is in danger of crossing the line that separates the sublime from its intimate neighbor." That Hawthorne should be termed ridiculous after being described as " a thin New Englander with a miasmatic conscience " should occasion no surprise. It shows how wide apart are the realist and the idealist ; and also how much nearer the idealist comes to the facts of the case in hand.

That Dimmesdale should transfer what he saw and felt within to the external world is a well-known psychological possibility ; and we appeal from the realist to his brother the psychologist, who says in his recent book that " it is one of the peculiarities of invasions from the sub-conscious region to take on objective appearances." It is needless to say that literature, from the Bible down, abounds in this transfer of inward feeling to outward form. When Balaam had sold his prophetic gift for a price, it was not the ass that rebuked him, but his own smiting conscience. It was not the witches, but Macbeth, who sang, " Fair is foul, and foul is fair," — after which all things were inverted : his thoughts became ghosts and daggers and a knocking at the gate like thunders of doom. Lady Macbeth can see nothing but blood on her white hands. Beckford in his Vathek (where possibly Hawthorne found the suggestion of Dimmesdale's habit of placing his hand upon his heart) made the dwellers in the Hall of Eblis happy in all things except that each held his hand over his heart, which had become " a receptacle of eternal fire." Mr. James seems to underestimate the mental condition into which Dimmesdale has fallen ; he strikes the key of the tragedy too low,

and refers what he regards as excessive to Hawthorne's Puritanism. Now, Puritanism is a capacious thing, but it cannot hold all that is cast into it; and much is set down to its credit that belongs to a false conception of it. Mr. James, in his able biography, insists on two things, to which we have already referred, as explanatory of Hawthorne; that he was provincial, and that he was largely influenced by his Puritan blood. Each is to be taken with due allowance. Of course, every man, however great his genius, strikes his roots down into native soil and draws his life from such air as is about him. Something of root and air will enter into his mental composition, and in some measure he will think with or from his environment, and his heart will throb with ancestral blood. But it is a quality of genius that it is not subject to such limitations. Genius belongs to the domain of nature; it is cosmic, spiritual, universal. It treats these limitations in one of three ways: it lifts them into their ideals; it transcends them; or it extracts their thin essence or spirit. The last may be said of Hawthorne. Little of Puritanism remained in him except its spirituality, by which we mean its profound sense of the reality of moral law. Much that is set down to him as Puritan was a family idiosyncrasy, — an individualism that passed all the bounds of early or later Puritanism. It favored, however, the play of his genius in its chosen field.

To regard him as provincial because Salem was provincial, or because habits were simple in Massachusetts in the first half of the century, is to miss the source of his strongest quality. Hawthorne, by virtue of his brooding solitude and the lofty character of his thought, which was rooted in his own peculiar genius and was fed by an imagination that had no need to go outside of itself for ideas or theories, was shut off from provincialism save perhaps in some matters of personal habit. The nearest sign of it was an intense love of New England and indifference to the mother country where he had lived for years, — an unweaned child of his native land. There is more in him that offsets Puritanism than identifies him with it. In fact, it outdid itself, as has continually happened, and created in Hawthorne an individualism that separated him from itself. A system whose central principle is individualism cannot count upon holding together its own adherents. It is by its own nature centrifugal, though none the worse for that; it makes man a denizen of the heavens rather than of this mundane sphere. But the way is long, and at great cost is it trod.

It is Hawthorne's peculiarity that he cannot be identified with any school of thought. He was a recluse down to the last fibre. He did not hate men, but he would not mingle with them. He was shy, but in a lofty way. Any real alliance in thought or action with others was impossible to him. His individualism was absolute, but it was temperamental. Socially he was closely identified with the transcendental way of thinking, but it found no access to his mind. He and Emerson were neighbors, but not intimates. When they walked together in Concord they discussed the weather and the crops, but not philosophy, nor religion, nor politics. Oftener they were silent, as great men, who know each other as such, can afford to be. Tennyson and Carlyle once sat together of an evening for three hours, smoking, and neither uttering a word, except Carlyle's good-night: "Come again, Alfred; we have had a grand time." This aloofness from men, and at the same time this power of dragging to light the hidden secrets of their souls, is the inexplicable gift of genius; it has an eye of its own; one glance, and it looks the man through and through. He mingled frequently with the North Adams frequenters of the village tavern,

but he was off on the mountain-side, among the limekilns, weaving the threads of Ethan Brand. He spent a year at Brook Farm, but spoke lightly of its socialism and of his own part as "chambermaid to the oxen," — a wasted year, but it gave us the Blithedale Romance, which Mr. James places at the head of his works. He hated Socialism, but Puritanism, its opposite, — being spiritual and social individualism, — won in him no following save as it furnished him standing ground and materials for his work. Had he lived anywhere where conscience and law had full recognition and sin was possible, he would have written in the same strain, — as in the Marble Faun, where Donatello serves his purpose as well as Dimmesdale. The crime and its effect in each belong to the general field of ethics, where sin reveals its nature in soul experiences that are common to all men. Indeed, he has but one deep and permanent interest: the play of conscience under sin. He is a student of the soul. He watches its play as a biologist watches an animal under varying conditions; but in each case it is the study of a soul, — not degraded, but only wounded, as it were, and while it is keen to feel, and while the good and evil in it are full of primal energy.

It is sometimes said, in halfway derogation of Hawthorne's genius, that his tales are parables. Why should they not be so regarded? It is not easy to escape the parable, in literature or in life. What are the world and humanity but parables of the Eternal Mind? The only question in literature is, are the parables well told? If they are, the witness of a vast company of great authors in all ages and tongues is theirs. Hawthorne was full of dreams, fantasies, symbols, and all manner of spiritual necromancy, — turning nature into spirit and spirit back into nature, but — however wild the play of his imagination — the idea underlying it always has three characteristics: it is real, and true, and moral. Hence, the Scarlet Letter, — devoid of history and of probability; illusive; nature transformed to create and to receive meanings; personality sunk in ideas and ideas made personal; so far away that our hearts do not reach it with sympathy, and it is read with unwet eyes, but with thoughts that lie too deep for tears; — still it is one of the truest and most moral of books, because the human soul that lies behind it and plays through it is true to itself whether it does good or evil. Hawthorne knew evil under its laws. Neither sentiment, nor art, nor dogma deflected him from seeing the thing as it is, and setting it down with relentless accuracy. His claim to genius would be impeached if it were not accurate; and the reason why it stands clear and unquestioned is because no taint of morbidness nor Puritan inheritance lessens the absolute veracity of his estimates. Each may have had something to do with the selection of his subjects, but nothing whatever with his own ethical opinions. His literary art and execution, faultless as they are, would not alone secure for him the admiration and reverence of all lovers of good literature. For, at last, it is truth alone for which men care; and truth only is strong enough to win unquestioned and universal verdicts.

And yet he is criticised on the score that the Scarlet Letter, especially, is sad, and sometimes it is added that it is pessimistic. So are Lear and Balzac's Alkahest sad, but neither deserves the latter term. Nothing in literature is pessimistic that accurately describes a violation of the order of the world and of human life, if it be in the interest of truth and justice. Dimmesdale and Hester could not escape the pangs they suffered; they were not going through their parts in a world of pessimism, but in a world of order which they had violated, and for which they were undergoing inevitable yet redemptive penalty. There is no pessimism so long as the just

laws of society are working normally, — the very point on which Hawthorne insists, — however hard they are bearing on the individual. Pessimism is an indictment of the moral order of the world, and is essential atheism. Hawthorne stood at the opposite pole. His main function in literature was to illustrate the tragical consequences of broken law when the law was fundamental in character or in society. He was almost slavishly logical, — putting Dimmesdale into the lowest hell of the Inferno, and Hester in Purgatorio, where penalty purifies and makes the sufferer glad.

Absolute as was his insight, and perfect as was his art, he has not escaped criticism. There is general agreement that his pages are overcharged with symbolism. But which flower will you uproot in that garden "of a thousand hues," though "Narcissus that still weeps in vain" blossoms too often there?

Graver criticism is sometimes heard, — as that he has no sympathy with his characters in their suffering. So far as it touches the Scarlet Letter it should be sufficient refutation to read what he himself says in his English Note-Books, in comparing Thackeray's "coolness in respect to his own pathos," with his own emotions when he read the last scene of the Scarlet Letter to his wife, just after writing it, — "tried to read it rather, for my voice swelled and heaved, as if I were tossed up and down on an ocean as it subsides after a storm."

It is not well to search an author too closely as to his feeling over the creatures of his imagination. You may find nothing or everything, according to temperament or literary sense. The great author hides himself behind his canvas. Hawthorne, the most reticent of men and with the keenest sense of literary propriety, is the most impersonal of writers in his greater works. He tells us nothing except what may be inferred from characteristics constantly recurring throughout his pages. Now nothing is more revealing in an author than his style; it is almost a better witness to his character than his assertions. It is like the voice in conversation that speaks from the soul rather than the mind. There are in Hawthorne's style four invariable features, — reverence, sincerity, delicacy, and humanity; each is nearly absolute. Together they stand for heart. No matter how silently it throbs, a writer who puts these qualities into his pages is to be counted as one who pities his fellow men even when most relentless in tracing their sins. It may also be set down as a general principle, that truth is akin to pity, as pity is akin to love. The great virtues do not lie far apart.

The criticism is oftenest urged in connection with Hester, who is both the centre of interest and of the problem. Hawthorne takes utmost pains to make i clear how she lived. Whether she was happy or not he did not undertake to say; he would not raise so useless a question. The tragedy is pitched at too high a key for happiness. Possibly there may be victory after slow-healing wounds, but there can be no amelioration by circumstance or by deadening of sensibility. Study the thirteenth chapter — Another View of Hester — if you would seek an answer to the question whether in her case the book gravitates toward despair or points to recovery and life.[1]

This exquisite rehearsal of Christian service and temper might well win for her canonization. It is the picture of a saint. The very things that Christ made the condition of acceptance at the last judgment she fulfilled; and the graces that St. Paul declared to be the fruit of the Spirit were exemplified in her daily life. Plainly, this is not a picture of despair, nor even of suffering, except that which necessarily haunts a true soul that has done evil. God forbid that it should be different with any of us! Forgiveness is not lethean. To forget

[1] Note, particularly, pages 194–196 of the Riverside Edition.

our past would defraud the soul of its heritage in life. The Scarlet Letter faded out and even acquired another meaning. Her life came to blessed uses, with rewards of love and gratitude from others that reached even unto death. The logic of this tender picture of a saintly life — a gospel in itself — must not be overlooked. Hawthorne certainly did not mean that the reader should miss the point. How could recovery from sin be better told, or be more complete? When Peter had denied his Lord and wept bitterly over it, all he was told to do was to feed his Master's sheep. Hester's forgiveness did not shape itself in the form of ecstatic visions, but of service in the spirit of Him who bore witness to the truth; and by herself bearing witness to it she won the reward of its freedom.

To the last touch of his pen Hawthorne keeps up the symbolism that both hides and reveals his meaning, and leaves us in such a mood as when, on some autumn day, we watch mountain and river and sky faintly shrouded in haze until we wonder if these and life itself be real, — an experience tenderly rendered by Longfellow in his poem on Hawthorne. He lived in his dreams, but his dreams were as real as the earth and as true as life.

Strangers in Boston still search the burial ground of King's Chapel for the grave of Hester Prynne: so true a story, they think, must be true in fact. If it had been found they might have asked, What does the armorial device mean?

"ON A FIELD, SABLE, THE LETTER A, GULES."

Does the scarlet letter stand for sin or for cleansing? Is the epitaph a word of despair or of hope? In what direction did Hawthorne intend to lead our thought? If asked, he would have said, Read out of your own heart.

Theodore T. Munger.

THE NEW AMERICAN TYPE.

WITHIN a few months there has been an exhibition of portraits in New York of unusual interest. In the first place, as the great sign over the entrance averred, the portraits were "worth millions;" in addition to this cynosural quality, some of them were painted by very famous painters. A third reason, neither practical nor artistic, must serve as the excuse for this little essay. The collection included portraits old and new; most of the old were of English men and women of the end of the eighteenth century; most of the new were present-day pictures of living Americans, both men and women. No one who climbed the stairs of the American Art Galleries, and wandered through those rambling halls, intended by the architect for an exhibition where light was less to be wished than shade, could keep his thoughts in artistic leash, and not let them stray from their proper office of looking on paintings as paintings only; no one, I mean, of the noble army of volunteer critics. It was impossible to look first at the group of portraits painted a hundred years ago, and then at the group painted to-day, and stand undisturbed. Every spectator enacted again the comic tragedy of Rip Van Winkle. An astonishing change had taken place in men and women between the time of President Washington and that of President McKinley; bodies, faces, thoughts, had all become transformed. One short stairway from the portraits of Reynolds to those of Sargent ushered in change as if it had stretched from the first Pharaoh to the last Ptolemy. Enmeshed in bewilder-

ment the spectator rubbed his eyes, and asked the guardian at the desk, if there were no mistake, if this were really the exposition "worth millions," and not rather some biological hoax. Upon reflection it was apparent that there had been no pre-arrangement, no contrived purpose to confound the spectator; the ladies and gentlemen who got up the exhibition had been bent merely on giving pleasure to the eye, instruction to the mind. The show was honest beyond dispute. The first supposition which occurred to everybody was that Reynolds's Italian-cultivated and old-time craft was one aspect of excellence, the technical power and modern craft of Sargent another, and, therefore, that this extraordinary contrast appearing between century and century was in truth only between painter and painter. This hypothesis soon proved untenable. The questions how and why it was untenable had better be left to answer themselves, as I recount the way in which the facts, with their inevitable connotations, were presented to the spectator's mind. Naturally where facts hang on the wall, arranged not to illustrate a biological truth, but to economize the time of the picture hangers, they are seen in inconsequent succession, and need some rearrangement in the mind's eye before they express their real meaning. With some rearrangement, as slight as may be, I shall briefly discuss the tell-tale portraits, making, as I go, certain obvious deductions, which, in the interest of brevity, I substitute for elaborate pictorial analyses. Of course I treat the pictures not as works of art, but as biological witnesses, — not unscathed by natural shame at the Philistine effrontery of the attempt.

A hundred years ago a British type of body, face, and mind prevailed from Massachusetts to Virginia; there were many individuals and sundry communities of other bloods, but most of our ancestors of Revolutionary times were featured and complexioned like British men. Of these men there were in the galleries several portraits painted by Trumbull. There was John Adams, a short, ruddy, choleric little man, with the free bearing of an English yeoman, ready, perhaps over-ready, to defend his curtilage and cowyard, his ploughed fields and fallow, against tax-gatherers, Cavalier squire, or even the lord of the manor; an honest, healthy man, untroubled by any doubts as to possible encroachment by his boundary lines. Near him hung Alexander Hamilton, of more aristocratic type, open, generous, high-spirited, a sort of dashing gallant, yet of steadfast serenity; his mind resting solidly on reason and principles, an ardent English gentleman. There was James Madison, not over-imaginative, not noble, with a touch of English bulldog in his jowl, shrewd, stable; and hard by, *sovra gli altri com' aquila*, the sober, godly, righteous face of Washington, calm, almost severe, a man of purpose inwardly sustained. There was also Major-General Samuel Osgood, of somewhat Southern aspect, a hawklike keenness in the nose and eyes, woodsman in youth, soldier in manhood, a hardy, out-of-doors kind of man. There were some Gilbert Stuarts, too: Egbert Benson, a keen, astute person, eminently a gentleman, dignity blending with calm; Chief Justice Jay, a dreamy, speculative, far-seeing man with curving lip; and Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, a sly, foxy gentleman. Both the French blood and the Dutch, as well as the English, displayed the quiet and equilibrium which attend an orderly maintenance of peace in the body and mind of man.

Neither Stuart nor Trumbull was a great painter, but both were faithful workmen with the talents allotted to them in Fortune's hugger-mugger distribution, and strove to paint what they saw. Whatever these painted faces may be to the artist, to the common eye they look like clauses from the Constitution, paragraphs from the Declaration of Independence, maxims from Poor Richard, com-

pendia of definite beliefs and accepted principles. There is no need further to describe their looks; everybody knows them. They were not limber-minded men, not readily agnostic, not nicely skeptical; they were, neither more nor less, excepting the sprinkling of foreign bloods, eighteenth-century Englishmen. Of course I have nothing to do with history neither framed nor hung; I merely render a *procès-verbal* of the testimony delivered by the portraits in this gallery.

In the main hall, into which the spectator, having paid his toll, entered directly, most of the English portraits were hung. There were Sir Joshuas, Gainsboroughs, Hoppners, Romneys, and others, as well as a few Van Dycks, and two of that "right noble Claudio," surnamed Coello. The English painters must take our exclusive attention. Reynolds, of right, comes foremost. In the corner hung Colonel Cussmaker, a handsome, haughty young person of quality, not without dignity, *nez retroussé*, mouth well curved; he stands carelessly, clad in red jacket and white breeches, by the side of his horse, embodying leisure, — eminently a person of a class apart. Certainly he has poise of mind and properly balanced physical constitution. The Reynolds young women are right-minded, healthy, simple beings, not indifferent to their own loveliness, with the naturalness of flowers and somewhat of their grace; all of them, matron and maid, of pleasing mien and soft, curving lines, all compact of serene dignity and calm. No man ever made a happier comment on happy life than Reynolds's soft, sweeping, feminine line from ear to shoulder. These ladies led lives unvexed; natural affections, a few brief saws, a half-dozen principles, kept their brows smooth, their cheeks ripe, their lips most wooable. Even the coquettish little actress, Miss Kitty Fisher, is as much of a country girl in mind as any of them. At first the admirer takes this serene loveliness, this quiet leisure, this simple pensive pleasantness, to be the genial nature of Sir Joshua Reynolds, put by him upon his canvases. If, however, we take a step or two, and look at Gainsborough's ladies, at Romney's, or Hoppner's, we find the same attributes, in almost wearying repetition, of calm, of simplicity, of dignity, of leisure; all lovely ladies led into the ways of peace and pleasantness by simple right-mindedness, homely principles, ancestral precepts, and natural affections. Inasmuch as I refer to Reynolds's portraits as scientific facts, it may not be out of place to refer to Ruskin's criticism of him: — "Considered as a painter of individuality in the human form and mind, I think him . . . the prince of portrait painters. Titian paints nobler pictures, and Van Dyck had nobler subjects, but neither of them entered so subtly as Sir Joshua did into the minor varieties of human heart and temper."

If this group of portraits brought together in the American Art Galleries be deemed too small — haphazard though it is, and of most interesting pecuniary value — to serve as the basis of any hypothesis, a brief visit to any well-stocked gallery will bring confirmatory evidence. For example, in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, besides several very charming Sir Joshuas, there are a number of other English portraits of that epoch. There is a portrait of Lady Hardwick, by Francis Cotes, a gentle, graceful, tranquil, happy figure of feminine leisure; there is Mrs. Reid, as Sultana, by Robert Edge Pine, — happy the seraglio so presided over, no envy, no malice, no faint praise, no hidden sneer; there is Gainsborough's Mr. Burroughs, a well-bred, pleasant, vacant-minded gentleman; there is Sir William Beechey's portrait of a young lady, tranquil as an English landscape. These are all of one placid family, dwellers, as it were, in a garden of foxglove and honeysuckle. Even the fashionable sprightliness of Sir Thomas Lawrence's sitters, with their airs and graces, such as the luckless Mrs.

Gibbon floating like a pantomimic Ariel to an *éternité chantante*, does not conceal the fundamental qualities of the type. It is also worth while to notice the portraits of Johann Zoffany, R. A., whose testimony is the more valuable as coming from a foreigner, and Hoppner's painting of Mrs. Bache, Franklin's daughter, steady and dignified, as was necessary, being so fathered. This last picture and such portraits as Copley's serve as connecting links, if any were needed, between the eighteenth-century English type in England and the like type here.

In setting forth these facts there is the danger, not wholly to be avoided, of merely cataloguing; I will abridge the record as far as I can, and yet I must refer, very briefly, to a few French pictures of the same period. In the American Galleries was the portrait of a *notaire*, M. Laidequine, by de Latour, a placid, round-cheeked, amiable man, capped ornamentally after the fashion affected by baldish men, of a good digestion, — capon on feast days, turbot on fast, — undisturbed by red notarial tape and the rumblings of '89; a plump, sleek man, of pure French blood, of plain ideas, of philosophic calm. He is of the bourgeoisie, but the next portrait is of the blood royal. M. Nattier's portrait of the dauphin, son to Louis Quatorze, depicts a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, pleasant young gentleman with a little mouth and a petulant expression, and yet furnished with that same inward gentleness, which — so it was objected — might proceed from the geniality of Reynolds, but in truth proceeds from a stable physique and a well-ordered, logical, dogmatic philosophy. Another portrait, Le Chevalier Eusèbe de Montour, by Vanloo, is a youth of dignified aspect, in spite of his snub nose and narrow mind. Further on, the Princesse Lamballe has the air of one who has lived in a doll's house, most of the time with her hair-dresser, a weasel-like little lady, whose head befitted a milliner's block better than a guillotine.

All these portraits, American, English, French, make a most happy and attractive picture of life in the eighteenth century. They chant a chorus of praise for national character, for class distinctions, for dogma and belief, for character, for good manners, for honor, for contemplation, for vision to look upon life as a whole, for appreciation that the world is to be enjoyed, for freedom from democracy, for capacity in lighter mood to treat existence as a comedy told by Goldoni. Such a self-satisfied *benedicite* irritated the susceptibility of that *nouveau riche*, the nineteenth century, itself not devoid of self-satisfaction, and drew from it a great deal of unsympathetic and unscientific criticism; in fact, the nineteenth century was more dependent on its own spectacles than any century of which we have record. We must endeavor to steer between the self-flattery of the one century and the jeers of the other, and briefly consider the traits and qualities revealed by the portraits.

They portray a pure national breed, wherein like bred with like in happy homogeneity, traits paired with consanguineous traits, racial habits and national predispositions mated after their kind; the physiological and psychological niceties, which sprang from the differentiation of races and nations, were protected from the disquiet and distress of cross-breeding, deep affinities herded together, and the offspring were saved from the racking strain and distortion that beset a hybrid generation. This physical stability begot mental calm; peace of body insured peace of mind. Likewise, but in less degree, class spirit, and smallness of numbers, aided to preserve fixedness and peace; especially the peasants, kith of the cattle, kin of the corn, laid a hardy animal foundation, preaching silently the great teaching of Nature that physical life shall dominate mental life.

The abundant praise of animal life, of healthy body, of beauty of face, shouted out by these portraits, does not, however,

exceed their testimony in favor of health of mind. The calm and quiet of Sir Joshua's age are scarcely more physical than moral. It is a period of the Ten Commandments, of belief, of dogma, of fixed principles, of ethical laws; to us it looks like a little world, such stress they laid on simple rules, on reverence, on the gradations of respect, on inherited morality, on denial of the democratic ethics that one virtue is as good as another. It had the merits of the village, — the gentleman of the big house, his inherited principles burnished by intercourse with his peers, the parson and the parson's wife, with old-fashioned Christianity, the circle round the tavern fire that concerned itself with what Dr. Johnson had pronounced, the group of critics in the store that threshed out a rough garnered morality under the lead of the schoolmaster, and all the influences which keep unobstructed the ancient highways of thought, principle, and conduct; — these are the more obvious symbols of the conservative forces which made the sitters to Gilbert Stuart, to Gainsborough, to Vanloo, what they were. No doubt the prevailing trait in the portraits cited is leisure, aristocratic leisure; but leisure is the substance, aristocratic hue merely the superficial coloring. If these eighteenth-century painters had painted peasants, their portraits would have manifested leisure, too. It is not leisure in our mercantile sense of intervals between paroxysms of money-getting, — moral mince pies at railway stops, — but mental leisure, the "content surpassing wealth, the sage in meditation found," the contemplation that brings peace, consequent upon a dogmatic orderliness of ideas and principles, an acceptance of that condition of body and mind to which it has pleased God to call men, the leisure that can express itself in poetry, in art, in good manners. Those quiet sitters had none of the perplexity and inconsequence which mark a generation that plays its game with no rules; their courses of conduct were all meted out by principle and maintained by authority.

My business was, not to analyze, but to describe, rather merely to sum up those random faces in general terms; and to give a composite account of them, and it is time to present the evidence concerning our American bodies and souls. Naturally enough Mr. Sargent's portraits by their immense dexterity, their truthfulness, their extraordinary combination of crudeness and refinement, of vigor and art, — he is the Barbarian Conqueror, the Tamerlane, of painters, — make the chief witnesses; but their evidence is so fully confirmed by men of markedly different qualities, that any objection to Sargent, as a man of peculiar temperament and genius, would be hypercritical. He was born to depict a hybrid people, vagabonds of the mind, to portray the strain of physiological and psychological transformation in the evolution of a new species. His talents dovetail with the exigencies of our epoch; hence his great historical importance.

The obvious qualities in his portraits are disquiet, lack of equilibrium, absence of principle; a general sense of migrating tenants, of distrainer and replevin, of a mind unoccupied by the rightful heirs, as if the home of principle and dogma had been transformed into an inn for wayfarers. Sargent's women are more marked than his men; women, as physically more delicate, are the first to reveal the strain of physical and psychical maladjustment. The thin spirit of life shivers pathetically in its "fleshly dress;" in the intensity of its eagerness it is all unconscious of its spiritual fidgeting on finding itself astray, — no path, no blazings, the old forgotten, the new not formed. These are signs that accompany the physiological development of a new species. Sargent's pictures, his handling of women, poor human documents, are too well known to justify further description.

Sargent, however, is not idiosyncratic; his testimony is corroborated by the portraits of painters differing as widely from him as is possible. Take the portrait of a lady, by Mr. Abbott H. Thayer, a most charming picture of a very attractive subject, but still exhibiting the drowsy insomnia of the soul, never all awake, never all asleep. Take a portrait by Mr. J. W. Alexander, in which we see the indefinite, unphysical charm of American womanhood, the eager pursuit of an unseen good, the restless pacing in the body's cage. The physique of these pictured women is as marked as the soul within. There is no semblance of the simple English type, like Sir Joshua's Mrs. Arnold, the blending of health and peace, of grace and ease; none of twilight walks within a garden's wall; the American woman's body, too slight for a rich animal life, too frail for deep maternal feelings, seems a kind of temporary makeshift, as if life were a hasty and probably futile experiment. In her, passion fades before self-consciousness, and maternal love, shriveled to a sentimental duty, hardly suggests the once fierce animal instinct, the unloosed vital bond between mother and child. American mothers are dutiful, but duty is a very experimental prop in a new species, to serve in place of instinct. One should compare Hoppner's Lady Burlington and Child, or Romney's Mrs. Carwardine and Child (the latter I have only seen in copies), with a Mother and Child by Sargent. Romney's mother bends over her child; birth has caused no spiritual separation; she and it are one creature; her arm holds it, her hand woos it, her heart spreads its wings over it. In Sargent's picture the mother waits, as in an antechamber, for a formal introduction to the child; coincidence of surname in the catalogue alone suggests a previous acquaintance.

American men, as seen in Sargent, or in almost any contemporary painter, exhibit a definite variability in this evolutionary process. They have divested themselves of the old English traits, calm, poise, and the like, and show markedly adaptive characters. What the future type may be, if it ever become fixed, cannot be accurately predicted, but the process of specialization necessarily involves a casting off of certain old traits and the acquisition of new, often displaying curious instances of correlation of parts. Accompanying the mental process must go a corresponding physical change, by which certain parts of the system are expanded, while other parts stand still, or, perhaps, atrophy, until the old systematic affinity is broken up and another formed, much after the fashion of the process which took place when the unwinged animal put forth wings, or the paw evolved into the hand. Vivisection, even upon men of a different color, being prohibited by public opinion, or by what statesmen deem public opinion, the inward physiological changes can only be inferred from the new traits, outward indices of interior processes. These male portraits indicate that the logical, the intellectual, the imaginative, the romantic faculties, have been discarded and shaken off, doubtless because they did not tend to procure the success coveted by the nascent variety; and, in their stead, keen, exceedingly simple powers of vision and action are developing. This type is found in Sargent, Frank Holl, Bonnat, Chase, Richard Hall. Perhaps the best example is the portrait of Mr. Daniel Lamont, by Zorn. Too great stress cannot be laid on the impression we make upon quick-sighted foreigners. This portrait represents a shrewd, prompt, quick, keen, compact man, well, almost brilliantly, equipped for dealing with the immediate present; he has the *morale* of the tennis player, concentration, utter absorption, in volley and take. Of faculties needful to deal with the remote — imagination, logic, intellect, faith — there is no trace. Craft, the power that deals with a few facts

close at hand, is depicted in abundance; so are promptitude and vigor; reason, the power that deals with many facts, remote, recalcitrant, which require the mind to hold many pictured combinations at once or in quick succession, is not there. The portrait indicates the usual American amiability, domestic kindliness, and aversion to cruel sights and cruel sounds. The logical faculty which compels a man to reconcile his theories, to unite religion and conduct, to combine principle and policy, to fuse the various parts of his philosophy into one non-self-contradicting whole, is entirely omitted. The chief trait in this typical portrait is ability to react quickly and effectively to stimuli of the immediate present, an essential quality in a prospering species; the chief lack is imagination. How such equipment will serve in the future, when the world shall have passed beyond the colonizing and commercial epochs of history, is of course wholly beyond the scope of this essay. There are a number of feminine portraits of this type, by Carolus Duran, by Mr. Benjamin C. Porter (an American painter), by Mr. Chase, which have the unimaginative look, the *terre-à-terre* spirit, the self-consciousness, of the male examples, although they commonly lack keenness and vigor.

The most interesting portrait for our purposes in the whole millionaire exposition, as a masculine example of that extreme variation which had seemed peculiarly feminine, is a painting entitled W. A. Clark (lent by Senator W. A. Clark), by M. Besnard, the famous French painter, whose method is sufficiently distinct from that of the other painters to give peculiar value to any corroborative evidence offered by him to facts testified by them. W. A. Clark (of the portrait) is a slim, slight man, with reddish hair of a decided color and curl, with beard and mustache of like appearance, all *hérissés*, like the fur of a cat in a thunderstorm; there is no speculation in the gray-blue, glassy eyes; they and the thin, rather delicate nose are drawn and pinched together, chest and waist are narrow, fingers but skin on bones. The tightly buttoned frock coat, never worn before the sittings, abetted by the brand-new silk hat and gloves, makes a brave attempt, with its blue boutonnière, to suggest the air of a *boulevardier*. From hair hérissé, pinched face, crooked arm, and well-painted sweep of frock coat, emanates physical and mental distress, such as must accompany perturbations in Nature, when she, in desperate endeavor for a new type, hurls her wild experiments through the delicate organization of the human body, distorting all the nice adjustments of species and genus. No dogmas vex this nervous spirit, no principles chafe it, no contemplation dulls it, no discipline confines it; it ramps wildly in the strait compass of the present, knowing no past, unhampered by reverence or respect, foreseeing no future, unhindered by faith or upliftedness. It is an extreme example, but immensely interesting, for though it may be merely an erratic variation, it is near enough other examples of the type to indicate the characteristic traits of the new American nationality; or it may be an instance of that curious prophetic power of Nature, by which she creates an individual a whole generation ahead of his type. Nevertheless, a more conservative judgment would surmise that Zorn's portrait represents the normal type of the present generation, and Besnard's an exaggerated example of certain American traits.

Perhaps the most vivid of the impressions carried away from that picture gallery by the inartistic spectator was admiration for the adaptive power of Nature. In a hundred years, with simple means, taking a vast expanse of land, metaled and watered, for her work-table, with a not too extravagant use of Irish, Germans, Scots, Jews, French, and Poles for her tools, she has by delicate adaptive processes — keeping steady eye on her

purpose to create a mechanical, soulless engine — produced from a raw national type, — the Adamses and Hamiltons of Washington's era, — the new type displayed in Zorn's and Besnard's pictures, the type of the McKinley era.

H. D. Sedgwick.

THE AGE LIMIT.

Matthew Curley and I lounged on a pile of lumber on the shady side of Muddy Brook breaker, while he instructed me in the facts of the coal-miners' strike. Although not without bias, his accounts of men and manners showed him laudably fair-minded, and his anecdotes had a charming way of coming to the point in a few words. Moreover, it is not every day that one can get the stories of the breaker, the engine room, and the shaft confidentially and at first hand.

"There's old Sandy Anderson, now," said he. "Maybe you'll know him? Well, he was a pious old fellow, that was fire-boss in this mine for goin' on forty years, till six months ago now. Did n't talk much; quiet an' sourlike; great one he was about his church, too, an' Y. M. C. A., an' timp'rance meetin's, an' those things. He 'd give it to 'em hot if a fellow happened to swear when he was a-walkin' down the gangway an' heard it; even the Hungarians an' Polanders, that did n't know no English but swearin', he 'd preach away at them, too. He got the name o' Deacon with the men long 'fore any of us was born. He knew his business, though, an' we liked him good enough. Sincet the new comp'ny bought the mine, though, he got treated dirty mean, an' fin'lly they give him the bounce with one week's notice. Not for nothin' wrong, nor 'xsplosions, nor caves, nor scraps with the men, but just 'cause he 'd got to be sixty four years old. An' him knowin' the mine these forty year, every air-way an' door an' slope, as well as I know my shoes. Yes, sir, it 's a pretty old mine. Forty years *is* pretty old for a mine, that 's right; but ye see, 't was opened first by a slope by the hill yonder, an' then a shaft this side the bend o' the creek, an' then this openin'. But 't is all one mine, an' he 'd been in it right along. An' him bein' a poor man, with a kind of spiteful old woman to home, made it worse. When he quit work, he had n't nowhere to spend his time. He seemed to quit goin' to meetin's 'bout that time, an' there just was n't nothin' to keep him busy.

"Him an' the engineer was the greatest friends; butties once when they was young, an' always thought a lot of each other. Day after he quit, old Sandy did n't show his head out o' doors; but the next day I s'pose things got hot at home. Anyhow, down he comes, partly sneakin' along, an' sits in the engine room all that day an' the next, too. The fireman told me afterwards the old Deacon just sat there an' mostly did n't open his mouth for a word, an' now an' then he 'd be sittin' up there cryin' kind of slow and stupid-like, an' not seemin' rightly to know it at all.

"One time he heard him say to Jim that old men was no use in the world after the first o' May. 'Why, Jim,' says he, talkin' awful Scotchy, 'I 'm a verra strong man yet. Sure, I 'm better at my wor-r-r-k than the young chap they have given it to, who is a fearful venturesome young man, and a profane swearer besides, to my own knowledge. Hark ye, Jim,' says he, 'I have served them faithful now for forty year, good

times and calamities an' all, an' now they put me to shame!' Then he sighed something awful.

"Pretty soon the bell rang from down the shaft for Jim to hoist away, an' when the engines started it seemed to make him feel worse again, an' the tears run down his beard somethin' pitiful. Soon 's he stopped the engines, Jim went over to him and tried to cheer him up, but he did n't really pay no attention.

"'Mrs. Anderson takes it verra hard,' says he, scared-like. 'She 's verra worried an' verra much put about in the matter. She says that the man who provideth not for those of his own household is worse than a thief. We must go to the poorhouse in our old age,' says he. 'Business is that dull I cannot get me another place,' says he."

Here Curley paused to recline at ease along the boards. I scarcely dared stir, for fear of disconnecting the links of the story. Pen cannot do justice, unfortunately, to the composite dialect which distinguished the quotations.

"But presently, all along o' a little matter o' dockage, the men struck, an' the pump-runners an' firemen struck with them to be in the fashion. So the fans was stopped an' the pumps was stopped, an' gas an' water gathered in the workin's unbeknownst, because there was n't no men down that week to take notice of it. 'T was a dry weather spell, an' had been for a long time, an' the mines were pretty dry, so the comp'ny's Super'ntindent said he could wait for 'em two weeks to start the pumps, an' the mines not take no harm from it.

"Well, there come along a rain, an' a cloudburst, an' a flood, an' a runaway creek got down the shaft overnight, an' things was in an awful way. The water was anywhere an' everywhere. The new boss, he went down with a gang o' six men an' did n't dare to go away from the foot of the shaft, 'cause they heard the pillars goin' *whit-wheet*, chippin' something awful, an' the chunks o' top-rock splashin' down into the water, way off down the gangway. There was n't no use runnin' round the mine, when she was actin' up that way, just on an excursion-like. When she 's *workin'*, as we says, excursions is no use, an' ye want to send down props by the hunderds, an' do yer explorin' afterwards. So the new boss, he comes up an' he sends down all the props there was on hand, an' he telyphones the office for five hunderd more, — which was n't specially convenient, them bein' stood up in piles of fifties in the comp'ny's lumber yard ten miles away, 'cause the Super'ntindent was such a partic'lar man 'bout 'system an' nateness.' The worse luck was, the Old Man himself was on hand in th' office, an' he telyphones back that the props 'ud come down on a special train soon 's they could be loaded, an' himself 'ud come down on a special engine ahead o' the props, to help 'em. Till he got there, they was to presarve the comp'ny's property, so he said. But the property was that water-soaked by that time, the rocks was just saggin' in, an' the pillars was chippin' to nothin' with bearin' up all that extra heft o' water. An' as for gas, the fans had been stopped eleven days an' nights, so there was a plenty; an' nobody could n't tell where it had gathered, 'cause there was all the water shovin' it round out o' its proper places.

"Afore he mounted up on his special engine, though, the Old Man had a spell o' workin' the telyphone lively with orders. He always was a great hand to get giving orders, anyhow. 'Bout the time he got there, he had engineers, an' pumpmen, an' fire-bosses, an' carpenters, an' inside bosses, an' miners, an' tools, an' lumber, an' powder, an' oil, an' Davy lamps, by the dozens an' carloads from all the comp'ny's other mines near by, an' even some men an' lamps borrowed from other comp'nies' works along the creek.

"The firemen an' engineers an' pump-runners was set to work firin' up an'

settin' the fans goin' all they could stand, to get up some o' the gas outen the workin's. The Old Man ran around shoutin' out orders, an' prisently he had engineers at the fires, an' firemen outside nailin' up lumber for brattices, an' fire-bosses runnin' errands, an' sweatin' over the telyphone, an' carpenters fillin' an' cleanin' the safety-lamps, an' every Jack of us doin' some other man's work. The Old Man always loves to see things hum that way, an' the strikers just stood round an' laughed at the show. It was pourin' rain, too, an' had been for three days an' nights.

"In about two or three hours, the young feller, the fire-boss old Sandy said was so venturesome, had got all his props used, an' the new ones had n't come yet. Some o' the men, Dagos, come out after that, and would n't go back in again, because she was a-workin' something awful, an' the chips o' coal shootin' off the pillars every minute, an' the roof crackin', an' water drippin' where water never dripped when the mine was right, an' two rows of props round the pillars did n't seem to do no good, and they was scared. But the boss kept right on. When the props was gone, he left the men up by the shaft an' went lookin' round the mine a bit by himself. He always was one o' those you could n't kill. Nobody else was anxious to go.

"Pretty soon he comes back to them, an' says he, 'Anybody here that knows the air-ways of the old Rat-hole Slope? 'Cause our air-way on Five Gangway is got a fall o' clay an' top-rock to spoil its beauty,' says he, 'so, unless we can open into Rat-hole an' back again into ours under the fan, we can't get air into this gangway at all, nor get rid of the gas.'

"But there was n't a man there with him old enough to look back to the last days o' Rat-hole Slope. So up comes the boss an' the men, an' the boss begins to hunt for a man what knew the Rat-hole air-ways.

"Well, they told him old Sandy Anderson was the only man, an' just then the Super'ntindent came buzzin' by an' heard it. 'Then get him!' he snaps. 'Send for him!'

"'He 's over in the engine room,' said somebody.

"'He won't go,' says the new fire-boss, 'not for nobody, nor if the whole mine fell in. You don't know old Sandy Anderson.'

"'He will too!' yelled the Super'ntindent, beginnin' to scold an' swear, an' makin' a bee-line acrost the yard towards the engine house. Everybody that heard what was up began to run for the engine house, too. Time I got there, there was old Sandy standin' in the doorway, glarin' down at the Super'ntindent an' talkin' solemn-like.

"'Ye discharged me the first o' May,' says he. 'Now ye may attend personally to yer own mines.' An' with that he turns his back to go in, an' all the crowd sets up a cheerin'.

"Then the Super'ntindent began to swear somethin' surpassin', standin' there an' shootin' off his words through the door. After a minute, Sandy comes to the window an' looks out at him.

"'Man!' says he, 'stop yer blasphemin'! Ye 're on in life now, and ye 've enough to reckon for if ye should be called this night to yer account. Besides, it riles my temper.'

"'Will ye go down in the mine an' help open up the old air-way, then, ye stubborn old fool?' yelled the Old Man, letting off another string.

"'Ye discharged me the first o' last month. And I do not like to be swore at. I can have ye arrested,' says he.

"'Discharged you, did I? High time, too, I guess!' yells the Old Man. 'An' now I need ye, an' I 'll hire ye again. Get back to your work, an' quit shirkin'!'

"'I don't know if I just want the job,' says old Sandy; an' the crowd cheered him again.

"Then the Super'ntindent saw 't was no use, an' he changed his tone. 'Look

here, Anderson, you 're the only man that 's here now that knows the old Rathole air-ways. We 've got to open that air-way, and you 're the only one can manage it. Name yer own terms,' says he.

"Old Sandy just grunted an' looked out the window, an' did n't seem to hear the jawin' that was bein' done on his account. 'It ain't a very nice job,' says he, squintin' his eye. 'But yet, a man cannot be too partic'lar if he 's out of a job.'

"He waited awhile, an' then says he, 'If you 'll promise afore these here witnesses to pay me fifteen dollars a month the rest o' my lifetime if I don't get killed, or thirty dollars a month to Mrs. Anderson for her lifetime if I do, I 'll go down.'

"Gee! I thought the Super'ntindent would bust or blow up afore he could let out his feelings on the Deacon! An' yet it was n't such an awful nervy offer as it looked, seein' how Sandy had worked for them forty year.

"'Then attend to it yerself,' said old Sandy, an' went an' sat down in the corner by the fly-wheel.

"Well, the men went down an' the props went down, an' they did the best they could, an' did n't accomplish nothin'. Pretty soon, in about two hours, there come a jolt, an' the fans was blown clean out o' the air-shaft. 'T was the gas exploded. The engineer sent down the cage double-quick, in case anybody should be down there to get on. After a couple o' minutes the bell rang to hoist away. There was another jolt afore he got them to the top, an' this time 't was the mine cavin' after th' explosion had shook it. There 's likely to be some cavin' after a 'splosion, specially if the mine had been workin' some beforehand.

"There was three men on, two o' them burned something awful to look at. The other was an Italian; he was shakin' an' silly, though he was n't hurt much. His English was clean jarred out o' him, an' he could n't tell nothin'.

"We took the two fellows to the engine room, against the ambulance should come. — Funny how a man that 's burnt bad gen'lly feels the cold, ain't it? — They was just awful lookin'. Old man Shea, he walked in of himself, an' fell down, and says he, 'Boys, you want to get the rest of 'em damn quick. Drowndin' an' gas an' cavin' an' top-rock,' says he, an' went off in a dead faint. His eyes was about all of him that was n't burnt, being how he could n't lie down flat in the gangway for the water that was knee-deep, an' so he just covered 'em with his hands an' let the rest of himself go to cinders.

"The other fellow was n't hurt all over, but he was blinded, an' we had to carry him across to the engine room. He hollered an' cried when we touched him, an' begged us for God's sake throw him back down the shaft to be out o' his pain. The skin o' his one arm come off in my hand when I touched him. It 's an awful thing to see a man burnt like that." Curley stared off at a gleam of blue river, and seemed to lose interest in his own story.

"Were the rest all dead?" I asked, after an interval.

"No. Not but we thought they were, though, then. We got him in 'longside o' old man Shea, an' give him some whiskey, and asked him did he know if any other o' the boys was alive down there, and where was they. Jim stood there, listenin', listenin', to hoist away the minute he got the signal, so 's there was anybody down there to give it.

"Old Sandy Anderson was there, too, a-shakin' all over, an' kind of chokin' when he 'd try to speak out, an' sayin' over to himself: 'The young fool! The venturesome, foolish young man! Thretty men's lives, because of a fool and his folly! Thretty lives! Myself, I 'd not 'a' had them inside this day.'

"But when the fellow that was hurted began tellin' as how the boss an' nine men was just leavin' the shaft after th'

explosion, an' ought to be near the foot somewheres, he quit talkin' an' listened. In a minute he had his white shirt an' collar off, an' was strippin' to the waist. 'Gimme your shirt, Jim!' says he, 'an' somebody gimme another. Two 's none too many when we don't know where the gas is.'

"'Delany,' says he to a man standin' in the doorway, 'get me eight men to go down an' get the boss, the young fool!' says he. 'And be parteecular to wear two shirts,' says he.

"So there was a great strippin' all round out in the yard, 'count of lots of us bein' on strike an' dressed up good, an' not a stitch of a woolen shirt on lots of us. Them as had on a thick wool shirt was tryin' to get another, an' other men tryin' to pull that offen them instead. And not a man would Delany hear to that wore a bit of cotton on him, nor a thin shirt, because a thick wool shirt has saved many a man's life from fire, an' he knew it. Myself, I had to wear old Sandy's shirt through the streets that night till I could get home; an' took it over to Mis' Anderson after dark.

"When Delany had got his eight men, he come to the door an' told Sandy.

"'Who 've ye got?' says Sandy; and Delany, he told him. They was all men that knew Sandy, and that 'ud worked in the mines twenty years an' over.

"'Man!' says Sandy. 'Don't ye know they 're all out on strike?'

"'Strike be damned!' says Delany. 'That don't cut no ice now. It 's the men we 're after. My own cousin 's down there now.'

"'So 's my son,' says a man with a red shirt on over a black one; and I seen it was the young boss's father, that had n't spoke to the young fellow for a month on account of his not strikin' with the rest. Old Sandy finished talkin' with Jim just as some o' the boys come runnin' up with the tools an' four safeties. He was just turnin' around when into the door came the old Super'ntindent, half crazy.

"'Sandy Anderson!' says he, with no swearin' at all, 'I want volunteers to go down with me. My men are down there. I sent 'em, but you must help me get 'em out!'

"Sandy, he hardly looked at the Old Man; he just went on towards the door.

"Then the Super'ntindent he talked faster an' worse 'n I ever heard him before, an' he ends up a-sayin', —

"'I'll take your blame, mud-suckin', money-lickin' offer, you cold-blooded old penny-pinchin' mongrel!' — an' other decorations. — 'Ye shall grow fat doin' nothin', an' cut your false teeth on your pension money the rest of your life, you slow old skunk!' He was goin' on to say more when Sandy stopped him.

"'Verra weel,' says he, lookin' round. 'It 's a contract between us, an' these persons are my weetnesses. Jim, I name you my executor, to see to it for Mrs. Anderson if I do not come out.'

"The Old Man began again, but he did n't say two words.

"'Hold that jaw!' says Sandy. 'I'll maybe be face to face wi' my Maker in half an hour, an' I will not go to Him wi' my ears full o' your profane oaths. An' as for the love o' money, — good God, man, I 'm goin' for the lives o' thretty men! I was goin', anyhow. — Get out o' my road!' Then he just shoved the Old Man one side an' ran out, sayin' over his shoulder, 'The Lord forgive ye, ye have made me begin to swear myself!'

"The Super'ntindent ran out too, but bein' fat an' old he did n't get to the shaft till the cage with Sandy an' the men was started down. But we heard Sandy call up, 'There was competent weetnesses' —

"'The damned Scotchman!' says the Old Man, an' went back an' began telyphoning for all the ambulances from the other mines, besides the hospital."

"Did they need them all?" I asked.

"They did," said Curley. "Though when Sandy's gang went down we really did n't think anybody 'd come up again, nor even need the undertaker. There was

another cave that night; but before that, Sandy had sent up twelve men alive an' four bodies, an' Delany an' the eight men got up just in time.

"Sandy did n't come, nor the young boss, neither. The last cavin' jammed the cage in the shaft, some way, part way down, as Jim was lowerin' it, so there was n't nothin' more we could do for him.

"Jim was feelin' awful bad, an' he would n't even leave the engine house though the night-shift man had come on; but he hung round an' waited, though he did n't know what for. An' sure enough, 'bout eleven o'clock, in came old Sandy, dirty and tired, but not hurted.

"'Jim,' says he, just as plain an' natural as anything, 'I 've not had time to get any supper yet. It 's late now, an' Mrs. Anderson is very prompt to put away the supper at seven o'clock. Have you or Harry a bit o' somethin' in your pails that I could stay my stomach on before I go away home? I 'm a verra strong man yet, but I 'm sixty-four years old, an' I 'm free to say I am just faint wi' hunger.'

"So they got the watchman's pail, an' the fireman's, and they come in too, and while he ate up all their three pails he told 'em how he 'd found the young fireboss wedged behind a timber, an' got him out, an' both come out by some o' the old workin's beyond Rat-hole. He had n't lost no appetite, neither, nor got so much as a scratch on him."

Curley stood up, stretched, and climbed down from the pile of timbers, as much as to say that he had finished the story. I followed with a question.

"What became of the old man? Two people cannot live on fifteen dollars a month."

He eyed me with a peculiar smile. "It 's been done, afore now, to my knowledge," said he. "But he did n't have to. Jim, he rung up the telyphone exchange an' told them, while Sandy was eatin' the fireman's cold pie; an' then he rung up the comp'ny's office an' told *them;* an' the telyphone girls, they must 've told a thousand people an hour, 'cause the whole town was crazy to get news. Anyhow, the next day, the Super'ntindent comes round, an' 'bout noon he posts a notice at the breaker that Sandy Anderson is made 'consultin' fireboss,' with his old salary back again."

"What is a consulting fire-boss?" I asked.

"There ain't no such thing, but they called him that because he was over the age limit. He don't have nothing to do unless they send for him to come to one of the collieries; there 's weeks when he don't do a thing; then there 's weeks when he works as hard as ever."

"So he did n't get his pension," I remarked, as we strolled past the chutes of the breaker.

"You bet he did!" responded my informant with vigor. "First pay-day, he got just his sixty dollars, and he told them he 'd sue for the fifteen if they did n't give it to him peaceable. Why, the Union even made him an honorary member, I b'lieve, the ways *they* could push the thing through if he needed them. But he gets it, all right. They know a corporation has no show before a jury, now'days; and then Sandy has his witnesses. Oh, he 's fixed fine, I tell you!"

E. S. Johnson.

AN ODD SORT OF POPULAR BOOK.

MULTIPLICITY of editions does not make a book a classic. Otherwise Worcester's Dictionary and Mrs. Lincoln's Cook-Book might almost rival Shakespeare. Nevertheless, when a work which has little but its literary quality to recommend it achieves sudden and permanent popularity, it is safe to assume that there is something about it which will repay curious consideration. As to the popularity of The Anatomy of Melancholy there can be no dispute. "Scarce any book of philology in our land hath, in so short a time, passed through so many editions," says old Fuller; though why "philology"? The first of these editions appeared in 1621. It was followed by four others during the few years preceding the author's death in 1640. Three more editions were published at different times in the seventeenth century. The eighteenth century was apparently contented to read Burton in the folios; but the book was reprinted in the year 1800, and since then it has been issued in various forms at least as many as forty times, though never as yet with what might be called thorough editing.

Quantity of approval is in this case well supported by quality. Milton showed his admiration, as usual, by imitation. Sterne conveyed passage after passage almost bodily into Tristram Shandy. Southey's odd book, The Doctor, follows Burton closely in manner and often in matter. Dr. Johnson said that The Anatomy of Melancholy was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise; large commendation surely, and I have never found any other, even of the most devout Burtonians, quite ready to echo it. Lamb was a reader, adorer, and imitator; Keats, the first two, at any rate. Finally, Mr. Saintsbury assures us that "for reading either continuous or desultory, either grave or gay, at all times of life and in all moods of temper, there are few authors who stand the test of practice so well as the author of The Anatomy of Melancholy." For all that, I would not advise the general reader to buy a copy in too great haste. He will, perhaps, find it easier to read about the book than to read it.

What we know of the life of Robert Burton is a very small matter, as is the case with so many of his greater contemporaries. He was born at Lindley in Leicestershire in 1577, thirteen years after Shakespeare, four years after Ben Jonson. He was at school at Sutton-Coldfield in Warwickshire and at Nuneaton till he was seventeen. He then went to Brasenose College. In 1599 he was elected student of Christ Church. In 1614 he received the degree of B. D., and in 1616 he became vicar of St. Thomas in the west suburb of Oxford. About 1630 he added to this cure the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire. Besides the Anatomy he wrote a Latin comedy, Philosophaster, unusually clever and brilliant in its kind. He died in 1640, and was buried in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral. The little bit of gossip narrated by Wood is amusingly illustrative of the mythical character so apt to attach itself to the solitary scholar. It seems that Burton's death occurred at or very near the time which had been foretold by himself from the calculation of his own nativity; in consequence of which "several of the students did not forbear to whisper among themselves that, rather than there should be a mistake in the calculation, he sent up his soul to heaven through a slip about his neck." With the exception of a few other bits of doubtful gossip and of the full text of his will, this is all of importance that has come down to us about the author of

the Anatomy. It is rather brief, certainly, when one realizes that, if he had lived two hundred and fifty years later, he would probably have been honored with two solid volumes of so-called biography, like many another much less worthy of it.

Far more than most great writers, however, Burton left the reflection of his life and character in his work, and The Anatomy of Melancholy may be called one of the most intensely personal books that were ever written. To be sure, the author does not constantly and directly refer to himself and his own affairs. Nevertheless, the impress of his spirit is felt on every page.

Several of the biographical facts above mentioned are derived from casual remarks dropped here and there throughout the book. Of his mother, Mistress Dorothy Burton, he says that she had "excellent skill in chirurgery, sore eyes, aches, etc.," and that she had "done many famous and good cures upon divers poor folks that were otherwise destitute of help." He gives us a reminiscence of his boyhood: "They think no slavery in the world (as once I did myself) like to that of a grammar scholar." He speaks with a grain of bitterness of a younger brother's lot: "I do much respect and honor true gentry and nobility; I was born of worshipful parents myself, in an ancient family; but I am a younger brother, it concerns me not."

He gives us many glimpses of his lonely scholar's life. In his youth he was ambitious: "I was once so mad to bussell abroad and seek about for preferment, tyre myself, and trouble all my friends." But the world is cold, friendship formal and touches not the heart: "I have had some such noble friends, acquaintance, and scholars, but most part they and I parted as we met; they gave me as much as I requested and that was — ." His habits are those of the recluse and ascetic: "I am a bachelor myself and lead a monastic life in a college." "I am *aquæ potor*, drink no wine at all." Yet he loves the sweet of nature too, if the bitter thirst of knowledge would permit: "No man ever took more delight in springs, woods, groves, gardens, walks, fishponds, rivers, etc." Force of circumstance, lack of opportunity, younger brotherhood, timidity, have kept him secluded within the walls of great libraries, have piled huge dusty tomes on the human beating of his heart. "I have lived a silent, sedentary, solitary, private life in the University, as long almost as Xenocrates in Athens, to learn wisdom as he did, penned up most part in my study." Yet if the Fates had willed otherwise, the man would have been consenting. Let us note right here that this is the whole charm of Burton and his great book. It is no dry treatise of a gray-haired pedant, thumbing contentedly forever dull volumes of mouldy tradition. For all its quaint garb and thorny aspect, it is a great human document, the work of a man whose bodily life was passed in his study, but whose senses were all keenly, pantingly alert to catch the motion of the wide world beyond. Beauty — he adores beauty. "This amazing, confounding, admirable beauty; 't is nature's crown, gold, and glory." Love — Oh, how he could have loved! "I confess I am but a novice, a contemplator only," he writes of it; "yet *homo sum*, I am a man, and not altogether inexpert in this subject." Like Flaubert, he doubtless leaned forth from his study window on many a moonlit night, and heard a company of revelers with merry song and pleasant jest, and caught the dim flutter of a white gown, and found all his books and learning mere dust beside the laughter and the passion of the world.

And so he grew melancholy, as often happens in such cases. When a man gets these fits on him, he may either rush out into active life for the sake of contrast, he may marry, or go into politics, or do

something even more rash and criminal; or he may cut his throat; or he may write a book. On the whole, the last method is the most to be recommended. Burton adopted it; and, with homœopathic ingenuity, he wrote a book on melancholy itself. "I write against melancholy, by being busy, to avoid melancholy. . . . Shall I say, my mistress melancholy, my Egeria, or my evil genius?"

The loose and literary sense in which Burton uses the word melancholy is characteristic of the tone of his book. Without really attempting any precise definition, or, rather, having confused the reader with a multitude of definitions taken from all the authors under the sun, he proceeds to include every form of nervous depression, from a mere temporary fit of the blues to acute or chronic mania and insanity. At the same time, being a man of a logical and systematic turn of mind, he imposes on others, and perhaps on himself, with a great show of formal and scientific treatment. The work is mapped out into divisions, partitions, sections, members, subsections, arranged in as awful order of deduction as Euclid or the Ethics of Spinoza. But let no one be alarmed. This is pure matter of form. The author speaks of what he likes, when he likes. Occasionally he takes the pains to recognize that he is digressing, as in the delicious chapters entitled A Digression of Spirits, A Digression of Air. And then, with a sigh, he tries to call himself back to the work in hand: "But my melancholy spaniels quest, my game is sprung, and I must suddenly come down and follow." The game leads him into strange places, however. The vast and checkered meadow of the human heart is his hunting-ground. Melancholy is the skeleton in the closet, always popping out at odd times and in unexpected corners; but he keeps it wreathed with bright flowers, and made sweet with strange and subtle savors, and brilliant and sparkling with jewels of quaint wit and wandering fancy. Nevertheless, when he does discuss his subject itself, he has bits of sound common sense, useful to-day and always, like his recommendation of "the three Salernitan Doctors, D. Merryman, D. Diet, and D. Quiet, which cure all diseases."

Some one may object that this saying is quoted and not Burton's own invention. Certainly, Burton is the greatest quoter in literature, far surpassing even Montaigne. His mind was full of the thoughts of others, and he poured them forth together with his own in inextricable mixture. He was a man drenched, drowned in learning, not learning of the quick, smart, practical, modern type, which enables its possessor to give interviews on the inhabitants of Mars and testify on poisons at a murder trial, but mediæval learning, drowsy, strange, unprofitable, and altogether lovely. In the discussion of these melancholy matters all preceding literature is laid under contribution, not only the classics, but countless writers of the Middle Ages, doubtless respectable in their own day and possibly in Burton's, but now so dead that the reader stares and gasps at them and wonders whether his author is not inventing references, like the Oracle in the Innocents Abroad. Melanelius, Ruffus, Aëtius describe melancholy "to be a bad and pievish disease." Hercules de Saxonia approves this opinion, as do Fuchsius, Arnoldus, Guianerius, and others — not unnaturally. Paulus takes a different view, and Halyabbas still another. Aretæus calls it "a perpetual anguish of the soul, fastened on one thing, without an ague." In this brilliant but hazy statement the absence of ague is at least a comfort. It is disquieting, indeed, to find that "this definition of his Merrialis taxeth;" but we are reassured by the solid support of Ælianus Montaltus. And so on.

Pure pedantry, you will say. Well, yes. It would be, if Burton were not saved from the extreme of pedantry by a touch of humor, which makes you

somehow feel that he does not take all this quite seriously himself. Yet it is very hard for him to look at anything except through the eyes of some remote authority. We have heard him speak of his mother's excellent cures. It seems that one of her favorite remedies was "an amulet of a spider in a nutshell lapped in silk," super-sovereign for the ague. Burton finds it hard to swallow this; it was "most absurd and ridiculous; for what has a spider to do with a fever?" Ah, but one day "rambling amongst authors (as often I do) I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, repeated by Aldrovandus. . . . I began to have a better opinion of it, and to give more credit to amulets." I can see from here Mistress Dorothy Burton's lovely scorn at being confirmed by Dioscorides. What did she care for Dioscorides? Did she not have the recipe from her great-aunt, and has she not proved it a dozen times herself?

This trick of constant quoting has led some shallow people to set Burton down as a mere quoter and nothing else. There could be no greater mistake. It is the activity and independence of his own mind which make him so eager to watch and compare the minds of others; and while he profited by their thinking, he was abundantly able to do his own, as every page of his book shows. One need ask no better specimen, of strong, shrewd, satirical reflection than the sketch of a Utopian commonwealth in the introduction which purports to be by Democritus Junior; and of many other passages we may say the same.

Nor was our author lacking in deep, human sympathy, although his solitary life and keen intellect disposed him to be a trifle cynical. The celebrated bit with the refrain "Ride on!" — so brilliantly imitated by Sterne — shows a pitiful appreciation of sorrow and misery, which, indeed, are abundantly recognized everywhere in the Anatomy.

But perhaps the most characteristic illustration of Burton's intense appetite for humanity is his frequent reference to common daily life and manners. M. Anatole France tells us that the author of The Imitation must certainly have been a man of the world before he betook himself to his lonely cell and pious meditation. If Burton never was a man of the world, he would certainly have liked to be one. He peers out from behind the bars of his cell and catches every possible glimpse of the curious things which are shut away from him. Shreds of fashion, hints of frivolity, quips of courtiers, the flash of swords and glittering of jewels, — he will find a place for them. Woman fascinates him especially, — that singular creature who apparently cares nothing for books and study, laughs, weeps, scolds, caresses, without any reasonable cause whatever. Certainly no philosopher should take any notice of her, — yet they all do. And he exhausts himself in cunning heaps of observation, vain interrogations of mysterious boudoirs: "Why do they make such glorious shows with their scarfs, feathers, fans, masks, furs, laces, tiffanies, ruffs, falls, calls, cuffs, damasks, velvets, tinsel, cloth of gold, silver, tissue? With colors of heavens, stars, planets; the strength of metals, stones, odors, flowers, birds, beasts, fishes, and whatsoever Africk, Asia, America, sea, land, art and industry of man can afford? why do they use such novelty of inventions; such new-fangled tires; and spend such inestimable sums on them? . . . Why is it but, as a daynet catcheth larks, to make young men stoop unto them?" And old philosophers also, he might have added.

I have taken this passage from the section on Love Melancholy; for Burton devotes a large portion of his work to that delightful subject. He feels it necessary to make some apology for entering upon it. Some persons will think it hardly becoming in so grave, reverend, and dignified a gentleman, — a clergy-

man too. But he has good authors on his side: "I excuse myself with Peter Godefridus, Valleriola, Ficinus, Langius, Cadmus Milesius, who writ fourteen books of love." Surely, he would be very critical who should ask more than this.

The apology once made, with what gusto he sets forth, how he luxuriates in golden tidbits from love's delicate revels! "A little soft hand, pretty little mouth, small, fine, long fingers, 't is that which Apollo did admire in Daphne." "Of all eyes (by the way) black are most amiable, enticing, and fair." "Oh, that pretty tone, her divine and lovely looks, her everything lovely, sweet, amiable, and pretty, pretty, pretty." Is it not the mere ecstasy of amorous frenzy? Again, he gives us a very banquet, a rosy wreath of old, simple English names, a perfect old-fashioned garden: "Modest Matilda, pretty, pleasing Peg, sweet, singing Susan, mincing, merry Moll, dainty, dancing Doll, neat Nancy, jolly Jone, nimble Nell, kissing Kate, bouncing Bess with black eyes, fair Phillis, with fine white hands, fiddling Frank, tall Tib, slender Sib, etc." Do you not hear their merry laughter, as he heard it in his dim study, a dream of fair faces and bright forms twisting, and turning, and flashing back and forth under the harvest moon?

Yet, after all, love is a tyrant and a traitor, a meteor rushing with blind fury among the placid orbs of life. What is a man to make of these wild contrasts and tragical transitions? At one moment the lover seems to be on the pinnacle of felicity, "his soul sowced, imparadised, imprisoned in his lady; he can do nothing, think of nothing but her; she is his cynosure, Hesperus, and Vesper, his morning and evening star, his goddess, his mistress, his life, his soul, his everything; dreaming, waking, she is always in his mouth; his heart, eyes, ears, and all his thoughts are full of her." But then something goes wrong and the note is altogether changed. "When this young gallant is crossed in his love, he laments, and cries, and roars downright. 'The virgin 's gone and I am gone, she 's gone, she 's gone, and what shall I do? Where shall I find her? whom shall I ask? what will become of me? I am weary of this life, sick, mad, and desperate.'"

It becomes the sage, then, to be clear of these toys. If he is to write about Love Melancholy, let him cure it. Let him hold up a warning to the unwary. What is the use of days and nights spent in toiling over learned authors, if the young and foolish are not to have the benefit of one's experience? If only the young and foolish would profit! If only the unwary would beware! Still we must do our part. Let us remind them that beauty fades. It is a rather well-known fact, but youth is so prone to forget it. "Suppose thou beholdest her in a frosty morning, in cold weather, in some passion or perturbation of mind, weeping, chafing, etc., riveled and ill-favored to behold. . . . Let her use all helps art and nature can yield; be like her, and her, and whom thou wilt, or all these in one; a little sickness, a fever, small-pox, wound, scar, loss of an eye or limb, a violent passion, mars all in an instant, disfigures all." Then let us exalt the charms of a bachelor's life. It has its weak points, as I feel, writing here alone in the dust and chill, with nothing but books about me, no prattle of children, no merry chatter of busy women. But what then? It is quieter, after all. "Consider how contentedly, quietly, neatly, plentifully, sweetly, and how merrily he lives! He hath no man to care for but himself, none to please, no charge, none to control him, is tied to no residence, no cure to serve, may go and come when, whither, live where he will, his own master, and do what he list himself." Nevertheless, it all sounds a little hollow, and as I sit here in the winter midnight with my old pipe, I

wonder if it might not have been otherwise.

I have made my quotations with very little skill, if the ingenious reader does not by this time feel that Burton was in his way a great master of style. His skill and power as a writer, more than anything else, show that he was not a mere pedant or Dryasdust. It is true, he himself disclaims any such futile preoccupation. He has not "amended the style, which now flows remissly, as it was first conceived." His book is "writ with as small deliberation as I do ordinarily speak, without all affectation of big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms." But the facts belie him, and one shudders to think what must have been his idea of the big words he does not use. A careful collation of the first edition of the Anatomy with the last published in the author's lifetime not only shows a great number of additions and alterations, but proves conclusively that these changes were made, in many cases, with a view to style and to style only. Take a single instance. In the first edition Burton wrote: "If it be so that the earth is a moon, then are we all lunatic within." Later he amplified this as follows, with obvious gain in the beauty of the phrase: "If it be so that the earth is a moon, then are we also giddy, vertiginous, and lunatic within this sublunary maze." Amended, I think, but oh, for the "big words, fustian phrases, jingling terms"!

Yes, Burton was a master of style. He could bend language to his ends and do as he willed with it. If he is often rough, harsh, wanton in expression, it is simply because, like Donne, he chose to be so. Does he wish to tell a plain story? Who can do it more lightly, simply, briefly? "An ass and a mule went laden over a brook, the one with salt, the other with wool; the mule's pack was wet by chance; the salt melted, his burden the lighter; and he thereby much eased. He told the ass, who, thinking to speed as well, wet his pack likewise at the next water; but it was much the heavier, he quite tired."

Does he wish to paint the foul and horrible? I know of nothing in Swift or Zola more replete with the luxury of hideousness than the unquotable description of the defects which infatuated love will overlook, — a description which Keats tells a correspondent he would give his favorite leg to have written. Here, as in so many passages I have quoted, Burton piles up epithet after epithet, till it seems as if the dictionary would be exhausted, — a trick which, by the bye, he may have caught from Rabelais, and which would become very monotonous, if it were not applied with such wonderful variety and fertility.

Then, at his will, the magician can turn with ease from the bitter to the sweet. When he touches love or beauty, all his ruggedness is gone. His words become full of grace, of suave, vague richness, of delicacy, of mystery, as in the phrase which Southey quotes in The Doctor: "For peregrination charms our senses with such unspeakable and sweet variety that some count him unhappy that never traveled, a kind of prisoner, and pity his case, that from his cradle to his old age beholds the same still; still, still the same, the same." Or, to take a more elaborate picture, see this, which might be a Tintoretto or a Spenser: "Witty Lucian, in that pathetical love-passage or pleasant description of Jupiter's stealing of Europa and swimming from Phœnicia to Crete, makes the sea calm, the winds hush, Neptune and Amphitrite riding in their chariot to break the waves before them, the Tritons dancing round about with every one a torch; the sea-nymphs, half-naked, keeping time on dolphins' backs and singing Hymenæus; Cupid nimbly tripping on the top of the waters; and Venus herself coming after in a shell, strawing roses and flowers on their heads."

I have dwelt thus long on Burton's

style because it is absolutely characteristic, and because it proves by its eminent artistic qualities that he was not simply a compiler and quoter, but a thinking and feeling man, a strong, shrewd, passionate temperament, gazing with intense interest out of his scholastic windows at the strange and moving spectacle of life. In his fullness and abundance he, more than any other English author, recalls Montaigne, whom he quotes so frequently: he has less fluidity, more conventional prejudice, but also more sincerity, more robust moral force. Again, he in a certain sense resembles a greater than Montaigne, his own greatest contemporary, Shakespeare, whom he also quotes enough to show that he knew and loved his writings, at any rate, if not himself. Shakespeare's work is like a glorious piece of tapestry, a world of rich and splendid hues, woven into a thousand shapes of curious life. Burton's is like the reverse side of the same: all the bewildering wealth of color, but rough, crude, misshapen, undigested.

One of the characteristic oddities of Burton's style is his perpetual use of the phrase *etc.* When his quick and fluent pen has heaped together all the nouns or adjectives in heaven and in earth, and in the waters under the earth, he completes the picture with the vast, vague gesture of an *etc.* Take an often-quoted passage in the introduction, in which he describes his own life as an observer and contemplator: "Now come tidings of weddings, maskings, mummeries, entertainments, jubilees, embassies, tilts and tournaments, trophies, triumphs, revels, sports, plays; then again, as in a new-shifted scene, treasons, cheating tricks, robberies, enormous villanies in all kinds, funerals, burials, death of princes, new discoveries, expeditions, now comical, then tragical matters; to-day we hear of new lords and officers created, to-morrow of some great men deposed, and again of fresh honors conferred; one is let loose, another imprisoned; one purchaseth, another breaketh; he thrives, his neighbor turns bankrupt; now plenty, then again dearth and famine; one runs, another rides, wrangles, laughs, weeps, etc."

So we may sum up The Anatomy of Melancholy in an *etc.* The general tone of the book, with its infinite multiplicity, reminds one of nothing more than of the quaint blending of mirth, mystery, and spiritual awe so deliciously expressed in Stevenson's baby couplet, —

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I 'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

Only Burton would have laid a mischievous and melancholy emphasis on should.

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

CONTENT.

When of this flurry thou shalt have thy fill,
The thing thou seekest, it will seek thee then:
The heavens repeat themselves in waters still
And in the faces of contented men.

John Vance Cheney.

WHEN I PRACTISED MEDICINE.

THE manner of my initiation was this. There was living in the town of Wheatland an old man who knew everybody in the county, for indeed he had helped a good part of the inhabitants into this vale of tears, and, to speak truly, I fear had hastened the departure from it of not a few. This was the celebrated Dr. John Claggett, the greatest story-teller, the best companion with whom to share a mint julep, the welcome guest at every wedding, the friend of every child, the good physician, whose presence was worth a moderate sickness. For he brought the latest news from the farthest borders of the county; he had stories new as well as old; he played practical jokes in, as it seemed, the presence of death itself, and drove pain off with hearty human laughter. Perhaps the wit was rather too Elizabethan for the taste of to-day. Here was one that the country people liked more than the aroma of humor; they wanted to taste it, and thought that a joke, like whiskey, improved with age. Mother, and then daughter, had listened to it without shame. It is a wedding, — not complete without the Doctor. Two, three, perhaps more, glasses of apple-jack have been drunk; it 's time to break up, but first the Doctor must salute the bride. This he does, and adds, with a meaning look, " I 'll see you later," answered by a push and a " La, Doctor ! " from the buxom bride, and a fatuous giggle from the embarrassed groom. I fear we were not a refined people, but then, on the other hand, we were not divorced and married again the same day!

It came to pass, then, that this man — now, as I say, growing old — saw one day in the village street a child whom he did not know. And as that was a most remarkable thing, he stopped him and easily learned that he had not long been there, and that he lived on the Hill next to the Academy. Whereupon, Dr. Claggett remembered that he was on his way to that very house to see a lady there, — which was strange, for he was going in an opposite direction when the child met him. However, they returned to the house, the child about seven, and the man nearly ten times as old.

What talk went on behind the Venetian blinds in the parlor the little boy — swinging on the gate until the reappearance of his new friend — did not learn till years after, but when the Doctor reappeared he heard, " No books nor school, — give him to me and he 'll live, and I 'll make a man of him."

Next morning at nine o'clock I stood before the Doctor's house, — red brick, with a high stoop built along the front. An alleyway, arched over, gave protection to a little brown mare, hitched to a staple in the wall, and kept the rain from a buggy that was splashed to the top with cakes of yellow mud that had dried and made the whole vehicle almost invisible at a distance, so near was it to the color of the crossroads. In this vehicle I was destined to ride for the next two years, every day save Sunday, as the companion, the friend, and, as he said, the colleague of the man who had the largest practice in the county. In that way I began to practise medicine.

The little brown mare, named Lucy, turned to the right, and, passing through the square, turned to the right again on the Sharpesburg pike, then to the left, and stretched herself comfortably eastward on the Frederick road toward the blue mountains, shining like a long turquoise in the early winter sun.

" Do you know where you are going ? " said my new, indeed my first friend.

" No, sir."

"Well, you are going to Jerusalem across the river Jordan."

Oh, the terror of that drive! It must be death, or at least endless exile, that affronted me. "Jerusalem and Jordan" — I knew the names. Indeed, they represented all I knew of geography. They were far away, I knew. Could I ever return? I think here I should have wept had I not been roused from my sad forebodings by Lucy's stopping at the toll gate. A wonderful place, that! What authority resided here! Why, even the tow-headed boy sitting on the fence could swing that bar to, and all the traffic would cease. "There wa'n't nobody dasen't go through when the bar was swung in." I did not know that then, but I learned it later from the same tow-headed boy, when he became my friend. The toll keeper was a shoemaker, too, and well-mannered people drove close to the step, so that he had only to reach out a hand to take the fare. A woman came through the orchard, where she had been feeding hens, to have a chat with the old Doctor.

"Why, my sakes, Doctor, where did you get that child? He ain't one o' yourn, be he?"

"No sir-ree," was the emphatic answer. "This is a celebrated doctor from Virginia, and he 's going to practise medicine with me from the Blue Ridge to the Connococheague, and to-day we are bound 'cross the Jordan to Jerusalem."

They all laughed, and I whispered piteously to the woman, —

"Is it far?"

"No, honey, 't ain't no ways now. And don't you mind the old Doctor. He ain't happy 'less he 's foolin' somebody."

Here the Doctor laughed, too, and clucked to Lucy, and we climbed the long hill, from the top of which are seen, directly below, the sluggish yellow waters of the Antietam, spanned by a single arch of blue limestone, the wooden covering of the bridge's wall painted bright red. The sycamore trees growing on the banks touched their outmost branches at midstream, and the old red brick flour mill shook with the whirl of the wheel, the yellow stream became white and creamy as it fell over the fall, and beyond the mill lay Funkstown, a hamlet without a comely building, and yet made beautiful by stately silver poplars which bordered the street, and gardens surrounding every house.

"There! This is Jerusalem, and that is the river Jordan, that we 've crossed; and, yes, there they are, — in that window, bull's eyes, — two for a penny, — and soon we shall be going home."

Oh, how proud the child was that he had not cried! He laughed, too, with a new sensation. He had become conscious of thought! This wise old man had taken a child, who needed rousing and an interest to make it seem worth while to life to keep in its delicate frame, and plunged it into the cold water of apprehension, and now it was tingling with the reaction of satisfaction. Like many puzzles, the explanation was simple. The Dunkers had a yearly baptism in the Antietam, hence the Antietam became Jordan, and Funkstown, Jerusalem. A parable, if you will, of the power of faith. For, as the early Italian painters dressed the Magi and the Holy Family in the gorgeous robes of Venice or Verona, and saw no incongruity, so these simple-minded peasants, — for they were little more, — in the illustration of the great experience, saw the insignificant stream changed to the river that cleansed Naaman, and the mean little village into the city of the great King.

This was the beginning of an education, impossible in school, of course, but most important. I mean the education of teasing. It is like teaching a puppy to jump by holding the dainty a little higher than he can reach. It is a sort of mental tickling, that may indeed become cruel, but is, in kindly hands, a delicious experience. And I think, in all the pharmacopœia of that day there was

no better medicine than that of which I learned in my first day's practice.

This day was typical of hundreds of days, when we drove briskly, for five or six miles, over the well-kept pikes, and then turned to some "dirt road," to follow it perhaps for three or four miles, sometimes fairly good in dry weather, until the red dust choked us, then deep in mud, when the frost broke up the ground. I can hear it now, the slow suck of the wheel out of the mud, the splash, the jar, as we sank to the hub in some deep hole. No better trade could be followed than that of blacksmith and wheelwright. Wheels would go down into that mud and come out crumpled like paper. Slowly, on three wheels and a rail under the axle, taken from the snake fence, we would crawl back to the pike, where we would find some sort of wheel to take us home.

But if the roads were bad, they were beautiful. Deep groves of hickory, up and down which scampered gray squirrels, while their poor relations, the chipmunks, flashed along the rail fences, and in a twinkling were gone. In wide woods of oak and chestnut the jay birds would scream and show their colors, like an angry woman shaking a petticoat; the catbird would sing from the walnut tree, while off in the field would be heard the red-headed woodpecker, tapping, tapping with insistent stroke.

I was shown, too, the great buzzard, the filthy scavenger, — which whoever killed would be fined five dollars, — resting as securely on the air as a duck on the water, motionless as a cloud.

The Doctor would whistle "Bob White," until the partridges, as we called them, answering from the stubble field, showed where the covies were hid.

But we must not linger on the road. The farmhouse to which we are bound is across the stream. Bridges span it on every pike, but the dirt roads run to the ford and stop. I soon thought nothing of driving into the stream when the water was so deep as to cover the floor of the buggy, when I had to sit on my feet, and the Doctor placed his on the dashboard. Then would come a queer feeling as the jar of the horse's motion suddenly ceased, and it was swimming.

I saw a vast deal of practice, I assure you. Beside children's diseases, we had quinsy sore throats and congestion of the lungs, as well as pneumonia, and what I wrongly pronounced "Chilson fever." But generally we diagnosed the case as liver trouble, and treated accordingly. Sometimes we gave calomel in pills, but we thought we got better effects from powders; the pills were so large and were so unevenly covered with a bitter powder, — and, though I became expert in rolling them, still they would bulge and stick and gag the people, who either could not swallow them, or else had later accidents, — that, as I say, we thought best of powders. And when I say powders, have you in mind a dainty paper with a pinch of salt, as it were, within its ingenious folds? Go to! Do you think we were mere homœopathists? We gave it in a teaspoon filled from a frequently replenished bottle carried in the Doctor's capacious side pocket!

This was the favorite medicine with patient and physician. No more grateful compliment came to the professional ear than the familiar "I tell you, Doctor, that last dose took hold right smart," received with the complacent "Well, I reckoned it would." When salivation ensued, and the poor wretch had not a yellow tooth that did not rattle as he praised our skill, and the rebellious stomach refused to assimilate juicy spare ribs and the hot Sally Lunn, we gave him bumpers of bicarbonate of soda mixed with Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger. He was taught that the disease was working out of the system, and that the ghastly symptoms were the inevitable *sequelae* of a mysterious dispensation, which they probably were!

Calomel was our favorite, I must admit; but we had others. I think jalap stood next highest in our estimation. We gave it once with curious results. As I have retired from practice, I am happy to share the results of my experience with my *confrères*.

We were called to see a little boy suffering with inflammatory rheumatism. Poor little chap, when asked what the trouble was, he said he had "a short leg." We cut long strips of linen, and having steeped them in a cold solution of bicarbonate of soda, wrapped the limb firmly, and gave directions to have them changed frequently. I dare say we left a little paregoric to ease the pain at night, and started to go. But before we reached the door, the Doctor paused and rubbed his chin thoughtfully. It was unusual, for, as a rule, he was quick in his decisions. Then he drew forth a bottle of jalap and returned to the bed. "Which do you like best, scraped apple or currant jelly?"

"I hate 'em both!" cried the poor little mite, who knew what was coming. Perhaps we decided on scraped apple. This was my department. I scraped out a little and spread it in a spoon, then the powder was poured on, and after that there was a covering of apple, but the weight would cause the powder to ooze out on the sides, so that an idiot would not have been deceived. The child, small blame, would not open his mouth. The Doctor held the nose, compressing the nostrils so that the lips must open to gasp, then the spoon was slipped in, and being deftly turned upside down and slowly withdrawn, not a particle of this precious dose was lost.

When we paid our next morning visit, the child looked to me as one dead, but the Doctor felt his pulse and skin and said he was better. But the mother was angry. She said suddenly: "That child liked to died in the night. He nigh had a spasm. He was that sick to his stomach he could n't speak, and I don't hold with givin' no such doses to no child, — so there!"

"Well," said the Doctor slowly, "I've seen a heap of rheumatism in my time, and the best thing for it is exercise. That child could n't exercise, and that little jalap just stretched all his muscles a bit when it was acting, and now he 's going to get well. He don't need any more medicine, but keep those wet bandages on his leg."

We gave bushels of quinine, in tea to women, in whiskey, more plentiful than tea, to the men. I have spoken of calomel as the trump card which we played in the game with death, but I am not sure that we did not oftener take the trick with the lancet. We were hampered by no modern septicæmic fears. The little instrument, arranged with an ingenious spring to prevent its opening, was carried in the vest pocket along with a plug of tobacco, a toothpick, and odds and ends of every sort. I doubt if there was a day we did not find use for it. We bled for headaches and fevers; we bled for congestion of the lungs; we bled the negroes for their ills, generally designated by the generic term "misery."

The first day there was bloodletting I was given a basin, and told if I dropped it I should be bled. I did not drop it, but had I been bled, I doubt if blood could have been found in my scared little body! Once we bled a negro woman who must have weighed nearly three hundred pounds. I can see now her great arm like polished ebony! The Doctor asked me if I knew what blue blood was. I said I did.

"I suppose you think you have it?"

With dignity, I answered, "Yes."

He laughed and said, "Well, I'm going to show you real blue blood." And he did!

I squatted on the floor, caught the blood in a yellow earthen dish, while the Doctor — his back to the patient — began one of his marvelous stories to an admiring group collected on the back

porch. I caught, "We 've got the clearest air in the world right here in this county. Why, last October I was on the Blue Ridge, and, standing on Black Rock, I looked to the town, ten miles away as the crow flies, and on the roof of the Lutheran Church I saw two pigeons, and the air was so clear I could make out which was white and which was purple!" — A delighted murmur of "Oh, Doctor!" — "It 's the truth; I 'll explain it." But he never did.

The poor soul I was watching had by this time lost so much blood that the ebony had become like ashes, her head lolled from side to side, and I heard her murmur, "I 'se going, honey, for shore." I burst into tears, the Doctor turned quickly, called for whiskey, bound up the arm, and the danger was over. May I never come so near to murder again.

It was a strenuous life the old man led. I shared only the forenoon practice, but often I saw him pale and heavy-eyed in the morning, and learned that he had driven twenty miles in the night. Yet he was always cheerful.

He was fond of betting, and he introduced me to that fascinating pastime. I only remember my first bet, — but it was a sample of them all. We saw a field of potatoes which the farmer had gathered in heaps, and the Doctor said, —

"I suppose nothing sees so much as a potato."

"Why, Doctor, a potato can't see."

"Why not?"

"It has no eyes."

"Why, it has more eyes than you have, and if you don't believe me, I 'll bet you a 'fip and a bit,' and leave it to your mother."

This seemed easy. My mother looked startled, but made no criticism, and the fascinating sport continued till I owed sixty-five cents. I saved with great difficulty seventeen cents, and was then compelled by my mother to offer it as an installment. The dear old man looked at me a moment with shining eyes, and said,

"Tell your mother the reason I 'm rich is because I never receive partial payments."

I repeated the message, not understanding one word of it, but it was the end of my career as a gambler!

Of course we talked politics, and I understood the Doctor to say that he was an old "Lion Whig." So that I soon announced that I, too, belonged to that royal party. When the great election — the most momentous of all elections — was held, I repaired to the stable of the Washington House, where the embryonic statesmen, from ten years old to fifteen, had decided to vote. There was only one question asked by the tellers: —

"Breckinridge or Douglas?"

I answered, "Bell and Everett."

"Are you crazy or sassy?" they cried.

"I 'm an old Lion Whig!" I roared.

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, we 'll Lion Whig you." And they did!

When I recounted with tears my experience to the Doctor, he shook his head.

"I reckon, sonny, now they 've elected that Black Republican Abe Lincoln, you and I are the last of the 'old Lion Whigs.'" And as usual he was right.

Soon after this there was a bitter storm of sleet, and there was a case that kept us till late in the afternoon. We had dinner at the farmhouse. I was kept in the kitchen with the men, while the women and the Doctor stayed upstairs. All was very still, and later moaning and words of cheer, — then, a great cry that made my heart stand still. Finally the Doctor came.

"Is it over?" said a man who had not spoken all day.

"Yes, she 'll pull through. It was twins, and the chloroform gave out."

But there was no buoyancy in his voice, and as he drove home he shivered more than once. The next morning he was too ill to move, and Lucy was led back to the stable.

It was etiquette with us that when a

doctor fell ill, the oldest physician in the town should have charge of the case, while all the others came in in consultation. There were thirteen in this town of less than three thousand inhabitants, and they all went through that sickroom, following Dr. Ireland, the dean, and looked wise. Then the Doctor sent for me. He said there was no luck in odd numbers, and, more than that, I understood his constitution! I spent many hours with him, and we talked of everything except medicine.

But he did not get well.

"I think some men have to get sick to get rested," he said one day, when my face must have showed what I feared, — for indeed I feared greatly, most of all because he took no medicine. So at last I spoke.

"Doctor," I said, "would calomel or jalap do? Or, I know how to bleed."

All the old fun flushed his face as he said, —

"Doctor, it would n't be etiquette without Dr. Ireland. Besides, dear little boy, burnt brandy would n't help me now." The next day he died.

The town was as full of spring carts and buggies and saddle horses the day he was buried as if it had been the day of the county fair. The negroes, breaking the bonds of their Protestantism, prayed aloud in the streets for his soul, — and the clergyman said: —

"This man sought neither riches nor honor, but gave himself for others. Fifty years from now his name may be a faint memory, but I think he was one of those whom God depends upon to keep the world good, and to bless little children by his gentleness and purity and cheerfulness."

And all the people said, "Amen."

Leighton Parks.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

BYWAYS OF LITERATURE.

Mr. Henry James once said of Thoreau, "He was more than provincial; he was parochial." The remark has so much the air of finality, it is so obviously a statement of fact, that one's first instinct is to bolt it without ado. Presently, it may be, that mild inward monitor which does so much to conserve the eupeptic mind suggests that fact is not truth, and that the morsel will bear reconsideration. What is it to be provincial? and what is it supposed to do or undo for a man or his work? One has heard it said that London itself is provincial. Certainly Mr. James's cosmopolitanism has not kept him from dwelling among and upon a class of Londoners whose local preoccupation, if this were the point at issue, is quite equal to that of a New England villager. But local preoccupation is not the point; to be provincial is to be in a sense unpresentable, to hail patently, as we may fancy Mr. James saying, from an ineligible somewhere.

The cosmopolitan idea has apparently given us a new standard of eligibility. People used to take the grand tour for their souls' good; but they "dragged at each remove a lengthening chain." They traveled to become more worthy of staying at home. They did not dream that absenteeism would come to be held actually a state of grace. They would hardly have seen the point of that witty comment upon Mr. James, "To be truly cosmopolitan a man must

be at home even in his own country." It is something, after all, to be indigenous. Thoreau had his own simple philosophy as to home-staying. "There is no more tempting novelty," he writes, "than this new November. No going to Europe or to another world is to be named with it. Give me the old familiar walk, post-office and all, with this ever new self, with this infinite expectation and faith which does not know when it is beaten. We 'll go nutting once more. We 'll pluck the nut of the world and crack it in the winter evenings. Theatres and all other sight-seeing are puppet-shows in comparison. I will take another walk to the cliff, another row on the river, another skate on the meadow, be out in the first snow, and associate with the winter birds."

I.

It is surprising how many books which the world preserves are built upon local observation and anecdote. Natural historians have not a few to their credit; there seems to be some property in this gentle trade which gives especial kindliness to the pen. The printed word of a Thoreau, a Jefferies, a John Muir, has a richness and mellowness which seem to come direct from soil and sun. Even when a naturalist's facts are discredited by later authority, his writing is likely to be cherished as literature. Gilbert White was one of the few careful observers of his time, and is still much more than a name to naturalists, his swallow speculations to the contrary. Nevertheless, the editor of the latest reprint [1] puts the case for White in a way which can hardly be disputed: "'T is as a literary monument, therefore, I hold, that we ought above all things to regard these rambling and amiable Letters. They enshrine for us in miniature the daily life of an amateur naturalist in the days when the positions of parson, sportsman, country gentleman and man of science were not yet incongruous." Mr. Allen has treated the text successfully from this point of view, marking here and there a point of error, but for the most part confining his notes to the suggestion of additional facts about the man or the place.

Richard Jefferies was White's most notable English successor. His work has not the background of a serene existence like White's. It is more tense, more imaginative, more consciously endowed with the quality of literature. Wild Life in a Southern County, one of the best of Jefferies's books, has just been reprinted in Boston, — with an unfortunate change of title.[2] As a study of the author's native habitat it bears some analogy to Thoreau's Walden. Its range of subject is broader, however, for Jefferies was as keen an observer of rustic human types and manners as of the objects more commonly admitted to be within the province of the natural historian. He was the son of a Wiltshire farmer; early proved himself unfit for farm life, read much, became a journalist, and wrote a series of worthless novels; at last, as if by chance, hit upon his right vein, produced the five or six books upon which his reputation rests, and died at thirty-nine. His distinguishing trait is a sort of brooding quietude, a gentle poignancy of attitude toward the visible world and its creatures. He is, it seems, never very far from the elegiac mood: "Just outside the trench, almost within reach, there lies a small white something, half hidden by the grass. It is the skull of a hare, bleached by the winds and the

[1] *The Natural History of Selborne.* By Gilbert White. Edited by Grant Allen, and illustrated by W. H. New. London and New York: John Lane. 1903.

[2] *An English Village.* By Richard Jefferies. With Illustrations by Clifton Johnson, and an Introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1903.

dew and the heat of the summer sun. The skeleton has disappeared, nothing but the bony casing of the head remains, with its dim suggestiveness of life, polished and smooth from the friction of the elements. Holding it in the hand, the shadow falls into and darkens the cavities once filled by the wistful eyes which whilom glanced down from the summit here upon the sweet clover-fields beneath. Beasts of prey and wandering dogs have carried away the bones of the skeleton, dropping them far apart; the crows and the ants doubtless had their share of the carcass." Alas, poor Yorick! Just here the mourning note is obvious; elsewhere it is a mere over-tone, as in this impression of a moment in an old village belfry: "Against the wall up here are iron clamps to strengthen the ancient fabric, settling somewhat in its latter days; and, opening the worm-eaten door of the clock-case — the key stands in it — you may study the works of the old clock for a full hour, if so it please you; for the clerk is away laboring in the field, and his aged wife, who produced the key of the church and pointed the way across the nearest meadow, has gone to the spring. The ancient building, standing lonely on the hill, is utterly deserted; the creak of the boards under foot or the grate of the rusty hinge sounds hollow and gloomy. But a streak of sunlight enters from the arrow-slit, a bee comes in through the larger open windows with a low inquiring buzz; there is a chattering of sparrows, the peculiar shrill screech of the swifts, and a ' jack-daw-jack-daw '-ing outside. The sweet scent of clover and of mown grass comes upon the light breeze — mayhap the laughter of haymakers passing through the churchyard underneath to their work, and idling by the way as haymakers can idle."

Another characteristic of Jefferies is his strongly developed sense of color, which leads him to dwell often upon the purely pictorial quality of the smaller landscape which he knows best. It may be the mosaic of an orchard with its many-tinted fruits; or the simpler chromatic scale of a ripening meadow: "All the summer through fresh beauties, indeed, wait upon the owner's footsteps. In the spring the mowing-grass rises thick, strong, and richly green, or hidden by the cloth-of-gold thrown over it by the buttercups. He knows when it is ready for the scythe without reference to the almanac, because of the brown tint which spreads over it from the ripening seeds, sometimes tinged with a dull red, when the stems of the sorrel are plentiful. At first the aftermath has a trace of yellow, as if it were fading; but a shower falls, and fresh green blades shoot up."

It is impossible, in short, to read this book without being conscious of impact with a nature singularly susceptible to impression and rich in expression. It is to be hoped that many American readers who may have remained ignorant of Jefferies will make use of this volume to scrape acquaintance with him.

II.

Within recent years several books have been produced in America which have done for one or another countryside much what Jefferies did for Wiltshire and Thoreau for Walden. Mr. Burroughs's A Year in the Fields,[1] so often reprinted, has been given another form. It is a record of what the seasons bring to an acute and genial observer on the Hudson. The book has the qualities of wholesomeness and simplicity which are so common in provincial writing, and which are not a little diverting to cosmopolitan critics. The reader, if he gives himself a chance, carries away a grateful sense of con-

[1] *A Year in the Fields.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

tact with air and soil, of having given the slip, for the moment at least, to everything silly and morbid and insincere.

Mr. Torrey's [1] natural laboratory lies farther east, and his field is suburban rather than rural. The present notebook is frankly and agreeably Bostonian in flavor. Dr. Holmes would have delighted in it, not only for its neighborhood lore, but for its suave and unobtrusive humor, its irrepressible undercurrent of (shall we say) Waltonian moralizing. The present commentator has had some acquaintance with Mr. Torrey's work for a long time, but he has never been so much impressed with its mellowness and individuality as in reading this volume. He confesses to having proceeded from cover to cover at one sitting, — not a fair way to treat a book, but not a bad tribute to it. This series of papers is a record not only of natural things seen, but of a natural flow of thought and feeling. The author's habit of ruminative discursus accounts largely for his charm; and the New England reader, at least, will find nothing to balk at even in serious passages like this: —

"A strange thing it is, an astonishing impertinence, that a man should assume to own a piece of the earth; himself no better than a wayfarer upon it; alighting for a moment only; coming he knows not whence, going he knows not whither. Yet convention allows the claim. Men have agreed to foster one another's illusions in this regard, as in so many others. They knew, blindly, before any one had the wit to say it in so many words, that 'life is the art of being well deceived.' And so they have made you owner of this acre or two of woodland. All the power of the State would be at your service, if necessary, in maintaining the title."

This would be dull enough — one would have the right to be resentful — if it were a text for some socialistic propaganda. But as a purely spontaneous speculation it has its effective value. The suggestion is made and dropped; it is a thought, not a theory. Mr. Torrey, in short, has several of the rarer qualifications of that rare person, the essayist.

Next to the Ground [2] is another book which should have a fair chance of survival among books of this order. It gives a remarkably minute description of life, both natural and human, upon a large country place in Tennessee. It deals in an orderly but not mechanical way with methods of farming, with the habits of wild and domestic animals, with hunting, with trees and flowers, insects, local sounds and odors, with types of negro, poor white, and country gentleman. The author seems, indeed, the complete chronicler of the conditions of country life upon a large Tennessee estate. Her book, like all faithful studies of this sort which are fortunate enough to possess that rightness of expression which is called literary, is likely to appeal not less to outsiders than to Tennesseeans. Of natural history proper the chronicle contains not a little. It is all presented in a vigorous idiomatic style, — a style full of local flavor, and embellished here and there with delightful provincialisms, or rather (for most of them are as old as Shakespeare) archaisms. Here is an interesting bit of wood-lore; the passage may serve as a fair example of the author's matter and manner: —

"Trees felled as the new wood is hardening give the very best timber, provided the trunks are at once lopped of boughs and branches. Should they lie as they fall, with all their leaves and twigs, the wood becomes brash and

[1] *The Clerk of the Woods.* By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

[2] *Next to the Ground.* By Martha McCulloch Williams. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

lifeless. . . . Whether wind-felled, or ax-felled, the timber lasts twice as long as that cut in May or June. Big trees do not sprout after August cutting, and even tenacious shrubs like sassafras often die of it. Indeed, there is a short period in the month when woody things die almost at a touch. The stroke of an ax, a wheel jolting roughly over an exposed root, the wrenching of a branch, or a slight wound to the bark may be fatal then to the tallest, sturdiest oak. Greenly alive to-day, to-morrow it may be withered to the tip, and next week dry and dead."

The American desert has had more than one chronicler of late. Mrs. Austin does more than any one else has done to make us feel the personality of this Land of Little Rain,[1] this Country of Lost Borders. Fiction has told us enough and more than enough of the mere horrors of desert experience. On the other hand, Professor John Van Dyke not long ago constituted himself a sort of champion of the desert. He wished to make us understand, more than anything else, the physical beauty of these waste places. He spoke, however, rather as an enthusiastic visitor than as one who knew his subject from long and intimate experience. He had an æsthetic appreciation of desert landscape, and an intellectual appreciation of the grandeur of the wilderness as a symbol. Mrs. Austin unmistakably loves it for its own sake; it is part of her life. It has, no doubt, colored her way of thought and feeling; there is a touch of grimness in both, not coming quite to pessimism, not quite to stoicism, but suggesting them. A morbid impulse well under control, yet not without its reactions upon a style almost too fine, almost too tense: something like this, whether or not her theme is responsible for it, one cannot help feeling in Mrs. Austin's work. Several of these intimate interpretations (of which more than one originally appeared in the pages of the Atlantic) have to do with human life on the desert frontier. There is no attempt to make mannerly, or even to make picturesque, the rude conditions which the writer has to portray; but she does not find the life unintelligible: "It is pure Greek in that it represents the courage to shear off what is not worth while. . . . Here you have the repose of the perfectly accepted instinct which includes passion and death in its perquisites. I suppose that the end of all our hammering and yawping will be something like the point of view of Jimville. The only difference will be in the decorations."

[1] *The Land of Little Rain.* By MARY AUSTIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

III.

Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall[2] is a book of pure description and anecdote, and one of the most delightful among masterpieces of parochial literature. It was first published some thirty years ago. Its author, R. S. Hawker, was for a long time vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall, a zealous local antiquary, who had, before turning his hand to prose, gained some repute as a ballad-writer. The combination of functions is significant, for in the present papers it is hard to say whether piety or fancy plays the greater part. By the confession of his editor, indeed, the Hawkerian fancy does not scruple now and then to assume the garb of fact. However, the point of fact is not the important one. The sketches are no doubt faithful enough to the detail of local color to which we moderns attach so much importance. For the rest, they possess a style so forcible, so quaint, so engaging, as to make one content to waive all possible

[2] *Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall.* By R. S. HAWKER. London and New York: John Lane. 1903.

questions of authenticity. The Reverend Mr. Hawker's professed purpose was to arrange and set down the legends about certain ancient Cornish worthies, which he found still current in his neighborhood. Many of them have to do with wrecks or castaways hurled upon the wild Cornish coast. There, for example, is the story of Cruel Coppinger, skipper of a Danish vessel driven ashore during a famous tempest. Never was there a more dramatic entrance for a villain: "A crowd of people had gathered from the land, on horseback and on foot, women as well as men, drawn together by the tidings of a probable wreck. Into their midst, and to their astonished dismay, rushed the dripping stranger: he snatched from a terrified old dame her red Welsh cloak, cast it loosely around him, and bounded suddenly upon the crupper of a young damsel, who had ridden her father's horse down to the beach to see the sight. He grasped her bridle, and, shouting aloud in some foreign language, urged on the double-laden animal into full speed, and the horse naturally took his homeward way." Cruel Coppinger appropriately marries the damsel, maltreats her and everybody else, his name becomes a by-word throughout the countryside, and he finally disappears to a satisfactory accompaniment of thunder and lightning. The book is not all in this vein, be it understood. There are passages of measured description, records of personal experience, the varied annals of an ancient and in the main a quiet neighborhood.

Highways and Byways in South Wales[1] is a book of a different kind, but of equal interest and charm. It is founded on local observation upon a larger scale; it covers a considerable sweep of country, and studies the personalities of ancient villages and streams as well as of ancient men. The author has produced similar volumes on North Wales and the Lake District, which have been extremely popular in England. The writer comes to his present task, therefore, not as an amateur observer, but as a trained and tested professional guide. We might expect the result to be equally edifying and tiresome, a heavy drag of text brightened here and there by a facetious anecdote, or a sally of guidebook sprightliness. But Mr. Bradley has an unusual endowment of virtues, the greatest of which is an unaffected love for his theme. He has not gotten it up in a few months because there happened to be a market for the get-up. He is a student of Welsh topography, history, legends, literature, manners, and fish, of many years' standing; and he draws upon his various stores of learning with well-bred ease, never in the least emphasizing a point of erudition for the sake of display. "These pages," he says, "are intended for the armchair as well as for the traveler," a concession to the sedentary person which may relieve him of unnecessary shame in never having beheld South Wales or wished to behold it. He will get from this book all that other men's eyes can give him; for to the vivid descriptions of the text are added some illustrations by Mr. F. L. Griggs, which, for their suggestion of mass and color-value, and for their expression of light, are very remarkable.

Mr. Bradley's style is urbane, idiomatic, leisurely, now and then falling into a pleasant garrulousness. He never seems to have exhausted his subject; yet he knows when it is time to leave off. One has no sense of his being busy over his itinerary; it is easy traveling with him from first to last. It does not matter that the pages bristle with Welsh proper names which offer some obstruction to the Western eye. Bare feet can make a tolerable episode of a stubble field if they do not

[1] *Highways and Byways in South Wales.* By W. C. Bradley. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

go too gingerly. Llwynderw, Gwrthreynion, nay, Portrhydfendigaiad, — if one marches boldly with his head up and thinks of clover, it is soon by. We are, at all events, in excellent company, and shall have, in the main, excellent "going:" "Here, too . . . the Welsh border seems marked by a sudden growth in stature and boldness of the hills and a louder note in the music of the streams. For the Black Mountains on the further or Southern side of the valley begin here to loom up into the imposing shapes and altitudes their name and reputation seem to demand. We on our sides are again in Radnorshire, skirting its southern bound, and indeed a road hereabouts comes plunging down to our smooth highway, which has struggled painfully from Kington, but eight miles distant, over the rugged semi-civilized ridges of Brilley Mountain." So goes the wayside talk; the passage is taken quite at random. Here are a few sentences which perhaps illustrate better the quaint fluency of Mr. Bradley's speech: "It is a trite saying that a mountain-bred pony will keep himself and his rider out of trouble in a bog. But a dry summer will sometimes make both the mountaineer and his pony a little over-confident on doubtful ground; and again the horseman on a strange mountain may get himself into a labyrinth of morass, and in casting about for an outlet, lose touch with the route he came in by and spend a grievous time, only trusting that the sun may not go down on his endeavors, if the day should by any chance be far spent."

The present reviewer does not know how it may have been with others, but for him four hundred pages of this kind of discourse, on a subject of which he knew nothing and in which he had no especial interest, have not been too many. It has been one of those experiences which feelingly assure him that, dim as the beacon of literature may now burn upon the high places, there are yet a hundred torches, tipped with the true fire, glowing steadily here and there among the byways of a busy world.

H. W. Boynton.

Home Life in the Seventeenth Century.

THE history of State and Church, Letters and Philosophy, during the first half of the seventeenth century, in a country which was Shakespeare's England when those years began, and Milton's England when they ended, has continuously employed the pens of innumerable ready writers, some of whom are known of all men. Unknown of many, even of those from whom better things might be hoped, are the private chronicles of a time peculiarly rich in such memorials. From these, — autobiographies, memoirs, and intimate family correspondence, — Elizabeth Godfrey has most skillfully and happily compiled a delightful volume,[1] giving a graphic description of the home life of English people of condition (for they alone left these records) in those momentous years which witnessed the passing of the old order and the stormy beginning of the new. It need hardly be said that to most of the American readers likely to be attracted by the book, that England is the one nearest to them by kindred ties, the England which nurtured the adventurers for Virginia, and the men and women who made New England.

The author naturally begins her survey with the nursery, not so easy a matter to treat as may be supposed, for the child (not yet The Child) was far from being a centre of interest, and even in the letters of affectionate mothers was taken very much for granted. Still, we are given interesting glimpses of baby life and of early education, which began betimes with

[1] *Home Life under the Stuarts*, 1603–1649. By ELIZABETH GODFREY. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Grant Richards. 1903.

hornbook and sampler in the years which we should consider infantile. There is no difficulty in following the boy to the public school and later to the university, — he was but a boy when he went there, — and more than one of his sisters has left a description of her education, all very like Anne Murray's, whose mother "had masters for teaching my sister and me to write, speak French, play on the lute and virginals, and dance, and kept a gentlewoman to teach us all kinds of needlework. . . . We were instructed never to neglect to begin and end the day with prayer, and orderly every morning to read the Bible, and ever to keep the church as often as there was occasion to meet there either for prayers or preaching." This last scarcely needs to be quoted, for it was an age of intense religious feeling in both parties in the Church, and religious instruction was of paramount importance in all education, public and private. And England was still the musical country it had been in the Queen's days, — music was a necessary part of the training of boys as well as girls. Says one of the pupils at Merchant Taylors': "I was well instructed in the Hebrew, Greek and Latin tongues. [My master's] care was also to encrease my skill in musique, in which I was brought up by daily exercise in it, as in singing and playing upon instruments." But boyhood and girlhood were soon over. Very youthful marriages were the rule, usually matters of parental arrangement, though the children generally acquiesced readily enough. Occasionally there were those who chose for themselves, like Dorothy Osborne of adorable memory; and of both kinds of union the book gives, we had almost said, modern instances, so full of living, breathing life are the records left, often by women, — many of whom were veritable, and most unconscious, heroines when the days of trial came.

But there was a very real heroism, long before the years of war, which is not noticed here. The author explains that the comparatively small attention given to Puritan life comes only from lack of material. It is to be regretted that the letters of John and Margaret Winthrop, and such other memorials as remain of the family at Groton, do not seem to have fallen in her way. To be sure, these letters give few domestic details, but they show very vividly the spirit which animated one Puritan gentleman's household, and the high level in thought and life, and the mutual trust and devotion of a husband and wife, who in middle age were self-exiled from the pleasant places that had known them to a painful wilderness. It should be said that Miss Godfrey does not carry the contests of the time into her story of its home life, and she strives bravely to write impartially, — "at least as far as she is able." Recognizing this effort, even the reader, who in no wise shares her sentiment regarding "the murdered king," loiters over the book with great content; for throughout it is marked by good taste and sympathetic insight, and informed by the historic sense. The volume is attractive in make-up, and the illustrations are well selected. But though the temptation to use the portrait of the little Arabella Stuart as a frontispiece was doubtless strong, it should have been resisted. Long after the child had ceased to play with her doll, England, including her hapless self, was emphatically under a Tudor. *S. M. F.*

Biographical.

The orators and literary historians who must soon look to the sources of preparation for the Hawthorne centenary will be confronted with no embarrassment but that of riches. To all the autobiography of his own volumes the members of Hawthorne's immediate family and his closest friends have steadily added what they could. In Hawthorne and His

Circle [1] Mr. Julian Hawthorne appears for the second time as his father's biographer. Hawthorne Abroad would have been a little more accurate title for the volume, since four fifths of it has to do with the years of the Liverpool consulship and foreign travel. These, for the author of the present volume, were the years between seven and fourteen. The remembered observations of a youth of this age would of course have scanty value; but one need not read far to learn that the boy's memory has been abundantly reinforced by the man's study of his father's Note-Books and other important memorials of the period. It cannot, then, be said that the book contains much that is at once new and important. The story of Hawthorne climbing the nut tree at Lenox produces, for example, a vivid sense of the fellowship between the father and his children; but the same sense has already been produced by the same anecdote in Mr. Julian Hawthorne's Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife. There are such occasional traces of carelessness as the unhappy conversion of Bennoch into Bannoch in the name beneath a good man's portrait, and the grave omission of an index. It is to be feared also that Mr. Hawthorne is careless in saying (page 52) that the manuscript of The Scarlet Letter was destroyed by James T. Fields's printers. There is, on the contrary, excellent authority for the statement that when Hawthorne, who gave Mrs. Fields the manuscript of another novel, was asked what had become of The Scarlet Letter, he said, "Oh, I put that up the chimney, and now I wish I had n't." But these — in any larger view of the book — are trivial matters. Taking it for precisely what it is, — the embellished remembrances of the first fourteen years in the life of a great writer's son, — it has its own distinct value, together with an individual and positive interest. It confirms for those who are familiar with existing records many delightful impressions of Hawthorne through an important period of his life. To others it will clearly bring these impressions for the first time. The lapses from good taste are infrequent, and the book as a whole is eminently readable.

It needs no approaching centenary to give a quality of timeliness to General Gordon's Reminiscences, [2] for it seems only yesterday that the illustrated papers were helping the country at large to realize how solemnly the state of Georgia mourned one of her foremost soldiers and legislators. If one's knowledge of later American history had no deeper background than that which General Gordon's own book provides, it would still be possible to understand his holding so secure a place in the affections of the South; for in his own portrait he cannot help drawing a lovable man. Relate him, however, — merely through a list of the great military events in which he bore a part, — to the history of the cause for which he fought, and the deeper significance of his life stands clearly forth. But it is less for any of the momentous facts which he records than for the temper of his record that his volume is exceptional. It has become the custom to ascribe every manifestation of a national spirit in a Confederate soldier to the Spanish war, and to detect even in the color of khaki a blending of blue and gray. The spirit of General Gordon's Reminiscences bears the marks of a slower growth. It is not an acquired generosity toward a foe which his pages reveal, but something of sympathy and understanding which were a part of the man at the very time when the martial virtues might have been forgiven for blotting

[1] *Hawthorne and His Circle.* By JULIAN HAWTHORNE. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1903.

[2] *Reminiscences of the Civil War.* By General JOHN B. GORDON of the Confederate Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

out all others. He displays a rarely human quality in recognizing the same weaknesses and strengths in the soldiers, high and low, of both armies. For all the inherence of this unusual temper, it may be doubted whether any one could have written just such a book twenty-five years ago. At that time it might have done incalculable good. Yet the day of its usefulness is by no means past. It is precisely through such utterances of a common feeling that the new South and North must come to understand each other better.

It is not often that one who deserves so full and satisfactory a biography as The Life of Horace Binney [1] is left so long with the biography unwritten. Mr. Binney died in 1875, ninety-five years old. The story of his active life might have been written some years before that time. He had long held in Philadelphia the place, as it were, of an historic figure. His triumphs at the bar — notably in the defense of Stephen Girard's will — had won him the highest distinction in his profession. He was not of the class which established for the "Philadelphia lawyer" that reputation for "smartness" which, in its accepted sense, was not wholly flattering. He represented rather the dignity, the scholarship, the high tradition of the legal calling. His Federalist dislike for Jefferson found its utterance in a declaration which also reveals a fine jealousy for the law: "He has been the steady, undeviating, and but for his recent death I would say insidious enemy of my profession in its highest walks, the bench, the judiciary." When the Federal party disintegrated, Horace Binney joined himself to no other, but, with a rare independence through a long period of keen partisanship, held himself free — like the Mugwump of a later day — to vote as he might choose. Sympathizing the more frequently with the Republican party, after its formation, he could yet, at the age of ninety-four, stand up against the unworthy candidates of the local "machine." As his biographer well says: "The sight of an aged Federalist in a Republican stronghold, braving the chill of a wintry day to vote the Democratic ticket for lack of a better, was a striking lesson in non-partisanship." In the last analysis is not such independence the peculiar attribute of the gentleman, — the man whose standards are carefully chosen and do not admit of compromise? The portrait of Horace Binney which his grandson has drawn in this volume is preëminently the portrait of a gentleman. It is drawn with the reserve and sense of proportion which the subject demands. It shows him in the various departments of life, professional, domestic, religious, intellectual, patriotic, which the well-rounded men of the nineteenth century impartially adorned; and the total impression is that of a type which our civilization should be loath to leave behind. *M. A. DeW. H.*

Three English Writers.

Of the three biographical studies [2] upon which we are to venture some brief comment, Mr. Dobson's Fanny Burney is, on all counts, the most important. For one thing, his subject lies toward the hither boundary of the period of which he has so curious a knowledge, and which he has been able to invest with charm for many persons who might, lacking his offices, have remained

[1] *The Life of Horace Binney.* With Selections from his Letters. By Charles Chauncey Binney. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1903.

[2] *Fanny Burney.* By Austin Dobson. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Crabbe. By Alfred Ainger. English Men of Letters Series. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

Thackeray. By Charles Whibley. Modern English Writers Series. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1903.

perfectly indifferent to it. Nobody is more punctilious in erudition, or more genially human in interpretation, than Mr. Dobson. One comes to have a weakness for his footnotes, and more than toleration for his amiable foible for dates. Indeed, his dates, like Milton's proper names, take on a sort of talismanic value; in the end, one is not able to see how the text could get on properly without them: "On the 6th of July, 1786, the Public Advertiser announced that — 'Miss Burney, daughter of Dr. Burney, is appointed Dresser to the Queen, in the room of Mrs. Hoggadore, gone to Germany.' The last three words were premature, for further notifications, with much pleasing and ingenious variation of Mrs. Haggerdorn's name, made it clear that the lady in question only took leave of the Queen on the 13th, and retired to her native Mecklenburg on the 17th." The date of Mrs. Haggerdorn's departure cannot be said to be in itself of very great importance to the narrative; but somehow the little pedantry, if such it be, is rather engaging than otherwise.

Mr. Dobson's manner as a biographer is a model of literary breeding. He never allows himself to be merely clever or witty, though wit and cleverness are, as we have abundant reason for knowing, very much at his disposal. He takes it for granted that his readers are interested in his subject, and not in himself. The calm audacity of Mr. Birrell and the brilliant effrontery of Mr. Chesterton are equally remote from his method. He chooses to throw a steady beam upon his subject rather than a series of flashes. Yet the good rule holds: by losing himself he comes to his own. It is his personality, after all, which gives his work its effectiveness.

To write a new life of Fanny Burney was a task of delicacy and importance. Most persons who remember her at all probably remember her by way of Macaulay, if not directly from him. That spirited but not altogether reliable Edinburgh essay stands a little between us and a direct view of the object. We see the young Fanny the least trifle more charming and ingenuous than she was, and watch with dismay her metamorphosis into the prim and Johnsonian Madame D'Arblay. We harbor, perhaps, an unwarrantably violent grudge against the well-meaning queen and her stupid Haggerdorn. We feel some resentment toward the altogether admirable M. D'Arblay, and can hardly forgive his wife for having been merely happy with him for a quarter of a century. There is no denying that Miss Burney's work was done before she reached middle life. So was Miss Austen's; yet who can forbear the wish that she, too, might have had twenty-five years more of life to throw away upon some man as good as M. D'Arblay?

Mr. Dobson employs frequent quotations from the Diary in the course of his narrative. What he has to say about it specifically is very brief; is to be found, indeed, in his final paragraph. His main contention is indisputable: that Miss Burney's fame must rest upon the Diary rather than upon the two novels which made her a great figure in her own day. "It has all the graphic picturesqueness, all the dramatic interest, all the objective characterization, all the happy faculty of 'making her descriptions alive,' — which constitute the charm of the best passages in Evelina. But it has the further advantage that it is true; and that it deals with real people." The short of the matter is that your true diarist has a very different method from that of the novelist; he makes use of actual events and persons as material for his kind of creative writing. There is no doubt that Miss Burney found her proper literary strength in the intimate letter and the still more intimate journal; while Miss Austen, whose letters serve mainly to endear her to us as a woman, found it in fiction.

Mr. Ainger's Crabbe, in the same series, is another admirable example of

condensed critical biography. Crabbe's life was of the quietest, and there have been no new data of importance for the present biographer to unearth. His facts, almost without exception, have been derived from the life written by FitzGerald's friend, the younger Crabbe, and prefixed to the first collected edition of the poet's work, which was published shortly after his death. That was a biography both filial and judicial; it contained, perhaps, a single conscious suppression, — the word misrepresentation could not be used. This is of so interesting a nature that Mr. Ainger is justified in discussing it somewhat at length. Crabbe wrote three or four poems which, though powerful, are altogether unlike the work which gave him his audience. Mr. Ainger gives good reasons for his surmise that their source was like that of the Dream-Fugue and Kubla Khan. The younger Crabbe admits that for many years his father used opium, "and to a constant but slightly increasing dose of it," he says, "may be attributed his long and generally healthy life." A marginal note against this passage in FitzGerald's copy suggests that the opium "probably influenced his dreams, for better or worse," and adds, "See also the World of Dreams and Sir Eustace Grey." Mr. Ainger draws an interesting parallel between the imagery of Sir Eustace Grey and that of certain passages in the De Quincey Confessions. He might also have called attention to the striking resemblance to that other famous opium-eater in the sound and savor of such passages as this: —

They placed me where those streamers play,
  Those nimble beams of brilliant light;
It would the stoutest heart dismay,
  To see, to feel, that dreadful sight:
So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright,
  They pierced my frame with icy wound;
And all that half-year's polar night,
  Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round.

Of course this is a matter of inferior moment. The substance of Crabbe's work, his most characteristic poetry, was in a vein altogether different from that of any of his contemporaries; though in its inequality of workmanship it bore a certain analogy to the poetry of Byron and Wordsworth.

There are curious points of contrast in Crabbe's life and work which would have been fair game for Macaulay if the Edinburgh commission had fallen to him instead of Jeffrey. (Macaulay admired Crabbe, but mentions him only once in the essays, and then merely by way of throwing the villainous literary figure of a luckless Mr. Robert Montgomery into blacker relief.) There never was a better chance for paradox. His verse is monotonous and slipshod, his knowledge of human types is varied and exact. He judges women like an Ecclesiastes, and describes them like a Tom Moore. He is a sentimental pessimist; an opium-eating realist; a stern critic of clerical shortcomings, and an absentee pluralist: and so on. The really important fact is that with much of provinciality in the substance of his work, and much of imperfection in its form, he did somehow succeed in producing poetry of permanent value. The Parish Register is a record not only of local events, but of universal experience; the Borough and the Tales make up a picture of universal society. Sir Leslie Stephen's remark may fairly be taken as the world's verdict thus far: "With all its short- and long-comings, Crabbe's better work leaves its mark on the reader's mind and memory as only the work of genius can."

Of Mr. Whibley's Thackeray one must speak with a good deal of qualification. It is not without vigor, it is not without discernment, but it seems by this or by that to lack roundness and soundness. The critical biographer is probably more open to error than others of the critical trade; for it is harder to be impartial in interpreting a man than in interpreting a work of art. One has no quarrel with Mr. Whibley for having decided opinions about Thackeray, and for

stating them frankly. A critic will not escape the charge of folly by being too fearful in treading his ground. He must, quite as much as a "creative" artist, give himself away; he must offer his strength and his weakness for inspection. If he is strong enough to command the serious attention of his audience, whether it agrees with him or not, he will have exposed himself not altogether vainly; but the best criticism is not only frank, it is true. Mr. Whibley does not quite convince us that truth is ready to his call.

His method is not simple enough; he is too clever by half. He says a good many brilliant things, and not a few witty ones. He has a pretty turn for epigram. He "illuminates" his subject with a capable arrangement of artificial lights. The method has its value in reaching toward a just estimate of some writer so recent that the question of his greatness or mere prominence can be determined only by time. We have had half a century for making up our minds about Thackeray; and we have come to a pretty general understanding of his limitations. But the trial is not finished for Mr. Whibley: he here undertakes to sum up the case against Thackeray, and to recommend a verdict of guilty with extenuating circumstances. Here are some of the counts in the indictment: (1) Thackeray is "a gentlemanly Philistine, who esteems *ton* higher than truth;" (2) he is a sentimentalist, "who unto the end of his career delighted somewhat naïvely in the obvious emotions;" (3) "he is too often a man and a brother; he forgets the impartiality of the artist, and goes about babbling with his own puppets;" (4) "his style lacks distinction, though it gives a general impression of gentlemanly ease." There is nothing really novel in the substance of these charges; but they have hardly been given heretofore such a hard glittering surface. Every century contributes a few great personalities to the world's cherished store. Thackeray was one of these; and the breath of him is not to be found in the ingenious manikin which Mr. Whibley has constructed, and which he neatly anatomizes for us. The *disjecta membra* look much like those of a Christian or an ordinary man. Thackeray himself, — the big, worldly, warm-hearted gentleman whom FitzGerald and Tennyson and Carlyle loved, — the great artist in the intimate style, — does not appear.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

New Conditions in Reading.

Fifty years ago writers were literary men and women, those especially interested in ideas and their fitting garb of expression, and readers were people of their own kind, in whom the literary impulse reached to the leaf of appreciation, though unable to flower in creation; they, too, cared for ideas, and found a joy in the suitable garment of word and phrase. To-day, the readers are the people, the masses, and writers are in the main those who supply them with what they want. Stupendous change! What does it mean? Whither are we tending?

As a result of the rapid development of wealth and general but scanty education, an immense reading public has sprung into being. They are not the least bit literary; they want to read because they know how, have found it a way of escape from being alone and dull; because they have the time to read and the money to buy reading matter. As

to the kind of reading, they don't anxiously consult the experts on that point. They read what appeals to them, — what they can grasp without laborious effort, what amuses, takes them out of the ruts of daily life, or makes that life more interesting. Men like to learn useful facts, to hear what is going on in the world, what has to do with their own and their neighbors' business, to get in a nutshell, in easy readable form, the results of scientific research, travel, and exploration, and to know something of popular interest about famous people in various lines. Some women like these things, too, but more prefer to be ushered into a world where faculties in themselves, to which their prosy lives give little play, may get a sort of exercise; their hunger for the romantic, the sentimental, and thrilling feeds upon novels and romances beyond number. And all the tribe of young folks from school like much the same sort of thing, only writ larger, — both parents and children manifesting the natural, untutored taste, untroubled by literary verdicts or standards. O hard fate of a classic, to fall into such hands as these! No halo around the head, no laurel wreath crowning the brow, no medals of honor on the breast, no silver locks of age, make the slightest difference to its judges, and it must stand with the rabble and be put to the test. Is the author's style difficult? Then he is dismissed without a hearing. Has it delicate beauties? They go for nothing; they are not perceived. Has he treasures of deep thought? These things are too remote; life is too hurried. Can he tell a good story? Then he will pass; but he must expect to find himself with strange bedfellows in his reader's approval, and often be forced to take a seat below some scribbler at whose name his gorge has ever risen. Can he say shrewd, sensible things about life, real life, and put them in terse, telling shape? Then he will pass; but here again he will find himself in company with solemn-faced venders of musty platitudes, soul-wearying commonplaces, without one redeeming touch of grace in the utterance. For a discriminating taste is the product of slow growth, of hereditary influences, home environment through many a year, reading and wise teaching, and study long continued, — except in the few cases of people born, it would seem, with a natural literary bent. Would that we could believe that an essential soundness of taste dwells among the masses, and that in due time, having educated themselves out of their crude preference for poor stuff, they will emerge from their chrysalis a glorious literary constituency! But while the light of civilization is destined to shine farther and farther down the sides of the pyramid of humanity, the base is ever enlarging. While a few chosen ones are emerging from the mass with tastes purged, innumerable recruits are swelling the density below, necessarily children in taste and judgment. No, we must face the fact that hereafter the literary class will form only a small part of the great reading public, the people who demand the "popular." We are not at the end, but at the beginning of the era. The people have arrived, and they have come to stay.

And now, turning from the realm of demand to the realm of supply, another set of facts is patent. Writers have arisen to match the readers, — writers who knew not Joseph. Their aim is simple, — to make books to supply the market demand. Their ears have been trained to keenness to detect what there is a call for, since great are the prizes to him who best succeeds in pleasing. And what they produce their publishers have learned how to sell to the best advantage of writer and seller. The advertisement of books has become a business for the expert. Book reviews seem to exist mainly, not to guard the reader from what is not good literature, but to help the writer sell his book. The foremost

of principles is to convince that "*everybody is reading*" a certain book. Our non-literary reading class are eager to read what the many like; for the one word that describes their taste is *popular*.

Who knows but this arrival in the field of a great untutored natural hunger, and this eager pressure to supply it, may eventually reinforce our literary life with fresh blood, and usher in an Elizabethan era of rich and vigorous life, a creative period?

But though literature may be in the end the gainer, time and the world-forces, the great processes of evolution, will settle that. For us as individuals, here and now, hasty selection and cheap admiration are the great overhanging dangers to be faced and fought. We must be on the defensive, in a condition of things fraught with danger to reading and writing habits.

Let the lovers of good reading dare to go counter to the crowd; let them support one another in the resolve to be unfashionable, to plead ignorance of much that is being talked of. In reading, as in material possessions, there is a wholesome poverty that develops character, — the reading of the *very best* that man has written, with reflection thereupon; and there is an enervating wealth, — hurried, unthinking, indiscriminate reading, the mere tickling of the intellectual palate, that becomes a matter of habit and a craving.

Clock-Ticks.

THERE is a certain clock-tick that is as religious as a church bell, — more religious than some church bells. It goes with a big, sunny room, where it is always afternoon, with a rag carpet on the floor, and chairs set carefully against the wall. The clock stands high on a shelf, — at the end of the long mantel across the chimney, — and there it ticks away the sleepy time. . . . Tock-tock, tock-tock, comfortable and slow. No need for hurry. The family are all away. You are alone in the house, — except for the gray cat, purring by the stove, — alone in the world, — alone in time. . . . Tock-tock, tock-tock, slow and sure. The sun pours in at the windows and bars the carpet. It shifts, silently as the stillness. And the slow, swinging tocks lift your soul out of space, out of time, and lay it gently back upon the infinite. Tock-tock. It soothes you like a dream — and a promise. Home-home, rest-rest, home-home. . . . Time was not made to do things in, but for being. Is there anything you could do, by chance, that would amount to as much as this slow, sleepy afternoon, with its touch on the soul and its long, unnumbered tocks? They hold one deep through the years and come creeping back, at unawares. Above the roar of the street and the toss of the wind — listen, you can hear them now. . . . The house sinks silent about you, and the long afternoon holds you. You did not guess how deep it was, nor how true. The place was not home, — some farmhouse, perhaps, where you passed the days and waited for life. And now you understand that you have never lived, except in a few still hours, — careless, full-fraught moments lifted out of the days and nights and set forever in a sunny place.

It is a very common room where the old clock ticks. Four chairs and a sofa and table. No pillows, no rugs, and no hangings to smother the sound; and no pictures and bricabrac to shatter it to bits. Have you heard, perhaps, a modern French clock — Clackety-clack, clackety-click, Push-push-push? There are always ornaments on the shelf where it stands, and ornaments on the table, and on the floor. It has gilt on its face and jewels on its hands, and it lives very fast, — sixty minutes to the hour and twenty-four hours to the day, — hurried hours, breathless minutes, crammed to the brim with excitement. . . . Clackety-clack, clackety-click, Push-push-push, Quick-quick-quick! When I find one in the chamber where I am to sleep, I always

look carefully about for some safe hole in which to bestow it. If no other offers, my traveling-bag will at least muffle its strenuous voice till the coming of the morn. But alas, if the clock be small and round and easily hidden from sight in stray corners of the bag! Twice have I borne away the timepiece offered for my delectation. Twice has it fallen to my lot to explain to an energetic hostess my peculiar conduct. Now I always put it under the mattress. If I go away and forget it, I am only regarded as a little crazy, which is surely better than rolling up a reputation for kleptomania.

Not till all the clocks of modern times are drowned in the depths of the sea shall we recover peace and serenity. Clackety-clack, on a thousand walls they beat, — filled with alarms and strikes and whirs, breaking your sleep snap in twain, with dreams half done. In our ears they click, day and night. On our souls they dance; and their tune is the tune of death.

I swing back into the past. I catch its rhythm, slow and sure. There is no hurry but the hurry of the heart that runs to meet its own, and no power to compel us but the power of love.

Quotation and Allusion.

RECENT discussion on the ancient subject of quotation seems to me a little reckless, as likely to make people lose sight of the fact that the world is still in danger of pedantry even in these quick times. In certain quarters the old tradition lingers that quotations or bookish allusions will give the look of literature to any printed page. Perhaps it is on the chance, that scraps from the works of better writers may somehow tide the reader over when the man's own thought gives out. Sometimes it is to show that he is a man of varied reading, each quotation serving as an apothecary's diploma that none may deny that he has graduated from the book. At all events, it often has the air of deliberation, as if the quotation had not come to the man, but the man had gone to the quotation. In the old days there were some involuntary quoters, to wit, Burton, in the Anatomy, who could not help bubbling over with queer, outlandish sayings that he had picked up just for fun. But the typical quoter was a university man, who, before he wrote a paragraph, went on a pot-hunt among the Latin poets in order that he might cite triumphantly twenty-four lines of Virgilian metaphor beginning, "Not otherwise a Nubian lion with his tawny mane." They multiplied like Australian rabbits, and it was not till the middle of the last century that English literature began to drive them out. Nowadays we are comparatively safe from them, and no writer with any natural spring of mind ekes out his thought with other people's phrases. The rule of to-day is neither to shun nor to seek.

But here and there the tawdry old precedent is still followed, and only the other day we read in a newspaper article, "If a thing is right, it ought to be done, said Cobden," recalling the old gibe that water was wet on the authority of Beza. We have noted the same bit of Latin nine times in one newspaper, and each time could see the paragraph writhing to get it in. The Vicar of Wakefield's friend, with his two stock phrases from the classics, seems almost a burlesque, but he was not, and he is not even to-day. There are men now living who will use a French word when there is an exact English equivalent, and then add the equivalent in parenthesis. There is a *per contra* man, and an *ad hoc* man, and a wretch who will quote you Pascal for the sentiment that truth will prevail. "Corrupt politics are not good politics," says Burke, and "Life is a struggle," says Seneca, and "Dare to do right," says Cobden, and "Law is the bulwark of liberty," as the Lord

Chief Justice of England once remarked. The hardened quoter cares only for the name, and when pressed for time, will often forge it. That is why you see so many dull sayings with great names attached, — poverty-stricken minds displaying a bogus indorsement from the well-to-do. But many, of course, are genuine, and toilsomely gathered for use on the day of literary deficit, when the style needs a ringlet from Longfellow, or a boost from Samuel Johnson, or an orotund boom from Burke. Often the sentence quoted is one of the great man's worst.

When young and helpless I once fell in with a terrible family that lived by the bad old rule. They made it a daily duty to study up things to quote, and every Sunday morning at breakfast each would recite a passage memorized during the week. The steam from the coffee vanished into literary air, and the muffins, when we had attained them, seemed to be bound in calf. They said it helped to fix the thing in mind, and though they had no present use for it, they thought something might happen to make it apropos. And they saw to it that something did happen, and out it came to the end. They lived in a sort of vicious watchfulness. On wet days they conned over their rain verse in order to whip out a stanza in the midst of weather talk, and if they drove through the country they saw nothing for constantly mumbling what Wordsworth would have said. They would graciously say the passage was doubtless familiar, but relentlessly repeat every word. Large blocks of poetry would suddenly fall athwart the conversation, no one knew whence, while with bowed head the startled Philistine would wait for the seizure to pass. So busy were they remembering, they never had time to think, and life was a book of clippings, and nature a table of contents, and friendship their opportunity, till the friend found means to escape. There was nothing in that family that you could not somewhere read, and the people who once knew them now either visit the libraries or turn to an album of song. To be sure it was somewhat unusual, but it shows there is life in the old temptation, and what havoc it still may work. And the belief is by no means unusual that the literary quality is a thing to be pitchforked in, that the fruit of reading is its samples, that the proof of a mind's adventures is a list of the things that it ate. Hence many a thought goes zigzag to take in a well-authored phrase, and many a man stops thinking for the sake of a learned look; and that which would be delightful if it came of its own accord gives the painful impression of being brought in with a scuffle to serve on the witness stand.

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LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN.[1]

1855–1857.

In October, 1855, I was on the way to Europe. One of my fellow passengers was Mr. James Jackson Jarves of Boston, then well known as a writer upon art and as the owner of a highly interesting collection of pictures made by him during a residence of several years in Italy. He was acquainted with Mr. Ruskin, and kindly offered me a letter of introduction to him. I declined a letter that should make any personal claim, but gratefully accepted a note asking Mr. Ruskin to allow me at his convenience the privilege of seeing the pictures and drawings by Turner which might be open to inspection on his walls. On my arrival in London I inclosed this note to Mr. Ruskin, and received the following gracious reply: —

DENMARK HILL, 31 *October*, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR, — On Friday, Monday or Tuesday next, I should be most happy to see you at any hour after one, and before four. I do not know what work I may have to do, and I may not be able to have more than a little chat. But the pictures should be at your command.

Very truly yours,
J. RUSKIN.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Esq.

When, in accordance with this note, I went to Denmark Hill, he received me with unaffected kindliness, as if eager to give pleasure, took me through dining-room and drawing-room, and upstairs into his workroom, to show me his pictures, talking about them with lively animation, and when I thanked him in taking my leave, he assured me that I should be welcome to repeat my visit. He had not given to me (I doubt if he gave it to any one) any indication of his sense of "the infinite waste of time," noted in his Præterita, "in saying the same things over and over to the people who came to see our Turners."

He was at this time thirty-six years old. The second volume of Modern Painters had been published ten years before; he had meanwhile published the Seven Lamps of Architecture and the Stones of Venice, and he was busy this year in writing the third and fourth volumes of Modern Painters. His abundant light-brown hair, his blue eyes, and his fresh complexion gave him a young look for his age; he was a little above middle height, his figure was slight, his movements were quick and alert, and his whole air and manner had a definite and attractive individuality. There was nothing in him of the common English reserve and stiffness, and no self-consciousness or sign of consideration of himself as a man of distinction, but rather, on the contrary, a seeming self-forgetfulness and an almost feminine sensitiveness and readiness of sympathy. His features were irregular, but the lack of beauty in his countenance was made up

[1] Copyright, 1904, by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

for by the kindness of his look, and the expressiveness of his full and mobile lips.

I did not expect to see Mr. Ruskin again, but it happened on a beautiful morning in the next July that we met in the cabin of the steamer going down the Lake of Geneva from Vevay to Geneva. Ruskin was there, reading aloud, but in a low tone, to his mother, one of Marmontel's tales. My mother and two sisters were with me. He glanced at us, but I saw that he did not recognize me. In a pause of his reading I ventured to recall myself to his memory. He begged my pardon pleasantly for having failed to recognize me, and then we fell into conversation which lasted till we reached Geneva. When we parted at the quay it was with a promise that I would come in the evening to see him and his parents. Ruskin has recorded this meeting in Præterita, with a friendly exaggeration which is thoroughly characteristic of his generous disposition to exalt the merits of his friends, and of his instinctive habit, manifest as well in personal relations as in his writings, of magnifying the interest, the importance, or the charm of whatever might for the moment engage his attention and regard.[1]

In the evening I carried with me a volume of the poems of Lowell, concerning whom we had spoken, and I left the volume with him. He was going on the next day to Chamouni. In the morning I received the following note from him: —

[Geneva, 18 *July*, 1856.]

I am truly obliged to you for showing me this book. Lowell must be a noble fellow. The Fable for Critics in animal spirit and fervor is almost beyond anything I know, and it is very interesting to see, in the rest, the stern seriousness of a man so little soured — so fresh and young at heart.

I hope you have enjoyed yourselves. Can you send me a line to Union Hotel, Chamouni, to say you have?

Pray come to see me if you can before leaving England.

Truly yours,
J. Ruskin.

Two or three days later we met again, at the little inn[2] at St. Martin. He has told of our early morning walk.[3] The friendship had begun which was to last till the end of life.

In the autumn, my mother and sisters having returned to America, I was in London, staying at Fenton's Hotel in St. James's Street, much out of health. I had promised to let Ruskin know of my coming to London, and on hearing of it, he at once came to see me, and while I remained there, few days passed in which he did not send me a note like the following, or come to my parlor, laden with books and drawings for my amusement, or carry me off in his brougham for an hour or two at Denmark Hill.

Saturday Morning [*October*, 1856].

Dear Mr. Norton, — In case I don't find you to-day (and I can't be at home this afternoon), could you dine with us to-morrow at ½ past four — or if not able to do that, come in at any hour you like to tea in the evening?

Yours affectionately,
J. Ruskin.

Of course you will only find my father and mother and me, and perhaps an old family friend.

Denmark Hill [*October*, 1856].

Dear Norton, — Most unwillingly I am forced — I 'll tell you how when we meet — to give up my walk this after-

[1] *Præterita*, iii. ch. 2.

[2] This was the Hotel du Mont Blanc of which Ruskin has written: — "to me, certainly, of all my inn homes, the most eventful, pathetic, and sacred." *Præterita*, ii. ch. 11.

[3] *Præterita*, iii. ch. 3.

noon, but I 'll come and take tea with you at eight if I may.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Wednesday, 28th [*October*, 1856].

DEAR NORTON, — I do hope you have faith enough in me to understand how much I am vexed at not being able to come and see you. Of course I could run upstairs and down again at Fenton's sometimes, but what would be the use of that. Could you come out to see me to-morrow, Thursday, about ½ past two; if not, I can come into town on Friday, about two.

Please, if you can't come to-morrow, send me a line to say if you can be at home on Friday.

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill is on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the Camberwell district of London, and in those days had a pleasant suburban character. The house in which Ruskin lived with his father and mother stood not far from the top of the hill, walled from the street, and set back in grounds of its own of some six or seven acres, with space enough for old trees and large gardens, and with a meadow, rather than lawn, behind it, over which, so open was the region then, lay a pleasant vista toward the east. There was a lodge at the gate, from which a short avenue led to the house. The house itself was of brick, ample, solid, of no architectural pretensions, but not without a modest suburban and somewhat heavy dignity of aspect which gave the assurance of a home of comfort and of tranquil ease. "The house itself," says Mr. Ruskin, "had no specialty, either of comfort or inconvenience, to endear it; the breakfast-room, opening on the lawn and the farther field, was extremely pretty when its walls were mostly covered with lakes by Turner and doves by William Hunt; the dining and drawing-rooms were spacious enough for our grandest receptions . . . and had decoration enough in our Northcote portraits, Turner's Slave-ship and, in later years, his Rialto, with our John Lewis, two Copley Fieldings, and every now and then a new Turner drawing." [1]

Ruskin's father and mother received me at Denmark Hill, as their son's new acquaintance, with unquestioning kindness. Of both of them Ruskin has written much in delightful pages of Fors and of Præterita.

His father was now a man of seventy years of age, looking perhaps younger than his years, somewhat reserved in manner, of rugged Scotch features, but of refined and pleasant expression. His mother, some years older, was plainly the ruling influence in their domestic life. She was a personage who seemed rather a contemporary of Miss Austen's characters than of the actual generation. Her air was that of one accustomed to deference from those about her. Her eyes were keen, and her speech decisive. She was one of those English matrons, now become rare, of an individuality independent of changes in fashion and convention, not bending to others, but expecting others to accept her ways and adapt themselves to them. Her image, as I recall it, was that of a vigorous old lady of somewhat commanding aspect, whose dress betokened her feminine taste for soft-colored silks, for abundance of old lace, and for the heavy ornaments of English jewelry. The manners toward her of her husband and son were always deferential, though her son ventured occasionally to be playful with her with a lively humor which occasionally ruffled her, but which, on the whole, she did not dislike. Her regard for him seemed to be still that of a watchful mother for a child who, though he has escaped her control in matters outside of an immediate personal relation, has not yet reached the years of discretion. There was less intimacy of

[1] *Præterita*, ii. ch. 8.

sympathy between them than between Ruskin and his father. But even with his father, sympathies were limited on both sides, not so much by incompatibilities of taste and judgment, for in many respects these were much alike in both, as by the peculiar manner in which Ruskin had been brought up and been taught to regard his parents, and by the separation wrought by the position in the world which his genius had created for him. The feeling of his parents for him was a compound of pride with affection, and his feeling for them was one in which the sense of duty, reverence, and obedience was perhaps a larger element than natural affection.

In describing his early years, he says:[1] "I had nothing to love. My parents were — in a sort — visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon. . . . I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. . . . I had nothing to endure. . . . Lastly, and chief of evils, my judgment of right and wrong and powers of independent action were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. . . . The ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its vortices."

The results of these conditions were all the more disastrous because of the exceptional sensitiveness of his nature, his extreme susceptibility to immediate impressions, the affectionateness and generosity of his disposition, and the peculiar constitution of his genius. No child ever needed more a discipline which should develop his power of self-control, and no child ever was more trained to depend on external authority. This authority he was taught to obey without question, but the lesson of self-restraint was omitted.

In a letter to Rossetti written not long before this time, he said of himself, "I am exceedingly fond of making people happy," and of this I soon had full experience. He was unwearied in his kindnesses and generosities. But in the same letter he said: "It is a very great, in the long-run the greatest, misfortune of my life that, on the whole, my relations, cousins and so forth, are persons with whom I can have no sympathy, and that circumstances have always somehow or another kept me out of the way of people of whom I could have made friends. So that I have no friendships and no loves."[2] The barrenness of his life in this respect, and the greatness of the misfortune to him, soon became plain to me. Of all men he needed friends, and in their place he had admirers and dependents. The manner of his education, his genius, and his early acquired celebrity had all contributed to prevent him in his youth from associating on even terms with his fellows, while the circumstances and occupations of his life since leaving Oxford had tended to limit his intercourse with the world. He had little knowledge of men, little keenness of discernment of character, and little practical acquaintance with affairs. Experience had not taught him the lesson, which it compels the common run of men to learn, of reconciling into a general if imperfect harmony the conflicting traits of his own disposition; and he consequently often was, and still oftener seemed, inconsistent in conduct and in conviction. From his earliest childhood he had been unhappily trained to self-occupation and self-interest, and with a nature of extreme generosity and capable of self-forgetful sacrifice, the gratification of his generous impulses became often a form of self-indulgence.

It was, of course, only gradually and slowly that I came to a knowledge of the peculiar influences by which his life had been shaped and his character formed.

[1] *Præterita*, i. ch. 2.

[2] *Ruskin: Rossetti: PreRaphaelitism.* By W. M. Rossetti. London, 1899. Pp. 71, 72.

When I first knew him, he had a most engaging personality. He was in the very heyday of distinction. But his reputation sat lightly on him; his manners were marked by absence of all pretension, and by a sweet gentleness and exceptional consideration for the feelings of others. The tone of dogmatism and of arbitrary assertion too often manifest in his writing was entirely absent from his talk. In spite of all that he had gone through of suffering, in spite of the burden of his thought, and the weight of his renown, he had often an almost boyish gayety of spirit and liveliness of humor, and always a quick interest in whatever might be the subject of the moment. He never quarreled with a difference of opinion, and was apt to attribute only too much value to a judgment that did not coincide with his own. I have not a memory of these days in which I recall him except as one of the pleasantest, gentlest, kindest, and most interesting of men. He seemed to me cheerful rather than happy. The deepest currents of his life ran out of sight, but it was plain that they did not run calmly, and their troubled course became manifest now and then in extravagances of action and paradoxes of opinion.

Ruskin's father, as one saw him at his own house, had not much of the air of a man of business, but rather that of a cultivated English gentleman, with an excellent acquaintance with the masters of English literature and a genuine fondness for them, and with unusual interest and taste in matters pertaining to the arts. He was an agreeable host, unaffected and considerate in manner, and well able to bear his part in good talk. The intimate friend of the house, and the one most often found at the modest dinners, to which three or four guests might be invited, was Mr. W. H. Harrison, of whom Ruskin has given a genial sketch in an autobiographical reminiscence called My First Editor.[1] He had, indeed, good reason for gratitude to this mild, good-humored, secondary man of letters, editor of Friendship's Offering and the like, and for many years registrar of the Literary Fund. Mr. Harrison had practical sense and kindly discretion, he was skilled in the technical elements of literature, and he devoted unwearied pains to the revision of his friend's hasty literary work. "Not a book of mine for good thirty years," wrote Ruskin, "but went every word of it under his careful eyes twice over." "The friendship between Mr. Harrison, my father, and mother and me attained almost the character of a family relationship which remained faithful and loving, more and more conducive to every sort of happiness among us, to the day of my father's death."

One evening at dinner, when the cloth was drawn, Mr. Ruskin, senior, in special honor of the occasion, had set before him a decanter of sherry from the cask which had been on board the Victory for Nelson's use in the last months of his life. Mr. Ruskin was always proud of his sherry, but this wine, of supreme excellence in itself, not only pleased his fine palate, but touched his romantic fancy. It had been ripened on a fateful voyage, it had rocked to the thunder of the guns of Trafalgar, a glass of it might have moistened Nelson's dying lips. The old wine-merchant's appreciation of the associations which it evoked was a pleasant exhibition of his suppressed poetic sensibilities. The talk suggested by the wine ran back to the early years of the century, and the two elder men recalled some of the incidents of the time when they were youths beginning their way in London, and especially of its literary interests. Both of them had been members of the scanty audience which had gathered in the winter of 1811–12 in a big ugly room, in a court off Fleet Street, to listen to Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare and Milton. Mr. J. P. Collier's reports of these lectures had just

[1] To be found in the first volume of *On the Old Road.*

been published, and Mr. Harrison was able to set right from memory Collier's account of Coleridge's classification of readers.[1]

They both had been greatly interested in the lectures, and had found in them a general intellectual stimulus of a high order, as well as specific criticisms which they had learned to value as years went on. Ruskin thought Coleridge had been vastly overrated as a philosopher, and that his best poems were feverish. Another topic of the after-dinner talk was Emerson's English Traits, which was then a new book. All praised it. "How did he come to find out so much about us?" said the elder Mr. Ruskin, "especially as regards matters on which we keep quiet and reserved among ourselves." That was the voice of the generation to which Mr. Ruskin belonged. His son, speaking for himself and for his generation, would hardly have used the like terms. One of the great changes in England during the nineteenth century was the breaking down of many of the old style walls within which the shy Englishman was wont to entrench himself, and no English writer ever opened himself and his life to the public with more complete and indiscreet unreserve than Ruskin. His father would have been horrified could he in the days of which I am writing have foreseen the revelations of Fors and Præterita. They do, indeed, form a contrast which is both humorous and pathetic to the close reserves of Denmark Hill, and to the strict Anglican conventions, at their best so pleasant and so worthy of respect, in accordance to which life there was conducted.

The difference in age between Ruskin and myself (I was nine years the younger), no less than other greater differences between us, which might well have prevented our intercourse from becoming anything more than a passing acquaintance, seemed not to present themselves to Ruskin's mind. His kindness had its roots in the essential sweetness of his nature. Everything in life had conspired to spoil him. He was often willful and wayward and extravagant, but the better elements of his being prevailed over those which, to his harm, were to gain power when he was released from the controlling influence of his father's good sense and his mother's authority. The extraordinary keenness of his perceptions of external things, the vivacity of his intelligence, the ardor of his temperament, the immense variety of his interests and occupations, and the restless energy and industry with which he pursued them, made him one of the most interesting of men. And combined as they were with deep poetic and deeper moral sentiment, as well as with a native desire to give pleasure, they gave to intercourse with him a charm which increased as acquaintance grew into affectionate friendship. His mind was, indeed, at this time in a state of ferment. He was still mainly busy with those topics of art and nature to which his writings had hitherto been devoted. But his work in that field had led him into other regions of inquiry, which stretched wide and dark before him, through which no clear

[1] Mr. Harrison was good enough to write down for me the next day what he had told at dinner, and since Collier's is the only known report of this course of lectures, Mr. Harrison's correction of it has perhaps interest enough to justify its preservation. "Coleridge gave four types of readers, one of which I have forgotten: — 1st, Those whose minds are like an hour-glass; what they read runs in and runs out like the sand and not a grain is retained. 2nd, Those who are like sponges, which suck up everything and give it out again in much the same state, but a little dirtied. 3rd," [Forgotten. According to Collier, "Strain bags who retain merely the dregs."] "4th, The readers who are like the slaves in the mines of Golconda, they cast aside the dirt and dross, and preserve only the jewels." Collier's plainly incorrect report of this fourth class is as follows: "Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also."

paths were visible, and into which he was entering not without hope of opening a way. Henceforth his chief mission was that, not of the guide in matters of art, but of the social reformer. And it was at the moment — a moment of perplexity and trouble — when he was becoming conscious of the new direction to be given to his life that our acquaintance began.

When, after a month in which our relations grew constantly more familiar, and in our long talks he had instructed me in many things, I left England to spend the winter of 1856–57 in Rome, I felt myself already under a lifelong debt of gratitude to him. His first letter to me after my departure was the following: —

[London] 28th December, 1856.

Dear Norton, — Railways are good for letters, assuredly; it seems very wonderful, and is very pleasant, to hear from you in Rome only a week ago; for I got your letter yesterday, and should have had it the day before, but that I was staying in town for a few days. And I hope the enjoyment of that damp and discordant city; and that desolate and diseaseful Campagna, of which your letter assures me, may be received as a proof of your own improved health, and brightness of heart and imagination.

I think, perhaps, I abuse Rome more because it is as sour grapes to me. When I was there [1] I was a sickly and very ignorant youth; and I should be very glad, now, if I could revisit what I passed in weariness or contempt; and I do envy you (sitting as I am just now in the Great Western hotel at Paddington, looking out upon a large number of panes of gray glass, some iron spikes, and a brick wall) that walk in sight of Sabine hills. Still, reasoning with myself in the severest way, and checking whatever malice against the things I have injured, or envy of you, there may be in the feelings with which I now think of Rome, these appear to me incontrovertible and accurate conclusions, — that the streets are damp and mouldy where they are not burning; that the modern architecture is fit only to put on a Twelfth cake in sugar (e. g. the churches at the Quattro Fontane); that the old architecture consists chiefly of heaps of tufo and bricks; that the Tiber is muddy; that the Fountains are Fantastic; that the Castle of St. Angelo is too round; that the Capitol is too square; that St. Peter's is too big; that all the other churches are too little; that the Jews' quarter is uncomfortable; that the English quarter is unpicturesque; that Michael Angelo's Moses is a monster; that his Last Judgment is a mistake; that Raphael's Transfiguration is a failure; that the Apollo Belvidere is a public nuisance; that the bills are high; the malaria strong; the dissipation shameful; the bad company numerous; the Sirocco depressing; the Tramontana chilling; the Levante parching; the Ponente pelting; the ground unsafe; the politics perilous, and the religion pernicious. I do think, that in all candour and reflective charity, I may assert this much.

Still, I can quite understand how, coming from a fresh, pure and very ugly country like America, there may be a kind of thirst upon you for ruins and shadows which nothing can easily assuage; that after the scraped cleanliness and business and fussiness of it (America), mildew and mould may be meat and drink to you, and languor the best sort of life, and weeds a bewitchment (I mean the unnatural sort of weed that only grows on old bricks and mortar and out of cracks in mosaic; all the Campagna used to look to me as if its grass were grown over a floor); and the very sense of despair which there is about Rome must be helpful and balmy, after the over-hopefulness and getting-on-ness of America; and the very sense that no-

[1] He was there in bad health in the winter of 1840–41. See *Præterita*, ii. ch. 2, for the account of his stay there.

body about you is taking account of anything, but that all is going on into an unspelt, unsummed, undistinguished heap of helplessness, must be a relief to you, coming out of that atmosphere of Calculation. I can't otherwise account for your staying at Rome.

You may wonder at my impertinence in calling America an ugly country. But I have just been seeing a number of landscapes by an American painter of some repute; and the ugliness of them is Wonderful. I see that they are true studies, and that the ugliness of the country must be Unfathomable. And a young American lady has been drawing under my directions in Wales this summer, and when she came back I was entirely silenced and paralyzed by the sense of a sort of helplessness in her that I could n't get at; an entire want of perception of what an English painter would mean by beauty or interest in a subject; her eyes had been so accustomed to ugliness that she caught at it wherever she could find it, and in the midst of beautiful stony cottages and rugged rocks and wild foliage, would take this kind of thing[1] for her main subject; or, if she had to draw a mountain pass, she would select this turn in the road,[2] just where the liberally-minded proprietor had recently mended it and put a new plantation on the hill opposite.

In her, the contrary instinct of deliverance is not yet awake, and I don't know how to awake it. In you, it is in its fullest energy, and so you like weeds, and the old, tumbled-to-pieces things at Rome. . . .

I shall be writing again soon, as I shall have to tell you either the positive or negative result of some correspondence which the Trustees of the National Gallery have done me the honour to open with me (of their own accord) which, for the present, has arrived at a turn in the Circumlocution road, much resembling in its promising aspect that delineated above, — but which may nevertheless lead to something, and whether it does or not, I accept with too much pleasure the friendship you give me, not to tell you what is uppermost in my own mind and plans at the moment, even though it should come to nothing (and lest it should, as is too probable, don't speak of it to any one). Meantime I am writing some notes on the Turner pictures already exhibited, of which I shall carefully keep a copy for you; I think they will amuse you, and I have got a copy of the first notes on the Academy, which you asked me for, and which I duly looked for, but could n't find to my much surprise; the copy I have got is second-hand. You have n't, of course, read Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh, or you would have spoken in your letter of nothing else. I only speak of it at the end of my letter, not to allow myself time to tell you anything about it except to get it; and to get it while you are still in Italy.

This will not reach you in time for the New Year, but it will, I hope, before Twelfth day; not too late to wish you all happiness and good leading by kindliest stars, in the year that is opening. My Father and Mother send their sincerest regards to you, and do not cease to congratulate me on having gained such a friend. Believe me,

Affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

You never saw your vignette[3] framed; it looks lovely.

After the winter in Rome I went to Venice, and there received the following letter: —

[1] Ruskin here inserts a playful sketch of a wooden tenement house.

[2] This sentence is also illustrated by a whimsical drawing of the pass and the road.

[3] Turner's water-color drawing of Scott's house, Castle Street, Edinburgh.

[Undated, but *May*, 1857.]

DEAR NORTON,[1] — Very good it is of you to write to me again; and to think of me before the snowy mountains, in spite of my unsympathizing answer to your first letter, and my no answer to your second; which, nevertheless, I was grateful for. And so you are going to Venice, and this letter will, I hope, be read by you by the little square sliding pane of the gondola window. For I hope you hold to the true Gondola, with Black Felze, eschewing all French and English substitutions of pleasure-boat and awning. I have no doubt, one day, that the gondolas will be white instead of black, at the rate they carry on their reforms at Venice.

I went through so much hard-dry, mechanical toil there, that I quite lost, before I left it, the charm of the place. Analysis is an abominable business; I am quite sure that people who work out subjects thoroughly are disagreeable wretches. One only feels as one should when one does n't know much about the matter. If I could give you, for a few minutes, just as you are floating up the canal just now, the kind of feeling I had when I had just done my work, when Venice presented itself to me merely as so many "mouldings," and I had few associations with any building but those of more or less pain and puzzle and provocation. Pain of frost-bitten fingers and chilled throat as I examined or drew the window-sills in the wintry air; puzzlement from said window-sills which did n't agree with the doorsteps — or back of house, which would n't agree with front; and provocation, from every sort of soul or thing in Venice at once; from my gondoliers, who were always wanting to go home, and thought it stupid to be tied to a post in the Grand Canal all day long, and disagreeable to have to row to Lido afterwards; from my cook, who was always trying to catch lobsters on the doorsteps, and never caught any; from my valet de place, who was always taking me to see nothing; and waiting by appointment — at the wrong place; from my English servant, whom I caught smoking genteelly on St. Mark's Place, and expected to bring home to his mother quite an abandoned character; from my tame fish, who splashed the water all over my room, and spoiled my drawings; from my little sea-horses, who would n't coil their tails about sticks when I asked them; from a fisherman outside my window, who used to pound his crabs alive for bait every morning just when I wanted to study morning light on the Madonna della Salute; from the sacristans of all the churches, who used never to be at home when I wanted them; from the bells of all the churches, which used always to ring most when I was at work in the steeples; from the tides, which never were up, or down, at the hour they ought to have been; from the wind, which used to blow my sketches into the canal, and one day blew my gondolier after them; from the rain, which came through the roof of the Scuola di San Rocco; from the sun, which blistered Tintoret's Bacchus and Ariadne every afternoon, at the Ducal palace, — and from the Ducal palace itself, worst of all, which would n't be found out, nor tell me how it was built (I believe this sentence had a beginning somewhere, which wants an end some other where, but I have n't any end for it, so it must go as it is;) but apropos of fish, mind you get a fisherman to bring you two or three *cavalli di mare*, and put them in a basin in your room, and see them swim. But don't keep them more than a day, or they 'll die; put them into the canal again.

There was only one place in Venice which I never lost the feeling of joy in; at least the pleasure which is better than joy; and that was just halfway between the end of the Giudecca and St. George

[1] The greater part of this letter was printed in my introduction to the Brantwood edition of the *Stones of Venice*, 1886.

of the Seaweed at sunset. If you tie your boat to one of the posts there, you can see at once the Euganeans, where the sun goes down, and all the Alps, and Venice behind you by this rosy sunlight; there is no other spot so beautiful. Near the Armenian convent is however very good also; the city is handsomer, but the place is not so simple and lonely.

I have got all the right feeling back, now, however; and hope to write a word or two about Venice yet, when I have got the mouldings well out of my head — and the mud; for the fact is, with reverence be it spoken, that whereas Rogers says, "there is a glorious city in the Sea," a truthful person must say, "There is a glorious city in the Mud." It is startling at first to say so, but it goes well enough with marble — "Oh Queen, of marble and of Mud."

Well, I suppose that you will look at my Venetian index in the Stones of Venice, which is in St. Mark's library, so that I need not tell you what pictures I should like you to see, — so now I will tell you a little about myself here. First, I am not quite sure I shall be at home at the middle of June — but I shall not be on the Continent. You will, of course, see the exhibition of Manchester, and if not at home, I shall be somewhere in the North, and my father and mother will certainly be at home and know where I am, in case we could plan a meeting. And I shall leave your vignette in my father's care. Secondly, you will be glad to hear that the National Gallery people have entrusted me to frame a hundred Turners at their expense in my own way; leaving it wholly in my hands. This has given me much thought, for had I done the thing at my own cost, I could have mended it afterward if it had gone wrong in any way; but now I must, if possible, get it all perfect at first, or the Trustees won't be pleased. It will all be done by the time you come. Thirdly, I have been very well all the winter, and have not overworked in any way, and I am angry with you for not saying how you are. Fourthly, my drawing-school goes on nicely, and the Marlborough House people are fraternizing with me. Fifthly, I have written a nice little book for beginners in drawing, which I intend to be mightily useful; and so that is all my news about myself, but I hope to tell you more, and hear a great deal more when you come.

My father and mother beg their sincere regards to you. Mine, if you please, to your mother and sisters when you write.

Please write me a line from Venice, if you are not, as I used to be, out so late in St. Mark's Place or on the lagoons, that you can't do anything when you come in. I used to be very fond of night rowings between Venice and Murano — and then the crossing back through the town at midnight — we used to come out always at the Bridge of Sighs, because I lived either at Danieli's or at a house nearly opposite the Church of the Salute.

Well, good-bye, I can't write more to-night, though I want to. Ever, my dear Norton, affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

Monday morning. I was half asleep when I wrote that last page, or I would n't have said anything about night excursions, which are n't good for you. Go to bed. Moonlight 's quite a mistake; it is nothing when you are used to it. The moon is really very like a silver salver, no, — more like a plated one half worn out and coppery at the edges. It is of no use to sit up to see that.

If you know Mr. Brown, please give him my kind love; and say I shall have written to him by the time you get this.

Mind you leave yourself time enough for Verona. People always give too little time to Verona; it is my dearest place in Italy. If you are vindictive, and want to take vengeance on me for despising Rome, write me a letter of

abuse of Verona. But be sure to do it before you have seen it; you can't afterwards. You have seen it, I believe, but give it time and quiet walks, now.

The evening school referred to in the preceding letter was that which Ruskin had now for three years conducted at the Workingmen's College in Great Ormond Street. This college was founded by Frederick Denison Maurice, with the aid of such men as Dr. Furnivall, Tom Hughes, and Charles Kingsley, with the intention of offering "to workingmen and others, who could not take advantage of the higher education open to the wealthy, as much of the best academic training as could be given in evening classes, and to combine this teaching with a real *esprit de corps*, based on the fellowship of citizens and the union of social orders." Ruskin enlisted readily in this effort, for already his thoughts were turned to those social questions which were gradually to become the chief objects of his interest during his later years. The classes at the drawing-school, to which he gave instruction on Thursday evenings through a great part of the year, were mainly composed of young men who were earning their living, but were not in the ranks of the very poor. He gained from acquaintance with them a knowledge of actual social conditions which tested his theories and stood him in good stead in later years His sympathy, his patience, his concern for their interests quickened into affection the admiration which his varied powers, exerted for the benefit of his pupils, naturally excited in them, and the indirect lessons which they received from him were perhaps of even more importance to them than his direct instruction. His interest and enthusiasm in the work were contagious, and in the course of the four or five years in which he gave regular instruction at the school, he enlisted, as his associates in teaching, Rossetti, and for a time William Morris and Burne-Jones. The work was one to engage the sympathies of young idealists desirous to elevate and beautify the life of England. Marlborough House, to which Ruskin refers in his letter, was then the headquarters of the government Department of Science and Art, removed not long afterwards to South Kensington.

It was not for students under his direction or that of his assistants at the Workingmen's College that he wrote the "nice little book" referred to in the letter, — The Elements of Drawing, — but for the many who might wish to learn to draw and had no master to instruct them. The chief aim and bent of its system was discipline of the hand and the eye by a patient and delicate method of work, such as to insure a true sight and a correct representation of the object seen. The little book did good service, and though Ruskin became dissatisfied with some portions of it, and intended to supersede it by the Laws of Fésole, it still remains in many respects an excellent manual for the solitary student of drawing dependent on his own efforts.

The "Mr. Brown" mentioned near the end of this letter was Ruskin's "old and tried friend," Mr. Rawdon Brown. I did not then know this admirable and unique man. More than ten years later I had the good fortune of coming into friendly relations with him. He had lived in Venice since, as a youth, just out of Oxford, in 1833, he went there on a romantic quest.[1] To the fine qualities of a high-bred Englishman and old-fashioned Tory he added a passionate love of Venice, and an acquaintance with her historic life in all its aspects, such as few of her own sons ever possessed. His days were given to the study of her records and to the rescue of precious scraps from Time's wallet. He died in 1884

[1] The story may be found in an article in the Atlantic Monthly for June, 1889, entitled Rawdon Brown and the Gravestone of "Banished Norfolk."

where he had lived for more than fifty years, and where he desired to die.

I spent the month of July in England, and was again at Denmark Hill, where I was more than ever impressed with Ruskin's submissiveness to his mother, who took manifest pride in "John," but combated his opinions and lectured him publicly, in spite of which he preserved unruffled sweetness of manner toward her. She had lived in a narrow circle of strong interests, and knew little of the world outside of it. Accustomed as I have said to deference from her husband and her son, she had acquired conviction of her own infallibility, and her opinions were expressed with decision and as if admitting of no question. Ruskin himself was delightful. His heart had not yet become overburdened, nor his mind overstrained. I wrote at the time: "He is quite unspoiled by praise and by abuse, of both of which he has received enough to ruin a common man. His heart is still fresh. It is pleasant to hear his friends speak of him, — the Brownings, Rossetti, Mrs. Gaskell: they all are warm in speaking of his kindness, generosity and faithfulness. Few men are so lovable."

The summer of 1857 was that of the great Fine Arts Exhibition at Manchester. Ruskin had undertaken to give two lectures there in the course of the month of July. In order to secure uninterrupted quiet for writing them he proposed to spend a week or two at a farmhouse near the picturesque little village of Cowley, not far from Oxford, and as I was to visit friends at Oxford it was arranged that we should be there at the same time. We were much together. He read to me from his lectures as he wrote them, and the reading led to long discussion. The lectures were the first clear manifesto of the change in the main interests of his life. They were soon published under the title of The Political Economy of Art, and when reprinted, more than twenty years afterward, Ruskin gave them the name of "A Joy Forever [1] (and its price in the market)." In the preface to this edition of 1880, he wrote, "The exposition of the truths to which I have given the chief elegy of my life will be found in the following pages, first undertaken systematically and then in logical sequence." It will easily be understood how interesting and how fruitful to me were the talks we had while he was writing this introduction to the thought and life of his later years.

Before the end of the summer I returned to America.

Charles Eliot Norton.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

"INTENSELY HUMAN."

When Major-General Rufus Saxton, then military governor of South Carolina, was solving triumphantly the original problem of the emancipated slaves, he was frequently interrupted by long lists of questions from Northern philanthropists as to the progress of his enterprise. They inquired especially as to the peculiar tastes, temptations, and perils of the newly emancipated race.

[1] These words had been written in gold on the cornice of the great exhibition.

After receiving one unusually elaborate catechism of this kind, he said rather impatiently to his secretary, "Draw a line across that whole list of questions about the freedmen, and write at the bottom, 'They are intensely human,'" which was done. In those four words is given, in my opinion, the whole key to that problem perennially reviving, — the so-called "negro question."

There prevailed, nearly sixty years ago, at the outset of the anti-slavery movement, a curious impression that the only people who understood the negro were those who had seen him in a state of subjection, and that those who advocated his cause at the North knew nothing about him. A similar delusion prevails at the present day, and not alone among those born and bred in the Southern states. I find in a book, otherwise admirable, — the Life of Whittier, by Professor G. R. Carpenter of Columbia College, — that the biographer not only speaks of the original anti-slavery movement as "extravagant and ill-informed" (page 173), but says of Whittier and his associates, "Of the real negro, his capacities and limitations, he had, like his fellows, only a dim idea, based largely on theoretic speculation" (page 179). But, as a matter of fact, the whole movement originated with men who had learned by personal observation that the negro was intensely human, and found all necessary knowledge to be included in that fact. They were men and women who had been born in the slave country, or had personally resided there, perhaps for years. Benjamin Lundy in Virginia, Rankin in Tennessee, Garrison in Maryland, Birney in Alabama, Channing in Virginia again, and the Grimké sisters in South Carolina, had gained on the spot that knowledge of slavery and slaves which made them Abolitionists. They had made observations, and some of them — acting on the poet Gray's maxim that memory is ten times worse than a lead pencil — had written them down.

Added to this, they were constantly in communication with those who had escaped from slavery, and the very closeness of contact into which the two classes were thrown gave them added knowledge of each other. Indeed, the very first anti-slavery book which attained wide attention, known as Walker's Appeal, published in 1829, was not written by a Northern man, but by one born in Wilmington, South Carolina, of a free mother and a slave father, a man who had traveled widely through the South, expressly to study the degradation of his race, and had read what books of history he could procure bearing upon the subject. His book went through three editions; it advocated insurrection more and more directly. But it was based absolutely on the Declaration of Independence and on the theory that the negro was a man.

It must be borne in mind that there never yet was an oppressed race which was not assumed by its oppressors to be incapable of freedom. In a late volume of diplomatic correspondence compiled from letters of an Englishman (Anthony B. North Peat), written in 1864–69 during the sway of Louis Napoleon, the letter-writer lays it down as a rule (page 38) that "A Frenchman is not fit to be trusted with liberty. . . . A Frenchman is, more or less, born to be rode roughshod over, and he himself is positively happier when ruled with a rod of iron." Forty years have now passed since this was written, and who now predicts the extinction of the French Republic? It turned out just the same with those who predicted that the colored race in America was fitted only for slavery and would never attain freedom.

If I may refer to my own experience as one of the younger Abolitionists, I can truly say that my discovery of the negro's essential manhood first came, long before I had heard of the anti-slavery agitation, from a single remark of a slave made to my mother when she

was traveling in Virginia in my childhood. After some efforts on her part to convince him that he was well off, he only replied, "Ah! Missis, free breath is good!" There spoke, even to my childish ear, the instinctive demand of the human being. To this were afterwards added my own observations when visiting in the same state during a college vacation, at the age of seventeen, and observing the actual slaves on a plantation; which experience was afterwards followed by years of intimate acquaintance with fugitive slaves in Massachusetts. It was the natural result of all this that, when called upon in maturer life to take military command of freed slaves, it never occurred to me to doubt that they would fight like any other men for their liberty, and so it proved. Yet I scarcely ever met a man or woman of Southern birth, during all that interval, who would not have laughed at the very thought of making them soldiers. They were feared as midnight plotters, as insurrectionists, disciples of Nat Turner, whose outbreak in 1831 filled the South with terror; but it was never believed, for a moment, that they would stand fire in the open field like men. Yet they proved themselves intensely human and did it.

Nor was their humanity recognized by the general public sentiment, even at the North, in earlier days. Even in Massachusetts, law or custom not only forbade any merchant or respectable mechanic to take a colored apprentice, but any common carrier by land or sea was expected to eject from his conveyance any negro on complaint of any white passenger; and I can myself remember when a case of this occurred in Cambridge in my childhood, within sight of the Washington Elm. Churches still had negro pews, these being sometimes boarded up in front, so that the occupants could only look out through peepholes, as was once done in the old Baptist meeting-house at Hartford, Connecticut, where a negro had bought a pew and refused to leave it. Or the owner might be ejected by a constable, as happened in Park Street Church, Boston; or the floor cut from under the negro's pew by the church authorities, as happened in Stoughton, Massachusetts. Even in places like the Quaker town of New Bedford, where pupils of both colors were admitted to the public schools, the black boys were seated by themselves, and white offenders were punished by being obliged to sit with them. So far was this carried, that it excited the indignation of the European world, in so much that Heine in his letters from Heligoland (July 1, 1830) gives it as an argument against emigrating to the United States, as Lieber and Follen had done: "Die eigentliche Sklaverei, die in den meisten nordamerikanischen Provinzen abgeschafft, empört mich nicht so sehr wie die Brutalität womit die freien Schwarzen und die Mulatten behandelt werden." The negro was still regarded, both in the Northern and in the Southern states, as being something imperfectly human. It was only the Abolitionists who saw him as he was. They never doubted that he would have human temptations — to idleness, folly, wastefulness, even sensuality. They knew that he would need, like any abused and neglected race, education, moral instruction, and, above all, high example. They knew, in short, all that we know about him now. They could have predicted the outcome of such half-freedom as has been given him, — a freedom tempered by chain-gangs, lynching, and the lash.

It may be assumed, therefore, that there is no charge more unfounded than that frequently made to the effect that the negro was best understood by his former masters. This principle may be justly borne in mind in forming an opinion upon the very severest charges still brought against him. Thus a Southern negro has only to be suspected of any attempt at assault on a white

woman, and the chances are that he will be put to death without trial, and perhaps with fiendish torture. Yet during my two years' service with colored troops, only one charge of such assault was brought against any soldier, and that was withdrawn in the end and admitted to be false by the very man who made the assertion; and this in a captured town. But even supposing him to have a tendency to such an offense, does any one suppose for a moment that the mob which burns him on suspicion of such crime is doing it in defense of chastity? Not at all; it is in defense of caste. To decide its real character we need only ask what would happen if the facts proved to be the reverse of those at first assumed, — if the woman proved to have, after all, the slightest tinge of negro blood, and the offending man turned out to be a white man. Does anybody doubt that the case would be dismissed by acclamation in an instant, that the criminal would go free, and the victim be forgotten? If I err, then the books of evidence are all wrong, the tales of fugitives in the old days are all false. Was any white man ever lynched, either before or since emancipation, for insulting the modesty of a colored girl? Look in the autobiographies of slaves, dozens of which are in our public libraries! Look in the ante-bellum newspapers, or search the memories of those who, like the present writer, were employed on vigilance committees and underground railways before most of the present lynchers were born!

There were, again and again, women known to us who had fled to save their honor, — women so white that, like Ellen Craft, they passed in traveling for Caucasian. One such woman was under my observation for a whole winter in Worcester, who brought away with her the two children of her young master, whose mistress she had been, in spite of herself, and who was believed by many to have been her half-brother. So nearly white were she and her children that they were escorted up from Boston by a Worcester merchant, himself pro-slavery in sympathy, under whose escort they had been skillfully put at the Boston station by the agent of the underground railway. They finally passed into the charge of an honorable man, a white mechanic, who married her with the full approval of the ladies who had her in charge. I never knew or wished to know his name, thinking it better that she and her children should disappear, as they easily could, in the white ranks. Another slave child, habitually passing for white, was known to the public as "Ida May," and was exhibited to audiences as a curiosity by Governor Andrew and others, until that injudicious practice was stopped. She, too, was under my care for a time, went to school, became clerk in a public office, and I willingly lost sight of her also for a similar reason. It must never be forgotten that every instance of slaves almost white, in those days, was not the outcome of legal marriage, but of the ungoverned passions of some white man. The evil was also self-multiplying, since the fairer the complexion of every half-breed girl the greater was her attraction and her perils. Those who have read that remarkable volume of Southern stories, written in New Orleans by Grace King, under the inexpressive title of Tales of a Time and Place, will remember the striking scene where a mob, which had utterly disregarded the danger run by a young girl who had passed for a mere octoroon, is lashed instantly into overpowering tumult when evidence is suddenly advanced at the last moment that she is not octoroon, but white.

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that there is to be found in the colored race, especially in the former slave states, a lower standard of chastity than among whites, it is hard to imagine any reasoning more grotesque than that which often comes from those who claim to represent the white race there. One

recent writer from New Orleans in the Boston Herald describes the black race as being "in great part immoral in its sexual relations, whether from centuries of savagery or from nature, as some of the travelers insisted." This needs only to be compared with the testimony of another Southern witness to show its folly. In a little book entitled Two Addresses on Negro Education in the South, Mr. A. A. Gunby, of the Louisiana bar, makes this simple statement: "Miscegenation in the South has always been and will always be confined to converse between white men and colored women, and the number of mulattoes in the future will depend absolutely on the extent to which white men restrain their immoral dealings with negro females." This same writer goes on to say, what would seem to be the obvious common sense of the matter, that "education is the best possible means to fortify negro women against the approaches of libertines."

For my own part, I have been for many years in the position to know the truth, even on its worst side, upon this subject. Apart from the knowledge derived in college days from Southern students, then very numerous at Harvard, with whom I happened to be much thrown through a Southern relative, my classmate, I have evidence much beyond this. I have in my hands written evidence, unfit for publication, but discovered in a captured town during the civil war, — evidence to show that Rome in its decline was not more utterly degraded, as to the relation between the sexes, than was the intercourse often existing between white men and colored women on American slave plantations. How could it be otherwise where one sex had all the power and the other had no means of escape? Rufus Choate, one of the most conservative Northern men of the time as to the slavery question, is said to have expressed the opinion, as the result of careful study, that he had no reason to think that the industrial condition of the slave, all things considered, was worse than that of the laboring population in most European countries, but that for the colored woman the condition of slavery was "simply hell." The race of mixed blood in America is the outcome of that condition; and that the colored race has emerged from such subjugation into the comparatively decent moral condition which it now holds proves conclusively that it is human in its virtues as well as in its sins. This I say as one who has been for nearly ten years trustee of a school for freedmen in the heart of the black district. The simple fact, admitted by all candid men and women, that no charges of immorality are ever brought against the graduates of these schools, and that, wherever they go, they are the centre of a healthy influence, is sufficient proof that what the whole nation needs is to deal with the negro race no longer as outcasts, but simply as men and women.

If thus dealt with, why should the very existence of such a race be regarded as an insuperable evil? The answer is that the tradition lies solely in the associations of slavery. Outside of this country, such insuperable aversion plainly does not exist; not even is it to be found in the land nearest to us in kindred, England. A relative of mine, a Boston lady distinguished in the last generation for beauty and bearing, was staying in London with her husband, fifty years ago, when they received a call at breakfast time from a mulatto of fine appearance, named Prince Sanders, whom they had known well as a steward, or head waiter, in Boston. She felt that she ought to ask him, as a fellow countryman, to sit down at table with them, but she shrank from doing it until he rose to go; and then, in a cowardly manner, as she frankly admitted, stammered out the invitation. To which his reply was, "Thank you, madam, but I am engaged to breakfast with a duke, this morning," which turned out to be true.

No one can watch the carriages in Hyde Park, still less in Continental capitals, without recognizing the merely local quality of all extreme social antagonism between races. In a letter to the Boston Herald, dated September 17, 1903, the writer, Bishop Douet of Jamaica, testifies that there is a large class of colored people who there fill important positions as ministers of religion, doctors, and lawyers. He says: "This element in our society that I have alluded to is the result of miscegenation, which the writers from the South seem to look upon with so much horror. We have not found that the mixing of the races has produced such dire results. I number among my friends many of this mixed race who are as accomplished and intelligent ladies and gentlemen as you can find in any society in Boston or the other great cities of America."

In connection with this, Bishop Douet claims that the masses of the colored population in all parts of the island are absolutely orderly, and that a white woman may travel from one end of the land to the other with perfect safety. All traces of the terrible period of the Maroon wars seem to have vanished, wars which lasted for nine years, during which martial law prevailed throughout the whole island, and high military authorities said of the Maroons that "their subjugation was more difficult than to obtain a victory over any army in Europe." These rebels, or their descendants, are the people who now live in a condition of entire peace and order, in spite of all the predicted perils of freedom. One of these perils, as we know, was supposed to be that of a mixture of blood between the races, but even that is found no longer a source of evil, this witness thinks, when concubinage has been replaced by legal marriage.

Among the ways in which the colored race shows itself intensely human are some faults which it certainly shares with the white race, besides the merely animal temptations. There is the love of fine clothes, for instance; the partiality for multiplying sects in religion, and secret societies in secular life; the tendency toward weakening forces by too much subdivision; the intolerance shown toward free individual action. It is only the last which takes just now a somewhat serious form. It is a positive calamity that a few indiscretions and exaggerations on each side have developed into a bitter hostility to Booker Washington on the part of some of the most intelligent and even cultivated of his race. Internal feuds among philanthropists are, alas, no new story, and few bodies of reformers have escaped this peril. When we consider the bitter contest fought by Charles Sumner and his opponents in the Prison Discipline Society; the conflicts in the early temperance meetings between Total Abstainers and Teetotalers; those in the Woman Suffrage Movement between Mrs. Woodhull and her opponents, and in the anti-slavery movement itself between the voting and non-voting Abolitionists, we must not censure the warring negro reformer too severely. Nay, consider the subdivisions of the Garrison Abolitionists themselves, after slavery itself was abolished, at a period when I remember to have seen Edmund Quincy walk halfway up a stairway, and turn suddenly round to descend, merely to avoid Wendell Phillips, who was coming downstairs. Having worked side by side together through storm and through calm, denounced, threatened, and even mobbed side by side, the two men had yet separated in bitterness on the mere interpretation of a will made by a fellow laborer, Francis Jackson. When we look, moreover, beyond the circle of moral reformers, and consider simply the feuds of science, we see the same thing: Dr. Gould, the eminent astronomer, locking his own observatory against his own trustees to avoid interference; and Agassiz, in the height of the Dar-

winian controversy, denying that there was any division on the subject among scientific men, on the ground that any man who accepted the doctrine of evolution ceased thereby to be a man of science. If questions merely intellectual thus divide the leaders of thought, how can we expect points dividing men on the basis of conscience and moral service to be less potent in their influence? In the present case, as in most cases, the trouble seems chiefly due to the difficulty found by every energetic and enthusiastic person, absorbed in his own pursuits, in fully appreciating the equally important pursuits of others. Mr. Washington, in urging the development of the industrial pursuits he represents, has surely gone no farther than Frederick Douglass, the acknowledged leader of his people, who said, "Every colored mechanic is by virtue of circumstances an elevator of his race." On the other hand, the critics of Mr. Washington are wholly right in holding that it is as important for this race to produce its own physicians, lawyers, preachers, and, above all, teachers, as to rear mechanics. It is infinitely to be regretted that everybody cannot look at every matter all round, but this, unhappily, is a form of human weakness in which there is no distinction of color.

It must always be remembered that all forward movements have their experimental stage. In looking over, at this distance of time, the letters and printed editorials brought out by the original enterprise of arming the blacks in our civil war, I find that it was regarded by most people as a mere experiment. It now seems scarcely credible that I should have received, as I did, one letter from a well-meaning sympathizer in Boston, recalling to my memory that Roman tradition of a body of rebellious slaves who were brought back to subjection, even after taking up arms, by the advance of a body of men armed with whips only. This correspondent anxiously warned me that the same method might be repeated. Yet it seems scarcely more credible that the young hero, Colonel Shaw himself, when I rode out to meet him, on his arrival with his regiment, seriously asked me whether I felt perfectly sure that the negroes would stand fire in line of battle, and suggested that, at the worst, it would at least be possible to drive them forward by having a line of white soldiers advance in their rear, so that they would be between two fires. He admitted the mere matter of individual courage to have been already settled in their case, and only doubted whether they would do as well in line of battle as in skirmishing and on guard duty. Nor do I intend to imply that he had any serious doubt beyond this, but simply that the question had passed through his mind. He did not sufficiently consider that in this, as at all other points, they were simply men.

We must also remember that a common humanity does not by any means exclude individual variety, but rather protects it. At first glance, in a black regiment, the men usually looked to a newly arrived officer just alike, but it proved after a little experience that they varied as much in face as any soldiers. It was the same as to character. Yet at the same time they were on the whole more gregarious and cohesive than the whites; they preferred organization, whereas nothing pleased white American troops so much as to be out skirmishing, each on his own responsibility, without being bothered with officers. There was also a certain tropical element in black troops, a sort of fiery utterance when roused, which seemed more Celtic than Anglo-Saxon. The only point where I was doubtful, though I never had occasion to test it, was that they might show less endurance under prolonged and hopeless resistance, like Napoleon's men when during the retreat from Russia they simply drooped and died.

As to the general facts of courage and

reliability, I think that no officer in our camp ever thought of there being any essential difference between black and white; and surely the judgment of these officers, who were risking their lives at every moment, month after month, on the fidelity of their men, was worth more than the opinion of the world besides. As the negroes were intensely human at these points, they were equally so in pointing out that they had more to fight for than the white soldier. They loved the United States flag, and I remember one zealous corporal, a man of natural eloquence, pointing to it during a meeting on the Fourth of July, and saying with more zeal than statistical accuracy, "Dar 's dat flag, we hab lib under it for eighteen hundred and sixty-two years, and we 'll lib and die for it now." But they could never forget that, besides the flag and the Union, they had home and wife and child to fight for. War was a very serious matter to them. They took a grim satisfaction when orders were issued that the officers of colored troops should be put to death on capture. It helped their *esprit de corps* immensely. Their officers, like themselves, were henceforward to fight with ropes around their necks. Even when the new black regiments began to come down from the North, the Southern blacks pointed out this difference, that in case of ultimate defeat, the Northern troops, black or white, must sooner or later be exchanged and returned to their homes, whereas, they themselves must fight it out or be reënslaved. All this was absolutely correct reasoning, and showed them human.

As all individuals differ, even in the same family, so there must doubtless be variations between different races. It is only that these differences balance one another so that all are human at last. Each race, like each individual, may have its strong point. Compare, for instance, the negroes and the Irish-Americans. So universal among negroes is the possession of a musical ear that I frequently had reason to be grateful for it as a blessing, were it only for the fact that those who saw colored soldiers for the first time always noticed it and exaggerated its importance. Because the negroes kept a better step, after forty-eight hours' training, than did most white regiments after three or four months, these observers expressed the conviction that the blacks would fight well; which seemed to me, perhaps, a hasty inference. As to the Irish-Americans, I could say truly that a single recruit of that race in my original white company had cost me more trouble in training him to keep step than all my black soldiers put together. On the other hand, it was generally agreed that it was impossible to conceive of an Irish coward; the Irish being, perhaps, as universally brave as any race existing. Now, I am not prepared to say that in the colored race cowardice would be totally impossible, nor could that be claimed, absolutely, for the Anglo-Saxon race. On the other hand, to extend the comparison, it would not have been conceivable to me that a black soldier should be a traitor to his own side, and it is unquestionable that there were sometimes Irish deserters. All this variety is according to the order of nature. The world would be very monotonous if all human beings had precisely the same combination of strong and weak points. It is enough that they should all be human.

In the element of affectionateness and even demonstrativeness, the negroes and the Irish have much in common, and it is an attribute which makes them both attractive. The same may be held true of the religious element. No matter how reckless in bearing they might be, those negroes were almost fatalists in their confidence that God would watch over them; and if they died, it would be because their time had come. "If each one of us was a praying man," said one of my corporals in a speech,

"it appears to me that we could fight as well with prayers as with bullets, for the Lord has said that if you have faith even as a grain of mustard seed cut into four parts, you can say to the sycamore tree 'Arise,' and it will come up." And though Corporal Long's botany may have got a little confused, his faith proved itself by works, for he volunteered to go many miles on a solitary scouting expedition into the enemy's country in Florida, and got back safe after he had been given up for lost. On the whole, it may be said that the colored and the Irish soldiers were a little nearer to one another than to the white American-born type; and that both were nearer to the Western recruits, among Americans, than to the more reticent and self-controlled New England men. Each type had its characteristics, and all were intensely human.

All these judgments, formed in war, have thus far sustained themselves in peace. The enfranchisement of the negroes, once established, will of course never be undone. They have learned the art, if not of political self-defense, at least of migration from place to place, and those states which are most unjust to them will in time learn to prize their presence and regret their absence. The chances are that the mingling of races will diminish, but whether this is or is not the outcome, it is, of course, better for all that this result should be legal and not voluntary, rather than illegal and perhaps forced. As the memories of the slave period fade away, the mere fetich of color-phobia will cease to control our society; and marriage may come to be founded, not on the color of the skin, but upon the common courtesies of life, and upon genuine sympathies of heart and mind. To show how high these sympathies might reach even in slavery, I turn back to a letter received by one of my soldiers from his wife, — a letter which I have just unearthed from a chaos of army papers where it has lain untouched for forty years. It is still inclosed in a quaint envelope of a pattern devised in Philadelphia at that day, and greatly in demand among the negroes. It shows a colored print of the tree of liberty bearing in the place of leaves little United States flags, each labeled with the name of some state, while the tree bears the date "1776" at its roots. The letter is addressed to "Solomon Steward Company H., 1st S. C. Vols., Beaufort, S. C.," this being the name of a soldier in my regiment who showed the letter to me and allowed me to keep it. He was one of the Florida men, who were, as a rule, better taught and more intelligent than the South Carolina negroes. They were therefore coveted as recruits by all my captains; and they had commonly been obliged on enlistment to leave their families behind them in Florida, not nearly so well cared for as those under General Saxton's immediate charge. The pay of my regiment being, moreover, for a long time delayed, these families often suffered in spite of all our efforts. I give the letter verbatim, and it requires no further explanation: —

Fernandina, Florida, *Feb.* the 8 [1864].

My Dear Husband, — This Hour I Sit Me Down To write you In a Little world of sweet sounds The Choir In The Chapel near Here are Chanting at The organ and Thair Morning Hymn across The street are sounding and The Dear Little birds are joining Thair voices In Tones sweet and pure as angels whispers. but My Dear all The songs of The birds sounds sweet In My Ear but a sweeter song Than That I now Hear and That Is The song of a administing angel Has Come and borne My Dear Little babe To Join In Tones with Them sweet and pure as angels whispers. My babe only Live one day It was a Little Girl. Her name Is alice Gurtrude steward I am now sick In bed and have Got nothing To Live on The

Rashion That They Give for six days I Can Make It Last but 2 days They dont send Me any wood They send The others wood and I Cant Get any I dont Get any Light at all You Must see To That as soon as possible for I am In in want of some Thing To Eat

I have nothing more to say to you but Give my Regards to all the friends all the family send thair love to you

no more at pressant

EMMA STEWARD

Does it need any further commentary to prove that the writer of a letter like this was intensely human?

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE BACHELORS OF BRAGGY.

WHILST their old mother lived, of course, the idea of bringing any other woman into the house was as far from them as the far-lands of Brenter. For they had all the *nearness* and lack of sentiment that their Scotch ancestors brought over (their only belongings) to Ireland.

When the neighbors, on a rare occasion, caught the Bachelors of Braggy at a wake or festivity, they, in a waggish mood, must match-make for them.

"Arrah, Pether Lowry, is n't it the shame for yerself, and for Paul, and for Richard, there beside ye, that wan of yous has n't yet put the word to a woman!"

Peter and Paul and Richard would all *hissle* in their chairs from the uncomfortableness of the topic. But all eyes in the wakehouse were now on them quizzically, so Peter would make answer snarlingly: —

"What the divil do we want with a woman?"

"Ay!" from Paul. And "Ay!" from Richard.

"Well, ye know, it 's a wee waikness some men has, — to be fond of the girls."

"Well, we are n't fond o' them; an' would n't give a barleycorn if there was n't a girl atween here an' Halyfax."

"Yis!" "Yis!" from Richard and Paul.

"But ye know, yerself, Pether, an' can't deny, a woman 's an oncommon handy thing about a house."

"Handy? Ay! as a conthrairy pig (not mainin' any comparishon), that 'ill go every way but the way ye want it. Besides, have n't we our oul' mother?"

"Right, Pether!" "Right, Pether!" quoth the other brothers.

"Stillandall, a mother, ye know, is n't everything till a man!"

"If a man depends on any one else nor himself to be the remaindher, he 'll depend on a rotten rush. An' a wife an' a mother in the wan house 'ud be as pleasant company as spittin' cats."

"But the wife 'ill be with a man, Pether, when the mother 's gone."

"Then God help the man!"

"God help him!" from Paul, and "God help him!" from Richard.

"Now there 's Marg'et McClane above in Altidoo, and she 'd jump at the offer of any wan of the three of yous."

"It 's thankful we are to both yerself and Marg'et; but, as ye seem to have an inth'rest in her, better not let her jump, for feerd she might miss."

"For feerd she might miss, — yis!" choired Richard and Paul.

"A fine, stout, sthrappin' girl, on the aisy side of fifty-five; an' a fine hand at beetlin' praties, an' carin' calves."

But poor Peter's temper would, despite desperate efforts, give out: —

"Och, to the divil with Marg'et McClane an' her calves! *We* don't want her! We don't want no woman! An' if we did want wan, we would n't ax *you* to make her for us! "

"Right ye are, Pether! " "Right ye are, Pether! " quoth the brothers.

Then a deal of half-smothered chuckling would sweep around the four walls; and Peter's tormentor would, with a look of injured innocence, turn on his chair, and make general complaint that he never yet could try to do a neighbor — because he was a neighbor — a good turn, but he contrived to have the nose cut off him. In response to which Richard and Paul — Peter was too full for speech — would mutter something about "imperent people " poking their noses into places where they were not wanted. And then the doubly injured one sought consolation in the reeking pipe which a compassionate neighbor passed him.

And as insistent friends had often assured them, the old woman did die one day: and she was waked and laid away with all the economy known to the three brothers, — an economy that, they flattered themselves, would be more gratifying to the woman who was gone, if she only could realize it, than to any one else. And then it was voted that Richard, who was the youngest and least useful, should henceforth fill their mother's place in the house, — milk, and wash, and cook, and make the butter.

Though Richard undertook the duties with ardor, he grumbled ere a month, and said that, after all, the neighbors remarked rightly that a woman was a "mortial handy, convenient thing about a house." Both Peter and Paul gasped for breath when first he sprang this sedition upon them; and then they frowned upon him with awful severity, and hoped (in their bitterest tones) that he would never let the like of *that* split his lips again. And Richard did not let it split his lips again for two days. Peter and Paul were sorely distressed, however, when, as they sat round the fire and passed the pipe, in their usual after-supper deliberation, on the third night following, Richard again brought up the subject of a woman's want, and held forth thereupon at much length. They were so sorely distressed that they spake not; only let Richard ramble on.

And so often again did Richard press home the subject, that Peter and Paul, after many secret consultations, consented that, even at the cost of their peace of mind, Richard must be humored. So they said to Richard, "It 's a poor thing that we must fetch in any man's daughter to support her."

"No man's daughter comes in here," Richard said, "onless she fetches her support with her."

"Hum! Then fire away, Richard, since ye must have yer way. Where are ye goin' to rise yer woman? "

"*My* woman? Faith, it 's not me 's goin' to take her, but wan of yerselves. *I* don't want her."

"Faith, and I 'm very sure it 's not me that 'ill take her," said Peter.

"An' I 'll give ye me 'davy it is n't me," quoth Paul.

So Richard made the whistling sound of a man who has found a *cul-de-sac* where he was certain of a free passage.

"An' what then? " said Richard.

"Richard, *a stoir*, it 's often ye heerd our poor mother (God rest her!) say, ' Let him calls for the tune pay the piper.' "

"I 'm young an' green, boys " (Richard would be forty-seven by Hallowmas night), "an' I 'm noways suited to manage a woman," he said pleadingly.

"Well, there ye are! " For neither Peter nor Paul was anxious to help him out of a dilemma into which stubbornness had led him.

"But, boys " —

" 'As ye make yer bed ye must lie

on it,' " said they, quoting again from their mother's store of saws.

There was nothing left to Richard but to accept the inevitable; and he reluctantly resolved to bear it, for the benefit of the house, with what grace he could.

As the next step was to find a suitable woman for Richard, the brothers agreed to take counsel with the *Bacach Gasta* (the swift-footed beggar-man). So, on the next night when the Bacach Gasta, coming that way, dropped his wallets in Lowrys' for his usual night's sojourn, he was taken into confidence after supper, and asked to procure a good wife for Richard. And the requirements were catalogued for him.

"The notion o' marryin' is on Richard," Paul informed the Bacach.

He looked Richard up and down, and then said, —

"Well, that 's neither shame nor blame. He 's come to the time o' day."

"In throth, it 's wan of ourselves he wanted to take the woman."

"Which was n't wan bit fair," said the beggar-man. "The young heart always for the big burden."

"In your thravels do ye think ye could pick up a suitable wife for us? "

"I have no doubt of it."

"Ye know just the kind of a wife we want for him? "

"I have a brave guess."

"A fine, sthrong, sthrappin', agricultural woman," said Peter.

"Ay."

"No frills or foldherols," said Paul.

"No figgery-foys whatsomiver," said Peter.

"She must be 'holsome " (wholesome), said Richard.

"An' as hardy as a harrow-pin," said Peter.

"No objection if the countenance *is* well-favored," said Richard.

"Bacach," said Peter, with indignant warmth, "she may be as ill-lookin' as the divil's gran'mother."

"Don't send any chiny doll here," said Paul.

Said Richard, "I mean, for ins'ance, Bacach, if ye are in swithers about two weemen, both equally good in every other way, but wan of them havin' the advantage of the other in looks " —

"Then," said Peter, "sen' us the ugliest o' the two, by all manner o' mains."

"The uglier the woman, the better housekeeper," Paul added.

"An' the more savin'; an' the less she 'll throw out upon fine clothes," quoth Peter.

Richard was silent.

"The woman ye pick must have money, — a good penny of it," said Peter.

"Or lan'," said Paul.

"Or lan', of course," Peter added.

"She must be come to years of discretion," said Paul.

"An' have the most of a couple of score years of work in her still," said Peter.

"She must be able an' willin' to work," said Paul.

"To work like a nigger," said Peter.

"If she 's a bit youngish, she 'll be the companionabler," said Richard.

"A bit ouldish, Bacach, an' she 'll be the sensibler," said Peter tartly.

The Bacach Gasta was nodding assent to all.

"She must be as wise as a fox."

"An' as close as a meal-chist."

"She must understand all about bringin' up young calves an' pigs," said Peter.

"An' about doctorin' sick cattle," said Paul.

"She can't be too sthrong," Peter added.

"Sthrong enough to toss a bull," said Paul.

"An' kindly," interpolated poor Richard.

"Kindly! Phew! " said Paul.

"Sevair enough to sour crame, if ye like," said Peter.

"Now, do ye know what we want?" said Paul.

"Yis, to the nail on her little finger," said the Bacach Gasta, passing the pipe to Peter.

"Well, keep yer eyes open, then," said Peter, "when ye 're up in the Dhrimholme parish. Out of there comes the best scantlin' of weemen I know."

"They 're better down the shore side of the parish," said Richard.

"They 're hardier back the mountain way," said Paul.

"The worst woman in Dhrimholme is worth her mait," said the Bacach. "This is Chewsda. I 'll be up there again' Sathurda. I have a likely couple or three in me eye, an' I 'll see if I can't fix yous up in wan."

Eight days later the Bacach Gasta was back with word that he had a likely woman, — a girl who had got the better of her fortieth year, and still remained unmarried, though she had a valuable farm on hand, and lived by herself on it. He guaranteed, moreover, that, in his opinion, she was everything they desired.

Peter proposed then that she should be invited down till they would satisfy themselves that she answered the invoice. But Richard said that would be too much to expect. And the Bacach, as her diplomat, — which he now was, — would not agree to the proposition: they must go to see her. Moreover, failing the brothers' approval of her, he informed them he had two other wise and well-circumstanced women whom he wished to show them.

On the first day after, which was too wet for any more profitable work, Peter and Paul took the road with Richard, and tramped to Dhrimholme, and to Hannah Jack's house, — Hannah Jack was her name, — in pursuance of the beggar-man's detailed directions. They went in and introduced themselves.

"The Bacach Gasta, as ye know," Peter said to her, "has advised us that he b'lieves ye 'd make a suitable woman for us" —

"For yous?" said Hannah, emphasizing the plural.

"Well, for young Richard here. But it 's all the same."

"Oh!"

"An' so," Peter continued, "we 've come to see for ourselves."

Whilst, then, Hannah Jack busied herself preparing tea for them, Peter and Paul and Richard scanned her, and followed every move of her, and did not leave the arrangements of the house unnoticed, either. Over the tea they, in an incidental sort of way, put various questions to her regarding her farm and farm-stock, — and, in a quiet way, satisfied their thirst for knowledge in that direction. And when tea was finished, they pulled around the fire, Hannah in the middle, and came to business bluntly, putting Hannah through a catechism that discovered to them her virtues and her failings and her worldly worth.

"Now, you 'll excuse us for just a few minutes till we have a word together," Peter said to her, as he rose, and beckoned his brothers to follow him toward the door.

They went without, and, after inspecting the calves and pigs, they proceeded around to the gable of the house, and held serious deliberation upon Hannah's suitability. On the whole, Richard thought, he might go farther and fare worse. So he gave his vote for Hannah. But, unfortunately, Peter was prejudiced because, when she had taken down the teapot, she extravagantly cast the old tea leaves into the pit. "An' that tay she uses is too good for such exthravagance; it would take a lovely grip of the second wather."

And during tea, Paul taking advantage of Hannah's temporary absence, had peeped into a bandbox, and observed that she owned a hat with feathers. "An' both of yous know as well

as I do," Paul said, "what that mains, — that she 'd let consait fly away with her cash." "So," said Peter, "all things bein' consithered, I think it 's wiser laive Hannah Jack to be fortuned on foolisher fellas."

"That 's my opinion exactly," said Paul.

Richard whistled to himself a minute, and then said, "Well, yous have better tell her the vardict, an' lose no more valuable time."

"Richard," said they, "just tell her yerself. If ye are n't too good to do yer own business."

Richard could not confess he was. So he had to command his soul grimly, and go within, alone.

"No, thank you, Hannah Jack," he said, "I 'll not be taking a seat again. It 's wearin' late, an' we 're frettin' to be on the move. Me brothers desires me to say, Hannah Jack, that we have consithered ye, an' ye 're an oncommon fine woman that any man may think himself lucky to get; but we consither ye 'll not do us. Good-even-in' to ye, and thanky for yer oncommon kindness."

Two other suitable women in the same tract had been approved of by the Bacach Gasta, 'Liza Jane Bohunnan, and Sarah Bell Baskin. So to them, also, they went in turn. 'Liza Jane met their rigid requirements in every way, — only, at the last moment, before they retired to exchange opinions, she said that, as she had been used to, she would require a drop of good tay to be brought to her in bed in the mornin' to rise her heart, and give her courage to get up. That decided the matter. Any woman that needed a lever in the shape of strong tea in the mornings was better left alone. So they decided. And Richard had, once again, to translate their decision into palatable phrase, and deliver it.

Sarah Bell Baskin ingratiated herself with them; for she carried pots, and fed pigs and cows, and carded wool, and brought in a creel of turf whilst they interviewed her in snatches. And she kneaded bread at one end of the table, chatting them, whilst they drank tea at the other. So, upon a short consultation, Sarah Bell, with her hundred-pound fortune, was accepted.

Of course, Richard had objected that she did not look as "quate" (quiet) as should the ideal he sought. But Peter and Paul frowned him down. "She 'll be quate enough in throth, after we 've taken twelve months' work out of her," Paul assured him.

"We 've consented to have a wife to humor ye, an' taken the divil's own throuble to pick her for ye. If ye don't take Sarah Bell Baskin," Peter said, "the sorra a wife ever ye 'll see, by our consent, if there was a hurry-cane of them blown like hailstones again' the doore."

"Oh, if she plaises you, she 'll plaise me," said Richard.

And so she should, after all. For when the marriage license was procured by the three, and brought home by the three, Jemmy Managhan discovered that 't was Peter's name was therein recorded: for Peter, having acted as spokesman, his name was asked, and given without thought, and entered. "This is a nice how-d'-ye-do," said Peter.

"Well, we can't be goin' back another seven mile journey, an' then, as likely as not, pay for a new license," said Paul resignedly.

"Sure, it 's all the same," said the magnanimous Richard.

And Peter heaved a sigh, resolved to abide by his own blunder. And Sarah Bell, for her part, did not mind. She was marrying into "a good sittin' down."

Though, on the wedding-day, people said the Lowrys had never been known to go to church before, they said what was untrue. For they had been to church on the day they were christened. And Paul, moreover, had gone in one

day when Sam Coulter, the sexton, had it opened, in hope of raising sport with his rat-terrier.

As, whilst they were in the vestry consulting, and getting instructed for the ordeal, it was found a crowd of the unregenerate ones of Knockagar had assembled outside the church, with the certain intention of giving the Bachelors of Braggy a warm reception when they should emerge, one bachelor less, the minister advised that the wedding be postponed for an hour for peace' sake and theirs. Sarah Bell Baskin agreed to the wisdom of this.

But Peter was in no amiable mood. "I tell ye what it is, Sarah Bell Baskin," said he; "either this merriage is to be now or niver. If it 's to be *now*, it 'll be *now;* an' if it 's to be *niver*, it 'll be NIVER!" Then he paused for her decision.

"Then let it be now," said Sarah Bell Baskin.

And by taking across the fields with his bride, the strategical Peter disappointed the rascals who, for a full hour after, were keeping a reception warm outside the church gate.

Richard had read Sarah Bell aright when he said he did not consider her "quate" enough for him. Richard proved this experimentally. Paul discovered it. Peter, alas, discovered it. It took three days to bring it home to them with force. Sarah Bell herself, with the material aid of a three-legged stool, supplied the necessary force. In a week the peace of the Lowry household was irretrievably wrecked, and most of the crockery ware, and the more portable articles of furniture also, and Richard's right arm, and Paul's dental assortment, and poor Peter's head.

In three weeks Sarah Bell Baskin, leaving them her left-handed blessing, took her hundred pounds and her departure, and returned to the house of her father.

On the night after she left, the three brothers sat around the fire, smoking in turn. And after a long silence Peter spoke. He was severely looking at Richard, who cowered. Peter said, —

"Now, that chapture 's over an' done with (from the depth o' me sowl God be thankit!); an' let us hope — let us hope we 'll niver again hear another such schame."

"Niver!" said Paul emphatically. "Niver, we hope!" and he gazed at Richard with a sidelong look of scathing rebuke.

Poor Richard looked into the fire and heaved a sigh.

Uncomplainingly he again took up his household duties next morning. And though, henceforth, one of them was a grass widower, they still carried their old title of the Bachelors of Braggy.

Seumas MacManus.

THE HUMORS OF ADVERTISING.

My friend, Antonio Ciccone, the eminent *confettatore* of Little Italy, used often to invite me to put his picture in the paper. "You put peech in pape," he would cry. "Beega peech! Senda man, beega machine. You say, 'Antonio Ciccone, molto religioso, molto caritatevole, besta man.'" And by this I know Antonio for a very perfect advertiser — of that grandest type, the Homeric. He had the splendid Greek conception of the route to reputation; instead of suffering the world to pronounce upon his merits, he would pronounce upon them himself. He no more craved to see himself as others saw him than did

Achilles; like Achilles, he desired only that others might see him somewhat as he saw himself.

Now I confess that I have loved Antonio for the boasts he has made. Many a man, finding himself no whit less great than that charming modern ancient of Little Italy, is nevertheless so grievously hemmed in by the caution of his convictions, that he garbs his pride in the staid habiliments of modesty. Such may be dear good souls, and fit for a thousand things, but they will play an ill hand at advertising. Let them learn from Ciccone; also from my gifted fellow townsman, Mr. Joe Chapple, who, frank and unafraid, thus buoyantly declares himself in the public prints: —

"Do you know Joe Chapple, — the boy who came out of the West almost penniless, and has built up a National magazine? Do you know Joe Chapple, — the man who gained his knowledge of human nature on the bumpers of freight trains; trading an old gray horse for his first printing-press; a printer's devil at twelve, an editor at sixteen, — through all phases of social life, up to an invited guest on presidential trains, and as special representative at the Coronation in Westminster Abbey? Presidents, Members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, Diplomats, United States Senators, Congressmen, and Governors know Joe Chapple. They speak of his work, — and they write for his magazine when no other publication on earth can entice them. It is n't because Chapple is brilliant that he has won this national reputation for himself and his magazine, — it 's his quaint originality, his homelike, wholesome good-nature that permeates all he writes. There 's nothing published to-day like The National Magazine — because there is no one just like Joe Chapple."

Over and over I have conned that radiant advertisement, and my merriment, I own, has been not unmingled with envy. I have, perhaps, rather more discretion than Mr. Joe Chapple, but less than a tithe of his valor. Himself he sings, myself I dare not sing. And again I am put to shame by the illustrious English confectioner, who, having trodden the summits of conscious success, exclaims, "I am the Toffee King! I have given to England a great national candy, and I am now offering to America the same Toffee that has made me so famous abroad. Does America propose to welcome me, — to welcome a candy that is so pure that any mother can recommend it to her child? The answer is, 'Yes, by all means!'" As further, though scarce clearer, evidence of the Homeric temper, both Mr. Chapple and the Toffee King have achieved the glowing ideal of Antonio Ciccone: they have "peech in pape."

Yet I would not be misunderstood; I bring no slenderest charge of vanity against those valiant modern Hellenes. Pasteur accepted learned degrees and decorations, not as honors to himself, but as tributes to his beloved France; and thus devotedly, beyond doubt, do Mr. Chapple and the Toffee King lay their laurels upon the respective altars of their very worthy enterprises. For what work comes to its fullest and best in this faithless world of ours, if it be not haloed round with the splendor of a commanding personality? The worker is — or so men fancy — the measure and the limit of the work. Magnify the worker, and in so doing you magnify the work. Look where you will, you shall find the producer acquiring what luminosity he can, that the product may thence take profit. Does he paint? He capriciously dyes his white hair black, save one lock only, which he ties with a jaunty ribbon; he hales unappreciative critics to court; seeing a picture called Carnation, Lily — Lily, Rose, he exclaims, "Darnation silly, silly pose," — a quotable saying, if you stop to think of it; and the fame of that painter, going out through all the earth, adds to high art the fine resonance of personal

notoriety. Men laugh, but they buy. Has he a realm to rule, — a realm made up of many petty kingdoms, each vain in its own conceit? He declaims the mediæval doctrine of "divine right," claps scoffers in jail, and — thanks to a long-drawn process of audacious and fantastic meddling with literature, art, music, the drama, surgery, yachting, and theology — quite dims the effulgence of local princelings by becoming incomparably the most talked-of individual in all his empire. Men laugh, but they yield. Has he books to sell? Assuming the cast mantle of a famous craftsman, the name of a jovial monk, the unshorn locks of a poet, and the tripod of an oracle, he preaches a new and strange gospel, and with unquestionable good taste permits the portrait of his son, "food, principally grape-nuts," to be printed as an advertisement, which, of course, is just what Frà Pandolf, or the elder Kean, or the Cumæan Sibyl, or the lamented William Morris himself would have done. Men laugh, but they buy. There 's money in personality, be it never so whimsical, and to that blazing star the commercial go-cart may very prudently be hitched. Madame Yale, the brilliant lecturer; Max Régis, the bold, bad duelist; John Alexander Dowie, the reincarnated prophet, — these and a thousand others have grasped the blessed truth that personal publicity can be minted, with only the slightest difficulty, into pecuniary success. "Peech in pape" is pelf in purse.

And yet, for obvious reasons, the most delicious type of personal advertising, the matrimonial, unfortunately denies the "pape" the "peech." Oh, for a single photographic glimpse of the little lady of Yokohama who thus lyrically declares herself: —

"I am a beautiful woman. My abundant, undulating hair envelopes me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated, and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble."

But methinks — and this I say because I have seen the hill-town folk of New England elaborately gulled through nibbling at matrimonial advertisements — the almond-eyed enchantress was perhaps a wee trifle less charming in person than in pretense. Great Homer nods, at times; also the Homeric advertiser.

But to brandish testimonials, with portraits of important witnesses, and thus to "let another praise thee and not thine own mouth," is ingeniously to remove the discussion from the Homeric, or poetic, to the Aristotelian, or logical, realm. One's "loving friends" — for, and in consideration of, value received — stand forth as witnesses. When Mr. W. T. Stead, fresh from his advocacy of Mr. Wilde the astrologer, proclaims Mr. Pelman, the mender of memories, a noble "benefactor of the human race," or when a "cousin of Wm. J. Bryan" proves, by the healthful lustre of his photograph, that Tierney's Tiny Tablets have made him whole, the great purpose is quite satisfactorily attained, and meanwhile Citizens Pelman, Wilde, and Tierney have lost nothing of their reputation for modest stillness and humility. This ingenious cat's-paw device plucks many a precious chestnut out of the fire; to quote a single commodity, the sale of proprietary medicines is directly proportionate to the quantity and blatancy of the advertising they get, which proves the effectiveness of testimonials to a nicety. Moreover — and this, I grieve to say, is a point most advertisers overlook — the testimonial admits of almost infinite adaptation. For instance, when President Harper, in an admirably sane and tempered address, observes that students successfully prepared for college by correspondence in-

stitutes are invariably possessed of courage and application, that deliverance of his is jubilantly pounced upon by a dozen correspondence schools of the baser sort (imagine an institution, which, in crying up its course in the art of conversation, says, "You admire the party who you hear spoken of as 'Don't he use elegant language?'"), and, by a skillful derangement of context, the original dictum becomes President Harper's avowal that nothing short of pedagogical absent treatment can possibly inculcate courage and application! And when an insatiable moral reformer once so far divested himself of prudence as to call a certain vaudeville theatre "absolutely above reproach, — clean, wholesome, uplifting," the theatrical proprietor, with a delicate appreciation of commercial values, had the reformer's benediction quite exquisitely engrossed and framed and hung up in the foyer of his theatre; and from that very day diverged from the paths of rectitude. Truly a blithe situation: within, a jubilee of vanities, — without, a certificate of ethical impeccability! And again, I have seen a reverend apostle of temperance mischievously trapped into indorsing a patent medicine chiefly compounded of spirits of wine. Indeed, this whole business of sponsoring other men's goods should be carefully marked with bell-buoys, which night and day should cry, "Shoal — 'ware shoal!"

But I find that a printed testimonial, even when got by fair means and employed with good conscience, nevertheless lacks the convincing fervor of *viva voce* pleadings. And the spoken word, to persuade, need not fully convince. I think it was Sainte-Beuve who said of Lacordaire's preaching, "Though it fails to convince, it does a better thing; it charms." And the Lacordaire of advertising is the sweetly persuasive "barker." When such an one cries, "Right inside, gepmen — see the royal Bengal tiger — fifteen feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail — fifteen feet from the tip of his tail to the tip of his nose — making in all the e-normious length of forty feet — only ten cents, gepmen, the tenth part of a dollar," I tarry not long at the gate. But when, on the other hand, a uniformed Ethiopian — barking not gently, as befits so tender a matter, but brazenly, bluntly, and without joy in his barking — hales me into Black's Dental Parlors, I cannot overmaster a certain vague shrinking of spirit. The appeal lacks charm, whereas even forceps and rubber dam may, by a subtler and more delicate order of barking, be made absolutely alluring. In England, where this delicate art has come to its finest flower, a dentist secretly hires a viscount to commend him to his friends, thus adorning the abhorred service with the dignity of illustrious patronage and the seductiveness of sympathetic suggestion; for a viscount will bark you as gently as any sucking dove.

Sometimes, however, you may drive squarely at the point, and, without recourse to self-laudation or purchased praises, offer the susceptible public a tempting taste of your wares. This, the empirical method, jumps with the modern scientific tendency. Ethically, also, it unfailingly commends itself, for "Sample bottle free" bespeaks plain dealing. Nor is this all. The open cages of the circus parade will most exquisitely tantalize the zoölogical passions; and appetizing extracts, gratuitously published, whet interest in a forthcoming work of humor. Thus I read, "'We 're an honest people,' said Mr. Hennessy. 'We are,' said Mr. Dooley, 'but we don't know it;'" or again, "Once upon a time there was a Brilliant but Unappreciated Chap who was such a Thorough Bohemian that Strangers usually mistook him for a Tramp. Every Evening he ate an imitation Dinner, at a forty-cent Table d'Hôte, with a Bottle of Writing Fluid thrown in," — and two new volumes (without which no gentleman's library is complete) appear forthwith upon my

bookshelf. When Artemus Ward, then wholly unknown, papered Boston with handbills, which, without mention of time or place, said simply, "A. Ward Will Speak a Piece," and when, later in his career, his poster proclaimed "A. WARD HAS LECTURED BEFORE THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE ever thought of lecturing," he gave, so to speak, an earnest of levity. Out in Cleveland, the curator of an historical museum, calling my attention to an antiquated desk and chair, said, "Those pieces of furniture, sir, once belonged to Charles Browne, known to the world as Artemus Ward. *Lacked balance!*" So he did — thank God! — but not as an advertiser.

Now from the ridiculous to the sublime 't is many a step, and it is not without a momentary shock to my finer sensibilities that I find the solemn and awful melodrama of "Red-Handed Bill, the Hair Lifter of the Far South-West" adapting to its blood-curdling purposes the frivolous advertising methods invented by an "exhibitor of fine wax-works and 3 moral bears." The promoter of melodrama publishes a synopsis of the impending "sensational representation," thus scattering, as it were, a largess of shudders, which, for generosity at least, fully equals Ward's largess of laughter. Read here the synopsis, and tremble! "Act I. A Mountain Pass in the Rockies. In pursuit. Kate saved by the Cattle King. The assault of Red-Handed Bill and his Brazen Bandits. 'Avaunt! This lady is under my protection.' Act II. Golden Gulch and exterior of the Bucket of Blood Saloon. The rustic lover. Bob accused of horse stealing. The struggle and capture of the Cattle King. 'Coward, I 'll do for you yet!' Act III. A Mountain Gorge. The captives. Preparing for death. The equine friend to the rescue of his master. 'Saved!' Act IV. Scene 1. Don Pedro's Ranch. Red-Handed Bill's Visit. The attack. Scene 2. Bob and the Irishman. 'An eye for an eye.' Scene 3. Interior of the Bucket of Blood Saloon. Playing for high stakes. 'Come and take them if you dare!' Act V. Scene 1. Interior of Don Pedro's Ranch, Red-Handed Bill and Barney. Scene 2. Heart of the Rockies. The marriage ceremony. Terrific knife fight on horseback between Red-Handed Bill and Nebraska Jim. 'At last!' Act VI. Parlor in Don Pedro's Ranch. The threat. Timely arrival of the Cattle King. Carlotta's confession. Bob and Kate happy." And, as if this were not enough, the promoter of melodramas declares that "the breakage of costly bricabrac during the fight in the Bucket of Blood Saloon makes a weekly expense equal to the entire salary list of some companies."

In advertising wild animal shows, where one's animals are too few to permit the open-cage extravagance, and the admission fee outweighs a barker's persuasiveness, still creepier pronunciamentos are desirable. You remember Mr. Janvier's story, A Consolate Giantess, and how the lady — widowed, again widowed, and then widowed twice more, and for the fourth time remarried — cried, "Ah, if our Neron would again eat a man!" When at last the good Giantess could announce "the terrible man-eating lion, Neron, who has devoured five men," all was indeed well. In fact, in enterprises of this character, no other sort of advertising will long serve. When Bostock's animal show first came to the Pan-American Exposition, its passionate press agent inserted a "want" in the Buffalo papers, shrieking for "fifty mules, quick, to feed the lions." This drew its thousands. Whereupon the press agent, quite losing his head, advertised for "fifty tons of rags to feed the elephants," and was thereupon discharged. Which teaches us how perilous is any departure from the classic, which is the sanguinary, or pseudo-sanguinary, method of crying up menageries.

But, however effectual the sample bottle, the sample joke, and the sample shudder, I can show you a yet more excellent device. Depreciate your wares. Learn from the Tennessee innkeeper who described his establishment as "not the largest hotel in the burg; not newly furnished throughout; no free 'bus to trains; not the best grub the market affords; but simply clean beds and good food. 25 cents a sleep, 25 cents an eat. Toothpicks and ice water thrown in. Try us! Pay up! And if not satisfied keep mum." Or emulate the New Jersey husbandman who declared, "Owing to ill health, I will sell one blush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undaunted courage and gives milk freely. To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. I would rather sell her to a non-resident of the county." Or again, wisely imitate the New York tapster who set above his door the superscription, "Road to Hell." By thus quietly assuming that success can in no wise be scared off the premises, you shall certainly outvie your loud-boasting competitors. Besides, you will deal exclusively with men of valor, which, in these soft times, is a rare enough privilege.

Do you lack the fortitude to denounce your wares? There are those who will cheerfully relieve you of that responsibility. Forbid them not. Detraction has proved a Golconda to Mr. Richard Harding Davis. "Near-food" sells faster, and the "Dope-Lovers' Library" gains new subscribers, as a result of Mr. Dooley's merry jibes. Life, condemning the automobile in a hundred cartoons, becomes an incomparable advertising medium for the most homicidal of motor-vehicles. Many a public man would give his weight in radium for a "roast" in the New York Sun. To be talked about, — that is the requisite, — and it matters little whether the talk be kind or cruel. P. T. Barnum appreciated this when, without the faintest intention of carrying out the fearful threat, he let it be whispered that he was about to buy Shakespeare's house and bundle it off to America. "Shameless desecration!" howled the press, — which was precisely what Barnum wanted. Without spending a dollar, he secured hundreds of "reading notices," in "first-class position," and focused the lively attention of every English or American reader upon himself and his business.

And if it takes grit to invite abuse, why, bless you, so does all good advertising. Only an unconquerable soul will write upon his finished product, "I consider this magazine absolutely perfect; had I spent a million dollars, I could not have achieved anything more splendid." For we have here, you see, the didactic "ad," in which the advertiser, fearlessly exalting himself above his public, tells it what 's what. Thus the vender of "near-food" declares, "What you eat, you are. Be wise in time." And many a self-appointed arbiter of taste announces a full line of "art" chairs, "art" glass, "art" bicycles, and I know not what other *objets d'art*, — "art" catalogue free on application. Nor could Ruskin, even in his most autocratic mood, have rivaled the proprietor of the frying-pan clock, who pronounces, with an air of sublime finality, "The keynote of modern interior decoration is simplicity — be sure you strike it when you furnish your 'den.' One of the most pleasing and interesting adornments for your 'den' is our Frying-Pan Clock. Made from a real frying-pan. Bow of ribbon, any color." Here, I observe, is a very brave man, and the brave, you will find, have ever at their heels a train of timid folk, who relish commands. It is sweet to obey, sweet to obey without question. Dogma, tradition, authority, — upon these foundations men have built religions, philosophies, and governments; what wonder, then, that when the valiant didactic advertiser essays to lead the world by the

nose, space bristles with willing noses! And yet I can show you another law, the law called protest, which, though rarer, plays a part not less significant than that taken by obedience. Rome has its Luther, philosophy its Hume, government its Emma Goldman, the didactic "ad" its brood of unconvinced recalcitrants. Problem: to wheedle such.

Now a well-pleased man yields soonest to coaxing. And it happens that pleasure awakened by an utterly irrelevant matter sheds its radiance over the business in hand. Many a wight gets monstrously cheated by sealing a bargain at dinner. Indeed, I remember a charming Bohemian café where I myself was once thus undone. The soft glow of the lights, the scores of merry faces, the tinkle of a tiny orchestra, and the courses of dainties on dainties, — these argued nothing, yet argued all. To conquer the unconvinced recalcitrant, mellow his mood. And in the rural districts a show does as well as a dinner. Hence the "medicine company," with its ingenious employment of music and the drama to create an atmosphere in which proprietary remedies, heartily eulogized by a lecturer, will sell to advantage. They say the medicine company has seen its day. Believe them not. The New York Clipper still chronicles its triumphs: witness this cheerful report by Dr. Wood Leigh. "I opened my Winter Medicine Show in Illinois, Oct. 3, carrying five people, and the show is taking big. Dick Doble, in song and dance, is a success; Mme. Leigh, in serpentine dances, was a strong feature. Had to stop taking money at the door at 7.40 on her night. Walter Whitley in contortion, rings and traps, hit them right; Will May, descriptive singer and monologue, was excellent." Also the following: "Roster and Notes from the German Medicine Co. — Joe Sower, manager; William Herbert, black face comedian, marionettes and magic; Lew Rosare, contortionist; Prof. F. E. Miller, spirit cabinet, handcuff act and silly kid piano player; Joe Sower, Irish and Dutch act; Mrs. Sower, treasurer, and Baby Pauline, ballads. We play to S. R. O. nightly." Here, then, you behold the Muses Nine conspiring with Æsculapius in a device known to ethical philosophers as the Little Game.

Failing dinners and shows — which, alas, come high! — the Little Game takes the less costly form of humor. And, from the economic viewpoint, it waives the implied paradox and takes its humor seriously. A joke may find him who a sermon flies; for the mirthful advertisement outflanks logic by creating a milieu hypnotically conducive to commercial exchange. Truly, were Sunny Jim to convert the nine gowned justices, stern reasoners though they be, into regular purchasers of Force, I should not so much as blink; for Force is a jovial name. Uneeda Biscuit become only the more negotiable under so whimsical a sobriquet; and "Prof. Lawrence, tonsorial artist, cranial manipulator, and capillature abridger," gets trade in plenty. So does the London publican, who calls his inn "The Swallow." There 's a mischievous winsomeness, too, in the Preacher Cigar, the Three Nuns Cigarettes, and — save the mark! — St. Mary's Distillery. So it comes about that whoso hits on a clever name sits exalted among the gods of his personal Pantheon. But a most obliging divinity I find him, and ever ready to disclose the intellectual processes whereby he achieved his triumph. Poe has told how he wrote The Raven, Kipling, how he composed his Recessional; and with equal appropriateness the rat-poison man consents to lay bare his heart. Having traced the conception and realization of a great hope, he comes at last to the question of nomenclature. "That was the rub. I wrestled with that problem for several days and nights. One night, after working over it till wellnigh morning, I got tired and gave it up. But I said aloud to myself, 'Well, what-

ever I call it in the end, it certainly is "Rough on Rats." ' It struck me like a flash — that this expression was the winning name, and in ten minutes I was out on the floor, executing a war dance to the refrain, 'Rats, Rats, Rough on Rats, Hang Your Dogs, and Drown Your Cats.' " Dear, good Mother Eddy, it seems, had a somewhat similar experience. "Six weeks," she declares, "I waited on God to suggest a name for the book I had been writing. Its title, Science and Health, came to me in the silence of the night, when the steadfast stars watched over the world — when slumber had fled — and I rose and recorded the hallowed suggestion. The following day I showed it to my literary friends, who advised me to drop both the book and the title. To this, however, I gave no heed."

Thus it befalls that a rather dismal joke becomes little short of the magnificent when viewed from the standpoint of its author. And, after all, the jester should of right be merrier than his merriest jests, — or, at least, when one comes to think of it, such is generally the case, — and a defenseless world must learn to make the best of it. To subject a humorous advertisement to cold criticism is to spoil the fun. The real jocularity is not in the advertisement, but in the advertiser. The photographer who exclaims, "Bring on your dear little babies; if they don't sit still I won't get mad, for I was a baby once myself," is funnier than his advertisement. When I read,

> Save your time and save your pelf,
> Save your temper, shave yourself,

I chuckle. Is the rhyme, then, so clever? No, I can quote you a whole anthology of infinitely wittier jingles. But a razor, which none but the bearded contemplate without a shudder, or handle without grave solicitude, suggests a train of thought moving, let us say, from north to south. And a razor-monger of so poetical a temper as that here manifest suggests a train of thought moving, let us say, from south to north. Presto, collision! And I laugh, not because the two trains meet, to the well-deserved damage of their dignity, but rather because the smash is transparently premeditated; which bespeaks jocularity where least expected. Likewise I treasure the spirited lines: —

> Mary had a little lamb;
> Its fleece was white as snow,
> For every morning with Truth Soap
> She washed him, don't you know?
>
> Now Mary never boiled the lamb.
> She merely let him soak
> In soap and water over night,
> And rinsed him when he woke.

This, I have sometimes dared think, almost equals the German professor's prescription of an infallible test for the temperature of the baby's bath: "Put the baby in the water; if he turns red, it 's too warm; if he turns blue, it 's too cold." For the notion of a woolly little lamb put sorrowfully to bed in a washtub appeals quite powerfully to one's sense of the pathetic, and pathos adds ever a certain wicked zest to the humorous. And yet the fine flavor of this quaint advertisement lies chiefly, I think, in the unexpected oddity wherewith a most respectable nursery rhyme is perverted and elaborated to suit the exigencies of the soap trade. Twist and distort the familiar, till art-for-art's-sake becomes art-for-advertising's-sake, and you perpetrate a highly jovial crime. Thus a facsimile of the cover design of Confessions of a Wife attracts my vagrant eye to what looks for all the world like an extract from that most delirious of novels: "To-morrow is our wedding day, and I have a surprise for Dana. . . . I can see him sometimes looking wistfully at his soiled left hand. . . . Dana has grown so patient and gentle that it frightens me. . . . When he swears and throws the soap around the room my spirits are quite good — it is not natural for Dana to be patient. . . . Cleanliness has its price as well as love,

and it seems as if in this struggle with common soaps he paid the cost of his cleanliness from the treasury of his life. . . . I have got a cake of Hand Sapolio for Dana."

These charming parodies seem to me so ingratiating, and their gratuitous publication indicates so fine a geniality, that I find myself quite amiably disposed toward the advertisers who have put them forth. This is what the advertisers wanted, and I perceive, not without a modicum of personal satisfaction, that verily they have their reward. They deserve it. For art is long, and successful humor the longest and toughest of arts. I have known many jokers, but few jokes. And so I am hardly surprised to find a distinguished authority counseling advertisers to walk wide of the jocose advertisement. Says he, "The man who has no sense of humor can never see the point of a humorous ad, while there is every reason for believing that the man who has a sense of humor is connoisseur enough to select choicer food for it than that afforded in the humorous ad." But jocosity will out, and the comic advertisement has come to stay. And as humor is rare, especially in America (for what other nation in Christendom would relish Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?), the advertiser accordingly addresses himself, with notorious success and unquestioned profit, to the humor of the humorless. Watch the passengers in the trolley car. They are delightedly absorbing its frieze of obvious comicalities, and with my hand on my heart I declare there never were more fatuous jingles, never more vapid absurdities, never more limping attempts at wit. This is just as it should be. For a single disgruntled beholder — like yourself, gentle reader — there are thousands on thousands who proudly imagine themselves amused.

"Humor," says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect." Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be; I frankly enjoy his laughterless and unconscious imperfections. "Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three pieces," writes he; or "Try our patent lamp-chimney and save half your light;" or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus, "You will never see the ad writer play the wall-flower in society;" and, good lack, why should he? I will pledge my all to find admirers for any author of unwittingly humorous advertisements. Indeed, I dare say Mr. Crothers himself would be proud to fellowship with such an one, and "frankly enjoy his imperfections," though methinks he would perhaps reserve the right to order his own affairs without assistance from so devious and humorless an intellect. I recall a noted clergyman who, when promoting the American lectures of a touring British dean, sought counsel of a professional advertiser. "Get a strong list of patronesses," said his confident Mentor, "and I'll do the rest." So the churchman spent some seven laborious days ringing just the right doorbells, and thus secured the sponsorship of the good and great. The advertiser spent seven days, also, contriving a suitable sensation. Without waiting on clerical approval — for what do the clergy know of these mundane matters? — he posted ten thousand circulars, each bearing the impressive roster of fashionable patronesses, and each superscribed in monstrous letters (as befitted the intellectual dimensions of the reverend lecturer) —

COME and HEAR a
RARE OLD ENGLISH DEAN!

The touring dean, like the king in the ancient chronicle, waxed "wonderly wroth;" so did the fashionable patronesses; so, in consequence, did the trustful clergyman, who for many a day had to hide his light under a bushel. But the

advertising specialist stood by his guns. He had brought the dean's lecture to a happy issue, packed the auditorium, minted a snug and glittering little fortune. For his well-aimed *gaucherie* had set the whole town babbling, and the social cataclysm and its resultant uproar had converted the hideous proclamation into that best of advertisements, the self-repeater.

When I turn advertiser, I shall venture on nothing but self-repeaters. I shall uniformly advertise my deans after that perilous but remunerative fashion; indeed, I shall even emulate the Girl with the Auburn Hair, from whom I one day received a very pretty missive, which, written in a delicate feminine hand, on irreproachable note-paper, thus tactfully invited consideration: —

DEAR MR. HARTT, — As I never asked a favor of you before in all my life, I feel free to ask one now. Please have the goodness to meet me at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theatre at eight o'clock any evening next week. Wear a pink carnation in your buttonhole, so I shall know you. Don't tell any one except your wife and family.

Sincerely yours,
THE GIRL WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.

As every man in town, or at least every man in the address book, had been honored with a similar brochure, just imagine the hubbub! I am not aware that innumerable multitudes assembled, carnation-bedecked, at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theatre, but I have it for truth that the Girl with the Auburn Hair sang to vast and highly expectant audiences. She had made every man of us her herald.

And so it chances that many a commercial proclamation leaps from the advertising column to the realm of popular humor, and is there repeated free of cost. A proletarian vaudeville audience will laugh at the merest mention of Heinz's pickles or Dr. Munyon's inhaler. In A Chinese Honeymoon, Miss Toby Claude, with a marvelous horizontal pigtail, becomes, in the lines assigned to the leading comedian, "Sunny Jim's sister," — and the joke, so profitable to the manufacturers of Force, brings a burst of uncontrollable merriment. A newspaper jokesmith contrives that Mrs. McBride shall say, "I can't coax my husband to eat any breakfast;" to which Mrs. Oldwife rejoins, "Have you tried Force?" Whereupon Mrs. McBride exclaims, "Madam, you don't know my husband!" All my advertisements, I have determined, must thus reverberate.

Better yet, I am fixed upon it that whenever possible, they shall go capped and gowned in academic dignity. I remember a little affair that occurred some years ago at a venerable New England College. It was Commencement Day. A brilliant audience had assembled. On the platform sat the distinguished Faculty and trustees of that ancient institution of learning. Several youthful orators had successively striven for appreciation, till at last appeared the putative candidate for the prize "for the best appearance on the Commencement stage." A handsome lad he was, and a really impressive figure as he strode across the platform in his flowing Oxford gown. He bowed smilingly, and then said with radiant amiability, "Good-morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?" With that he paused — seconds, but hours it seemed — while a shudder of scandalized horror ran through us all. I could have sunk into the very depths of the earth. The learned Faculty were beside themselves with mingled rage and mortification. The audience gasped. But after the dreadful pause came the ringing exclamation, "This is the advertisement that stares us in the face, turn where we will! Do you read the advertisements in the daily papers? You ought to." And then followed an elo-

quent address on the Economics of Advertising, — an address so vigorous and sane and convincing, and delivered with such ardor and measure, that the terrible youth covered himself with honor, and triumphantly bore away the prize. There you had a self-repeater worth talking about.

Such, then, as I view these pleasant interests, are the humors of advertising. I am advised, however, that some, Charles Dickens among them, prescribe an attitude less frivolous than mine toward so solemn a thing as the printed advertisement. Says Dickens, "The advertisements which appear in a public journal take rank among the most significant indications of the state of society of that time and place." Which is literally true of this singular brochure in the Dyersburg, Tennessee, Gazette: "LOST — A HOUSE.

"On Tuesday, March 16, my dwelling-house, thirteen miles above Caruthersville, was washed from its foundation and floated down the Mississippi River. It is a new two-story frame, painted white and built in T shape, with a hall in the centre, and a two-story front porch all the way across the building. It contained all my household and kitchen furniture, including an organ with J. C. engraved on the plate. The cook stove is an old-fashion No. 8 range. A Marlin rifle, sixteen-shot, 38-calibre, was also in the house. Any one knowing the whereabouts of this house will be rewarded by informing me at this place."

Here, beyond doubt, you have an accurate picture of life in Dyersburg, Tennessee. The advertisement thus becomes material for the sociologist, and if this be sociology let us make the most of it! "The most truthful part of a newspaper," says Thomas Jefferson, "is the advertisements." When, therefore, I read, "Come and see the Human Suicide: he kills himself every fifteen minutes," or "A bottle of Italian air (price one dollar) will make you sing like Patti in her early days," I have doubtless enlarged my personal sapiency by peacefully annexing an indisputable fact. Nevertheless, so ill-poised is my solemnity that, even when thus handsomely enriched, I laugh in the face of my new acquisition. Yet a kindly laugh it is, — with charity for all, and with malice toward none.

Indeed, he were a sad sort of Christian, who, stalking abroad through the sunny realm of public advertising, could fail to be warmed by its humors. For, despite their conscious or unconscious *grotesquerie*, they bespeak the Pauline virtues of faith, hope, and love: faith in the omnipotence of the advertisement; hope writ large in a splendid commercial optimism; love, singing ever of noble disinterestedness. And the greatest of these is love. Fortunes in mining stocks, health and long life in unfailing pills and potions, wisdom by mail or in packages of breakfast food, the trappings of splendor for only a tithe of their value, — these, and a hundred other precious things, are fairly pelted at a beloved public, to the apparent ruin of its benefactors. Even the advertising of this vast and profoundly altruistic sacrifice costs millions of dollars. And the pretty point of it is, the advertisers, such is the joy with which an approving Providence beholds their self-forgetfulness, get rich in the process. Moreover, it is sweet to know that, in the last analysis, it is my money and yours that they fatten on, and, by virtue of increased prices, my money and yours that pays for their extravagant advertising — which, methinks, is the best joke of all.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

WHIPPOORWILL TIME.

LET down the bars; drive in the cows;
The west is dyed with burning rose:
Unhitch the horses from the ploughs,
And from the cart the ox that lows,
And light the lamp within the house.
The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the locust blooms are falling
On the hill:
The sunset's rose is dying,
And the whippoorwill is crying,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will;"
Soft, now shrill,
The whippoorwill is crying
"Whip-poor-will."

Unloose the watch-dog from his chain:
The first stars wink their drowsy eyes:
A sheep-bell tinkles in the lane,
And where the shadow deepest lies
A lamp makes bright the kitchen pane.
The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the berry-blooms are falling
On the rill:
The first faint stars are springing,
And the whippoorwill is singing,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will;"
Softly still
The whippoorwill is singing,
"Whip-poor-will."

The cows are milked; the cattle fed;
The last far streaks of evening fade:
The farm-hand whistles in the shed,
And in the house the table 's laid;
The lamp streams on the garden-bed.
The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the dog-wood blooms are falling
On the hill:
The afterglow is waning,
And the whippoorwill 's complaining,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will;"
Wild and shrill,
The whippoorwill 's complaining,
"Whip-poor-will."

The moon blooms out, a great white rose:
The stars wheel onward towards the west:
The barnyard cock wakes once and crows:
The farm is wrapped in peaceful rest:
The cricket chirs: the firefly glows.
The whippoorwill is calling,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will,"
Where the bramble-blooms are falling
On the rill:
The moon her watch is keeping,
And the whippoorwill is weeping,
"Whip-poor-will; whip-poor-will;"
Lonely still,
The whippoorwill is weeping,
"Whip-poor-will."

Madison Cawein.

THE WORK OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

It would be interesting to know if the impulse to organize that first resulted in a Woman's Club in 1868 had its basis in any fundamental and common need of the women of that period. That two clubs, the New England Women's Club of Boston, and Sorosis of New York, were formed almost simultaneously, would point toward such a conclusion. That some of the leaders in the movement were suffragists, that the individual members were women who had been intellectually quickened and trained in practical experience by the events of the civil war, and that the time to enjoy the results of such organization had been gained by the improved domestic economy, will suggest some basis for speculation as to the underlying causes. The superficial and stated reason for being, in the constitutions of those early clubs, was unanimously "for mutual, or general, improvement, and to promote social enjoyment."

With this simple and egoistic platform, the club idea gained adherents very rapidly in New England and the Middle States. Study clubs were formed in large cities and remote villages, each with its encumbering constitution, and rules of order that seemed specially designed to retard the business of the day.

Outwardly, for twenty years, the woman's club remained an institution for the culture and pleasure of its members; but within, the desire for a larger opportunity was gradually strengthening. Parliamentary practice gave women confidence in their ability to lead larger issues to a successful conclusion. The inherent longing for power, coupled with confidence in the wisdom and beneficence of whatever woman should do, brought the leaders of the club movement to a conception of social service. To effect this, further organization was necessary. It was then, in 1890, that a union of individual clubs was formed into a chartered body, known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Closely following this culmination, the women of Maine formed the first union of the clubs of that state into a state federation. Other states joined in the movement, each state federation as it organized becoming a unit of the General Federation. There

are now represented in this body thirty-nine states and territories and five foreign countries, with 3288 clubs having a membership of about 275,000 women.

The organization of the General Federation is complete, making it possible, given the responsible person in office, to get immediately into touch with every individual member. Its character is unique; racially heterogeneous, sectionally widespread, theoretically of no politics, it is pledged to work for the improvement of its members in every line of human culture and for all wise measures relating to human progress.

To be a member of such an organization must stimulate the imagination, deepen the sympathies, and go a long way toward overcoming that provincialism of mind with which our country has constantly to reckon. This subjective work was the early endeavor of the federations; but for eight years, since the Biennial held in Milwaukee, and also since the state federations found their social consciences, the effort has been toward the concrete issue. "Something must be done to justify our existence," has been the constant cry of officers, federation bulletins, and committee reports. To see the general preparedness to do passing on to an active doing may well cause a certain dismay in the mind of the onlooker.

The amused toleration that has for long characterized the thought of those unfortunates who were outside the club movement is changing to a somewhat anxious curiosity, and not without cause. It makes little difference to the community that the club has set aside the colored lithograph in favor of a Preraphaelite photograph in carbon, or that it studiously regards the possibilities of Hamlet's madness. Even vacation schools and college scholarships as an issue fail to arouse serious comment. But when the clubs begin to appear in legislative committee rooms, bearing yards of signatures, and when they question why the employees of bakeshops are permitted to work seventy or eighty hours a week, their potential power becomes a factor to be seriously considered.

The spectacle of 275,000 women splendidly organized, armed with leisure and opportunity, and animated by a passion for reform, assumes the distinction of a "social force." Forces must be reckoned with, and the work and the worth of the woman's club movement are becoming important public interests.

The work of the woman's club is threefold: to educate its members, mentally and morally; to create public opinion; to secure better conditions of life. Its worth, personal and social, is in proportion to its effectiveness in securing these ends.

The first clubs were study clubs; all clubs are in some degree study clubs, the culture idea having been the most tenacious. The early club, and the parlor club of to-day, would frequently devote a season to the study of one book, or one author, or some theory of economics or epoch in history. Their study may not have been either profound or judiciously chosen, but the woman herself really believed in it, and was being as studious as she could easily be.

The members took great interest in naming their clubs. The heroines of antiquity, the modern literary celebrities, Greek words that look so simple but mean so much, flowers of the field, all were pressed into the significant service of this organization.

The club members of long ago did not bring ponderous dignity with them to their meetings. They were gay, girlish, and, it may be, frivolous. Their programmes and calendars reveal a schoolgirl's indifference to the decorous habits of an older society. Happily there are still sections of our country where the president appears in the Year Book as "Mrs. Bob," or "Mrs. Mayme," and where the Recording Secretary naïvely writes her-

self "Mrs. Katie;" where the "Clio Club" devotes the season to the study of "Robert Louis Stevenson and of Nature;" where "Browning Clubs" read "Shakespeare and the Magazines," and where a "Current Events Class" studies "The Bible."

The simple club, with its accessories of tea and poetry, has given way to, or been absorbed in, the Department Club, a club that needs no distinguishing title, but is, par excellence, the Woman's Club.

The department club has taken unto itself the sphere of human knowledge, or, to be specific, and according to the records of 1902, it devotes itself in general to nine named lines of work: Literature, Music, Art, Education, Current Topics, Finance, Philanthropy, Household Economics, and Social Economics. The average scope of endeavor of all the clubs of the country is six departments to each club, the majority undertaking five subjects, and a goodly number being undaunted by the nine.

The theory that underlies the department club is, that the members will naturally gather around the standing committee with whose work they are in especial sympathy, study groups being thus formed; while from time to time each committee will introduce some eminent person to speak to the whole club of his specialty. Practical work will be assigned to the group to which it belongs, and so all possible interests of society will have their hospitable centre from which community betterment will radiate. That the theory is workable has been proven by the efficient practice of such clubs as the Cantabrigia in Massachusetts, the Chicago Woman's Club, and the Woman's Club of Denver. The common practice is far from the ideal. The individual members do not cumulate, nor does the standing committee radiate. The season's work consists, instead, of an expensive programme in which the amusement idea is overlaid by the serious character of the subjects presented. Few groups of study are formed, and these are likely to be on culture subjects. The concrete work of the club is spasmodic, and dependent for its performance almost entirely on the personnel of the standing committee, which is annually changing. The one permanent feature is the lecture; that cannot be escaped, nor can it be related.

A succession of lectures on widely divergent subjects has the effect merely of awakening a transient emotion, buried by the keener emotion of the next intellectual opportunity. There can be no valid objection to listening to lectures when one is a mere listener; but the woman's club listener has added to her receptiveness a vague feeling that she, by virtue of her position, must do something about it. Her passivity is aroused into convulsive but feeble volition; but before she has time to respond to the present claim, another blow has been struck and another purpose presented, to be vanquished in its turn by another claimant. The indefinite process of stimulation and exhaustion, without accompanying activity, goes on until the desperate club woman listens to all causes with equal stoicism and with mechanical interest.

Quite aside from the ethical import of the modern club lecture is its intellectual appeal. Unquestionably certain lectures arouse an eager desire to follow out lines of thought. I have frequently watched with interest the connection between the reading habit of a community, as evinced in the call for books at the public library, and the train of thought inspired by the last lecturer. One day in the poets' alcove I missed the copies of the Odyssey and the Iliad. Their places had not been vacant before. I hurriedly went to the alcove where Philosophy reposed. Thomas à Kempis was not there. The last lecture at the club had had to do with "literature and life." The books were back in a day or two in their accustomed places. I

fancied I perceived in them a certain dejection, as though they had failed to meet the expectations aroused by their eloquent expositor. Then I remembered the Audubon lecture of yesterday. Quickly I sought Natural Science. Every book of ornithology had disappeared. "It may be butterflies to-morrow, but that is too nearly related," I reflected; "it is more likely to be 'Man's Duty to his Neighbor.'"

The dubiety of thought that results from the mixed club programme is further complicated by the occasional mistiness of the club vocabulary. For instance, there is the term Social Economics. In 1902 thirty state federations and 369 clubs announced this science to be one branch of their work. Investigation does not reveal that the term means to any club a particular science. On the contrary, it seems to be a nebulous term covering a diversity of interests more or less misunderstood. A certain blunting of mental sensitiveness will result from such inaccuracy, even if clubs escape the criticism of intellectual dishonesty.

In a suburban car some years ago I became interested in two ladies, in whom I soon recognized those well-known people, Mrs. Arrived and Mrs. Arriving. Their conversation was an interesting commentary on the direct intellectual and ethical value of the woman's club. Mrs. Arriving was directly opposite me, and her staccato, penetrating voice compelled me in this instance to be a willing listener.

"Were you at the club yesterday?" she asked with a certain eagerness, as if to bring the important subject forward before it should be conversationally sidetracked to make way for the regular traffic of servants and gowns.

"No, I was too busy at home to think of going," answered Mrs. Arrived.

"Oh, it's too bad to let trivial things keep you away. We had such an elevating lecture. Really, it gave me such an uplift!"

"Indeed! I remember you were to have Mr. O——. What was his subject?" asked Mrs. Arrived in an indulgent tone.

"It was Lowell. You know, the one every one was talking about last spring. It seemed to me that every person I met asked me to put down my name for a small subscription. Somebody wanted to build a monument or do something for him in Cambridge. If I had heard Mr. O—— then, I believe I should have given something. But it is probably just as well. Mr. O—— did not say anything about its having been done."

"What did Mr. O—— say?" Mrs. Arrived's tone was still indulgent. "Did he speak of Lowell's poetry?"

"Oh no, — at least not much. He talked about, — let me see, I can tell you in a minute just what his subject was, — Lowell, the man, the American, and the historian," answered Mrs. Arriving triumphantly.

"But Lowell was not an historian," interrupted the other lady.

"Oh, was n't he? How foolish! Now I remember. It was Lowell, the man, the American, and the essayist. But he said a lot about the civil war, that 's where I got mixed up about history," and Mrs. Arriving's tone indicated no confusion.

"I am very fond of Lowell's poetry," said Mrs. Arrived reflectively. "The Commemoration Ode seems to me among the noblest poetry we have produced."

"You have read it, then! Mr. O—— said something about it, and advised us all to read it. I made up my mind that I should just as soon as I could get it from the library. It 's such a bother to get a thing at once. Every one is sure to rush for it. By the time I can get hold of the book I have usually forgotten what I wanted to read."

"Why don't you buy it, then?"

"I buy books! My goodness, my last dressmaker's bill was three hundred dollars. I guess I shan't waste any money

on books as long as the public supports a good library."

There was an eloquent pause, finally broken by Mrs. Arrived, who asked, "Did Mr. O—— refer to any other poem, or recommend any other to your notice?"

"Yes, he said by all means to read the Fable for Critics. He read some screechingly funny passages from that; and he wanted us not to neglect Ulysses."

"Ulysses! Lowell did not write Ulysses; that is Tennyson's." Mrs. Arrived was evidently annoyed.

"Now I remember. I do get so mixed up. It was Columbus! But Mrs. R——, you know, the one whose husband writes poetry, she said, when we were going home, that whenever she read Columbus, her husband made her read Ulysses as an antidote. Was n't that a funny thing to say? That 's the way I got them mixed up." Mrs. Arriving continued placidly, "I don't wonder that I do, there is so much to think about. Now there 's the topics of the day. You don't go to Miss Informed's Current Events Class, do you?"

"No, do you?" Mrs. Arrived questioned curtly.

"I could n't get on without it," answered Mrs. Arriving. "You see, it takes only an hour and a half once a week. And she tells us everything that 's going on, so I never look into a paper, except for the deaths and teas. I just came from there this morning. Such an interesting morning, too! You know she talked about the necessity of having a Society for the Protection of the Motor Men from the Severe Weather. Yes, I joined. I think it is too cruel that they should be so exposed to the cold. I shall use all my influence, and make my husband use his, to have the cars vestibuled. Well, how I have talked! Now I must get off on this next block. You know I have to look up a new coachman. Ours won't stay. He got perfectly furious yesterday because he had to wait for me for an hour."

"Well, it must have been rather hard to sit in that storm for an hour, unprotected," interposed Mrs. Arrived.

"What does one keep a coachman for? I guess he could stand it if the horses could. Really, servants are getting so delicate one hardly knows what to do. Here 's my street. Good-by, dear, I 'll come and see you if ever I get a coachman who can stand the weather. Oh, I do hope you 'll help about the motor men. Good-by." Her last sentence was wafted back from the platform of the car.

I glanced involuntarily toward the lady who remained. Our eyes met understandingly. "The club leaves us where it finds us," I said to her.

And she, perhaps mistakenly, answered, "No, it carries us into an uncertain knowledge that is worse than ignorance."

To stimulate and direct public opinion is a natural function of the woman's club. Its members are curious about local conditions, and directly interested in the administration of civic affairs. They have experienced in some measure the power of organized and directed effort, and believe in the inherent rightness of their own theories. Lacking the means of direct authority, they seek to gain, by influence and persuasiveness, a determining voice in the conduct of public affairs. On the other hand, the fact that there is a woman's club at all gives evidence to the community that women have time to give that special attention to civic problems which is denied to most men. Our domestic life has approximated the ideal of the ambitious husband in Miss Jewett's story, — the one who had realized his keenest desire, that his wife "could set in her rocking-chair all the afternoon and read a novel." Because American women have this leisure, the community looks to them, more and more, to hold the sensitive plate of

public welfare, and to be responsible for the initiation of better methods and manners in civic life. Women's clubs necessarily, then, find their chief scope of altruistic work in creating public opinion.

It is of singular importance that this should be a wise public opinion. The leaders of the club movement are recognizing this necessity, — a fact evinced by the precautionary advice with which they surround their plans for work. The elimination of the tramp is the special object of the Social Service committee of a prominent state federation. Once he might have been eliminated *viva voce*, or by withholding his morning coffee. But the new intelligence of organized women demands that the case shall be studied. Individual clubs are asked to collect local data. They are urged to undertake no public action without consultation with the committee. The help of able sociologists is invited, and the coöperation of organizations that make a special study of the "Tramp Evil" is secured. By these means the committee undertakes to prevent any hasty or unwise action, and to supply to each community some fundamental knowledge on which wise public opinion may be based. As a sign of the times in the club world, this is a significant incident. Nor is the action of this committee isolated; instead, the same method is coming to be adopted for each remedial measure authorized by the federations. It is yet too early to see definite, quotable results of this plan of work in individual clubs. Past constructive work has been too often due to the quiescent acceptance of whatever measures might be proposed, rather than to their intelligent consideration. Should the new leaven work, the worth of the woman's club to a community would be tremendously increased. Its habits of study would be revolutionized. Its claim to be a "promoter of the public welfare" would be established.

But even without the personal enlightenment that counts for so much, women's clubs have been a potent factor in determining public opinion. As organizations, they have realized that "in public opinion we are all legislators by our birthright." And in practice, they have found that they could actually legislate by means of this power. Legislative work is undertaken by all the state federations, in urging and securing the passage of laws that deal with the conditions of women and children. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Illinois, the state federations have promoted the passage of a bill giving joint and equal parental guardianship to minor children. The Juvenile Court Law has been secured in California, Illinois, Maryland, and Nebraska. The Louisiana Federation has worked successfully for the Probationary Law, and in Texas an industrial school has been established. Laws to raise the standard of public morality, to segregate and classify defective and delinquent classes, to secure the services of women as factory inspectors, police matrons, and on boards of control, are other measures for which women's clubs have successfully worked.

While it is difficult to determine the degree of women's participation in this large body of corrective legislation, careful investigation proves that they were, at least, an important single factor. In some instances, the officers of the state federation framed the bill and secured the necessary guidance at every step of its passage; in others, petitions and public agitation were the agencies employed. An inland newspaper in describing the passage of a bill, whose sponsors had been the women's clubs, said, "It was passed in a rush of gallantry in which gush, good sense, and sentimentalism were combined."

The reporter perceived a number of the elements that have entered into the support given by men to women's measures. And while a more elegant exposition might be made of underlying mo-

tives, it is hardly possible to give one more discriminating. Whatever the psychical basis of their legislative influence may be, their success demonstrates the fact that politics is possible to a non-political body ; that a third party, without vote or direct participation, may come, in a democracy, to have a determining authority in corrective legislation.

Securing the passage of laws is the extreme instance of what organized women have accomplished through the medium of public opinion. Many other concrete illustrations drawn from local conditions might be given; but they would all serve to illustrate that the woman's club is determining the mind of the community in its relation to many educational, philanthropic, and reformatory questions. How important, then, becomes right thinking in the club, — not solemn, arrogating, feminine, self-inclusive thinking, but gay, self-forgetful, reflective, human thinking.

A club to which I belong at one time concentrated its very serious efforts to prevent the further destruction of song birds. We interested the children in the public schools. We argued with the husbands and fathers, and particularly with the bachelor sportsmen. We wrote columns in the local paper, and succeeded in arousing much public sympathy for the songsters. Soon after we bought and appeared in our new millinery. An irreverent joker counted fifty aigrettes floating from fifty new bonnets, and proposed to our president that he come to do a little missionary work in the club in behalf of birds. It was fortunate for our club that its president had a sense of humor, else we might be still wearing aigrettes and distributing pamphlets for the protection of song birds.

The federation of one of the more enlightened states has recently undertaken to enter the field of direct politics. I quote the advice it gives to its constituents : —

"Before senators and representatives are even nominated, it is very essential that club women look up the record of the various candidates in their districts, and satisfy themselves as to their position regarding women upon boards of control of state institutions. Find out how they voted last year. Information will be gladly furnished by members of this committee. Then strive to create a sufficient public sentiment in your own locality to defeat, at the party caucus, any nominee known to oppose women representatives upon Boards of Control." It is this partial, local, and partisan type of mind that the woman's club supposedly tries to correct. That it has not succeeded, as yet, in doing this, may be due to the greater attention given to objective causes than to subjective conditions, or it may be an expression of the mere femininity of the movement.

The field for constructive work in the women's clubs — work in which they have direct and controlling authority — is limited. To create better conditions of life means for them commonly to use the indirect agencies we have been considering. In philanthropy and public education, they have found their chief opportunity for responsible effort, and in both fields women's clubs have been of conspicuous service. They have been hospitable to all forms of philanthropy, creating, by their aggregation of non-sectarian people, a new centre of public beneficence. They have added frequently to the educational equipment of a community, the kindergarten, manual training, and domestic science ; and this not always by persuasion, but through the establishment and support of these branches of education, until such time as the community should be convinced of their usefulness and voluntarily assume their responsibilities. More than in any other way, the women's clubs have benefited the schools by creating better hygienic and æsthetic conditions in school buildings and grounds. They

have made it possible for the children to become familiar with good art, with the beauty of cleanliness, and with the charm of a growing vine or flower.

But it is in the work for the extension of libraries that women's clubs have most fully demonstrated their ability to further an educational project. Many states in the Union have made no provision for the establishment of free libraries, and in others, where there is the necessary legislation, local conditions prevent their adequate establishment. Realizing keenly what a dearth of books means to a community, women's clubs have promptly initiated in many states systems of traveling libraries to satisfy the needs of the people until free libraries could be established on a permanent basis. In Oklahoma and Indian Territory the federation collected one thousand volumes. These were classified and divided into fifty libraries, and each was sent on its enlightening pilgrimage. Kansas is sending to its district schools and remote communities 10,000 books divided into suitable libraries. The women of Ohio circulate 900 libraries; Kentucky is sending sixty-four to its mountaineers. In Maine the traveling library has become a prized educational opportunity. Its success has secured the appointment of a Library Commission and the enactment of suitable library legislation. This movement is extensive; and as an indication of what organized women can do, when the issue is concrete and appealing, it is significant. At a recent federation meeting in Massachusetts, no orator of the day made so eloquent an appeal as did the neat and convenient case of good books that invited our inspection before it should be sent to a remote community in the Tennessee Mountains.

Except in the two lines of work we have just considered, women's clubs are not zealous in undertaking to create better conditions of life by direct and authoritative measures. To many causes they give tacit assent. A veteran club officer said to me recently, "I am ashamed to bring a petition before my clu' ; the members will sign anything."

"But do they do everything?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "they seem to think that to sign a petition is tantamount to securing the end desired. Having signed, the matter is closed so far as they personally are concerned."

An instance which will illustrate this curious personal apathy toward causes that are furthered by the federations, and to which the club members abstractly assent, is found in the history of their relation to industrial conditions. Six years ago the General Federation undertook to help the solution of certain industrial problems, notably to further organization among working-women; to secure and enforce child labor legislation where needed; to further attendance at school; and to secure humane conditions under which labor is performed. State federations have acted in accordance with the General Federation's plans to appoint standing industrial committees, procure investigations, circulate literature, and create a public sentiment in favor of these causes. In Illinois this indirect power was of much aid in securing a Child Labor Law. In other communities something has been accomplished by way of enacting new laws or enforcing existing ones, showing that organized women readily avail themselves of the chance for indirect service in promoting the intelligent efforts of the federations.

On the other hand, there are three opportunities by means of which women's clubs and their members can directly effect in a limited and local sense that industrial amelioration for which as federations they work so zealously. The first is found in the industrial conditions of the South, where it has been proved that the establishment of schools that offer manual training combined with

some study of books, and with practical work in gardens and kitchens, will offset the attraction the factory has had for the children in its vicinity. These schools are called "Model Schools," and have been successfully inaugurated in Georgia. Their need is financial, and Southern women have brought the nature and needs of this work, which is, in a broad sense, an industrial reform, to the notice of women's clubs in the North. In 1903 the clubs of Massachusetts established their first school at Cass, Georgia, and assured its maintenance for two years. But there is no other evidence that this significant opportunity for industrial amelioration has received that prompt and direct support that might warrantably have been expected.

The Child Labor Committee of the General Federation has furnished individual clubs with a second direct opportunity. This committee finds that the argument most frequently encountered while attempting to enact Child Labor legislation has been that the earnings of little children are needed to support widowed mothers. Therefore the committee requests clubs to investigate local conditions, and whenever an apparent case of this nature is found, "to persuade the children thus employed to return to school, undertaking to pay the amount of the weekly wage, which the child formerly earned, to his widowed mother." This money is to be called and regarded as a scholarship. The plan resembles one that has been carried on successfully by the state authorities in Switzerland for twenty-five years; therefore it is neither a visionary nor impracticable scheme, but one in which women could realize their traditional responsibilities toward the children of the community, and in which women's clubs could find a beneficent opportunity for direct and constructive work toward industrial amelioration. Eight such scholarships have been established in Chicago. There is no further evidence that any woman's club has undertaken to carry out this plan.

The third instance is comprised in the unique opportunity for individual, as well as united, service offered to women by the Consumers' League. This is the case of the individual purchaser, and of the product in one line of manufactured goods. For some years the Consumers' League has urged upon the community the righteousness of buying only such goods as have been produced under humane conditions, believing that the final determiner of these conditions is the purchaser. But the claims of the Consumers' League are well known, and it is also known to all women that "white goods" bearing the League's significant label can be bought in open market for prices that are entirely fair. Many state federations and the General Federation are pledged to further the work of the League. Single clubs give exhibitions of white goods, and form small local groups of membership. But the next step, the step that concerns the individual and makes the 275,000 members of women's clubs consistent purchasers of these goods, is not taken. The "bargain counter" is the same scene of conflict as of yore; and the woman who belongs to an organization pledged to industrial reform is a lively participant in this warfare of questionable economy.

The weakness of the club movement is this lack of real contact of ideals between the federations and the single club. The latter is satisfied, selfish, absorbed in its own local concerns; the federation appeals are a disquieting interruption to its orderly programme; while the federations, counting on their numerical strength, and believing in the ultimate awakening of the club, flatter it into an acquiescence that is mistaken for coöperation. In undertaking to awaken interest in so many lines of work, the federations jeopardize all interests, and minimize the value of each. If the women's clubs of 1904 could come

together on the platform of some common and fundamental social need, as did their progenitors, the club writ large in its federations would no longer be an elaborate organization for the dissemination of propaganda, but would at once become that which it now may seem to be, — a social force. Its incoherencies would be explained, its complex methods and motives would be simplified, and its institutional rank might be assigned.

I asked my grocer recently what he thought of our woman's club. And he, with careful precision, answered me, "I think your lady's club is very dressy." While I was still revolving the grocer's answer, I chanced to see these words of an eminent educator: "When the history of this period comes to be written, it will be recognized that from 1870 to 1900 was a period of greater significance than any former two hundred years; and out of that whole time of thirty years, that which will be recognized as the most significant, as the most far-reaching, will be the movement that is represented by the women's clubs."

The adjudication of the two points of view — the club woman and the club movement — may still furnish scope for the altruistic endeavor of the Woman's Club.

Martha E. D. White.

THE LAW OF THE SOUL.

She fitted the piece of board over the broken step, sawing it off and nailing it down with a practiced hand. When it was finished she did not stand off, with head on one side, eyeing it complacently, as amateurs in the arts and trades are apt to do, but picked up her tools, and putting them away in a shed near by, walked off to the next duty with a dull deliberateness of action which spoke more of habit than of interest. She was a tall, thin woman, with a figure which might have been graceful if more becomingly clad than in an ill-fitting calico gown. Her face was lined and roughened by weather, and her hair, drawn tightly back, had grown white on the temples. To her neighbors Mrs. Allen was only an every-day woman, aging fast, unsociable and taciturn; but to one who read beyond the pothooks of observation, her features were notably clear-cut and delicate, and the refinement of her voice and speech, when she did speak, was in striking contrast to the slipshod dialect of her neighbors.

Eight years before, husband and wife, with their few belongings, coming from no one knew where, moved into the little two-room, weather-beaten gray house in the pine clearing, and settled down to the monotonous existence of country solitude. They made no reference to their past, nor ever spoke of the future beyond the moment, their few and scattered neighbors accepting them on their merits, and forgetting, as time went by, that there had ever been a period when they had not known the Allens. If the women complained of Mrs. Allen's lack of sociability, the men could not find fault with Mr. Allen on the same score. He not only never shunned society, but sought it with a shambling alacrity and perseverance which, if put into any kind of work, would have achieved some remarkable results. The women pronounced him "tur'ble shif'less," but the men always grumblingly took his part.

"Women," they contended, "were allus hard on er man ef he did n't wu'k

from the firs' wink of the sun to his'n las', an' never made no 'lowunce for er man's er-gittin' ti'ahed."

"Women," said one philosopher, passing a black bottle to Mr. Allen behind a screen of blackberry bushes, "women is mighty good comfut 'roun' er stove whar there 's vittles to cook, but they 's col' tarnachun w'en they gits to pokin' their noses out'n doors. Yessir. Ye gits ez much comfut out'n them ez ye git er-settin' down on er palmetter clump. Yessir."

Mr. Allen agreed with him, showing his tobacco-stained teeth in an artless smile as he accepted the hospitality of the bottle, drinking from it with an avidity that was a striking, if wordless, explanation of what was otherwise inexplicable in his situation.

After finishing the step, Mrs. Allen moved about the back yard, making ready for the night. The chickens and ducks gathered around her, clucking and quacking with garrulous familiarity, she answering them with tender diminutives, like an affectionate interchange of thought. When she had given them their supper she let in the cow from the woods, tied her, and placed everything ready for the milking. Then, going to the rails dividing the yard from an adjoining field, she called, "Henry!"

A man came slouching toward her across the furrows of sweet potatoes, white with bloom. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and carried a bucket in one hand, a hoe in the other. He dropped them both as he climbed stiffly over the rails forming the fence.

"Did n't git any potatoes," he drawled; "soon as I begun to hoe, my arms got so tired I jus' had to give up, an' I 've been sittin' there restin'."

In spite of the slouchiness of his speech a certain *timbre* — intangible — betrayed the better things of long ago. He dropped down on the box his wife had placed by the cow for his convenience in milking, as though there was not a muscle in his body firmly jointed, and his backbone nothing but a strip of rag. He took off his soft hat, let it fall to the ground, and slowly rolled up his sleeves. His face was remarkable for its peculiar pallor, looking as though it had been bleached of every drop of blood; his eyes, faded and weak, never rested directly on any object, but only glanced furtively at it from the corners; his hair and beard were in the colorless transition stage of passing from blond to white, and his stooping figure gave him the false appearance of old age.

"My arms are so weak I don't know as I can do much milkin'," he said, still dallying.

His wife sighed. "Let me do it, then," she replied, a note of weary resignation in her voice.

"Never mind; I reck'n I kin git 'nough for supper; I 'll try, at any rate." His mouth had a habit of twitching when he finished speaking, as if the word still trembled on his tongue in dumb speech. There was an odd look of elation on his flaccid face which his wife could not but notice, and it caused her to observe him more closely with a suspicion he was quick to note.

"Think I 've been drinkin'," he said, eyeing her covertly, with a weak smile of triumph at his penetration. "I ain't had a drop; ain't seen nobody to drink with; no men lef' 'round here to-day, — all of them off beatin' the woods for that feller."

"What fellow?"

"The feller that — that killed ol' woman Barton. I tell 'em they 'd better save their legs an' their horses; he ain't fool 'nough to stay 'round where they 'd lynch him; by this time he 's safe somewheres in the city;" and he chuckled feebly.

The cow looked back and lowed, as if asking why matters did not proceed. He took the hint, and dropping his forehead against her flank, inertly began to draw a thin stream of milk into the pail.

"You need n't wait," he mumbled from his resting-place. "I 'll put her up."

She turned away with what sounded like a sigh of relief. Going to the tool-shed she took up a trowel and passed to the front of the house. The distance from the house to the road was very short. On each side of the walk leading to the rickety gate, and against the house itself, were flower-beds bright with salvias and chrysanthemums, and the roses were blooming in the waxen perfection of their fall loveliness. She knew, as we all know and count the treasures that we cannot have, that her flowers would be the handsomer and more abundant for more care and culture, but she put the thought away, trying to lay all burdens out of sight, for the few minutes snatched from her busy day were the bright beads in her rosary of cares. She went to work, digging about the roots, sifting the soil with her fingers, and patting it down again with affectionate care. If she had been a demonstrative woman she would have pressed the roses to her cheek, or dropped a kiss upon their petals. She loved her flowers with passionate tenderness as the one refinement and luxury left her in the shipwreck of her life.

While she was busy with her pleasant task a cow came galloping down the road with the ungainly energy of her ungraceful kind. A rope was around her neck, and hanging on to the other end of the rope was a much heated and exasperated boy. Following more leisurely in their wake, a switch in one hand, a sunbonnet in the other, was a stout, middle-aged woman, somewhat out of breath. At sight of Mrs. Allen she readily halted, resting her arms on the top rail of the worm fence.

"Been up to the woods, a-huntin' my cow," she volunteered, when they had exchanged greetings; "she 's like some folks, — got to switch her inter the notion of er-goin' home; but onct she gits er-started, there 's no a-holdin' her back. Reck'n Johnny's arms 'll be mos' pulled out'r their sockets 'fore he gits through with her. Heerd the news, o' course?" — the tone was strongly suggestive of the hope that it was yet to be told.

Mrs. Allen very briefly said she had not.

"Well, they 've done ketched the nigger ez kilt ol' Mis' Bartin, — found him up in the Pine Ridge thicket, er-livin' off'n the po' soul's chickings. He 's er short, chunky nigger, black ez er coal, they sez, an' pow'ful strong. Co'se he sez he never done it, 'clares he 's jes' er-trampin' it to the city, an' bein' mos' starved, jes' gathered up the chickings he foun' er-runnun' loose in the woods. Nobody don't b'lieve him, an' they 've got him locked up in jail down to town," nodding her head toward the west. Then she leaned farther over the fence and lowered her voice impressively: "Mark my words, Mis' Allen, 'fore mornin' there 'll be mo' than *nuts* er-hangin' to the pecan tree by ol' Mis' Bartin's gate."

Mrs. Allen met her significant gaze in silence. Then instinctively both women looked up the pine-sentineled road toward the east where, nearly a mile farther on, at a turn in the road toward the south, a small house faced them, its tightly closed doors and blinds almost hidden from sight by the great pecan tree growing on one side of the gate. The setting sun had dyed its branches a moist crimson.

Forty years ago this same tree had bravely put forth from the ground. For forty years it had shaded the joys and sorrows of the house's inmates, tossing down its nuts into the eagerly upraised hands of happy children, dropping its leaves on the pine coffins as, one by one, husband and children had been carried to the grave; and now it had been the sole witness of

the violent close of the last life. Henceforth house and tree would stand isolated, debarred from human contact, the prey of bat and squirrel, for Murder had set its red seal on the gate.

Mrs. Allen turned her gaze away with a sigh. "Why don't they let the law deal with him?" she said dully, in response to Mrs. Bilbo's insinuation. "He may be truly innocent."

Mrs. Bilbo shook her head with stout conviction. "He 's the right man, sho'. It was a real nigger ac'. There ain't no w'ite man in these here parts ez would choke er po' ol' woman to death for her little savin's, and all the niggers 'bout here is honus' an' frien'ly. You kin sot yo' min' to it that this strange nigger war'n't prowlin' 'bout here fo' no good puppose, an' I reck'n they 'll send him out'n this worl' ez quick ez he sent her."

Mrs. Allen shuddered. "It 's horrible!" she murmured, almost acutely.

Mrs. Bilbo stared at her; there were shades of feeling that her mind's eye had never read. "It ain't any worse 'n what he done," she said resentfully, "an' it 'll learn other fo'ks to be mo' keerful of their ac's."

Mrs. Allen made no further remark, crumbling a dead rose leaf in her hand with her usual stony air of emotionless lethargy. Mrs. Bilbo continued to discourse on the all-absorbing topic, but, eliciting no other expression of interest, she took her arms from the fence as the first move toward departure.

"Well," she said, and the exclamation had the nettled ring of the disappointed raconteur, "I mus' be gittin' on. But don't forgit, if you hears any oncommon noise down this road to-night, that I give you warnin' of it. I mus' hurry to git home 'fore dark. Good-night to you," and Mrs. Bilbo went down the road toward the west, where the crimsoned clouds fast darkened to purple, mentally concluding that she would "sooner talk to er gatepos' 'n some fo'ks, 'cause you don't look fo' nothin' from a gatepos', but you do from fo'ks, 'specially w'en you 've got sunthin' more 'n common to tell 'em." Life to Mrs. Bilbo had no greater burden than its inevitable interruptions to conversation.

The November night was frosty and still and clear. Mrs. Allen shivered, but not with cold; she could scarcely have said with what. Her scant time of recreation had been cut short; it was now too dark to see. She went slowly, it might be reluctantly, to the door, casting a lingering look back at her flowers. The roses gleamed palely in the fast falling night like a mystic lifting of white hands, and the jasmine and honeysuckle breathed their essence in her face. If there was a frost before morning the jasmine would be killed. Jasmine, like happiness, lives only in the garden of the sun.

She turned into the room with a sigh. Lighting a lamp, she placed it on the white pine table standing in the centre of the room. In front of the big open fireplace was a stove, the pipe running into the chimney. The walls were the upright boards of the house, rudely whitewashed, the cooking utensils hanging on them, with two or three colored prints, a rasher of bacon, and strings of dried peppers. There was but one other room, the bedroom, which opened into it. The other openings were a window in the side, and the front and back doors, directly opposite each other. Starting a fire in the stove, she put on some coffee to heat and a square of corn bread in the oven to re-warm. Then she set the table with two heavy stone china plates, but the cup she put at her husband's place was of delicate old china, and — strange anomaly in their rude surroundings — the napkins were in silver rings. She did her work with the same mechanical precision with

which she had mended the step, and her hands, coming under the light, were a pathetic history of hard work, with their worn disfigurement of scars and broken nails.

When she had put some bacon on the stove to fry, she went to the back door and peered out into the yard. The moon had not yet risen, and the darkness seemed doubly great awaiting its coming. The frostiness in the air lent additional brilliancy to the stars, and against the glittering background the crowded tops of the forest pines were densely outlined.

"I wonder what 's keeping him," she murmured. "He can't be milking all this time. This is the second night he has stayed out so long."

She seemed about to call, but, checking the impulse, stepped down into the yard and went out to the cow-shed. He was not there, but the cow was in her stall, comfortably munching hay, and recognizing her mistress's step, gave a soft low of welcome; the chickens rustled in the trees, and the air was so still and clear that the falling of a leaf almost created an echo, and the distant barking of a dog traveled on indefinitely.

Passing around a clump of orange trees growing by a shed, she came to a lean-to, thatched with pine boughs, where the firewood was corded up to within a foot of the top. In the opening, coming from the narrow space back of the wood, was the dim reflection of a light, evidently shaded from casting its rays too strongly upward. The unusualness of it, the absence of her husband, coupled with the recent tragedy in the neighborhood, filled her with a sudden fear that caused her to hesitate in dread of she knew not what. But gathering her courage together, she went forward with unconscious caution, and sought to peer through a crack in the end of the lean-to. Here was another surprise, for old bagging had been stretched across the crack with evident intention. She knew that there had never been anything between the wood and the back of the lean-to but some broken barrels and boxes, and this evidence of mystery in so innocent a place set her heart to throbbing in breathless anxiety. She was about to turn away to go to the other end when a ray of light, falling through a knothole near the ground, caught her attention. With a horrible dread holding her heart almost pulseless in its grip, she knelt down and put her eye to the hole. She saw a bit of candle stuck in the ground, a box propped over it like a bird trap to screen the light from shooting upward; half crouched by it, on his heels, was her husband; before him on the ground were five little heaps of coin, — dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and nickels. His long forefinger, the chalky skin tightly shriveled over the bones, traveled rapidly over the piles, — one, two, three, four, five; then back again, — one, two, three, four, five. Then it climbed up each heap, touching separately the edge of every coin with caressing exactitude as he bent over them as though he could have kissed them in his sordid passion. But his wife saw nothing of his face; she had eyes only for a small calico bag lying over one knee. She had seen that bag once before when old Mrs. Barton had drawn it from its hiding-place between the mattresses to give her some change. She had noticed it then only casually; now its big red flowers flared in her face like a mob of mouths shrieking the secret of the crime! She did not cry out nor faint, but knelt motionless, paralyzed by the horror of the shock.

The man, as he sat gloating over his pitiful treasure, was oblivious for the moment of any fear of detection, seemingly unconscious to any thought but that the money was his, — his alone, — to finger, to hoard, to spend, just as it suited his pleasure, and she watched him with a sickened, dead fascination,

precluding every thought of danger to herself if discovered.

Presently he opened the little bag, and slowly, reluctantly, piece by piece, returned the money to it, lastly putting in some bills which had been lying across the other knee; then he placed it in a hole in the ground, covering it with earth, over which he placed a box full of straw, scattering straw about, making it appear like a looted hen's nest. His next movement, to take up the bit of candle and blow it out, roused her from her torpor, and she fled to the house as one flies with a nameless terror at his heels.

The kitchen was filled with the odor of burning bacon. She did not notice it, but stood with the stove between her and the door, her wide-stretched, horror-stricken eyes fixed on the square of night it framed. She had not long to wait before a booted foot struck the step, and her husband's face appeared in the doorway, more ghastly than ever in its pallor with the night as background.

"Smells like the bacon 's burnin' to cinders," he drawled. "Fryin'-pan upset?"

The woman mechanically looked at the stove, and, more by instinct than reason, removed the pan and replaced the burned bacon with fresh. Her husband put down the pail and shut the door.

"Gittin' chilly outside," he remarked, with a little shiver. "Should n't wonder if we had frost 'fore mornin'." He took down his coat from a nail in the wall, and, putting it on, shambled over to the table and took his seat. "Did n't git more 'n 'nough milk for supper," he continued; "my arms give out 'fore I was half through. Think I 'll hire a boy to milk. I need res'. Fellers as ain't born to work can't thrive on it same as fellers that are, an' I 'm all broke up." He was evidently used to having his remarks pass unnoticed, as he seemed to accept his wife's silence as a matter of course.

"Coffee ain't done yet?" he inquired in a tone of latent irritation, after vainly waiting to be served.

As she brought the coffee to the table and poured it out, she did not look at him; and instead of handing him his cup, as usual, pushed it so slightly toward him that he had to reach across the table and take it for himself.

"What 're you lookin' at my hands for?" he demanded, with querulous protest. "I washed 'em at the pump 'fore I come in; no need to wash 'em over again jes' to please you, is there?"

She turned away without reply, and made a pretense of stirring the fire.

"Ain't you goin' to eat any supper?" he asked more genially, when the coffee had warmed him up.

Her lips parted to reply, but her voice failed, until, with great effort, she finally answered in a low tone, "I 'm not hungry."

"Reck'n nobody 's hungry," he gibed, with puerile irritation; "with nothin' to eat mornin', noon, an' night but corn bread, molasses, and bacon, — it 's a wonder one half of us ain't a bag of meal an' the other half a porker. I 'm tired of this picayune bus'niss. What 're we made human for if we don't feed better 'n animals? I can't stand it any longer. I 'm goin' to take the livin' in my own hands an' buy some decent food, — somethin' one kin eat an' enjoy, an' not have the thought of it afterwards turn one sick at the stomach. You need n't think you 'll have to dole out the money," — as a quick, irrepressible gesture of his wife's caught his shifting glance, — "I 'll attend to that. I was n't born a miser, thank the Lord!" — and he chuckled with a sickening air of self-satisfaction. "Look at me," he continued, spreading his hands on the table; "I don't b'lieve I 've got 'nough blood in my body to fill a saucer; it 's time I was thinkin' somethin' of myself; unselfishness kills

more people 'n disease." He raised his cup and drained it to the last drop, then set it down with a hand that trembled as if from palsy or extreme old age.

His supper finished, he dragged his chair over to the stove, and, sitting down, stretched out his legs well under it to get the full benefit of the heat, and, leaning back, folded his hands in his lap, and half closed his eyes, like a cat that lies at ease, while his wife washed the tea things, putting them away in a small cupboard against the wall. It must have been a heavy task, from the close and concentrated attention she gave it.

The heat seemed to produce a more genial mood in Mr. Allen as he began a dribble of talk, chiefly relating to his boyhood and the excellent cooking of a certain Aunt Sally who had enunciated the truism, "I does de cookin' an' Marsa Henry de eatin'." He was too absorbed to see the glances his wife sent in his direction, — shrinking, despairing, yet now and then doubting, as if they strove to grip the truth of what the tongue refused to question. When she opened the back door to throw out the crumbs, a black cat came running in out of the darkness, mewing piteously, its eyes gleaming like diamonds in the opposing light. It rubbed itself confidingly against her skirt, looking pleadingly up in her face, evidently, from its leanness, asking for food. She drew it in, shut the door, and, getting a saucer, gave it milk, which it lapped ravenously. The man's babble stopped abruptly, his half-shut eyes centring on the cat with curious intentness.

"Where 'd that thing come from?" he demanded sharply. His wife was apparently too absorbed in the cat's comfort to hear. "Where 'd that cat come from?" he repeated.

Her answer came with evident difficulty. "It 's old — it 's one of the neighbors' cats."

"What 'd you let it in for?" he asked with restless insistence and shrinking. "You know I hate cats. Turn it out and let it starve."

She rubbed the animal gently. "When it 's had enough to eat I 'll turn it out," she replied quietly.

His face twitched. "Curse it! — if I did n't hate to touch 'em I 'd take it by its tail and pitch it out myself. The sight of 'em always makes me nervous. I feel now like the infernal thing had its claws in my heart! Turn it out, an' don't you let it come sneakin' back to stay in here all night. I 'd know it in my sleep." He moved his hand restlessly. "It 's a witch, — all those black cats are witches; it ought to be drowned 'stead of bein' pampered an' fed! Don't you fail to turn it out!"

Suddenly, as she bent protectingly over the poor animal, she became aware of a vibration rather than a sound in the atmosphere outside, a distinct wave of motion; like a rustle of wind-stirred leaves viewed through a closed window it touched the mind rather than the ear. Involuntarily she raised her head and listened. Her husband caught the action with covert sharpness, and imitated it with an alertness that was startling.

More distinct the vibration grew through the stillness, coming nearer and nearer, shaping itself at last into the grim distinctness of the marching of many feet, the terrible reality of men moving through the night with sinister purpose as guide. The woman sprang to her feet, her eyes wide with despair.

"Lynchers!"

The word seemed to form of itself and ring through the room with unending reverberation. The man dropped back in his chair as though struck a palpable blow. His hands twitched and jerked, his lips gibbered as he tried to articulate. Raising a shaking forefinger he pointed to the door.

"Bolt it!" he gasped in a whisper. "Blow out the light!"

As she did not move, he made an effort to rise, but his legs refused to uphold him. "Curse it!" he stuttered desperately, "don't you see I can't walk? Help me! — open the back door so I can get out. Blow out the light an' they can't see us move! Blow it out, I say! blow it out, quick!"

As she still stood motionless, he writhed in his impotence. "You want 'em to come!" he panted; "you 're showing 'em the way! If I could get up from this chair I 'd kill you! Come an' help me, — you!"

She looked at him, and he was so horrible to see in his abject, conscience-smitten terror she let her glance fall quickly away. "They" — she gasped for breath. "They — have the man — they believe — to be the" — But the word would not be said.

He caught at her meaning with eager hope. "They have him?" he whispered. "They 're goin' to — hang him? Are you sure? Who told you?"

"Mrs. Bilbo," — her voice was toneless. "It 's — a negro."

The effect was electrical, life-giving. He sat up and drew a long breath.

"So they got him after all, did they?" he said, with a sickening effort at ease. "Well, — they 'll make short work of him."

He got up and steadied himself shakily on his feet. "I b'lieve" — with a quavering laugh — "I 'll go an' help 'em."

"Henry!" The cry was anguished.

He shrugged himself, giving her a quick, shifting glance, and laughed again. "Maybe they 've got 'nough without me," and he still tried to stand firmly on his feet. "Sounds like it, at any rate."

There was now but the few feet of garden between them and the murdered woman's avengers; they could hear the tread of horses among that of men, and the clinking of bits and stirrups.

He stood with twitching lips, intently listening, scarcely breathing, until the crowd had passed. Unnoticed, the cat had coiled itself up under the stove, but disturbed by the voices, it crept out and rubbed itself against the man's legs. He looked down at the touch, but shrank back with a mumbled cry; then, with a spasm of fury or fear, gave it a kick that sent it, crying and spitting, against the wall, where it crouched, eyeing him malevolently.

The woman pressed her hands against her breast as if suffocating. "Henry," she gasped, "there must be some way of stopping them!"

"Stoppin' them?" he jeered. "Stop the Mississippi!"

"My God! — Why don't they let the law deal with him?"

He looked at her with furtive sharpness. "What 's it to you," he demanded, "if they hang every thievin' nigger in the land?"

"But if he 's innocent!" she urged.

"Innocent!" he snarled. "What makes you keep on harpin' 'bout his innocence? What do you know 'bout it?"

Their eyes met.

The strained misery of her face was intensified by the shadows cast upward by the light as she stood by the table.

With head bent forward he kept his eyes fixed on her face with demandant, threatening rigidity. "Well?" he sneered. "'Fraid to talk?" His hands stealthily clinched and unclinched as they hung by his sides.

"I" — she looked away from him, her words so halting and low they were scarcely audible, — "I — saw."

"What?"

She could not speak; she raised her hand and pointed out toward the yard.

With the silent swiftness of a cat

he sprang at her, his fingers on her throat. He forced her back against the wall, his fingers tightening in their grip, his under lip clutched between his teeth, his twitching muscles turned to steel, the nerve of a brute in every strained and swelling sinew. She did not struggle or even raise her hands to thrust him back, her spirit living only in her eyes, staring out with agonized despair. The cat, terrified beyond measure, bounded about the room, blindly seeking an exit, springing over the table and chairs, and finally hurling itself through the window pane.

The crash shocked the man into looking around; unconsciously he loosened his hold, and, in a pulse beat, the reaction caught him, his strength collapsed, he staggered, threw out his arms, and fell to the floor, writhing, his face livid and distorted.

The woman leaned against the wall, faint, catching her breath in labored strains. For the moment life and memory were a blank; then, her eyes focusing on the wretch on the floor, both came back like a vital stab. Impulsively she moved to him with the instinct of help, then checked herself and hurriedly turned to the door. With her hand on the bolt she looked back. "Christ help me!"

Throwing open the door, she ran out and up the road, face to face with the rising moon, and before her, like a flying shadow, sped the cat. Behind her, the growing moonlight spread its silver veil over her garden where the flowers, like the disciples in that other Garden long ago, drooped their heads in sleep while the spirit which had fed their lives and sowed their resurrection cried out, unheeded, in its agonized renunciation.

It was a strange sight the old pecan tree saw as the moon rose. Blocking the road and overflowing into the yard were men armed with rifles or pistols, a few with cudgels. Some were on horseback, the majority on foot, and there was little or no attempt at disguise beyond deeply slouched hats and turned up coat collars. One man had climbed the tree, and, sitting astride of the heaviest limb branching out over the road, was knotting around it a rope, the other end of which dangled loosely down, transformed by the moonlight into a silver cable. Directly under it, in a small space ringed by the crowd, was a short, thickset negro in his shirt-sleeves, and bareheaded. Not a muscle of his face moved, but the moonlight revealed the sullen fire of his eyes. A man stepped out from the crowd and faced him.

"You have three minutes to confess," he said commandingly. "Were you alone when you did it?"

"I ain't got nuthin' to confess," was the dogged reply. "I don't know nuthin' 'bout it."

"It 's no use your lying. Once for all, were you alone, and where is the money?" No answer. "Two minutes gone; in one more you 'll swing from that tree, your body riddled with bullets. Confess!"

The smothered fire broke forth. "I ain't got nuthin' to confess; I tol' you I ain't done it, an' don't know nuthin' 'bout who done it. You 're jes' er-murd'rin' me, you w'ite men! The Lord knows I 'm innurcunt, an' you 'll pay fo' dis night's wu'k 'fore yo' Maker."

"Swing him!"

Ready hands seized and thrust him on a horse brought forward for the purpose and stationed under the rope. As they passed the noose over his head he cried, "Glory! Glory hallelujah! Lord, take me home!"

As the whip was about to fall on the horse's flank a voice came from the distance: "Stop! Stop!"

Every face turned in the direction from whence it came. Up the road, braided with moonlight and shadow, a woman was running at full speed.

Through the dewy stillness they could distinctly hear each labored breath. "Stop!" she repeated as she reached them. "Let him go! — I did it, — nobody but I!"

Bewildered, stunned, the crowd looked at one another, helpless. Theirs was a simple creed of honor, with woman as its foundation stone, — woman the weak, the loving, the merciful. No wonder they stared at her in horrified surprise! No wonder they shrank from her as from a thing accursed!

"Cut the rope!" some one found voice to command. When it was done they melted away as before a poisonous breath, and she stood alone in the road, not even the creature whose life she had saved pausing to give her thanks.

"I d'clare," Mrs. Bilbo proclaimed to a circle of absorbed feminine friends, "w'en I heerd it you could have knocked me down with a pindar shell! An' I a-talkin' to her that very evenin' with jes' the fence between us! W'en Bill Evans went 'bout daylight to git her, thar she were a-settin' on ol' Mis' Bartin's do'step, narry bunnit or shawl on, jes' like she 'd been a-settin' thar all night. W'en she seen Bill a-comin' she riz up an' come to meet him, an' sez, jes' ez cool ez you please, sez she, 'You 've come to fetch me,' an' she j'ined him, an' they come erlong the road tergether, pass her own do', an' she would n't stop for nuthin', jes' sez, er-noddin' t'ards the house, 'You 'll see to some one a-takin' keer of him, won't you? He 's sick.' An' then she sez, 'You 'll fin' two picters in my room,' sez she. 'I want you to burn 'em up, an' not let anybody else tech 'em.' An' Bill 's thet sof'-hearted he did jes' as she axes him, an' Bill sez they were a-mighty high-minded, genteel lookin' couple, them picters, an' he reck'ns they were her ma an' pa. Arter she 'd tol' whar the money was hid she ain't opened her mouth ergin, not even to pray with the preacher; sez ez she 's done prayin', ez God knows all thar is to know. An' it jes' shows how cool she is, a-takin' the Lord's name in vain, w'en she has blood on her soul! Co'se they 'll sentence her to hang, though mos' fo'ks thinks the Gov'nur 'll make it 'priso'-mint fo' life, ez they ain't never hanged er woman in this yer state, an' he ain't the man ez 'd keer to start it. Ez fo' thet po' husbun' of hern, he 's thet childish an' silly they 've done put him at the 'sylum, an' they tells me he jes' sets 'bout all day er-diggin' holes in the ground, an' fillin' 'em up ergin mighty quick w'en any one looks his way, — er-grinnin' an' er-jabberin' like er chil' or er monkey. The shock of findin' out thet he was er-married to a murd'ress jes' natchully throwed him inter er fit, an' w'en he come out of it the leetle min' he had was plum' gone. An' he ain't never goin' to git it back ergin, neither, they sez. I allus did feel sorry fo' him, he so sociabul an' free talkin', er-married to thet unsociabul an' close-tongued woman, an' now my heart jes' feels fit to bus' w'en I thinks of his sorrerful state. Po', po' soul!"

And her audience, with fullest accord of sympathy in heart and voice, echoed Mrs. Bilbo's commiserative expressions.

Isabel Bowman Finley.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

XVI.

EVERETT WHEELER could hardly be reckoned as a man of sentiment. Yet in the matter of selecting an architect for the new school he stood out persistently against the wishes of Pemberton and Judge Phillips, with but one sentimental argument, — the Powers Jackson trustees must give the commission for building the great school to the nephew of the founder, without holding a competitive trial of any sort.

"It 's only square," he insisted. "Jackson was disappointed about the will. He had some grounds for feeling badly used, too. He might have made us a good deal of trouble at the time, and he did n't."

"I suppose Powers would think it queer to pass him by," Hollister admitted, "seeing he gave the boy a first-class education to be an architect. And he 's a hustling, progressive fellow from all I hear. I must say I admire the way he 's settled into the collar since his uncle died!"

This occurred at one of the many informal meetings of the trustees, now that the plans for the school were shaping themselves toward action. Pemberton, with whom the others happened to be taking their luncheon, glanced sharply at Wheeler. Although not given to suspecting his neighbors of indirect motives, Pemberton understood Wheeler well enough to know that when the lawyer fell back upon sentiment there must be another motive in the background. He had not forgotten Mrs. Hart's sudden interest in this question, which he had attributed to an unwise zeal in behalf of her husband. It occurred to him now that he had once heard in past years of Everett Wheeler's devotion to Nellie Spellman.

"I can't see that it follows that we should put this plum into his mouth!" the judge exclaimed testily. "If Powers had wanted to give the chap any more money, he would have left it to him. Frankly, I don't like the fellow. He 's too smooth, too easy with all the world."

"We know why you are down on him," Wheeler remarked, with a smile. "He did let your sister-in-law in for a good deal."

"Well, it is n't just that! Of course he was beginning then, and wanted to make his first job as big as possible, — that 's natural enough. And I guess Louise — Well it 's her affair! She manages her own property, and I would n't let her spend any of the children's money. But I don't like Hart's methods. Raymond was telling me the other day how he worked him for that railroad job, — through — through a woman. I suppose it 's all right; the man must get business where he can. It 's hard for youngsters to make a living these days. But to get a woman to pull off a thing like that for you! And Raymond told me they had to drop him, too, — he did n't do the work economically, or something of the sort."

"I guess there 's another story to that," Wheeler answered patiently. "Jack was n't willing to let Bushfield make all he wanted to off the contracts. I happen to know that. And I don't see why you should have it in for him because he got a lady to say a good word for him with Raymond. You know well enough that pretty nearly all the big commissions for public buildings in this city have gone by favor, — family or social or political pull. It 's got to be so. You 're bound to think that the man you know is bigger than the other fellow you don't know!"

[1] Copyright, 1903, by ROBERT HERRICK.

"The proper way in the case of all public buildings is to hold an open competition," Pemberton remarked stiffly.

"Well, we won't argue that question. But this is a special case. Hart knows more of our plans than any other architect, naturally, and he can give us pretty much all his attention. He 'll push the work faster."

"We can wait," Pemberton objected. "There is no need for undue haste."

"No, no, John!" Judge Phillips protested. "I am getting to be an old man. I want to see the school started and feel that my duty 's done. We 've thrashed this out long enough. Let us take Hart and be done with it."

Pemberton had been added to their number at the suggestion of the judge, because of his well-known public spirit and his interest in educational and philanthropic enterprises. He had undertaken his duties with his accustomed energy and conscientiousness, and at times wearied even the judge with his scruples. The others had rather hazy ideas as to the exact form, educationally, that the large fund in their charge should assume. Wheeler concerned himself mainly with the financial side of the trust. Hollister, who had got his education in a country school, and Judge Phillips, who was a graduate of a small college, merely insisted that the school should be "practical," with "no nonsense." After they had rejected the plan of handing over the bequest to a university, Pemberton had formed the idea of founding a technological school, modeled after certain famous eastern institutions. This conception Helen had disturbed by her talk with him, in which she had vigorously presented the founder's ideas on education.

In his perplexity Pemberton had gone east to see the president of a university, of which he was one of the trustees, and there he had met one of the professors in the scientific department, one Dr. Everest, a clever organizer of educational enterprises. Dr. Everest did not find it difficult to convince Mr. Pemberton that his dilemma was an imaginary one, that all warring ideals of education might be easily "harmonized" by a little judicious "adjustment." There should be some domestic science for the girls, manual training combined with technical and commercial courses for the boys, and all would be right, especially if the proper man were employed to mix these ingredients. In brief, the doctor came to Chicago at the invitation of the trustees, looked over the ground, and spoke at several public dinners on the "ideals of modern education." His eloquent denunciation of a "mediæval" education, his plea for a business education for a business people, his alert air and urbane manners convinced the trustees that they had found a treasure. Dr. Everest was invited to become the head of the new school, which was to be called the JACKSON INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

When Everett Wheeler had finally obtained the consent of his associates to ask the architect to meet the trustees and the new director and discuss plans for the building, the lawyer was so pleased that he broke an engagement for dinner, and took the train to Forest Park instead. He might have telephoned the architect, but, sluggish as he was temperamentally, he had long promised himself the pleasure of telling Helen personally the good news. Of late she had not seemed wholly happy, and he supposed that there were money troubles, which would now be relieved.

He found a number of people on the veranda of the Harts' house, and sat down patiently to wait. It had been a warm day, and the men and women were lounging comfortably on the grass mats, gossiping and enjoying the cool air from the lake. Jackson was in high spirits, telling Irish stories, a social gift which he had cultivated. Wheeler found himself near Venetia Phillips,

who was nursing a sprained elbow, the result of being pitched against a fence by a vicious horse.

"Why don't you try your charms on Helen?" she asked Wheeler peevishly. "She 's been out of sorts all this summer. When you see the solemn way good married women take their happiness, it does n't encourage you to try your luck. I wonder if she and Jackie scrap. She looks as if she had a very dull life."

"What 's the matter?"

"I can't make out exactly. Unsatisfied aspirations, or something of the sort. I should guess that our Jackson does n't come up to specifications. She sighs for the larger world. Did you ever meet a chap who used to give lessons in binding paper books? That was a couple of years ago, when we were all trying to do something with our hands, reviving the arts and crafts. His name was Vleck. He was a poor, thin little man, with a wife dying from consumption or something of the sort. He had hard luck written all up and down him. I have always thought Helen wanted to run away with Mr. Vleck, but could n't get up her courage. They used to talk socialism and anarchy and strikes until the air was red. It was the biggest fun to see him and Jackson get together. Jack would offer him a cigar, — the bad kind he keeps for the foremen on his buildings. Vleck would turn him down, and then Helen would ask the bookbinder to luncheon or dinner, and that would give Jack a fit. But Vleck would n't stay. He had ideas about the masses not mixing with the classes until the millennium comes. Helen would argue with him, but it was no use. He thought nothing was on the square. Well, one day he got huffy about something Jack said, and went off and never turned up again. Helen tried to find him; I don't think she ever got over it. I believe that Vleck was the man for her. She is an unsatisfied soul! I am going, and you had better try to cheer her up."

It was beyond the lawyer's power, however, to penetrate Helen's mood. She seemed curiously removed from the scene. The banter and talk of the people on the veranda passed over her unheeded; her eyes rested dreamily on the trees, among which the summer twilight was stealing. To rouse her attention Wheeler brought forth his news.

"I came out here to tell you something, Nell," he said.

"What is it?" she asked indifferently.

"Jack is going to build the school!"

He looked at her closely. She gave a little start, as though his words brought her back to the present, but she said nothing.

"I 've just argued them into it. They wanted a public competition, or something of the kind."

"Why don't they have a competition?" she asked quickly.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Why should they? Is n't Jack the old man's nephew?"

She made no reply, and he said nothing more, dampened by the way she took his splendid news. In a little while the others left, and they had dinner. Wheeler expected Helen would tell her husband of the decision, but she seemed to have forgotten it. So, finally, he was forced to repeat his news. He dropped it casually and coldly: —

"Well, Jack, we 're getting that school business cleared up. Can you meet the trustees and the doctor at my office some day this week?"

Jackson bubbled over with glee.

"Hoorah!" he shouted. "Good for you, Everett. We must have up some champagne."

The lawyer, watching Helen's impassive face, felt inclined to moderate Jackson's enthusiasm.

"Of course, nothing 's settled as to the commission. You 'll be asked to

prepare sketches after you have consulted with Dr. Everest. That 's all."

That was enough for the architect. He thought that he could satisfy the director, and if he succeeded with him the rest of the way was clear. When the champagne came, he pressed his thanks on his cousin.

"It 's awfully good of you, Everett, all the trouble you have taken for me in this. You 'll have to let me build that camp in the Adirondacks this fall. My heavens," he went on, too excited to be cautious, "you don't know what a load it takes off my shoulders! I can feel myself free once more. It 's a big thing, the first big thing that 's come my way since I began. How much do the trustees mean to put into the building?"

"That depends," the lawyer answered cautiously. "It will be over half a million, anyway, I should suppose."

"It 's a great opportunity!" the architect exclaimed, conscious that the more elevated and ideal aspects of the subject were slipping out of sight. "It does n't come every day, the chance to build a monument like the school!"

"You 're quite right," Wheeler assented.

In his excitement, Hart left his seat and began to pace the floor, his hands twisting his napkin nervously. Helen was watching the bubbles break in her champagne glass. Her face had remained utterly blank, although she seemed to be listening to her husband. Perhaps, thought the lawyer, she did not realize what this meant. So he remarked deliberately: —

"It 's a big commission, fast enough, if you get it. I don't know of another young fellow in your business in this city who 's had the same chance to make his reputation."

Even this did not rouse the wife to speech. A flush stole over her face, but her eyes remained buried in the champagne-glass, which she twirled gently between her fingers, thus keeping up the effervescence. Jackson was jubilant enough for two.

"Dr. Everest and I were talking about the site the other day," he said. "You have only two blocks. There should be four, at least. You must give dignity to the main building by some kind of approach. It should be done in stone, if possible. But if that 's too costly, we might try white terra cotta. You can get very good effects in that."

"You may find the judge and Pemberton pretty stubborn on matters of detail," Wheeler remarked cautiously.

But the architect flirted his napkin buoyantly. He had dealt with building committees before, and he had found that trustees usually took their duties lightly.

"Well, what do you think of it, Nell?" the lawyer asked finally.

"Oh! I?" She looked up blankly from the glass of wine. "It is a great chance, of course."

Soon after this the lawyer left to get his train for the city, and Jackson walked to the station with him. When he returned he found Helen still sitting at the empty table. His eyes were aflame with the golden light of opportunity. He put his hand over his wife's shoulder and pressed her cheek affectionately.

"It 's great, is n't it, Nell?" he said.

She looked into his face with a wistful smile. The good news had changed him wonderfully in this brief hour, erasing already some lines from his face. She divined, then, that his nature was not one that grew in the storms of life, but needed, rather, the warmth of prosperity.

"It 's great, is n't it?" he repeated, desiring to savor the good fortune with her.

"Yes, Francis," she replied, and added almost pleadingly, "and you must do it greatly!"

"Of course!" he assented cheerily.

XVII.

About six miles from the centre of the city on the South Side, not far from the lake, might be seen the foundations and first two stories of a considerable building that had been abandoned for several years. It was to have been a hotel, but its promoters, who were small capitalists from another state, had been caught in the real estate disasters of '93. Litigation ensuing among themselves, nothing had ever been done with the property. The unfinished walls, standing at the corner of one of the boulevards and overlooking a large park, were a landmark in the neighborhood. A thick growth of weeds partially covered the loose piles of brick and stone that littered the ground and filled the hollow shell. Desolate, speedily disintegrating, the ruin stood there, four windowless walls, a figure of unsubstantial and abortive enterprise!

Hart had often passed the ruin when his business called him to that part of the city. One day this summer, as he was driving through the park with Graves on his way to inspect the last string of cheap stone houses that the contractor had built, Graves called his attention to the place.

"That pile must be pretty well covered with tax-liens," the contractor observed, as they turned into the boulevard, and approached the ruin. "It 's a sightly piece of property, too, and the right spot for a family hotel."

"Who are the owners?" Hart asked.

"A lot of little fellers out in Omaha; they got to fightin' among themselves. It might be had cheap. Let 's go over and take a look at the place."

He hitched his horse to a tree in front of the ruin, and the two men pushed their way through the weeds and rubbish into the cellar.

"Pretty solid foundations," the contractor observed, picking at a piece of mortar with the blade of his clasp knife. "There 's most enough stone lying around here to trim the whole building. What do you think of the walls? Has the frost eat into 'em much?"

They scrambled in and out among the piers and first story walls, testing the mortar, scraping away the weeds here and there to get a closer view of the joints. The upper courses of the brick had been left exposed to the weather and were obviously crumbling. The architect thought that the outer walls might have to be rebuilt from the foundations. But the contractor observed that it would be sufficient to rip off half a dozen courses of the masonry.

"Those fellers thought they were going to have a jim-dandy Waldorf, judging from the amount of stone they were putting in!" the contractor remarked, as they climbed into the buggy and resumed their way to the city. "I guess it would n't take much to buy up the tax-rights. The land and material would be worth it."

"I should say so," the architect assented, seeing how the matter was shaping itself in his companion's mind.

"Those foundations would take a pretty big building, eight or ten stories."

"Easily."

They talked it over on their way back to the city. The contractor had already formed a plan for utilizing the property. He had in mind the organization of a construction company, which would pay him for building the hotel with its bonds, and give him a large bonus of stock besides. The architect was familiar with that method of operation. The hotel when finished would be rented to another company for operation, and by that time the contractor and his friends would have disposed of their stock and bonds.

"You must let me in on this," the architect said boldly, as they neared the city. "I 'm getting sick of playing your man Friday, and taking what you give me, Graves!"

"There 's no reason why you should n't make something, too," the contractor answered readily. "You might interest some of your rich friends in the scheme, and get a block of stock for yourself."

Hart had a pressing need of ready money rather than such dubious promoter's profits. Rainbow and Harris had not pushed him to pay the balance against him on their books, but their leniency would not extend beyond the first of the month. Then, if he could not get the money in some other way, he should have to go to his mother, or take the little legacy that his uncle had left Helen. That very day he had had it in mind to ask the contractor to let him have twelve thousand dollars on his note, which would get him out of his immediate difficulties. He could pay it with the first return from the school commission, on which he was reckoning.

But when the contractor described the hotel project, he resolved to wait a little longer, in the hope that somehow he might make more than enough to pay his debts. What he needed was some capital. It was to get capital that he had ventured with the broker. Why had he not had the wit to see the chance that lay in that old ruin? For the last five years many men that he knew had been making fortunes, while he was working hard for precarious wages. No matter what he might earn in his profession, he could never feel at ease, have enough for his ambitions. He must have capital, — money that would breed money independently of his exertions. Latterly his mind had turned much about this one desire.

"You 'll want me to draw the plans for the hotel, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes, you might get up some sketches for a ten-story building right away, — something to show the men I want to interest in the scheme," Graves answered quickly. "When you have it ready, come around and we 'll see if we can't fix up some kind of deal."

It was evident that the contractor had gone much farther in the hotel matter than he had told Hart.

Then came the word from Everett that the trustees were ready to ask him for preliminary sketches for the school, and almost at the same time he received a polite note from the brokers calling his attention to his debt. He went at once to Graves's office, and asked the contractor for the loan, saying that he was to have the school and should be put to extraordinary expenses in his office for the next few months. The contractor let him have the money readily enough on his personal note. Graves did not speak of the hotel, and for the time the school had driven all else from the architect's mind. He was kept busy these weeks by consultations with the trustees and the director of the school, getting their ideas about the building. One morning the newspapers had an item, saying that "F. J. Hart, the prominent young architect, had received the commission for building the Jackson Institute, and was engaged in drawing plans for a magnificent structure, which in luxury and completeness would outrank any similar institution in the country." Before noon Hart received a curt command from Judge Phillips to call at his office, and foreseeing trouble with the trustees about the newspaper paragraph, he went scowling into the draughting-room.

"Some of you boys must have been talking loose about what 's going on in this office," he said accusingly.

"The Tribune man had the story straight enough when he came in here," Cook replied in defense. "He must have got it from some one who knew what he was talking about."

Hart went over to the judge's office and tried to explain matters to the old gentleman, who, beside having a great dislike of "newspaper talk," felt that the trustees were being deliberately coerced into giving their commission to

this pushing young man. The architect was forced to swallow some peppery remarks about indelicate methods of securing business. When he left the judge, who was only half convinced of his sincerity, he went to see Graves, and vented his irritation on the contractor.

"You let things leak out of this office. You got me into hot water by giving out that story about the school."

"How so? It 's straight, ain't it? You 've got the building? You said so the other day when you came in here to borrow that money."

"Well, it has n't been formally settled. They are touchy enough about their old job. They 've asked me to prepare the first sketches, — that 's all so far."

"Oh! That 's all, is it?" the contractor remarked coldly. "I thought you had the job in your inside pocket from the way you talked the other day."

Hart's face reddened as he stammered, —

"It 's all right. They are sure to take me, only they are a little slow, and I don't want to seem to force them."

Graves continued to examine the man before him with his shrewd little eyes, and Hart realized that the contractor had given the news to the papers for the precise purpose of finding out where the trustees stood.

"Well, when you get ready to build, I expect we shall be doing a good deal of business together," Graves remarked tentatively.

The architect moved nervously in his chair.

"We shall want you to bid, of course. I don't know yet whether the trustees mean to let the contracts as a whole."

"They 'll do pretty much what you say, won't they? Ain't one of them your cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want that contract. Can't you fix it so 's I can get it?"

Hart knew altogether too well what the contractor meant. An architect has it in his power to draw his specifications in such a manner that only a few favored contractors will dare to bid. If outsiders venture to bid for the work, they cannot with safety go low enough to get the contract. In the case of a large building this is a more difficult manœuvre to manage than with less important work. Yet even with a building like the school, contractors would be chary of bidding against a man who was as closely identified with the architect as Graves was with Hart.

"They say now," Hart protested, "that nobody else gets a show in my office."

"I don't believe you see what there might be in this for you, Mr. Hart!" the contractor persisted.

A stenographer interrupted them at that point, and the architect had a few moments to think. He knew better than any one else the devious methods of the contractor, and it occurred to him that this would be a good time to sever his close connection with the Graves Construction Company. He would, of course, allow Graves to bid on the school contracts, but would show him no favors. Yet the contractor's last words made him reflect. There was the hotel with its unknown possibilities of large returns. Moreover, the Graves Construction Company was no longer the weak enterprise that it had been five years before. Graves had made a great deal of money these last prosperous years, and his "corporation" was one of the largest of its kind in the city. It would be stupid to break with the man altogether.

"Come, this ain't quiet enough here! Let 's step over to Burke's and talk it out," the contractor suggested, looking up from the papers the stenographer had brought in.

So the two men went across the street to Burke's, which was a quiet sort of drinking-place, frequented by the better class of sporting men. In the rear there were a number of little rooms,

where whispered conversations intended for but two pairs of ears were often held. When the negro attendant had wiped the mahogany table and brought them their whiskey, Graves began: —

"Mr. Hart, I 'm going to give you the chance of your life to make a lump of money, sure and quick, and no gold-brick proposition, either."

Graves poured himself a drink, and meditatively twirled the small glass between his fat fingers.

"You do the right thing by me in this school job, and I 'll see that you are properly fixed on the hotel scheme."

The details of the plan came cautiously and slowly from the contractor, while Hart listened in a non-committal frame of mind. The thing proposed was really very simple. The architect was to draw the school specifications so that only a few firms would bid, and of these only one or two would be genuine competitors. The contractor would see to it that there were enough bidders at approximately his own figure to prevent suspicion on the part of the trustees. In return for this favor, Graves offered a large block of stock in the hotel company, "for the plans of the hotel," which he was ready to guarantee would be worth a certain sum.

Of course there was an unspecified item in the transaction, which was perfectly obvious to the architect. If the contractor was ready to make these terms in order to obtain the school, there must be enough in the job above the legitimate profit on the contract to make it well worth his while. The architect saw, less sharply, that this extra profit would be made with his professional connivance. It would be impossible to get the trustees to accept bids so high that the contractor could reap his profit and still do the work up to the specifications. It would be necessary to specify needlessly elaborate steel work, cut stone, and interior finish, with the understanding that the Graves Company would not be forced to live up to these gilt-edged specifications. It might be necessary, even, to prepare two sets of specifications for the more important parts of the contract, — one for the bidding, and one for the use of the sub-contractors.

Hart smoked and listened, while Graves, having finished the outline of his plan, spoke of the profit to the architect.

"If you want, I 'll agree to take the hotel stock off your hands at par from time to time as the two buildings go up. You can figure out now what you 'll make! It will not be far from seventy thousand dollars, what with your commissions and the stock. And I 'll guarantee, Hart, that you 'll have no trouble. That drunken Dutchman can work over any details that have to be fixed, — my own expense. Nothing need go through your office that ain't first-class and regular."

The plan seemed perfectly simple, and the architect's imagination fastened on the big bait which the contractor held out. Graves repeated slowly in his thick tones: —

"A year, or say eighteen months, from now, you 'll have about seventy-five thousand dollars in the bank."

That would be capital! The lack of capital had tripped him at every turn. With that amount of money, he could plant his feet firmly on the earth and prepare to spring still higher.

"Of course," Graves continued, "you 'd stand by me, — help me out with the trustees if there was any kick."

In other words, for the term of a year or eighteen months, he would be this contractor's creature. But the architect was thinking of something else. . . .

The line between what is honest and dishonest in business is a difficult one to plot. From generation to generation our standards alter in the business world as elsewhere, and to-day men will do unblushingly, and with the approval of their fellows, that which in another gen-

eration will, doubtless, be a penitentiary offense. Business is warfare, and whatever men may say on Sundays, the hardy man of business will condone a thrifty sin of competition sooner than any other sin. Every one of the fighters in the battle knows how hard it is to make a dollar honestly or dishonestly, and he prefers to call certain acts "indelicate" or "unprofessional," rather than dishonest.

Of such "unprofessional" conduct Hart had been guilty a number of times, and the matter had not troubled him greatly. But this arrangement, which the contractor was urging, was of more positive stripe. It involved outright rascality, which, if it became known in the community, might ruin his professional standing for life. He would be taking a great risk to grasp that promised lump of money. While Graves talked in his thick, guttural tones, Hart was weighing this risk. The whiskey that he had been drinking had not obscured his vision in the least, although it shed a rosier glow over the desired capital. It must be admitted that the architect gave little thought to the trustees or to his uncle's bequest. It would have pleased him, if he had considered it at all, to make a good round hole in his uncle's millions, of which the old man had deprived him. And as for the trustees, they were shrewd men of the world, quite able to take care of themselves.

But, instinctively, he recoiled from the act. He would much prefer a clean, honorable, "high-class" career. If he could have secured money enough to satisfy his ambitions without resort to such knavery as this, it would have been much pleasanter. But in one way or another he must make money, and make it more rapidly and more abundantly than he had been doing. That was success! When he had come to this point, he had already consented with himself. . . .

They had been sitting there nearly two hours, but latterly little had been said. The contractor was patient and diplomatic. Finally he asked, "Well, Hart, what do you say?"

Hart lighted another cigar before replying, and then replied deliberately, "I will think over what you say. I understand that the stock is given me for my commission on the hotel, and will be worth a fixed sum?"

"That 's it!"

Then they went out into the street without further words. Hart returned to his office, examined his mail, wrapped up his first sketches for the school, and set out for the train. The deal with Graves unconsciously filled his thoughts and made him feel strange to himself. He thought less of the practical detail of the transaction than of certain specious considerations concerning the morality of what he was going to do.

Business was war, he said to himself again and again, and in this war only the little fellows had to be strictly honest. The big ones, those that governed the world, stole, lied, cheated their fellows openly in the market. The Bushfields took their rake-off; the Rainbows were the financial pimps, who fattened on the vices of the great industrial leaders. Colonel Raymond might discharge a man on the C. R. & N. who stole fifty cents or was seen to enter a bucket shop, but in the reorganization of the Michigan Northern ten years previously, he and his friends had pocketed several millions of dollars, and had won the lawsuits brought against them by the defrauded stockholders.

It was a world of graft, the architect judged cynically. Old Powers Jackson, it was said in Chicago, would cheat the glass eye out of his best friend in a deal. He, too, would follow in the path of the strong, and take what was within his reach. He would climb hardily to the top, and then who cared? That gospel of strenuous effort, which our statesmen and orators are so fond of shouting forth, has its followers in

the little Jackson Harts. Only, in putting forth their strong right arms, they often thrust them into their neighbors' pockets! And the irresponsible great ones, who have emerged beyond the reign of law, have their disciples in all the strata of society, — down, down to the boy who plays the races with the cash in his employer's till.

The architect went home to his wife and children with the honest love that he bore them. If they had entered his mind in connection with this day's experience, he would have believed that largely for their sakes, for their advancement in the social scheme of things, he had engaged upon a toilsome and disagreeable task. For he did not like slippery ways.

XVIII.

Hart's design for the school had been accepted by the trustees, and the plans were placed on exhibition in the Art Institute. Little knots of people — students, draughtsmen, and young architects — gathered in the room on the second floor where the elevations had been hung, and had their say about the plans. Occasionally a few older men and women, interested in the nobler parts of civic life, drifted into the room, having stolen some moments from a busy day to see what the architect had done with his great opportunity.

"Gee! Ain't it a hummer, now!" exclaimed one of Wright's men, who had known Hart in the old days. "He let himself out this time, sure. It will cover most two blocks."

"The main part of the design is straight from the Hotel de Ville," one of the young architects objected disdainfully. He and his friends thought there were many better architects in the city than F. Jackson Hart, and grumbled accordingly. "I bet I could find every line in the design from some French thing or other. Hart 's an awful thief: he can't think for himself."

"Where is the purpose of the structure expressed?" another demanded. "It would do just as well for the administration building of a fair as for a school!" . . .

"A voluptuous and ornamental design; the space is wickedly wasted in mere display. The money that ought to go into the school itself will be eaten up in this great, flaunting building that will cover all the land." . . .

"What have I been telling you? Chicago ain't a village any more. A few buildings like this and the university ones, and the world will begin to see what we are doing out here!"

"What 's the dome for?" . . .

"I say the people should have the best there is." . . .

"Pull, pull, — that 's what 's written all over this plan!"

Even Wright, who happened to be in the city, stepped into the Institute to look at the plans. He studied them closely for a few minutes, and then, with a smile on his face, moved off.

Hart had, indeed, "let himself out." It was to be a master work, and put the architect into the higher ranks of his profession. For the first time he had felt perfectly free to create. As often happens, when the artist comes to this desired point and looks into his soul, he finds nothing there. The design was splendid, in a sense, — very large and imposing: an imperial flight of steps, which fastened the spectator's eye; a lofty dome; and two sweeping wings to support the central mass. Nevertheless, the architect had not escaped from his training: it was another one of the Beaux Arts exercises that Wright used to "trim." Years hence the expert would assign it to its proper place in the imitative period of our arts as surely as the literary expert has already placed there the poet Longfellow. Though Hart had learned much in the

past six years, it had been chiefly in the mechanics of his art: he was a cleverer architect, but a more wooden artist. The years he had spent in the workshop of the great city had deadened his sense of beauty. The clamor and excitement and gross delight of living had numbed his sense of the fine, the noble, the restrained. He had never had time to think, only to contrive, and facility had supplied the want of ideas. Thus he had forgotten Beauty, and managed to live without that constant inner vision of her which deadens bodily hunger and feeds the soul of the artist.

So Wright read the dead soul in the ambitious design.

Mrs. Phillips came rustling in with friends, to whom she exhibited the plans with an air of ownership in the architect.

"It 's the cleverest thing that has been done in this city; every one says so. I tell Harrison that he has me to thank for this. It was a case of poetic justice, too. You know the story? One forgets so easily here; it 's hard to remember who died last month! Why, the old man Jackson left pretty nearly every cent of his money to found this school. I think he was crazy, and I should have fought the will if I had been a relative. At any rate, it was a nasty joke on this Mr. Hart, who was his nephew, and every one thought would be his heir.

"But he has made such a plucky fight, got the respect of every one, gone right along and made a splendid success in his profession. He married foolishly, too. Poor girl, not a cent, and not the kind to help him one bit, you know, — no style, can't say a word for herself. She 's done a good deal to keep him back, but he has managed to survive that. I wonder he has n't broken with her. I do, really! They have n't a thing in common. They had a pleasant home out in the Park, you know, and a good position, — every one knew them there. And what do you think? She made him give up his house and come into town to live! The Park was too far away from her friends, or something of the sort. Wanted to educate her children in the city. I believe it was jealousy of him. He was popular and she was n't. No woman will stand that sort of thing, of course.

"So now they have taken a house on Scott Street, — a little, uncomfortable box, the kind of place that is all hall and dining-room. Of course they don't have to live like that; he 's making money. But she says she does n't want to be bothered, — has ideas about simple living. The trouble is, she has n't any ambition, and he 's brimful of it. He could get anywhere, if it were n't for her. It 's a shame! I don't believe she half appreciates even this. Is n't it splendid? He has such large ideas!

"Venetia is thick with her, of course. You might know she would be! It 's through Mrs. Hart she meets those queer, tacky people. I tell you, the woman counts much more than the man when it comes to making your way in the world; don't you think so?" . . .

And with further words of praise for the plans and commiseration for the architect, the widow wandered into the next room with her friends, then descended to her carriage, dismissing art and life together.

Helen made a point of taking the boys to see their father's work, and explained carefully to them what it all meant. They followed her open-eyed, tracing with their little fingers the main features of the design as she pointed them out, and saying over the hard names. It was there Venetia Phillips found her, seated before the large sketch of the south elevation, dreaming, while the boys, their lesson finished, had slipped into the next room to look at the pictures.

"Have you seen my mother?" she asked, seating herself beside Helen.

. . . "Well, well, our Jackie has done himself proud this time, has n't he? He 's a little given to the splurge, don't you think? "

Helen did not answer. She did not like to admit even to herself that her husband's greatest effort was a failure. Yet she was a terribly honest woman, and there was no glow in her heart. Indeed, the school and all about it had become unpleasant to her, covered as it was with sordid memories of her husband's efforts to get the work. Latterly there had been added to these the almost daily bickerings with the trustees, which her husband reported. The plans had not been accepted easily!

" All the same, Jack 's got some good advertising out of it," Venetia continued, noticing Helen's silence. "The newspapers are throwing him polite remarks, I see. But I want to talk to you about something else. Mamma has been losing a lot of money; bad investments made in boom times; sure things, you know, like copper and steel. She 's very much pressed, and she wants to put my money in to save some of the things. Uncle Harry is raging, and asks me to promise him not to let her have a cent. Stanwood has come home, — there does n't seem to be anything else for him! It 's all rather nasty. I don't know what to do: it seems low to hold your mother up in her second youth. And yet the pace Mrs. Phillips keeps would finish my money pretty soon. It 's a pity Mrs. Raymond won't die and give mother a chance to make a good finish! "

"Venetia! "

"What 's the harm in my saying what all the world that knows us is saying? It 's been a ten years' piece of gossip. I feel sorry for her, too. It must be rough to get along in life and see you have muckered your game. . . . Do you know, I am terribly tempted to let her have the money, all of it, and skip out. Perhaps some of these days you 'll read a little paragraph in the morning paper, — ' Mysterious Disappearance of a Well-Known Young Society Woman! ' Would n't that be real sport? Just to drop out of everything, and take to the road! "

"What would you do? "

"Anything, everything, — make a living. Don't you think I could do that? " She embroidered this theme fancifully for a time, and then lapsed into silence. Finally she burst forth again, "Good Lord, why can't we get hold of life before it 's too late? It's going on all around us, — big, and rich, and full of blood. And folks like me sit on the bank, eating a picnic lunch."

"Perhaps," mused Helen, "it would be different if one had to earn the lunch."

"Who knows? Will you try it? Will you cut loose from Jackie? "

As they descended the broad flight of steps to the street, Venetia laid her hand on the older woman's arm.

"Tell Jackie we are all proud of him. Mamma brags of him daily. . . . And look out for the paragraph in the paper. They 'd give me a paragraph, don't you think? "

The winter twilight had descended upon the murky city, filling the long vistas of the cross streets with a veil of mystery. The roar of the place mounted to the clouds above, which seemed to reverberate with the respirations of the Titan beneath. Here in the heart of the city, life clamored with a more direct note than in any other city of the world. Men were struggling fiercely for their desires, and their cries ascended to the dull heavens.

Helen walked home with the boys, soothed by the human contact of the streets. There was something exhilarating to her in the jostle of the throng, the men and women leaving their labors, bent homewards for the night. Her heart expanded near them, those who won their daily bread by the toil of the day.

It was quite true, what the widow had said. It was she who had willed to return to the city from the pleasant niche where she had spent her married life, desiring in the emptiness of her heart to get closer to the vast life of a human people, to feel once more the common lot of man. So she had taken the little house on Scott Street, and reduced their living to the simplest scale, declaring that she wanted her time for herself and her children. Her husband was so busy that he hardly noticed any change in her as yet. They went out less than they had gone in previous years, and sometimes he thought the people he found calling on his wife were "queer." Her interest in a new kind of education for the children bored him. She seemed to be going her own way without thought of him, and now and then he wondered what it meant. He did not like aggressive, faddish women; he wanted women to be personal and sympathetic, with a touch of "style," social tact, and a little dash. . . .

To-night he had come from his office early, and while he waited for Helen he looked about the little drawing-room disapprovingly, with a sense of aggrieved discomfort. Helen was taking to economy and simplicity too seriously. He looked at his wife closely when she came in with the boys. She seemed older, more severe in face than he had thought, than her photograph on his office desk said. When this school business was done with, they must run over to Europe for a few months' vacation, and then live differently on their return. . . .

"Nell," he said when they were alone, "it 's settled at last. We let the contracts to-day!"

"For the school?" she asked. "You must be glad of that!"

Her lips, which curved so tenderly, had grown strangely firm. He put his arm over her shoulder and drew her toward him.

"Yes, it 's a great relief! When the building is finished we must have a spree, and get to be lovers once more."

"Yes, dear. . . . I 've been to the Institute with the boys to have them see the plans."

"They are well spoken of. I saw Wright to-day for a moment. He stopped to congratulate me, but I could n't tell what he really thought. Well, after all the trouble with them, I got pretty much what I wanted, thanks to Everett and the doctor. Everett 's been a good friend all through. The idea of the others kicking so hard because the thing was going to cost a little more than they had made up their minds to spend on the building! Pemberton thinks he knows all about architecture. It 's a pity he could n't have drawn the plans himself!"

"But you saved your design."

"Yes, I 've won the second round all right!"

In his joy over the thought he put his strong arms about his wife and lifted her bodily from the floor, as he had often done, boyishly, in the years before. Holding her close to him he kissed her lips and neck. She returned his kisses, but the touch of her lips was cool. She seemed limp in his arms, and he felt vaguely the want of something. She was less loving, less passionate than ever before. He missed the abandon, the utter self-forgetfulness, the rush of ecstatic emotion, which from the first moment of their love had made her for him all woman, the woman of women. . . . He let her slip from his embrace and looked at her. Was it age? Was it the penalty of living, which dampens the fire of passion and dulls desire? He was troubled, distressed for the loss of something precious that was getting beyond his reach, perhaps had gone forever.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "It 's bad to be always on the dead push. Come! Let 's go somewhere and have dinner and a bottle of champagne the way we used to!"

She hesitated a moment, unwilling to disappoint him.

"I can't very well to-night, Francis. I promised Morton Carr I should be home this evening. He wants me to help raise some money for his new building."

"Oh!" he said, strangely wounded in his egotism. "I remember you said something about it."

XIX.

Late in March the corner stone for the Jackson Institute was laid. It was a desolate winterish day, and the prairie wind chilled to the bone the little group of interested people seated on the platform erected for the occasion. There were brief speeches by Judge Phillips and Dr. Everest, and an address by a celebrated college president on the "new education." To Helen, who sat just behind him, in sight of the piles of excavated sand, and the dirty brick walls of the neighboring stores, the scene was scarcely in harmony with the orator's glowing generalizations. "The mighty energies of this industrial cosmopolis are answering to the call of man's ideals." . . . Cook, who was standing by the mason's windlass, caught her eye and smiled. He looked brisk and happy, and she could fancy him calling out, "Hey! Ain't this the best yet? F. J. Hart is all right."

The architect, smartly dressed for the occasion in a new frock coat and shining silk hat, stepped forward, dusted the upper surface of the great stone with a brush, and handed the judge a silver trowel. Cook pushed up to them a bucket of mortar, into which the old man thrust the trowel, and tremblingly bespattered the stone. The windlass creaked, and down came the massive block of Indiana sandstone, covering the recess into which had been stuffed some records of the present day. Then the architect and Cook busied themselves adjusting the block, while the judge stepped backward to his seat, a look of relief coming over his red face, as if he felt that he had virtually executed the trust left him by his old friend.

As the gathering dispersed, Helen's eye fell upon a great wooden sign surmounting the workmen's shed: THE GRAVES CONSTRUCTION COMPANY — GENERAL CONTRACTORS — CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

This was the company that had finally secured the general contract for the building. As Helen knew, there had been vexatious delays over the bids. The first figures had been very much in excess of the sum the trustees had agreed to spend upon the building. They had forced the architect to modify his plans somewhat, and to ask for bids again. Pemberton had been especially obstinate, and Hart had grumbled about him, — "Why does the old duffer chew the rag over a couple of hundred thousand, when they have over three millions anyway? It does n't come out of *his* pocket!" At last, after some wrangling, the trustees had accepted the lowest bid, though it was still considerably beyond the figure they had set. Hart regarded it as a triumph: he had saved substantially the integrity of his design, and the Graves Company got the contract.

Now all was serene. From the hour that the contract was signed, the building rose from nothingness by leaps and bounds. Graves was always rapid in his operations, and for this building he seemed to have made every preparation beforehand. The labor situation, which was still unsettled, caused him no delay. His rivals said that he had the heads of the unions on his pay rolls, and could build when other contractors were tied up by strikes. Other firms could not get their steel from the mills for months, but Graves had some mysteri-

ous way of securing his material when he wanted it. The day after the corner stone was laid he had an army of men at work; early in June the walls were up to the roof trusses; by the end of July the great edifice was completely roofed in, and the plasterers were at work.

The contracts once signed, the judge and Wheeler seemed to regard their responsibilities as over. Hollister, who had been in poor health latterly, left everything to the others. But Pemberton was the bane of the architect's life. He visited Hart's office almost daily, looked carefully at every voucher before ordering it paid, and spent long afternoons at the works. He examined the building from foundation to roof with his thrifty New England eye, and let no detail escape him, stickling over unimportant trifles, and delaying the orders for extras or alterations. The whole operation of modern building was an unknown language to him. He knew that he was ignorant of what was going on before his eyes, and his helplessness made him improperly suspicious of the architect and the contractor. Many a time he strained Hart's habitual tact. They nearly came to blows over some window-frames, which the architect had seen fit to alter without consulting the building committee.

One morning Hart found the trustee at the school in company with a stranger, who made notes in a little memorandum book. Pemberton nodded curtly to the architect, and, as he was preparing to leave, remarked casually: —

"This is Mr. Trimble, Mr. Hart. Mr. Trimble is an engineer, who has done work for me from time to time. He will look through the works and make a report. Mr. Trimble will not interfere with you in any way, Mr. Hart. He will report to me."

The architect's face grew white with suppressed rage, and his lips trembled as he answered: —

"What is your reason for taking this step, Mr. Pemberton? When I was given the commission, nothing was said about having a superintendent. If there is to be one, he should report to me. As you know quite well, I have devoted my entire time to this building, and given up other work in order that I might be out here every day. I shall speak to the other trustees about this, and I 'll not stand the insult, Mr. Pemberton!"

"Tut, tut, no insult, Mr. Hart. You must know that it 's quite usual in work of this magnitude for the owners to have their representative on the works. There will be no interference with you or the contractor, if the work goes right."

The architect swallowed his anger for the time, answering sulkily, "Mr. Graves will take no orders except from me, of course. The contracts are so drawn."

"Eh!" Pemberton exclaimed. "I hope there will be no occasion to alter that arrangement."

The architect bowed and left the building.

"Snarling, prying old fogy," he spluttered to his wife, who was waiting outside in the automobile. "Let him put in his superintendent. I guess we can give him a run for his money."

The woman's heart sank. Somehow this school, this bit of great-hearted idealism on the part of the old man she loved, had thus far stirred up a deal of mud.

Pemberton did not think it necessary to discuss with the architect his reasons for engaging Mr. Trimble as superintendent. After the contract had been let, the trustees had received a number of anonymous letters, which made charges that all had not been square in getting the bids for the building. These letters had gone into the waste-basket, as mere cowardly attacks from some disgruntled contractor. Then, one day while the building was still in the

rough, and the tile was going in, Pemberton overheard one of the laborers say to his mate, —

"Look at that stuff, now. It ain't no good at all," and he gave the big yellow tile a kick with his foot; "it 's nothin' but dust. Them 's rotten bad tiles, I tell yer."

And the other Paddy answered reflectively, scratching his elbow the while, —

"It 'll go all the same. Sure, it 's more money in his pocket. Ain't that so, boss? "

He appealed to Pemberton, whom he took for one of the passers-by gaping idly at the building.

"What do you mean? " Pemberton demanded sharply.

"Mane? The less you pay the more you git."

"Hist, you fule," the other one warned, twisting his head in the direction of the boss mason.

Pemberton was not the man to take much thought of a laborer's talk. But the words remained in his mind, and, a few weeks later, happening to meet the superintendent of a large construction company in the smoking - car of the Forest Park train, he asked the man some questions about fireproof building.

"Why did your people refuse to bid the second time? " he inquired finally.

"They saw it was just a waste of time and money," the man replied frankly.

"What do you mean by that? "

"Why, the job was slated for Graves, — that was all. It was clear enough to us. There 's mighty little that goes out of that office except to Graves."

"Is that so? I asked Mr. Hart particularly to have your company bid on the contracts."

Then the man became confidential, and explained how a certain ambiguity in the wording of the specifications made it risky for a contractor to bid unless he knew just how the architect would treat him; for the contractor might easily "get stuck" for much more than the possible profits, though bidding in perfect good faith. The man was willing enough to talk, once started on the subject, and in the course of half an hour he explained to the layman some of the chicanery of the building business.

"So you see, Mr. Pemberton, the contractor, to protect himself when he does n't know his man, bids pretty high, and then the favored contractor can safely go a good bit lower. He has an understanding with the architect, maybe, and it all depends on how the specifications are going to be interpreted."

And he told other things, — how some of the firms who had bid had since got parts of the general contract from the Graves Company, but on a new set of specifications.

"It 's queer," he ended finally. "We can't see how they 'll make a cent on the contract, unless Graves is going to rot it clear through."

He explained what he meant by "rotting" it, — the use of cheap grades of materials and inferior labor, from the foundation stones to the cornice. In other words, the building would be a "job."

"For those specifications called for a first-class building, awful heavy steel work and cabinet finish, and all that. If it 's built according to specifications, you 're going to have a first-class school all right! "

The result of this chance conversation was that after consultation with Judge Phillips, Pemberton sent to Boston for the engineer Trimble, whom he knew to be absolutely honest and capable.

When Hart left Pemberton, he went directly to Wheeler's office and exploded to his cousin. On his way to the city his anger at the affront offered to him had entirely hidden the thought of the disagreeable complications that might follow. He took a high stand

with Wheeler. But the cool lawyer, after hearing his remonstrances, said placidly, —

"If Pemberton wants this man to go over the building, I don't see how you can prevent it. And I don't see the harm in it, myself. I suppose everything is all right. See that it is, — that 's *your* business. Pemberton would be a bad man to deal with, if he found any crooked work. You 'd better look sharp after that fellow Graves."

The architect assured his cousin that there was no need to worry on that score. But he began to foresee the dangers ahead, and felt a degree of comfort in the fact that Graves had only that week paid him in cash for the second block of his Glenmore hotel "stock." With the previous payment, he had now thirty-five thousand dollars lying in his bank, and a large payment on the commission for the school would soon be due him.

Trouble was not long in coming! Trimble, who was a quiet little man, and looked like a bookseller's clerk, was waiting for Hart one morning at the office of the works. He made some pointed inquiries about the plumbing specifications. There seemed to be important discrepancies between the copy of the specifications at the works and the copy which Pemberton had given him from the office of the trustees.

"Yes, a good many changes were authorized. There were good reasons for making them," Hart responded gruffly.

The little man made no remarks; he seemed to have inquired out of curiosity. Then he asked questions about some blue prints which did not correspond with the written specifications, explaining that he had gone to the mill where the interior finish was being turned out, and had found other discrepancies in the blue prints of the woodwork. Hart answered indifferently that he would find a good many such changes, as was customary in all buildings. At this point Graves arrived; he came into the little shanty and looked Trimble over without speaking. After the engineer had left, Graves turned to the architect, an ugly frown on his heavy face, —

"Say, is that little cuss goin' to make trouble here? "

Hart explained briefly what had happened.

"Do you think we could fix him? " the contractor asked without further comment.

The architect noticed the "we " and sulked.

"I guess you 'd better not try. He does n't look like the kind you could fix. It 's just as well that most of the work is done, for it seems to me he means trouble."

"All the finish and decoratin' is comin', ain't it? " the contractor growled. "I tell you what, if he holds up the mill work, there 'll be all kinds of trouble. I won't stand no nonsense from your damned trustees." He swore out his disgust, and fumed, until Hart said: —

"Well, you 'll have to do the best you can! "

The Glenmore hotel was going up rapidly, and he thought of the twenty thousand dollars which would be coming to him on the completion of that building, — if all went well. But if there were a row, there would be no further profits for him on the hotel.

"The best I can! " Graves broke forth. "I guess you 'll have to take care of them. You 'd better see your cousin and get him to call this feller off, or there 'll be trouble."

"I have seen Wheeler," the architect admitted.

"Well," the contractor blustered, "if they want a fight, let 'em come on. There 'll be a strike on this building in twenty-four hours, I can tell you, and it 'll be two years before they can get their school opened! "

With this threat, the contractor left

the office, and Hart went over to the great building, which had become a thorn in his flesh these last weeks. It was not a bad piece of work, after all, as Chicago building goes, he reflected. Even if Graves had cut the work in places, and had made too much money on the steel, the stone, and here and there all over, the edifice would answer its purpose well enough, and he had no special interest in the everlasting qualities of his structures. Nothing was built to stand in this city. Life moved too swiftly for that!

For several weeks, as the end of August came near, there was a lull, while Pemberton was in the East on his vacation. The work on the school went forward as before; even the irritation of seeing Trimble's face was removed, for he had ceased to visit the works. Then, the first week in September, the storm burst. There came to the architect's office a peremptory summons to meet the trustees the next afternoon.

XX.

Powers Jackson had given the old Jackson homestead and farm in Vernon Falls to Helen, and with it a small legacy of twelve thousand dollars "as a maintenance fund." She had opened the house but once or twice since her marriage because Jackson was always too busy to take a long vacation, and she did not like to leave him. Latterly she had thought about the old man's gift a good deal, and there had been some talk of her spending the summer in Vernon Falls with the children and her mother. Instead of this, they had gone to the Shoreham Club for a few weeks, putting off the journey east till the fall.

She had never touched the legacy, leaving it in Everett Wheeler's hands, securely invested, and had paid what was needed to maintain the old place from her allowance. Now, however, a number of repairs had accumulated, and it occurred to her one day, when she was in the city, to find out from Wheeler how much surplus she had at her disposal. They had joked a good deal about her estate, and the lawyer had scolded her for not coming to his office to examine the papers and see what he was doing with her money.

It was late in the afternoon when she had finished other, more urgent errands, and, turning into the lofty La Salle Street building, was whirled up to the twelfth floor. The middle-aged stenographer in Wheeler's office looked up on her entrance, and said that the lawyer had not left, but was engaged with some gentlemen. Would she wait? She sat down in the quiet, carpeted outer office. From this radiated several small offices, the doors of which were open. One door only was closed, and through the ground-glass panel in this she could see the dark forms of several men. Presently the stenographer pushed her papers into the drawer of her desk, and fetched her hat and coat.

"I think they must be most through," she remarked pleasantly. "You go right in when they come out."

Then she gathered up her gloves and left. Little noise came from the hall. The vast hive seemed to be deserted at this hour, and few places in the city were so quiet and lonesome as this sober law office. The murmur of voices in the inner room was the only sound of life. Gradually the voices grew louder, but Helen paid no attention to them until a man's voice, clear and shrill with exasperation, penetrated distinctly to where she sat.

"No, Wheeler!" the man almost shouted. "We won't compromise this. I won't have it covered up, whitewashed. We 'll go to the bottom, here and now. Let us find out what all this double-dealing means. Let us know, now, whether the work on that building is being done honestly or not, and

whether our architect is working for us or for the contractor against us."

It was Pemberton's voice, and Helen recognized it. From the first words she had grasped the arms of her chair, — a sudden clutch at her heart. She held herself rigid, while behind the door a confused murmur of men all talking at once drowned Pemberton's voice. She tried to think whether she should leave the office, but her strength had gone. She trembled in her chair. Presently Pemberton's high voice rang out again: —

"No, sir! We 've given you this opportunity to explain your conduct and clear yourself. You have n't done it, sir! You try to bluster it through. There 's something wrong in this business, and we shall find out what it is. Not another dollar will be paid out on your vouchers until our experts have gone through all the papers and examined every foot of the construction so far done. No, Wheeler, I will resign if you like. You asked me to join you. I was glad to do so. I considered it an honor and a duty, and I have made sacrifices for this work. But if I stay on the board this thing must be cleared up!"

Another high and angry voice answered this time: —

"You 'd better not make loose charges, Mr. Pemberton, until you are in a position to prove what you say. I won't stand your talk; I 'm going!"

Helen recognized her husband's voice, and she got to her feet, still clutching the chair. Then she moved forward unsteadily toward the inner office. The handle of the door moved a little, and against the glass panel the form of a man stood out sharply.

"What are you going to do about it? Sue Graves? Or sue me? You can discharge me if you like. But I am your agent, and have full powers. Remember that! That 's the way the contract is drawn. And if I back up Graves, what are you going to do about it? He 's got your agent's signature for what he 's done. . . . You 'd better hold your temper and talk sense." . . .

"Don't threaten me, sir!" Pemberton retorted. "I have all the proof I want that you are a rascal, that you have entered into a conspiracy with this man Graves to swindle." . . .

There were sounds of a scuffle within the office, — the noise of falling chairs, the voices of excited men. Above all the clamor rose the cool tones of Wheeler, —

"Come, come, gentlemen! This is not business."

As he spoke, a weight seemed to fall against the door from the outside. The man nearest the outer office, who happened to be Judge Phillips, opened the door, and Helen fell, rather than walked, into the office, her face white, her hands stretched before her.

"Francis! Francis!" she called.

It was not her husband, however, who sprang to her aid. He was too startled to move. Wheeler, who was leaning against his desk, leaped forward, caught her, and carried her from the room.

"Nell, Nell!" he muttered. "Anything, rather than this!"

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

THE YEAR IN FRANCE.

ENGLAND and France have as many reasons to be polite to each other as they have few reasons to love each other. Their commercial relations are so intimate and colossal that they can ill afford, prudentially speaking, to be at odds. Their natural and manufactured products seldom come into direct competition; on the contrary, these products are complementary to a remarkable degree. England depends largely on the farms, dairies, and vineyards of France for the daily supplies of her market and table (for butter, eggs, vegetables, fruits, and wines), and on the industries of France for various highly prized articles of luxury; while France, conversely, depends on the mines and factories of England for such staples as cotton, woolen, and rubber goods, iron, and coal. The trade between the two countries amounts in an average year to a round 2,000,000,000 francs, with a balance of upwards of 500,000,000 francs in France's favor.

The interchange of visits, last summer, between Edward VII and President Loubet, and between members of the French and English parliaments and chambers of commerce, and the arbitration treaty resulting therefrom indicate that "the powers that be" in politics and finance recognize this mutual economic dependence, and are disposed to prevent, by keeping the question of commercial advantage constantly to the fore, — alas, that no higher motive can be appealed to! — gratuitous bickerings and useless displays of bad blood. They indicate further that these same powers have succeeded in rendering acceptable to a majority of their respective compatriots this eminently practical point of view. They do not indicate that either nation has experienced a radical change of mind or heart. The two peoples continue to misunderstand and misjudge each other as they have for centuries. They hate each other out of sheer atavism, naturally, normally, — I had almost said righteously, — and will continue to hate each other, in all human probability, to the end of time. They have merely acquiesced provisionally (in the absence of any immediate subject of disagreement) in the official attitude of politeness, without committing themselves to too close an intimacy thereby; very much as two clever and ambitious women of the world hold each other at a respectful distance, while reiterating the most amiable commonplaces and lavishing the most engaging smiles. Nothing has been pardoned or forgotten; and it will take very little to engender a dangerous irritation, to stir the ancient rancors, and destroy an *entente* which is by no means an *entente cordiale.*

The warm reception accorded King Edward by Paris should be assigned no special political significance. It was an illustration of French good nature, first of all, and, even so, was intended less for Edward, King of England, than for Edward, "the royal good fellow," — who is a prodigious favorite with the Parisians because they know he is genuinely fond of Paris, and because they have the pleasantest recollections of the escapades of his much prolonged salad days. The bulk of the Nationalists held aloof from this reception; indeed, one of the Nationalist organs went to the length of issuing just before his visit a special number devoted entirely to an indignant exposition of the reasons why this visit should be resented by the French people.

The arbitration treaty is a Platonic affair, full of loopholes, a sort of toy, child's-play treaty, not to be mentioned in the same breath, for instance, with the arbitration treaties in force between certain South American states. Its adop-

tion was disapproved in France by a number of eminent citizens, not chauvinists, on the ground that a treaty of so little binding force was calculated to create a feeling of false security in the public mind.

At a time when every great power is playing the bully in one part of the world or another; when Russia and Japan are at war in the Orient (for the possession — or control — of territory which belongs, in equity, to neither); and when their respective allies, France and England, are liable to be drawn into the fight at any moment, the temptation to dwell on the value of arbitration treaties in general, and of the Anglo-French arbitration treaty in particular, is not strong. Rather the temptation is to belittle both unduly. It is just possible, however, that the restriction thus far of the Eastern conflict to the two original belligerents has been directly due to the existence of this Anglo-French treaty, the courteous restraint it has entailed having just sufficed to check precipitate action and allow time for the sober second thought. If this is really the case, its adoption is an achievement not to be treated flippantly even though the war pressure ultimately becomes too strong for it. Certain it is that the immediate intervention of both France and England in a Russo-Japanese war would have been well-nigh unavoidable had such a war broken out six months before this interchange of courtesies had occurred.

The visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Paris in October, and the conclusion between Italy and France of an arbitration treaty identical with the Anglo-French treaty, were the culmination of a series of friendly acts extending over a term of years. For this reason, and because it is based on sentiment as well as business interest, and is rather an occasion for expansion than for restraint, the Franco-Italian reconciliation offers more serious guarantees of stability than the reconciliation between England and France. The French and Italian peoples were intended by nature to be friends. They are not constitutionally antipathetic, as are the French and English, and, unlike the French and English, they have more reasons (in spite of several definite past sins of omission and commission) to love than to hate each other.

The salient fact of the past year in French domestic politics has been the persistence of the Combes ministry in the Anti-clerical campaign inaugurated by the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, its predecessor.

The avowed ultimate aim of the Anti-clerical party led by M. Combes is nothing less than a complete monopoly of education by the state, — a condition which would make it as illegal for any other agency than the government to fabricate scholars as it is for any other agency than the government to fabricate matches and coins.

The Anti-clerical party proposes to create, by the "laicization" of all instruction, "a laical spirit," "a laical conscience," — to borrow some of its pet catchwords, — that will "restore the intellectual and moral unity of France." To this end, it classes the monastic orders as "pure anachronisms," and holds the monks up to abhorrence or ridicule because they have "deliberately repudiated their social obligations and the responsibilities of marriage, thereby cutting themselves off from the family and society." It represents the Catholic Church as necessarily "incompatible with progress," as an intolerant and fanatical "adversary of liberty, of democracy, and of civilization;" refers deprecatingly to its "gross superstitions" and ominously to its "dark conspiracies;" characterizes its doctrines as "corrupting and pernicious, calculated to deform the intelligence of youth and pervert the French spirit;" and accuses it of being, in France, a troublesome and dangerous

foreign substance in the body politic, "a state within a state," "a Roman state in the French state," "a theocratic state in the democratic state."

In contradistinction, the Anti-clerical party presents itself as "an evangelist of enlightenment," "a defender of philosophic truth," "a liberator of intelligence," "an emancipator from the slavery of superstition and from the murk of obscurantism," "a protector of the child and of the people," "a savior of the rising generation" from "the contagion of error," "the inaugurator of the reign of Reason and Humanity" (capital R and capital H); as "the lineal descendant and vindicator of the Revolution," "the sole conservator of the true national tradition," "the sole guardian of the national interest," "the only sure friend of the Republic," "the bulwark of the cause of liberty, justice, and the *Patrie* against the clerical domination," "the champion predestined to set France free from the yoke of Rome," and "the sponsor of the France of the future."

All this is very fine in leading articles and parliamentary eloquence. The theory of the "Laical State" (*l'État Laïque*) is not without a certain grandeur as a theory of political and social unity. It is one of those large "general ideas" which have always possessed a peculiar fascination for Frenchmen, and which have been from time immemorial at once the glory and the bane of France; a fresh illustration of that French passion for unity and system which has produced a Louis XI, a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Napoleon, a Revolution, a Commune, a Calvin, and an Auguste Comte. But, unfortunately for the practical application of this theory, and unfortunately for the public peace, unity, on one basis or another, is also the ideal of the most antagonistic elements in French politics, superstitious veneration for abstract ideas being common to them all. All the aggressive political groups (the Royalists, the Imperialists, the Radicals, the Socialists, and the Nationalists) clamor for unity in the name of, and along the lines of, their mutually exclusive creeds, and are straining toward it in the measure of their respective forces. All expound their claims to superiority as a unifying agency with similar, almost identical, high-sounding phrases, and support their positions with similar, almost identical, arguments. All pretend to be the only representatives of the genuine French tradition and the saviors of the Patrie. All would run the minds of all their compatriots in their own particular moulds, and all, if they could have their way, would expel or disfranchise, in the name of their particular unity, all those who proved recalcitrant to the moulding process.

Carried away by their excessive desire to make the heterogeneous homogeneous, the Anti-clericals show themselves curiously blind to the facts of French history and contemporary life, as well as curiously lacking in the sense of proportion, in asserting that modern France is the daughter of Free Thought and the Revolution, and has no kinship whatever with the church and the ancient régime; curiously wanting in discrimination in not distinguishing more carefully than they do between unity and uniformity, between hostility to a ministry and hostility to the Republic, and between Clericalism that endeavors to undermine the state and the religious devotion that occupies itself logically and legitimately with the training of Christian citizens; curiously obtuse in not sensing the humor of making a parliament a judge of philosophic truth and error; curiously narrow, not to say naïve, in assuming that the work of religion is done in the world, and that the era of pure reason has arrived; in considering the moral unity of a people dependent on its religious unity; above all, in fancying that, in our complex and groping modern civilization, any moral unity is possible — or desirable — which does not admit

diversity of intellect and temperament, and which does not make ample allowance for the relativity, the *vanity* even, of knowledge. And were such a doctrinaire moral unity possible, — and desirable, — a thousand times possible and desirable, — the Anti-clerical party, or any other party, would still be embarking in a dubious adventure in undertaking to establish it by force. The Procrustean method of securing conformity succeeds only by mutilating or destroying life.

In setting up an "orthodoxy of the state" and an official standard of progress, in utilizing the finances and the functionaries of the state for the propagation of its dogmas, and in appealing to the authority of the law to silence its antagonists, Anti-clericalism renders itself guilty of the very sins which it lays to the charge of Clericalism. Employed to-day by the Anti-clericals against the Catholics, such a procedure may logically be employed by others, to-morrow, against the Socialists, against the Jews, against trade-unions, against benefit orders and coöperative groups, against the Freemasons, against social settlements, against literary, philanthropic, and charitable societies, against women's clubs (imagine it!), against any race or sect, group or coterie whatsoever, no matter how colorless, that is suspected (with or without reason) of taking the slightest interest in public affairs.

The Combes ministry, which came into power in June, 1902, has so far outdone the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry in radicalism and sectarianism, — and this is saying a great deal, — that the latter appears a ministry of conservatism and tolerance in comparison. M. Combes has been so arbitrary in the interpretation, and so needlessly harsh and hasty in the execution, of the Waldeck-Rousseau law of 1901 against the Congregations, that M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself — here we should have the height of the humorous if the situation were not an extremely grave one — has felt obliged to protest. M. Waldeck-Rousseau openly accuses his successor of "seeking to obtain from the law of 1901 results for which it was in no way intended," and of transforming, without warrant, what was designed simply as "a law of control" into a "law of exclusion;" and he entreats him to be more respectful of legal forms if he would not compromise hopelessly the results already obtained.

M. Combes and his lieutenants have, in truth, shown scant respect for legality in their enterprise of laicization. They have resorted to summary arrests, to the violation of property rights, to encroachments on the prerogatives of the communes, to the invalidation of elections, to dictatorial decrees and ordinances, to the stifling of free parliamentary examination and discussion, to the distorting of texts, and to the exhumation of obsolete statutes dating from the imperial régime. They have stooped to unworthy subterfuges, undignified quibbles, discourteous personalities, and petty persecutions. They have been guilty of bad faith. They have proposed and, when possible, passed retroactive laws and laws of exception, laws of confiscation and proscription, and laws putting outside the pale of the common law whole classes of citizens, by the creation of civil and political disabilities and personal incapacities. They have exerted official pressure amounting to intimidation on the employees of the civil service and even on the magistracy.

Three extraordinary things are to be noted in this connection: —

1. That concrete liberties — all the so-called fundamental liberties, in fact, with the possible exception of that of the press — are violated in the name of Liberty in the abstract; as if absolutism were any less absolutism when exercised in the interests of "moral unity" than when exercised in the interests of a sov-

ereign, and as if persecution were any less persecution when practiced in the name of Infallible Reason than when practiced in the name of an Infallible Church!

2. That tolerance is abrogated in the name of "the modern spirit," when, in reality, tolerance is the very essence of the modern spirit. The theory upon which French Anti-clericalism proceeds, that error has no rights which truth is bound to respect, is not a modern doctrine, but a doctrine of the autocratic régimes of the past, which never hesitated, "'for the good of their souls and the good of the Kingdom,' to tear the children of Protestants and Jews away from their parents, to be educated in the faith of the monarch," or to exclude the professors of "the so-called Reformed Religion" from office-holding privileges.

3. That the sentiments of a vast majority of the people are outraged, and their wishes overruled, by the vigorous and united action of a perfervid minority. "Neither art nor science is needed," says La Bruyère, "to practice tyranny." Had the author of the Caractères known M. Combes and the Third Republic, he would have modified his dictum, for the tyranny of M. Combes presupposes a phenomenal quantity and quality of both "art and science." Should M. Combes ever retire from office, — a supposition which seems at the present moment highly improbable, — he will make no mistake in devoting his hard-earned leisure to writing his confessions. The volume, which might well take for its title-page

M. COMBES, THE PERFECT TYRANT
OR
THE CURIOUS APATHY OF A GREAT PEOPLE
An Autobiographical Study
Treating of the
TYRANNY OF DEMOCRACY
by an
EX-TYRANT

would be an invaluable contribution to the literature of democracy, and would stand every chance of becoming in good time as much of a classic, in its kind, as Machiavelli's Prince.

The immediate consequences of the Draconian régime of M. Combes (whatever fine and fair thing the ultimate result may prove to be) are nearly all deplorable.

It has provoked scenes of disorder in the Chamber of Deputies that would incline a person unfamiliar with the idiosyncrasies of French politicians to believe that the end of all things had come; and rioting accompanied by a certain amount of bloodshed in Paris and in a number of the Departments. It has equipped the Anti-Semites, the Anti-Protestants, and the Nationalists with new and formidable weapons by furnishing them with real grievances, and fulfilling their gloomiest forebodings and prophecies. It has exasperated the devout Catholics to the last degree, and has produced in many of the hitherto lukewarm Catholics the very devoutness which it deplores and aims to destroy. It has impelled the more far-seeing Protestants to make common cause with the Catholics against the Free Thought which would allow no freedom to religion if left unopposed. It has weakened the authority of France in several of her colonies, and complicated her diplomacy with European and Asiatic countries and with the Vatican by reason of her rôle of protector of the Catholic missions in the Orient, and has put her in an unfavorable light with Catholic populations all over the world. It has diminished the national wealth, and will involve, unavoidably, increased taxation.

But the worst result is the discrediting of the Republic, as such, in the very quarters where it is the most important it should retain or conciliate respect.

Royalist Brittany, which was just

ceasing to sulk, after years of picturesque allegiance to its "lost cause" of royalty, and was just beginning to feel itself an organic part of Republican France, has been thrown violently back to where it was a generation ago — or nearly that — by the fussiness, sacrilegiousness, and ferocity of the ministerial persecution to which it has been subjected during the past three years; and the same is true in a greater or less degree of other half-reconciled provinces with royalist leanings. Alsace-Lorraine (by whose secret loyalty to France Frenchmen set such store), at any rate the Catholic part of it, has been given good cause at last to congratulate itself on its forcible separation from the mother country, since it escapes thereby an irritating religious oppression. The neutrals in French politics, who are indifferent as to whether the government is republican or monarchic in form, so that it governs liberally and well, are being rapidly alienated from the present republican government by reason of the cavalier fashion in which it has latterly conducted itself. Finally, not a few veteran Republicans to whom the Republic represented at its founding "the reign of virtue, of justice, of liberty, of equality, of fraternity," have been sadly disillusionized by the turn events have taken, and are beginning to query whether a republic that, after thirty years of existence, can only be maintained by the destruction of the liberties for which a republic is supposed to stand, is really worth maintaining.

If the upshot of it all should be the complete separation of church and state in France, as some predict, the unlovely mediæval intolerance of the present hour would almost have redeemed itself. "Separation" alone seems capable of putting an end to the "bloodless civil war" (*la guerre civile morale*) that is sapping the vitality and dissipating the energy of the nation. Permanent religious and social peace can never be had under the present hybrid system of subsidized churches (Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish) subject to partial state control, and the only remaining alternatives of a State Religion and a State Irreligion are alike abominable and despotic, and are not to be considered.

The separation idea was given a more than respectable vote in the Chamber, last June, and several separation projects are now in the hands of a special parliamentary commission. The Catholic bishops are almost unanimously opposed to separation because they fear that without the protection afforded by the Concordat, the regular clergy would be dealt with in the same high-handed fashion as the members of the religious orders, and because it would take from the church its principal financial support; and, for the latter reason, a majority of the Protestant consistories likewise disapprove it. A goodly number of the Anti-clericals regard it askance because it would deprive them, at one and the same time, of an exquisite pleasure (that of bullying and disciplining the clergy) and of their principal political capital. The moderates are inclined to distrust it as they do every measure of bold initiative. Nevertheless, the separatist movement is making rapid headway in all the political camps. There are signs that M. Combes, who, though favorable to separation in principle, has so far scrupulously avoided taking an irrevocable position on the question as a ministerial policy, has a separation project up his sleeve, so to speak, and will one of these days annex it to his official programme. In this case, since M. Combes succeeds (by hook or by crook) in doing what he sets out to do, separation will be assured.

We shall see what we shall see, but time must be reckoned with; for, as M. Combes himself has more than once sagaciously pointed out, the severance of the church from the state in a country as old as France is too gigantic an undertaking to be accomplished in a day.

It should be explained in fairness (and the writer has not the shadow of a motive to be other than fair) that the Anti-clericalism of the period is not entirely gratuitous, not absolutely without provocation. Unquestionably the Anti-clerical lends too ready an ear to calumnies against the church, and exaggerates, by giving his fancy too free a rein, the machinations of the clergy; but he is not fighting a purely imaginary adversary, a simple man of straw. Clericalism, that is to say a movement "that trespasses, in the name of the Christian faith, on the domain of politics, and that, under the cover of religion, menaces the tranquillity of the state," does exist. It is not a myth. Monks, priests, and prelates are to be found in every part of France who have cast in their lot, in spite of the sage counsels of Leo XIII, with reactionary policies and politics.

It is quite possible that the monastic orders, especially the commercial ones, have been acquiring a disproportionate part of the national fortune, — though the figures adduced to prove it are not very convincing, — and that their riches have been turned systematically into the election coffers of the Reaction. It is quite possible, also, that unworthy priests, who have taken shameful advantage of their pious garb and their confidential offices to commit gross immoralities and even common law crimes, have escaped punishment through their affiliations with reactionary politicians.

It is probably true that the army officers who received their early education in the church schools have been advanced more rapidly than those who received their early education elsewhere, while the flat refusal of at least two of them to participate in the execution of the Congregations' Law lends color to the current charges of collusion between the church and the army.

It is certain that a portion of the clergy engaged more actively in the Anti-Dreyfus agitation than was strictly consistent with their priestly obligations and functions; that a number of journals, Catholic at least in name (notably La Croix, one of the yellowest of yellow sheets), have been aggressively Anti-Republican, and that so many zealous Catholics have either participated in or condoned the excesses of Anti-Semitism, Anti-Protestantism, and Nationalism, that these disturbing crusades have come to be classed as, primarily, Catholic movements.

Furthermore, an ill-advised minority of the unauthorized Congregations refused to apply for the legal authorization which, for the matter of that, the ministry had determined in advance should not be granted. A relatively small proportion of the monks and nuns resisted the application of the law of 1901 and the decrees and ordinances issued to supplement it; others, there is much reason to believe, evaded it by fraudulent secularizations. A few prelates, indignant at the high-handed fashion in which this law was enforced, manifested publicly their hostility to the ministerial policy, and exhorted the priests and laymen of their jurisdictions to throw themselves into anti-ministerial politics, — which they did in a highly offensive manner during the campaign preceding the last general election. The Bishop of La Rochelle counseled a boycott of the traders friendly to the ministry, and the Bishop of Tréguier made a narrow and stupid protest against the erection of a statue to Renan in his diocese. A few priests joined the non-resistance movement of Edouard Drumont, to the extent of urging their parishioners to refuse to pay their taxes, and the priests of Brittany paid none too much heed to the extraordinary order forbidding them to teach the Catechism in the Breton language. The secularized monks who preached the Lenten courses last spring, in defiance of a ministerial prohibition, were, in many cases, more intent on berating the ministry than on

inculcating the observance of the Lenten season.

Do such facts seriously threaten the Republic? It hardly seems so to the unprejudiced observer, especially as most of them can be traced directly to a natural, if unphilosophic, anger under the stress of persecution. The Anti-clericals, however, believe (or pretend to believe) that they do threaten it. One more candid than his fellows will occasionally be found who confesses that the conduct of the Anti-clerical ministry has been arbitrary and despotic, but even he justifies it on the ground that the very existence of the Republic is at stake. According to him the ministerial persecution, so-called, is a gesture not of aggression, but of simple defense. It is a life-and-death matter, he swears, and summary procedure is absolutely necessary to save the state. The law of self-defense overrides every other consideration, of course, in public as in private matters, and to such an asseveration no answer can be made.

In this lofty character of defender of the Public Safety the Anti-clerical is unassailable, no doubt. Still, it is difficult to repress a smile when one counts up the number of times within the last thirty-five years the Republic has been "saved" (the incorrigible back-slider!) by different parties and coalitions of parties, if their own word is to be taken. It is impossible to forget that this law of Public Safety has often been made political capital of (by at least two highly dissimilar ministries, for instance, during the course of the Dreyfus Affair), that it has been invoked again and again to pass a pet measure, to keep a ministry in power, or to banish or imprison troublesome political adversaries about whose essential patriotism there was not the shadow of a doubt; and that it is in the name of this same Public Safety, to put the case even more strongly, that most of the great public crimes of French history have been committed.

The present fierce outburst of Anti-clericalism is, in one sense, a reprisal for an antecedent Clericalism that participated in the fanatical violence of Nationalism, Anti-Semitism, and Anti-Protestantism; but this antecedent Clericalism was also, in one sense, a reprisal for a still earlier Anti-clericalism, and so on, back to the Revolution and beyond. No one can say with certainty which of the two hostile forces now face to face committed the first wrong. Nor does it much matter. In this respect, the situation is as broad as it is long. If it is probable that, without the Clericalism of yesterday, France would not be suffering to-day from the insolent triumph of Anti-clericalism, it is equally probable that, without the Anti-clericalism of day before yesterday, she would not have suffered yesterday from the extreme manifestations of clerical Nationalism, Anti-Semitism, and Anti-Protestantism.

Clericalism and Jacobinism are, alas, perennial in France, and those who see in the war against the Congregations a simple corollary to the Dreyfus Affair have read history to little purpose. The passions roused by that affair may be the immediate occasion of the dramatic out-cropping of Jacobinism at this particular time. But the Dreyfus Affair itself was only a phase of the venerable and irrepressible conflict between intolerant religion and equally intolerant Free Thought, between Clericalism and Jacobinism, between the dogmatically reactionary and the dogmatically radical elements of the nation, each determined to impose an artificial unity by making society over in its own image. The phenomenal virulence of the Dreyfus Affair was the sum of the rancors accumulated in ancestral struggles.

"We are an old nation," said M. Waldeck-Rousseau in his all too tardy plea for patience and moderation; "we have a long history; we are attached to the past by the deepest roots, and even those

roots which we have reason to suppose dried up still retain a sensibility which the slightest wound revives, and which communicates itself to the entire organism." This should be constantly borne in mind by every student of the Anti-clerical agitation, and had M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself not temporarily forgotten it, it is doubtful whether he would have assumed the awful responsibility of inflicting a "wound." It is only in the light of the history of many centuries that the renascence of Jacobinism in the France of the twentieth century can be even approximately comprehended, and it is in the light of history yet to be made that it must be finally judged.

Under almost any other circumstances than those created by the application and perfection of the Congregations' legislation, two such sensational, if grotesque, events as the trial of the Humberts and the filibustering expedition of Jacques I, Emperor of the Sahara, would have created no small public commotion; thanks to the aggressiveness of Anti-clericalism, they passed relatively unnoticed. Thanks to it, also (as well as to a sort of apathy in the public Dreyfus-ward, induced by extreme fatigue), the reopening and second revision of the Dreyfus Affair have caused scarcely a ripple of excitement; nor are they likely to if the Affair can be kept in the courts, — where it always belonged, — and out of the Chamber, — where it should never have been allowed to enter.

Under other circumstances, likewise, the public would have shown more interest than it has in the expulsion from the Socialist organization of the Socialist leader, Millerand, because of his impenitent opportunism; in the introduction into the Chamber of a resolution in favor of disarmament; and in the discussions of the projects of law for the pensioning of old age, for the reduction of the term of military service from three years to two years, and for the purchase of the railways by the state.

The Anti-clerical legislation has not only overshadowed all other legislation, but it has served in more than one instance — wherein lies its true subtlety, perhaps — to prevent it or delay it, to "head it off," as we say in New England; and for this it is entitled to the gratitude of some of its bitterest adversaries. "It is a sure and ancient policy," says La Bruyère, "to let the people fall asleep in fêtes, in spectacles, in luxury, in pomps, in pleasures, in vanity; to let it fill itself with emptiness and savor bagatelles." The modern policy as practiced by M. Combes (and M. Waldeck-Rousseau before him) toward the Socialists, upon whom his tenure of office depends, is analogous to this ancient one. It consists in keeping them so gorged — and drowsy — with Anti-clericalism, which is one of their casual prejudices rather than one of their essential principles, that they neglect to insist on the application of these essential principles. M. Combes has practiced this policy with such consummate cunning that he has succeeded not only in refusing them with impunity the measures called for by their doctrines, but also in forcing them to vote more than one measure in direct violation of their doctrines. In the absence of proof to the contrary, he should be given credit for sincerity in his work of reform; but if his motives were purely political, and he had no higher ambition than to maintain himself in power, he could not have adopted a surer method. And just as long as the supply of Anti-clerical sops holds out the method is bound to work.

Nearly every department of the community life has been more or less influenced by the general preoccupation with the issues of Anti-clericalism, as it was a few years ago by the general preoccupation with the issues of the Dreyfus Affair. In the field of letters this influence has

been especially pronounced. Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, both masters of gentle irony, amiable mockery, and polite skepticism, the two most typical dilettanti authors of their time, perhaps, have both abjured this distinguished dilettanteism (the former in the interests of Nationalism, the latter in the interests of Anti-clericalism) for vulgar political polemics and pamphleteering. François Coppée's naïve, unctuous participation in Edouard Drumont's anti-tax-paying crusade a couple of seasons back made him the laughing-stock of France. Coppée has not counted in a literary way, has been a very literary zero without a rim, in fact, since he has taken to haranguing the multitude in the name of the church.

Paul Bourget, having exhausted the psychology of the alcove, has also become an apostle of the church — with not altogether unhappy results. Maurice Barrès has found in Nationalism a new domain for his shadowy ego to cavort in, and in the cult of "the soil and the dead" (*la terre et les morts*) the new formula which he must have periodically, or perish. His sombre, foggy talent could hardly, for the moment, be better employed. Charles Maurras, who promised to become one of the virile, creative artists of his generation, has dropped into the category of the incisive pamphleteers since he went over body and soul to the Reaction. Laurent Tailhade, who used to delight in chiseling exquisite verses, now finds his chief delight in insulting the brave souls of Brittany. Henri Bérenger and Victor Charbonnel, both able scholars and thinkers, and both leaders in the movement for the establishment of *Universités Populaires*, seem to have lost their heads completely. Not content with exerting themselves against Clericalism through the columns of their journals, La Raison and L'Action, they have led Anti-clerical mobs in assaults upon religious processions and in the invasion and desecration of churches during the celebration of the mass.

The unveiling of the statue of Renan at Tréguier, which should have been a purely literary event, was made to serve the politics of persecution, whereby unpardonable violence was done to the memory of the sweet-tempered philosopher who was nothing if not an apostle of tolerance.

The election to the Academy of René Bazin, author of a number of strong and pure romances of provincial life, was generally sneered at by the Anti-clerical press, because Bazin chances to be a professor in a Catholic university; and the proposed appointment of Ferdinand Brunetière to the chair of literature at the Collège de France, as successor of Emile Deschanel, is being fiercely opposed because, forsooth, M. Brunetière is an apologist of the church.

The books of the year which have caused the most talk are books not proper to literature that have some bearing, direct or indirect, on the political situation. Such are M. Combes' Campagne Laïque (Introduction by Anatole France) and Jules Payot's Cours de Morale, announced as "a handbook of laical morality, containing a system of morals solidly based on the general results of contemporary science, and indispensable to a purely rational moral education." The political situation has inspired a number of calm, dignified, and scholarly works on the relations of modern science to morality, the most notable of which is M. Gabriel Seailles' Les Affirmations de la Conscience Moderne; also several scholarly studies of ecclesiastical history and temperate considerations of the problems involved in the separation of church and state.

Fiction, contrary to the general impression outside of France, forms a much smaller proportion of the publishing output of France than of England or America. In history and the philosophy of history, in philosophy, in ethics,

in biography, in æsthetics, in archæology, in anthropology, in sociology and social geography, in political economy, in philology, in criticism, and in the specialized sciences, many works have appeared the past year, as every year, that would deserve extended notice did the scope of this article permit. In poetry and in fiction, also, the year has been, all things considered, an average one.

A curious tendency of the literary year has been the widespread interest taken in the French translations of the works of President Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie, and in several other books on America by Americans and Frenchmen. French curiosity regarding American life is almost limitless at the present moment. America is distinctly the mode to-day, as England was at the time when Edmond Demolins published his Anglo-Saxon Superiority. This admiration for the American way of doing things, particularly in industry and commerce, corresponds with an effort for the rehabilitation of France commercially and industrially. Evidently the campaign carried on these latter years by the so-called Professors of Energy in France has accomplished something.

The most noteworthy feature of the theatrical year (in the regrettable absence of any new dramatic form or transcendent drama) has been a sudden and striking acceleration of the movement for giving French and foreign classics and the successes of the fashionable theatres to the dwellers in the working districts. The announcements of an average week of the busy season in Paris show fourteen theatres giving twenty-four pieces that may be rated without over-indulgence as literature. The number of working-faubourg theatres giving high-class literary drama has increased amazingly within a single twelvemonth; while various organizations have devoted themselves assiduously to the work of carrying dramatic art to the people. Through the agency of the Trente Ans de Théâtre, for example, the company of the Comédie Française has given performances of Racine, Molière, etc. (accompanied by explanatory lectures), to wildly enthusiastic houses in all the industrial quarters of Paris, and the annual report of the society reveals the significant fact that the attendance on the classic performances of the troupe in the home theatre has been increased thereby instead of diminished, as it was feared would be the case.

The opening of an Autumn Salon, Le Salon d'Automne, was the distinguishing event of the year 1903 in art. This Salon, which has been long needed and long promised, is designed to create a second art season in the year; in other words, to do for the art work of the summer what the spring Salons do for that of the winter. It is a logical and necessary result of the increase of the habit of painting pictures to their finish in the open air, as distinguished from the old studio method of painting. It will welcome for a time, probably, a good many of the younger and more daring men who have been prevented from exposing in either of the spring Salons by the extreme academicism of the one and the close-corporation spirit of the other. It is not, however, a salon of revolt in the sense in which the Champ de Mars and the Salon des Indépendants were salons of revolt in their origins. Most of its charter members have been in the habit of exhibiting, and will continue to exhibit, in the old Salons which the new Salon is intended to supplement rather than antagonize. The art colony of Paris is forced to seek incessantly fresh outlets for its enormous overproduction, much as the crowded nations of Europe are forced to seek incessantly fresh outlets for the surplus products of their workshops. Such an outlet the artists of Paris find in the Autumn Salon. Since it comes at a season when

there is a distinct dearth of art events in Paris, the public seems inclined to take kindly to it. Its first exhibition (judged as a first exhibition) was highly creditable in almost every respect.

The splendid scientific activity of France has been more than ordinarily fruitful the past year in tangible results. The awarding of the Nobel Prize in physics to M. and Mme. Curie and M. Becquerel (for their researches regarding radium) called attention to a series of discoveries which seem destined to revolutionize what have been considered the fundamental laws of matter up to the present. The entire civilized world was dazzled thereby, and in France for a few short days every other public interest, even Anti-clericalism, was thrust into the background. Latterly, M. Curie has proved that helium can be produced from radium, M. d'Arsonval has recorded a number of interesting observations regarding radio-activity, and M. Darier has presented to the Academy of Medicine a suggestive if inconclusive report upon radium as an alleviator of pain.

M. Blondlot of Nancy has announced to the Academy of Sciences the discovery of a new species of radio-activity, to the manifestations of which he has given the name of N-rays (les Rayons N), and M. Charpentier, also of Nancy, claims to have established that these N-rays are emitted by man and by animals.

The original work of M. Edouard Branly in connection with wireless telegraphy is none the less valuable intrinsically for being eclipsed by that of Signor Marconi upon the same subject, and this fact has been fittingly recognized by dividing between him and Mme. Curie the Osiris Prize.

In applied science the year has been marked by a decided increase in the industrial utilization of alcohol and acetylene, and by sensible advances, along the lines of the three principal theories of aerostation, toward the solution of the problem of aerial navigation, M. Lebaudy in particular, with his famous airship Le Jaune, having proven himself a worthy rival of M. Santos-Dumont.

The brilliant achievements of the remarkable group of bacteriologists at the Pasteur Institute have been materially increased, particularly by the demonstrations of MM. Roux and Metchnikoff. M. Marmorek (the discoverer — in 1893 — of a valuable anti-streptococcic serum) has conducted experiments that have revealed important new facts regarding the nature and action of the germ of tuberculosis, and has succeeded in preparing an anti-tuberculosis serum from which he has obtained positive if not as yet absolutely decisive results.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

AN HOUR WITH OUR PREJUDICES.

We may compare the human mind to a city. It has its streets, its places of business and amusement, its citizens of every degree. When one person is introduced to another it is as if the warder drew back the bolts, and the gates were thrown open. If he comes well recommended he is given the freedom of the city. In the exercise of this freedom, however, the stranger should show due caution.

There is usually a new quarter. Here the streets are well lighted and policed, the crowds are cosmopolitan, and the tourist who wanders about looking in the shop windows is sure of a civil reply to

his questions. There is no danger of highway robbers, though of course one may be taken in by confidence men. But if he be of an inquiring mind and a lover of the picturesque, he is not satisfied with this. After all, the new quarters are very much alike, and one tires after a while of shop windows. The visitor longs to explore the old town, with its winding ways, with its overhanging houses, and its mild suggestions of decay.

But in the mental city the lover of the picturesque must remember that he carries his life in his hands. It is not safe to say to a casual acquaintance, "Now I have a fair idea of that part of your mind which is like that of any other decently educated person. I have seen all the spick and span show places, and admired all the modern improvements. Where are your ruins? I should like to poke around a while in the more dilapidated section of your intellect."

Ah, but that is the Forbidden City. It is inhabited, not by orderly citizens under the rule of Right Reason, but by a lawless crowd known as the Prejudices. They are of all sorts and conditions. Some are of aristocratic lineage. They come from a long line of hereditary chiefs, who, as their henchmen have deserted them, have retreated into their crumbling strongholds. Some are bold, roistering blades who will not stand a question; dangerous fellows, these, to meet in the dark! The majority, perhaps, are harmless folk, against whom the worst that can be said is that they have a knack of living without visible means of support.

A knowledge of human nature, as distinguished from a knowledge of moral philosophy, is a perception of the important part played by instinctive likes and dislikes, by perverse antipathies, by odd ends of thought, by conclusions which have got helplessly detached from their premises, if they ever had any. The formal philosopher, judging others by himself, works on the assumption that man is naturally a reasoning animal, whereas experience teaches that the craving for the reasonable is an acquired taste.

Of course we all have reasons for our opinions, — plenty of them! But in the majority of cases they stand not as antecedents, but as consequents. There is a reversal of the rational order like that involved in Dr. Hale's pleasant conceit of the young people who adopted a grandmother. In spite of what intellectual persons say, I do not see how we can get along without prejudices. A prejudice is defined as "an opinion or decision formed without due examination of the facts or arguments which are necessary to a just and impartial determination." Now, it takes a good deal of time to make a due examination of facts and arguments, even in regard to a small matter. In the meantime our minds would be sadly unfurnished. If we are to make a fair show in the world, we must get our mental furniture when we set up housekeeping, and pay for it on the installment plan.

Instead of taking a pharisaic attitude toward our neighbor's prejudices, it is better to cultivate a wise tolerance, knowing that human intercourse is dependent on the art of making allowances. This is consistent with perfect honesty. There is always something to admire if the critic is sufficiently discriminating. When you are shown a bit of picturesque dilapidation, it is quite possible to enjoy it. Said the Hebrew sage: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction."

His point of view was that of a moralist. Had he also been a bit of an artist the sight of the old wall with its tangle

of flowering briers would have had still further interest.

When one's intellectually slothful neighbor points with pride to portions of his untilled fields, we must not be too hard upon him. We also have patches of our own that are more picturesque than useful. Even if we ourselves are diligent husbandmen, making ceaseless war on weeds and vermin, there are times of relenting. Have you never felt a tenderness when the ploughshare of criticism turned up a prejudice of your own? You had no heart to harm the

> Wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie.

It could not give a good account of itself. It had been so long snugly ensconced that it blinked helplessly in the garish light. Its

> wee bit housie, too, in ruins!
> Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
> And naething now to big a new ane.

You would have been very angry if any one had trampled upon it.

This is the peculiarity about a prejudice. It is very appealing to the person who holds it. A man is seldom offended by an attack on his reasoned judgments. They are supported by evidence and can shift for themselves. Not so with a prejudice. It belongs not to the universal order; it is his very own. All the chivalry of his nature is enlisted in its behalf. He is, perhaps, its only defense against the facts of an unfriendly world.

We cannot get along without making allowances for these idiosyncrasies of judgment. Conversation is impossible where each person insists on going back, all the time, to first principles, and testing everything by an absolute standard. With a person who is incapable of changing his point of view we cannot converse; we can only listen and protest. We are in the position of one who, conscious of the justice of his cause, attempts to carry on a discussion over the telephone with "Central." He only hears an inhuman buzzing sound indicating that the line is busy. There is nothing to do but to "hang up the 'phone."

When a disputed question is introduced, one may determine the true conversationalist by applying the method of Solomon. Let it be proposed to divide the subject so that each may have his own. Your eager disputant will be satisfied, your genial talker is aghast at the proposition, for he realizes that it would kill the conversation. Instead of holding his own, he awaits developments. He is in a mood which can be satisfied with something less than a final judgment. It is not necessary that his friend's opinions should be just; it is sufficient that they are characteristic. Whatever turn the talk may take, he preserves an easy temper. He is a heresy hunter,—not the grim kind who go hunting with a gun; he carries only a camera. If he stirs up a strange doctrine he does not care to destroy it. When he gets a snap-shot at human nature he says,—

> Those things do best please me
> That befall preposterously.

An English gentleman relates a conversation he had with Prince Bismarck. The prince was inclined to take a pessimistic view of the English people. He thought that there was a degeneration in the race, which he attributed to the growing habit of drinking water. "Not that he believed that there was any particular virtue *per se* inherent in alcoholic drink; but he was sorry to hear that the old 'three bottle men' were dying out and leaving no successors. He had a suspicion that it meant shrinkage in those qualities of the English which had made them what they were in the past, and for which he had always felt a sincere admiration."

It would have been very easy to drift into debate over this proposition. The English gentleman, however, defended his countrymen more diplomatically. "I replied that with regard to the water-drinking proclivities of my countrymen there was a good deal of calumny con-

nected with the story. It is true that a certain section of English society has indeed taken to water as a beverage. But to argue therefrom that the English people have become addicted to water would be to draw premature conclusions from insufficient data. In this way I was able to calm Prince Bismarck's fears in regard to what the future might bring forth, and our conversation reverted to Royalty."

Each nation has its own set of preconceptions. We must take them altogether, or not at all. They are as compact and as natural a growth as the concentric layers of an onion. Here is a sentence from Max Müller's Autobiography, thrown out quite incidentally. He has been telling how strange it seemed, when first coming to Oxford, to find that the students got along without dueling. Fighting with swords seemed to him the normal method of developing manliness, though he adds that in the German universities "pistol duels are generally preferred by theological students because they cannot easily get a living if the face is scarred all over."

This remark must be taken as one would take a slice of the national onion. One assumption fits into another. To an Englishman or an American there is an incongruity that approaches the grotesque, — because our prejudices are different. It all becomes a matter-of-fact statement when we make the proper assumptions in regard to dueling in general and theological duels in particular. Assuming that it is necessary for theological students to fight duels, and that the congregations are prejudiced against ministers whose faces have been slashed by swords, what is left for the poor theologues but pistols? Their method may seem more dangerous than that adopted by laymen, but Max Müller explains that the danger is chiefly to the seconds.

Individual peculiarities must be taken into account in the same way. Prince Bismarck, in dining with the Emperor, inquired the name of the brand of champagne, which proved to be a cheap German article. "The Emperor explained, 'I drink it from motives of economy, as I have a large family; then again I drink it from patriotic motives.' Thereupon I said to the Emperor, 'With me, your Majesty, patriotism stops short in the region of my stomach.'"

It is evident that here was a difference not to be arbitrated by reason. If the Emperor could not understand the gastronomic limitations to the Chancellor's patriotism, neither could the Chancellor enter into the Emperor's anxieties, as he economized for the sake of his large family.

One cannot but wonder at the temerity of a person who plunges into conversation with a stranger without any preliminary scouting or making sure of a line of retreat. Ordinary prudence would suggest that the first advances should be only in the nature of a reconnoissance in force. You may have very decided prejudices of your own, but it is not certain that they will fraternize with those of your new acquaintance. There is danger of falling into an ambush. There are painful occasions when we remember the wisdom of the Son of Sirach, — "Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue." The mischief of it is that the most kindly intent will not save us. The path of the lover of mankind is beset by difficulties for which he is not prepared. There are so many antagonisms that are unpredictable.

When Nehemiah came to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem he remarked grimly, "When Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, heard of it, it grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel;" and the trouble was that a large number of the children of Israel themselves seem to have resented the interference with their habitual misfortunes. The experience of Ne-

hemiah is that of most reformers. One would suppose that the person who aims at the greatest good for the greatest number would be greeted with instant applause. The difficulty is that the greatest good is just what the greatest number will not tolerate. One does not need to believe in human depravity to recognize the prejudice which most persons have against anything which is proposed as good for them. The most successful philanthropists are those who most skillfully conceal their benevolent intent.

In Coleman's Life of Charles Reade there is a paragraph which gives us a glimpse of a prejudice that has resisted the efforts of the most learned men to eradicate it. An incident is there recorded that took place when Reade was a fellow in Magdalen College. "Just as I was about to terminate my term of office (I hope with credit to myself and the 'Varsity) an untoward incident occurred which embittered my relations for life with two very distinguished men. Professor Goldwin Smith and his friend John Conington, who belonged to us, had attempted to inaugurate a debating society. A handful of unmannerly young cubs, resenting the attempt to teach them political economy, ducked poor Conington under the college pump."

"Resenting the attempt to teach them political economy!" — What is the source of that resentment? What psychologist has fathomed the abyss of the dark prejudice which the natural man has against those who would improve his mind? It is a feud which reaches back into hoar antiquity. Doubtless the accumulated grievances of generations of schoolboys have intensified the feud, but no amelioration of educational methods has put an end to it. In the most successful teacher you may detect a nervous strain like that which the trainer of wild beasts in the arena undergoes. His is a perilous position, and every faculty must be on the alert to hold the momentary ascendency. A single false motion, and the unmannerly young cubs would be upon their victim.

Must we not confess that this irrational resentment against our intellectual benefactors survives, in spite of all discipline, into mature life? We may enlarge the area of our teachableness, but there are certain subjects in regard to which we do not care to be set right. The polite conventionality according to which a person is supposed to know his own business is an evidence of his sensitiveness. Of course the assumption is not justified by facts. A man's own business is just the thing he is conscious of not knowing, and he would give anything in a quiet way to find out. Yet when a candid friend ventures to instruct him, the old irrational resentment flashes out. What we call tact is the ability to find before it is too late what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It is the art of withholding, on proper occasions, information which we are quite sure would be good for them.

The prejudice against our intellectual superiors, which leads us to take their well-meant endeavors in our behalf as of the nature of personal insults, is matched by the equally irrational repulsion which many superior people have for their inferiors. Nothing can be more illogical than the attitude of these gifted ones who use their gifts as bludgeons with which to belabor the rest of us. When we read the writings of men who have a stimulating sense of their own genius, we are struck by their nervous irritability whenever they mention "mediocrity." The greater number of the quarrels of the authors, which the elder Disraeli chronicled, arose from the fact that the authors had the habit of accusing one another of this vice. One would suppose mediocrity to be the sum of all villainies, and that the mediocre man was continually plotting in the night watches against the innocent man of genius; and yet what has the mediocre man done to

deserve this detestation? Poor fellow, he has no malice in him! His mediocrity is only an afterthought. He has done his level best; his misfortune is that several million of his fellow men have done as well.

The superior man, especially if his eminence be accidental, is likely to get a false notion of those who stand on the level below him. The biographer of an English dignitary says that the subject of his memoir was not really haughty, but "he was apt to be prejudiced against any one who seemed to be afraid of him." This is a not uncommon kind of prejudice; and in nine cases out of ten it is unfounded. The great man should remember that most of those whose manners seem unduly respectful mean nothing personal.

As great Pompey passes through the streets of Rome, he may be pardoned for thinking meanly of the people. They appear to be a subservient lot, with no proper interests of their own, their happiness dependent on his passing smile, — and he knows how little that is worth. He sees them at a disadvantage. Let him leave his triumphal chariot, and, in the guise of Third Citizen, fall into friendly chat with First Citizen and Second Citizen, and his prejudices will be corrected. He will find that these worthy men have a much more independent and self-respecting point of view than he had thought possible. They are out for a holiday; they are critics of a spectacle, easily pleased, they will admit; but if no one except Pompey is to be seen to-day, why not make the most of him? Pompey or Cæsar, it matters not; "the play 's the thing."

The origin of some of our prejudices must be sought in the childhood of the race. There are certain opinions which have come down from the cave dwellers without revision. They probably at one time had reasons to justify them, though we have no idea what they were. There are others, which seem equally ancient, which originated in the forgotten experiences of our own childhood. The prehistoric age of myth and fable does not lie far behind any one of us. It is as if Gulliver had been educated in Lilliput, and, while he had grown in stature, had never quite emancipated himself from the Lilliputian point of view. The great hulking fellow is always awkwardly trying to look up at things which he has actually outgrown. He tries to make himself believe that his early world was as big as it seemed. Sometimes he succeeds in his endeavors, and the result is a curious inversion of values.

Mr. Morley, in speaking of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, says: "The Sultan's ability to speak French was one of the odd reasons why Lord Palmerston was sanguine of Turkish civilization." This association of ideas in the mind of the Prime Minister does seem odd till we remember that before Lord Palmerston was in the cabinet he was in the nursery. The fugitive impressions of early childhood reappear in many curious shapes. Who would be so hard-hearted as to exorcise these guiltless ghosts.

Sometimes, in reopening an old book over which long ago we had dreamed, we come upon the innocent source of some of our long-cherished opinions. Such discovery I made in the old Family Bible when opening at the pages inserted by the publisher between the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. On many a Sunday afternoon my stated hour of Bible reading was diversified by excursions into these uncanonical pages. There was a sense of stolen pleasure in the heap of miscellaneous secularities. It was like finding under the church roof a garret in which one might rummage at will. Here were tables of weights and measures, explanations about shekels, suggestions in regard to the probable length of a cubit, curious calculations as to the number of times the word "and" occurred in the Bible. Here, also, was a mysterious

"Table of Offices and Conditions of Men."

I am sure that my scheme of admirations, my conception of the different varieties of human grandeur, has been colored by that Table of Offices and Conditions of Men. It was my Social Register and Burke's Peerage and Who's Who? all in one. It was a formidable list, beginning with the patriarchs, and ending with the deacons. The dignity of the deacon I already knew, for my uncle was one, but his function was vastly exalted when I thought of him in connection with the mysterious personages who went before. There was the "Tirshatha, a governor appointed by the kings of Assyria," — evidently a very great man. Then there were the "Nethinims, whose duty it was to draw water and to cleave wood." When I was called upon to perform similar services I ventured to think that I myself, had I lived in better days, might have been recognized as a sort of Nethinim.

Here, also, I learned the exact age of the world, not announced arbitrarily, but with the several items all set down, so that I might have verified them for myself, had I been mathematically gifted. "The whole sum and number of years from the beginning of the world unto the present year of our Lord 1815 is 5789 years, six months, and the said odd ten days." I have no prejudice in favor of retaining that chronology as far as the thousands are concerned. Five thousand years is one way of saying it was a very long time. If the geologists prefer to convey the same idea by calling it millions, I am content; but I should hate to give up the "odd ten days."

From the same Table of Offices and Conditions I imbibed my earliest philosophical prejudices; for there I learned the difference between the Stoics and Epicureans.

The Stoics were described succinctly as "those who denied the liberty of the will." Just what this might mean was not clear, but it had an ugly sound. The Stoics were evidently contentious persons. On the other hand, all that was revealed concerning the Epicureans was that they "placed all happiness in pleasure." This seemed an eminently sensible idea. I could not but be favorably disposed toward people who managed to get happiness out of their pleasures.

To the excessive brevity of these definitions I doubtless owe an erroneous impression concerning that ancient, and now almost extinct, people, the Samaritans. The name has had to me a suggestion of a sinister kind of scholarship; as if the Samaritans had been connected with some of the black arts. Yet I know nothing in their history to justify this impression. The source of the error was revealed when I turned again to the Table of Offices and Conditions of Men and read once more, "Samaritans, mongrel professors, half heathen and half Jew." How was I to know that the reference was to professors of religion, and not to professors of the arts and sciences?

As there are prejudices which begin in verbal misunderstandings, so there are those which are nourished by the accidental collocation of words. A noun is known by the adjectives it keeps. When we hear of dull conservatism, rabid radicalism, selfish culture, timid piety, smug respectability, we receive unfavorable impressions. We do not always stop to consider that all that is objectionable really inheres in the qualifying words. In a well-regulated mind, after every such verbal turn there should be a call to change partners. Let every noun take a new adjective, and every verb a new adverb.

Clever Bohemians, having heard so much of smug respectability, take a dislike to respectability. But some of the smuggest persons are not respectable at all, — far from it! Serenely satisfied with their own irresponsibility, they look

patronizingly upon the struggling world that owes them a living. I remember a visit from one of these gentry. He called to indicate his willingness to gratify my charitable impulses by accepting from me a small loan. If I did not believe the story of his frequent incarcerations I might consult the chaplain of the House of Correction. He evidently considered that he had a mission. He went about offering his hard and impenitent heart as a stone on which the philanthropists might whet their zeal. Smug respectability, forsooth!

From force of habit we speak of the "earnest" reformer, and we are apt to be intolerant of his lighter moods. Wilberforce encountered this prejudice when he enlivened one of his speeches with a little mirth. His opponent seized the opportunity to speak scornfully of the honorable gentleman's "religious facetiousness." Wilberforce replied very justly that "a religious man might sometimes be facetious, seeing that the irreligious did not always escape being dull."

An instance of the growth of a verbal prejudice is that which in certain circles resulted in the preaching against what was called "mere morality." What the preachers had in mind was true enough. They objected to *mere* morality, as one might say, "Mere life is not enough to satisfy us, we must have something to live on." They would have more than a bare morality. It should be clothed with befitting spiritual raiment. But the parson's zeal tended to outrun his discretion, and forgetting that the true object of his attack was the mereness and not the morality, he gave the impression that the Moral Man was the great enemy of the faith. At last the parishioner would turn upon his accuser. "You need not point the finger of scorn at me. What if I have done my duty to the best of my ability! You should not twit on facts. If it comes to that, you are not in a position to throw stones. If I am a moral man, you 're another."

There are prejudices which are the result of excessive fluency of speech. The flood of words sweeps away all the natural distinctions of thought. All things are conceived of under two categories, — the Good and the Bad. If one ill is admitted, it is assumed that all the rest follow in its train. There are persons who cannot mention "the poor" without adding, "the weak, the wretched, the oppressed, the downtrodden, the suffering, the sick, the sinful, the erring," and so on to the end of the catalogue. This is very disconcerting to a young fellow who, while in the best of health and spirits, is conscious that he is rather poor. He would willingly admit his poverty were it not for the fear of being smothered under the wet blanket of universal commiseration.

When the category of the Good is adopted with the same undiscriminating ardor the results are equally unfortunate. We are prejudiced against certain persons whom we have never met. We have heard nothing but good of them; and we have heard altogether too much of that. Their characters have been painted in glowing virtues that swear at one another. We are sure that we should not like such a combination of unmitigated excellencies; for human nature abhors a paragon. And yet the too highly commended person may, in reality, not be a paragon at all, but a very decent fellow. He would quickly rise in our regard were it not for the eulogies which hang like a millstone around his neck.

It is no easy thing to praise another in such a way as to leave a good impression on the mind of the hearer. A virtue is not for all times. When a writer is too highly commended for being laborious and conscientious we are not inclined to buy his book. His conscience doth make cowards of us all. It may be proper to recommend a candidate for a vacant pulpit as indefatigable in his pastoral labors; but were you to add, in the goodness of your heart, that he was

equally indefatigable as a preacher, he would say, "An enemy hath done this." For the congregation would suspect that his freedom from fatigue in the pulpit was likely to be gained at their expense.

The prejudices which arise from verbal association are potent in preventing any impartial judgment of men whose names have become household words. The man whose name has become the designation of a party or a theory is the helpless victim of his own reputation. Who takes the trouble to pry into the personal opinions of John Calvin? Of course they were Calvinistic. When we hear of the Malthusian doctrine about population, we picture its author as a cold-blooded, economical Herod, who would gladly have ordered a massacre of the innocents. Let no one tell us that the Reverend Richard Malthus was an amiable clergyman, who was greatly beloved by the small parish to which he ministered. In spite of all his church wardens might say, we would not trust our children in the hands of a man who had suggested that there might be too many people in the world. But in such cases we should remember that a man's theories do not always throw light upon his character. When a distinguished physician has a disease named after him, it is understood that the disease is the one he discovered, and not the one he died of.

When the Darwinian hypothesis startled the world, many pious imaginations conceived definite pictures of the author of it. These pictures had but one thing in common, — their striking unlikeness to the quiet gentleman who had made all this stir. By the way, Darwin was the innocent victim of two totally disconnected lines of prejudice. After he had outlived the disfavor of the theologians, he incurred the contempt of the apostles of culture; all because of his modest confession that he did not enjoy poetry as much as he once did. Unfortunately, his scientific habit of mind led him to say that he suspected that he might be suffering from atrophy of the imaginative faculty. Instantly every literal-minded reader and reviewer exclaimed, "How dreadful! What a judgment on him!" Yet, when we stop to think about it, the affliction is not so uncommon as to call for astonishment. Many persons suffer from it who are not addicted to science.

After all, these are harmless prejudices. They are content with their own little spheres, they ask only to live and let live. There are others, however, that are militantly imperialistic. They are ambitious to become world powers. Such are those which grow out of differences in politics, in religion, and in race.

Political animosities have doubtless been mitigated by freer social intercourse, which gives more opportunities for meeting on neutral ground. It is only during a heated campaign that we think of all of the opposing party as rascals. There is time between elections to make the necessary exceptions. It is customary to make allowance for a certain amount of partisan bias, just as the college faculty allows a student a certain number of "cuts." It is a just recognition of human weakness. Our British cousins go farther, and provide means for the harmless gratification of natural prejudices. There are certain questions on which persons are expected to express themselves with considerable fervor, and without troubling themselves as to the reasonableness of their contention.

In a volume of published letters I was pleased to read one from a member of the aristocracy. He had been indulging in trivial personalities, when suddenly he broke off with: "Now I must go to work on the Wife's Sister's Question; I intend to make a good stout protest against that rascally bill!" There is no such exercise for the moral nature as a good stout protest. We Americans take our exercise spasmodically. Instead of

going about it regularly, we wait for some extraordinary occasion. We make it a point of sportsmanship to shoot our grievance on the wing, and we are nervously anxious lest it get out of range before we have time to take aim.

Not so the protesting Briton. He approves of the answer of Jonah when he was asked, "Doest thou well to be angry for the gourd?" Jonah, without any waste of words, replied, "I do well to be angry." When the Englishman feels that it is well for him to be angry, he finds constitutional means provided. Parliament furnishes a number of permanent objects for his disapproval. Whenever he feels disposed he can make a good stout protest, feeling assured that his indignation is well bestowed. He has such satisfaction as that which came to Mr. Micawber in reading his protest against the villainies of Uriah Heep: "Much affected but still intensely enjoying himself, Mr. Micawber folded up the letter and handed it with a bow to my aunt, as something she might like to keep."

These stout-hearted people have learned not only how to take their pleasures sadly, but, what is more to the purpose, how to take their sadnesses pleasantly. We Americans have, here, something to learn. We should get along better if we had a number of argument-proof questions like that in regard to marriage with the deceased wife's sister which could be warranted to recur at regular intervals. They could be set apart as a sort of public playground for the prejudices. It would at least keep the prejudices out of mischief.

Religious prejudice has an air of singularity. The singular thing is that there should be such a variety. If we identify religion with the wisdom that is from above, and which is "first pure, then peaceable, easy to be entreated, without partiality," it is hard to see where the prejudice comes in. Religious prejudice is a compound of religion and several decidedly earthly passions. The combination produces a peculiarly dangerous explosive. The religious element has the same part in it that the innocent glycerine has in nitro-glycerine. This latter, we are told, is "a compound produced by the action of a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids on glycerin at low temperatures." It is observable that in the making of religious prejudice the religion is kept at a very low temperature, indeed.

We are at present in an era of good feeling. Not only is there an interchange of kindly offices between members of different churches, but one may detect a tendency to extend the same tolerance to the opposing party in the same church. This is a real advance, for it is always more difficult to do justice to those who differ from us slightly than to those whose divergence is fundamental. To love our friends is a work of nature, to love our enemies is a work of grace; the troublesome thing is to get on with those who are "betwixt and between." In such a case we are likely to fall between nature and grace as between two stools. Almost any one can be magnanimous in great affairs, but to be magnanimous in trifles is like trying to use a large screw-driver to turn a small screw.

In a recently published correspondence between dignitaries of the Church of England I find many encouraging symptoms. The writers exhibit a desire to do justice not only to the moral, but also to the intellectual, gifts of those who differ from them even slightly. There is, of course, enough of the old Adam remaining to make their judgments on one another interesting reading. It is pleasant to see brethren dwelling together in unity, — a pleasure seldom prolonged to the point of satiety. Thus the Dean of Norwich writes to the Dean of Durham in regard to Dean Stanley. Alluding to an opinion, in a previous letter, in regard to Archbishop Tait, the writer says: "I confess I should n't have ranked

him among the great men of the day. Of our contemporaries I should have assigned that rank, without hesitation, to little Stan, though I quite think he did more mischief in our church and to religion than most men have it in them to do. Still I should say that little Stan was a great man in his way." There you may see a mind that has, with considerable difficulty, uprooted a prejudice, though you may still perceive the place where the prejudice used to be.

While the methods of the exact sciences have had a discouraging effect on partisan and sectarian prejudices, they seem, for the moment, to have given new strength to those which are the result of differences in race. Time was when Anti-Semitism derived its power from religious rancor. The cradle hymn which the Puritan mother sang began sweetly, —

> Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
> Holy angels guard thy bed!

But after a while the mother thinks of the wickedness of the Jews: —

> Yet to read the shameful story
> How the Jews abused their King,
> How they served the Lord of Glory,
> Makes me angry while I sing.

In these days, the Anti-Semites are not so likely to be angry while they sing, as while they cast up their accounts.

The natural sciences discriminate between classes rather than between individuals. Sociology deals with groups, and not with persons. Anthropology acquaints us with the aboriginal and unmoralized man. It emphasizes the solidarity of the clan and the persistence of the cult. Experimental psychology is at present interested in the sub-conscious and instinctive life. For its purpose it treats a man as a series of nervous reactions. Human history is being rewritten as a branch of Natural History. Eliminating the part played by personal will, it exhibits an age-long warfare between nations and races.

This is all very well so long as we remember what it is that we are studying. Races, cults, and social groups exist and have their history. There is no harm in defining the salient characteristics of a race, and saying that, on the whole, one race is inferior to another. The difficulty comes when this rough average is made the dead line beyond which an individual is not allowed to pass.

In our Comedy of Errors, which is always slipping into tragedy, there are two Dromios on the stage, — the Race and the Individual. The Race is an abstraction which can bear any amount of punishment without flinching. You may say anything you please about it and not go far wrong. It is like criticising a composite photograph. There is nothing personal about it. Who is offended at the caricatures of Brother Jonathan or of John Bull? We recognize certain persistent national traits, but we also recognize the element of good-humored exaggeration. The Jew, the Slav, the Celt, the Anglo-Saxon, have existed for ages. Each has admired himself, and been correspondingly disliked by others. Even the Negro as a racial abstraction is not sensitive. You may, if you will, take up the text, so much quoted a generation ago, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be. . . . God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant." Dromio Africanus listens unmoved to the exegesis of Petroleum V. Nasby and his compeers at the Crossroads: "God cust Canaan, and sed he shood be a servant forever. Did he mean us to pay him wages? Not eny: for ef he hed he wood hev ordered our tastes and habits so es we shood hev hed the wherewithal to do it."

The impassive Genius of Africa answers the Anglo-Saxon: "If it pleases you to think that your prejudice against me came out of the Ark, so be it. If you find it agreeable to identify yourself with Japheth who shall providen-

tially be enlarged, I may as well be Canaan."

So long as the doctrinaires of the Crossroads are dealing only with highly generalized conceptions no harm is done. But now another Dromio appears. He is not a race; he is a person. He has never come that way before, and he is bewildered by what he sees and hears. Immediately he is beset by those who accuse him of crimes which some one who looks like him has committed. He is beaten because he does not know his place; how can he know it, stumbling as he does upon a situation for which he is altogether unprepared? It is an awkward predicament, this of being born into the world as a living soul. Under the most favorable conditions it is hard for the new arrival to find himself, and adjust himself to his environment. But this victim of mistaken identity finds that he has been judged and condemned already. When he innocently tries to make the most of himself a great uproar is created. What right has he to interfere with the preconceived opinions of his betters? They understand him, for have they not known him for many generations?

Poor man Dromio! Whether he have a black skin or a yellow, and whatever be the racial type which his features suggest, the trouble is the same. He is sacrificed on the altar of our stupidity. He suffers because of our mental color-blindness, which prevents our distinguishing persons. We see only groups, and pride ourselves on our defective vision. By and by we may learn to be a little ashamed of our crudely ambitious generalizations. A finer gift is the ability to know a man when we see him. It may be that Nature is "careful of the type," and "careless of the single life." If that be so, it may be the part of wisdom for us to give up our anxieties about the type, knowing that Nature will take care of that. Such relief from cosmic responsibility will give us much more time for our proper work, which is to deal justly with each single life.

Samuel McChord Crothers.

DUST TO DUST.

How dark, how rich and full the summer nights,
What warmth about them brooded, while the sea
Murmured low song, and passion throbbed to peace!
The soft airs curled around them, the great boughs
Swayed slowly with long rhythms of delight,
And sleep was but unconsciousness of joy.

Like fragile bubbles soaring sky o'er sky
How buoyantly the mornings rose and broke,
As if the world were made afresh each dawn, —
The forest folded in a fleece of mist,
The dim green wood a shimmer of the dew!
The winds were up and singing, far away
The foam-wreaths caught the sun and skimmed to shore
A shoal of sea-nymphs. Then, a rose of dreams
Her velvet cheek, he crushed her in strong arms,
Sprang for his spear and took him to the chase.

One eve no hounds made music in the wood,
No hurrying echoes followed on a horn,
No mighty hunter loomed upon the hill.
"Theseus! Where art thou, Theseus! Love, my love!"
She cried. And all the cliffs of Naxos mocked.
Bitter and salt as the salt bitter sea
Her tears, where prone she lay, all soul and sense
Drowned deep in seas of bottomless despair.

Then, sphered in light, at last the great god came, —
The god who gives the sweet o' the year to earth,
Who guards the world-wide curve of lovely lines,
Ripens the white wheat, pulps the purple grape,
God of the sacramental bread and wine.
The leopard-skin upon his shoulders hung,
The ivy twined his yellow locks, and like
The sunshine splintering on a spear his eye,
And like the sunshine on the heart of a flower
His smile. As beautiful as dawn he stood,
And called with strange compelling melody
This woman cast aside of dust that dies.
And lingeringly, like one in dream, she came
And found his arms a fastness. Lifted then
She lay within the heaven of his heart,
Suffused with all the godship of his love.
The winds less free throughout the courts of space,
Far from the doors of death he went with her,
Filled her with essence of immortal life,
And crowned her with a crown of seven great stars.
Yet in the tenderest moment of his care,
Though fragrant fire ran through her with his touch,
Earth in her trembled to the pulse of earth.
Old thoughts, old memories stirred the soul that bore
The pearl's dim flaw, the clay in the opal's grain.
And as black lightnings rive some growing thing
She shuddered back among her clods once more,
Sighing through silent hollows of her heart,
"Theseus! Where art thou, Theseus! Love, my love!"

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE DIPLOMATIC CONTEST FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

I.

THE importance of the Louisiana Purchase in the history of the United States has become increasingly clear in the century that has just elapsed, and as the nation goes on to fulfill its destiny on the Pacific and in South America it will turn to this event with growing appreciation of the significance of the march across the Mississippi, and the acquisition of the strategic point where the great river enters the Gulf of Mexico. If the Declaration of Independence marks our separation from the colonial system of the Old World, the Louisiana Purchase was the turning-point in the events that fixed our position as the arbiter of the New World.

It is the purpose of these papers to show that this important event was no sudden or unrelated episode in our history. It was the dramatic culmination of a long struggle that began with the rivalry of Spain, France, and England for the Mississippi Valley in the colonial era, continued during the American Revolution, and brought grave problems before the first three Presidents of the United States in the period when Europe was engaged in the contests of the French Revolution.

Although the revisions of the map of Europe, in that era, largely occupied the European diplomats, their archives reveal the fact that the future of the Mississippi Valley received serious attention, and constituted an important element in their policy. When we consider the power which the interior of the United States now exerts over the economic and political welfare of the world, we realize that the diplomatic intrigues for the possession of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Great Lakes were of higher significance in world history than many of the European incidents which have received more attention.

Not simply Louisiana was at stake: the whole Mississippi Valley, — the land between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, as well as the territory across the river, — with the Gulf of Mexico at one end and the Great Lakes at the other, was the prize of the diplomatic game. Indeed, all South America became involved in the designs of the European rivals. For the United States the matter was a vital one. The acquisition of these regions laid the physical foundation for our national greatness, furnished the base from which to extend our power to the Pacific Ocean, and gave us a dominating strategic position in reference to Spanish America. More immediately it put an end to the plans to which France and England had given their attention for forming an interior dependency in the Mississippi Valley, whose sea power should control the Gulf of Mexico, and, by consequence, preside over the division of the decaying empire of Spain in the New World. The Monroe Doctrine would have been impossible if the designs of either France, Spain, or England, during the decade that followed Washington's inauguration, could have been carried out.

At the close of the war for independence the United States held hardly more than the Atlantic coast. Beyond the Alleghanies an advance column of pioneers had pushed a wedge of sparse settlement along the southern tributaries of the Ohio into Kentucky and Tennessee. Ambitious to conquer though they were, their hold was a precarious one. On their right flank lay the basin of the Great Lakes, occupied by warlike Indians held under control by the posts of England at Detroit and at other strategic points on the lakes. In spite of the

treaty of 1783, Great Britain retained these posts, the centres of Indian trade and influence, alleging the failure of the United States to carry out certain provisions of the treaty, and expecting that a speedy dissolution of the feeble confederation would leave to her the control of the Great Lakes and the upper Mississippi; nor did she forget her former possessions on the Gulf of Mexico.

On the left flank, controlling the basin of the Gulf of Mexico, were the four powerful tribes of the Southern Indians. Spain held the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans, and from Mobile, St. Marks and Pensacola furnished these tribes with goods, arms, and ammunition. In the spring of 1784 the governor of Louisiana, acting on the theory that the savages were independent nations, made treaties which bound them to accept Spanish protection, and, in return, promised to secure them in the possession of their lands. Nor did Spain stop with insuring her predominance among the Indians. She avoided a treaty with the United States at the close of the Revolution. Refusing to be bound by England's cession to the United States, she set up the claim that her victories over Great Britain in the Revolution had given her the right to Florida with the most extensive boundary which England had given to West Florida during her occupation. She also contended that the eastern bank of the Mississippi was hers, finding justification for this in the fact that England, by the Proclamation of 1763, had made crown lands of the colonial territory beyond the Alleghanies, and had forbidden the colonists to settle there. Thus, she argued, her victories over England on the Mississippi and in Florida gave her a sphere of influence in the lands between the Gulf, the Mississippi, and the Alleghanies, at least as far north as the mouth of the Ohio. She further asserted, as the fundamental element in her policy, the exclusive control of the navigation of the Mississippi, which England had promised us by the treaty.

All the "Western World," as the settlers loved to call the land beyond the mountains, depended on the Mississippi for an outlet for the crops. The dwellers on the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and all the western waters, shut off by the Alleghanies from the coast, could only find a market for their crops through New Orleans. Obviously the very strength of Spain's position also constituted a menace to herself, in view of the feeble garrisons by which she blocked the river. To meet this situation, in 1786 she entered into negotiations for a treaty by which we should forgo our claim to the navigation of the Mississippi for twenty-five years in return for concessions to our commerce in her European possessions. This proposal met the approval not only of some of the most important statesmen from the northeastern commercial sections, like Jay and King, but also of Washington, who believed that the West stood upon a pivot, — "the touch of a feather would turn it any way." Fearing that the ease of navigating the Mississippi would menace the connection of the West with the Union, Washington desired first to bind the West to the East by ties of interest, opening communication by canals and roads. But many Southern men, particularly Monroe and Patrick Henry, saw in the proposal to relinquish the navigation of the Mississippi the sacrifice of the agricultural interests to those of the maritime section, and foretold a dissolution of the Union. In the outcome, sufficient votes could not be obtained to carry the treaty; but the West was deeply stirred by the attempt.

Another device of Spain to check the American advance was the use of the Southern Indians. Carondelet, the governor of Louisiana, afterwards expressed the Spanish policy when he declared that there was no American force which could protect the two hundred leagues

and more of frontier from the devastations of fifteen thousand well-armed savages, nor any which would venture to descend the Mississippi, leaving their communications to be cut off by a swarm of savages. "Not only will Spain always make the American settlements tremble by threatening them with the Indians, but she has no other means of molesting them." Well might Spain base her hopes on the unsubstantial protection afforded by her Indian allies, for, at the time, she had but a single regiment, distributed in twenty-one detachments, to guard nearly two thousand miles of river front.

Under these circumstances, the Spanish authorities also tried to detach the West from the Union by promising free navigation in return for the acceptance of Spanish sovereignty by Kentucky and the Tennessee and Cumberland settlements. In the disturbed conditions of the period, this, for a time, seemed a possible solution of the difficulty, for the Westerners were deeply impressed by the effectiveness of the mountain barrier in dividing them from the states of the coast, and they had slight respect for the type of social life on the seaboard, or for the feeble government, which, at the close of the Confederation, afforded them protection against neither the Indians nor the Spaniards. The Westerners as a whole preferred the Union; but its value to them depended on the efficiency with which it dealt with the problem of the Indians and the navigation of the Mississippi, and they were determined to secure local self-government independent of the coastwise states whose chartered limits overspread their territory, and whose governments disposed of their land, although they were impotent to defend the settlers. When the old Confederation was going to pieces in 1788–89, the Kentucky and Tennessee settlements were engaged in a struggle for separate statehood, and the more radical and best known leaders of these communities at the same time entered into correspondence with the governor of Louisiana with a view to securing Spanish concessions in the event of declaring independence. Inasmuch as the thirteen states were considering the question of ratification of the Constitution as sovereign bodies, the western settlements, not unnaturally, were disposed to decide their own allegiance at the same time. Men like Wilkinson, of Kentucky, later the commander in chief of the American army, and the prominent Judge Sebastian went so far as to accept pensions from Spain as the price of supporting her designs. General George Rogers Clark, the most famous military figure in the West since his conquest of the Illinois country, offered to become a Spanish subject, and to transfer from the weak authority of the United States a numerous colony if he could receive a land grant west of the Mississippi. Sevier and Robertson, the founders of Tennessee, also corresponded with the Spanish authorities, with similar ideas of saving themselves and their communities in the midst of the general confusion. But some of the more conservative and far-sighted Kentucky leaders imposed a successful opposition to precipitate action, and demanded that further time be given to the United States to secure from Spain the western demands. The Spanish intrigue for seducing the West from the Union met defeat (although Spain did not realize the fact for some years) when the new Constitution was ratified and a stronger national government was established.

Another device of Spain was to attract western settlers into her own territory by offering vast land grants to the American frontiersmen. But Spain herself finally became alarmed at the idea of taking such warlike colonies into her bosom, and these measures were superseded by a regulation which gave temporary relief to the settlers by opening the river to their trade under a fifteen per cent duty. Nevertheless, this mea-

sure was permissive only, and Spain continued to control the navigation.

While Spain intrigued to dominate both banks of the Mississippi, Great Britain sought to attach the frontiersmen to her interests. Decided apprehension was felt by Madison and other congressmen that the refusal to open the river would throw the West into the arms of England. Nor were these fears groundless, for in the fall of 1788 Dr. Connolly, an agent of the Canadian government, came to Kentucky, at the time when its relation to the United States was doubtful, in order to sound the disaffected as to an English connection. Lord Dorchester, the governor of Canada, reported to his government that private councils in Kentucky favored declaring independence, seizing New Orleans, and looking to England for such assistance as might enable them to accomplish these designs. He sent to the British authorities a memorial by a gentleman of Kentucky (there is reason for believing that Wilkinson wrote it) which declared that "the Atlantic states of America must sink as the western settlements rise. Nature has interposed obstacles and established barriers between these regions which forbid their connection on principles of reciprocal interests, and the flimsy texture of republican government is insufficient to hold in the same political bonds a people detached and scattered over such an expanse of territory, whose views and interests are discordant. Those local causes, irresistible in their nature, must produce a secession of the western settlements from the Atlantic states, and the period is not very distant. But these people must for ages continue agriculture; by consequence, foreign protection will be expedient for their happiness, and this protection must necessarily comprehend the right of navigating the Mississippi with a marine to protect its commerce. That power which commands the navigation of the Mississippi as completely commands the whole country traversed by its waters as the key does the lock or the citadel the outworks. The politics of the western country are fast verging to a crisis, and must speedily eventuate in an appeal to the patronage of Spain or Britain."

In the fall of 1789 the English government instructed Dorchester that it was desirable that the western settlements should be kept distinct from the United States, with a British connection. This policy was more fully explicated in the report of the Lords of Trade that it would be for England's interest "to prevent Vermont and Kentucke, and all other settlements now forming in the Interior parts of the great Continent of North America, from becoming dependent on the Government of the United States, or of any other Foreign Country, and to preserve them on the contrary in a State of Independence and to induce them to form Treaties of Commerce and Friendship with Great Britain."

It is clear, therefore, that while England supported the Indians in their refusal to permit American settlements north of the Ohio, she also endeavored to control the settlements on the south of that river. In short, Spain and England were playing analogous parts, on our unstable frontier, in this period of disintegration, although England was the more cautious, and not so unscrupulous in her intrigue.

France also, which had viewed the loss of Canada and Louisiana with keen regret ever since the last French and Indian war, and had kept in view the possibility of regaining the West during the American Revolution, was awake to the opportunity. De Moustier, the French Minister to the United States, sent to his government memorials pointing out the advantages of Louisiana and its importance to France, and before the close of his career, in 1787, Vergennes, Prime Minister of France, is said to have made offers to Spain for the purchase of Louisiana, but was deterred by a lack of funds.

Thus Washington began his administration with a critical situation on our frontiers. On either flank were powerful Indian confederacies, controlled respectively by England and Spain, threatening our advance. At the same time the new and experimental government was unable to obtain for the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley the navigation of their great river, and it continually opposed their attempts to make war upon the Indians. In the state of unstable equilibrium of the whole western country, these conditions constituted a grave menace to the future control of the interior by the Union. It is easy to believe that, in the long run, Americans would have settled the Mississippi Valley; but it is by no means so certain that these Americans would, of necessity, have been under the flag of the United States. In these early years an independent confederacy under the protection of some European flag was entirely within the realm of possibility, if not of probability, as the history of Canada illustrates.

The first important diplomatic problem with which the new American government had to grapple arose in connection with the so-called Nootka Sound affair. In the autumn of 1789 Spain seized certain English ships on their way to establish a trading-post at Nootka Sound on the Pacific. During the spring and summer of 1790 active preparations for war were made by both nations. There was every reason to believe that England would strike Spain in her vulnerable American empire, for from the days of Drake, England had sought the commerce of the Spanish colonies. In such an event, Florida and New Orleans were likely to be seized, and in the operations against Louisiana it was probable that an army would descend the Mississippi, crossing from the English posts on the Great Lakes. In fact, at this crisis England instructed the governor of Canada to ascertain if the Kentuckians would coöperate, using the argument that freedom of navigation of the Mississippi would be more important to them than an attempt to recover the Great Lake posts by a Spanish alliance.

But the plans considered by Pitt were more far-reaching than the acquisition of Florida and Louisiana. At this point one of the most interesting figures in the history of the period appears upon the scene, — Francesco Miranda, the Venezuelan revolutionist, whose life was an epic of diplomatic intrigue and adventure. Shortly after the American Revolution, Miranda visited the United States, fired with the design of liberating Spanish America. He made the acquaintance of prominent officers like Hamilton and Knox, and he afterward alleged that he had received assurances from them that New England would furnish troops for a revolution in Spanish America if Great Britain assisted with her navy. Miranda then went to Europe to plead his cause, visiting almost all the leading countries of the Continent, and, at the news of approaching hostilities between Spain and Great Britain, he turned for aid to the latter country. In February, 1790, in an interview with Pitt, he unfolded to him his plans for breaking the Spanish yoke in America by the aid of English arms. His design contemplated the formation of an independent constitutional empire of the Spanish colonies, including within its limits the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific as far north as the forty-fifth degree, and all of Central and South America, except Brazil and Guiana. Cuba was to be included, "since the port of Havana is the key to the Gulf of Mexico;" but the other West Indian islands, together with Florida, were apparently to be the reward of England. In addition a liberal commercial arrangement was to be made, which should open to her the trade of this great domain. Miranda also furnished Pitt with reports on the military conditions in Spanish America, and the minister agreed that in the event of war

he would take up the project. If hostilities had begun, two expeditions were to be sent to Spanish America, with coöperation from India. New Orleans was to be captured, and a plan for an overland march from that city against Mexico was considered.

While Miranda urged his far-reaching schemes in London, another interesting adventurer, William Augustus Bowles, was fostering British interests among the Southwestern Indians. In the course of his wanderings, Bowles visited the Bahamas, where he won the patronage of Lord Dunmore, by whose connivance he secured stores of English arms and goods for the Gulf Indians, and was thus made independent of the Spanish trading-posts. Becoming one of the principal chiefs of the Lower Creeks, he conceived the project of building up an independent Indian nation, and at length he was emboldened to ask of Spain two ports on the coast of Florida. Failing to receive a favorable response, he determined to seek British assistance and to march his Indians into Florida against the Spanish posts, take New Orleans, and thence advance against Mexico. In 1790 Bowles sailed for England, with a delegation of Creeks and Cherokees, where in January, 1791, he memorialized the king in behalf of his plans. Utterly absurd as his proposal seems, at first sight, it was not without some prospect of success, particularly since he intended to call upon the Cumberland settlers for aid, and to secure supplies from England. He found additional arguments for English assistance in the prospect that the United States would destroy the Northern Indians, while, on the other hand, a general Indian confederacy, North and South, under the leadership of the Creeks and the Cherokees, would greatly increase English influence.

These proposals were made too late to affect English plans in the Nootka Sound affair; but they are significant illustrations of the far-reaching influence which England exercised upon our borders, by means of men whose actions she could utilize or disavow as best suited the circumstances; and Pitt was at this time receiving regular reports from his secret agents in the United States in reference to Florida, which he called his "Southern Farms." While the English government did not encourage Bowles in his plans of active hostility against the United States, it conceded him the free ports which he asked in the West Indies. On his return to the Southwest he achieved a dominant influence among the Indians, arousing the apprehensions both of Spain and the United States, until, in 1792, the Spaniards decoyed him on board one of their vessels and carried him off a prisoner.

It was in connection with the Nootka Sound affair that the United States first seriously considered her destiny as a nation in respect to the possession of New Orleans. Many considerations favored an alliance between the United States and England against Spain. A war between Spain and the United States seemed almost certain, if the Creeks under the leadership of their half-breed chief, Alexander McGillivray, continued to resist the drawing of a boundary line on the Georgia side satisfactory to the United States; for in the operations against them, as General Knox, the Secretary of War, pointed out, our troops would invade territories claimed by Spain.

Washington decided in favor of neutrality, however, and in the summer of 1790 he made strenuous efforts to adjust our affairs on the frontier. He engaged McGillivray in a treaty at New York, whereby our difficulties with the Creek Indians were temporarily tided over; he issued a proclamation against the Yazoo Company's filibustering expedition, of which George Rogers Clark was said to be the military leader, and he took pains at the same time to quiet the apprehensions of the authorities of Canada by assuring them that Harmar's

army, which was preparing to strike the Northwestern Indians, was not destined to attack the posts which England retained on the Great Lakes.

The most serious question before the government, however, was what attitude to take in case England occupied Louisiana and Florida, and, particularly, what to do in case she asked a passage for her troops from Canada and the Great Lakes across our Northwestern territory to the Mississippi. As early as July an agent of England was in New York, then the seat of our government, watching our policy, and sounding the leading members of the government on the possibility of a connection between the United States and England in the war, and on our probable attitude if she attacked Louisiana. The views of Congressman Scott from western Pennsylvania, although they were doubtless extreme, illustrate the possibilities of the situation. He said to the agent, "If Great Britain had possession of the opening of the Mississippi, her commercial enterprise would give us a fair and liberal market for our various exports, which is not now the case; it would tend to people our country, in consequence to give us more weight in the general scale." "In these ideas," he said, "all the people upon the western waters are united." He further suggested that Great Britain ought to capture New Orleans, aided by operations on the upper Mississippi by American troops under General Knox, and, after effecting this, "to conduct an army to be formed in the Western country by land from thence into Spanish America." However, the English agent did not meet with equally warm responses from the members of the cabinet. When he hinted to Alexander Hamilton that England's arms would be turned against Spanish America, Hamilton, much as he approved a closer English connection, warned him that the United States must possess New Orleans, and expressed our repugnance to an English enterprise against it.

It is the attitude of Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, that is particularly interesting, however, not only because he had the immediate charge of the diplomacy of the situation, but because here he first officially grappled with the question, who should possess the Mississippi Valley, — a question which he, as President, a little over a decade later, was so triumphantly to answer. On the news of the impending war, Jefferson did not hesitate to express his alarm at the prospective conquest by Great Britain of Louisiana and the Floridas. "Embraced from the St. Croix to the St. Mary's on the one side by their possessions, on the other by their fleet," he wrote to Monroe, "we need not hesitate to say that they would soon find means to unite to them all the territory covered by the ramifications of the Mississippi." Thus, he declared, in the notes which he drew up for his own guidance, England would have possessions double the size of ours, as good in soil and climate, and, instead of two neighbors balancing each other, we should have one with more than the strength of both. It would be hopeless, he thought, to make war against England without securing France as an ally, and he characteristically decided that our wisest policy was to delay and watch our opportunity to obtain from the allies a price for our assistance. Such a price might be found in the independence of Louisiana and the Floridas. He therefore determined to secure the good offices of France to induce Spain to cede us the island of New Orleans. Realizing, however, that this proposal would at first seem extreme to the French Minister, he advised our representative to France to urge that country simply to recommend to Spain the cession in general terms of "a port near the mouth of the river with a circumadjacent territory sufficient for its support, well defined and extra-territorial to Spain, leaving the idea to future growth." This was the idea that grew until the "circumadjacent territory"

broadened into the vast prairies and plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River. Jefferson was not without doubts of the intentions of France herself, for he warned our representative that her recent minister had conceived the project of again "engaging France in a colony" upon our continent; but with a cheerful optimism that casts light upon his later actions, he added that he suspected France the less since her National Assembly had constitutionally excluded conquest from the effort of their government!

To our representative at Madrid he gave directions to point out that more than half the American territory and forty thousand fighting men were within the Mississippi basin. If Spain would not concede the right of navigation, either we must lose the West, which would seek other alliances, or we must wrest what we wanted from Spain. He was therefore to suggest the cession of New Orleans and Florida, and to argue that thus we could protect for Spain what lay beyond the Mississippi. In the light of subsequent events, Jefferson's argument on this point is amusing. It would be safer for Spain that we should be her neighbor rather than England, he reasoned, since conquest is not in our principles, and is inconsistent with our government; and he added that it would not be to our interest to cross the Mississippi for ages, and would never be to our interest to remain united with those who do.

In his instructions to our agent in England, he pointed out the consequences of that nation's acquiring Louisiana and Florida, and required him to intimate to the English government that "a due balance on our borders is not less desirable to us than a balance of power in Europe has always appeared to them." He offered neutrality conditioned on England's executing the treaty of 1783 fairly and attempting no conquests adjoining us.

Thus we see Jefferson's Louisiana system fully unfolded as early as 1790. There is the characteristic passion for peace, which leads him to determine to await events in spite of his vigorous diplomatic representations, and there is a naïve confidence in the unwillingness of France to conquer, and of the United States to expand by war; but there is at the same time a firm grasp of the importance of the Mississippi and the Gulf to the future of the United States, and a far-sighted vision of our need of a doctrine of balance of power in the New World, — a germ of the Monroe Doctrine.

The correspondence of Washington's cabinet officers reveals the fact that England would have met no forcible resistance had she sent an army from the Great Lakes down the Mississippi to take possession of New Orleans. Once there, a liberal policy toward the western settlers, and an efficient defense by her fleet, would have placed her in a position difficult of attack.

This first diplomatic discussion of the future of the Mississippi Valley by the new government of the United States served its purpose by turning the vision of American statesmen to this horizon line of our future, rather than by resulting in immediate action. France, then in the beginnings of her revolution, broke away from her Spanish alliance by declaring the family compact between the two courts inapplicable to the new state of affairs. Thus isolated, Spain was obliged to sign a convention with England in 1790, which terminated the prospect of war between the two powers.

Spain's first movements after this episode were to give definite orders to permit no American settlements on the Mississippi below the mouth of the Ohio, and to send an agent to reside among the Creek Indians in order to prevent the running of the boundary line between them and Georgia, which had been agreed upon by the New York treaty. In response, the United States sent an

agent of its own with instructions to supersede McGillivray, and become himself the chief of the Creeks.

Thus, both in the Southwest and the Northwest, a situation existed similar to that which has been seen in Afghanistan, and other buffer states, where in recent times Russia and England have contended for dominant influence. The storm centre rested among the savages, and in the Southwest, as in the Northwest, a chance spark might have produced a war. Negotiations were transferred to Madrid, where the American representatives were cleverly amused by the Spanish diplomats for several years. By the close of 1792, England was still persistent in her support of the Northwestern Indians by advice of resident agents, by equipment in arms, and by her retention of the posts, and Spain was as impervious as ever in the Southwest. The conditions aroused the fears of the government that these two nations had a common understanding against the United States.

These circumstances, together with the uncertain state of affairs in Europe, where England and Spain were joining in opposition to France, led Hamilton in the fall of 1792 to advocate an alliance with England, but Washington declared this remedy worse than the disease. Before the close of the year, however, even Washington came reluctantly to the conclusion that an ally might be needed, and he broached to Jefferson the idea of a closer connection with France. This met with eager sympathy from the Secretary of State, who avowed that a French alliance was his polar star. It is hardly necessary to point out that an alliance with any European power at this juncture in European events would have plunged us in the state system of the Old World, and would have opened the Mississippi Valley to conquest by one or the other of these powers. Washington, in fact, adhered to neutrality, which was, undoubtedly, our true policy, for in little more than a decade the western settlers became strong enough to insure our possession of the interior.

While the American government considered the question of European alliances, the results of the breaking of the family compact between France and Spain were making themselves manifest. It is a significant illustration of the importance of Spanish America in the diplomacy of the period of the French Revolution that one of the early efforts of France to prevent the coalition against her was an attempt to detach England by an offer to join with her in breaking the power of Spain in the New World. The rupture of the family compact had left France free to prey upon the spoils of her late ally, and in the spring and early fall of 1792 she sent two successive missions to London, in which Talleyrand served, to win British alliance by the offer of a joint attack upon the colonial possessions of Spain. The emancipation of these colonies would give their commerce to England, and the fact that Miranda, now high in favor in France, had already furnished Pitt with information that Spanish America was ripe for revolt must have added temptation to the bait. But England, alarmed by the fall of the royal power in France, was in no mood to accept that nation as a partner in this plan of exploitation, and France was thrown back upon the United States. Brissot dominated the foreign policy of France at this time. He had recently traveled in the United States, was acquainted with the disaffection in the West, believed the Alleghanies a natural boundary to the United States, and knew that the frontiersmen were keenly ready to attack the Spaniards at the mouth of their great river. He reckoned also on the ability of France to recall to their old allegiance the French population of Louisiana and Canada. The French leaders seem first to have determined to send Miranda as governor to San Domingo, whence he could organ-

ize an expedition against Spanish America. "Once masters of the Dutch marine," wrote Dumouriez, "we shall be able to crush England, particularly by interesting the United States in the support of our colonies, and in executing a superb project of General Miranda." It was indeed a vast project, combining in a single system the movements to unite the French and Dutch fleets, and thus to make possible a sea power that should enable France, aided by American frontiersmen, to attack Spain's colonial empire, using the French West Indies as a base.

If the United States would coöperate in freeing Canada, Louisiana, and Florida, our alliance was to be sought. It was hoped that at the worst only a nominal neutrality would be declared, and that events on our distant frontier would not be checked by the government of the United States. The French ministers informed Colonel Smith, the son-in-law of Vice President Adams, that they intended to begin the attack at the mouth of the Mississippi, and to sweep along the Bay of Mexico southwardly, and that they would have no objection to our incorporating the two Floridas.

Under these circumstances France determined to send Genet as minister to this country. This interesting character had represented the French government in Russia with so much enthusiasm in the opening of the Revolution that the Empress Catherine dubbed him "*un démagogue enragé*," and in the summer of 1792 he was forced to leave that country. His instructions required him to negotiate a new treaty with the United States, which should consolidate the commercial and political interests of the two nations, and establish a close connection for extending the empire of liberty. Such a compact, it was stated, "would conduce rapidly to freeing Spanish America, to opening the navigation of the Mississippi to the inhabitants of Kentucky, to delivering our ancient brothers of Louisiana from the tyrannical yoke of Spain, and perhaps to uniting the fair star of Canada to the American constellation." Genet was required to devote himself to convincing the Americans of the feasibility of these vast designs. But if the United States should take a wavering and timid course, while waiting for the government to make common cause with France, he was to take all measures which comported with his position to arouse in Louisiana, and in the other provinces of America adjacent to the United States, the principles of liberty and independence. Kentucky, it was pointed out, would probably second his efforts, without compromising Congress, and he was authorized to send agents there and to Louisiana, where the fires of revolution were ready to break out among the French population.

This programme of revolutionary propaganda was reiterated in an additional set of instructions, when the approaching rupture with England and Spain became evident. Thus the French government imposed upon Genet the duty of intrigue in Kentucky and the conquest of Louisiana, not as a minor element in his mission, but as one of its main purposes, — a fact which has been ignored in the treatment of his career by most historians.

Hardly had this new representative of France reached Charleston early in April, 1793, when he began his negotiations for the proposed expedition against Florida and Louisiana. He found Governor Moultrie of South Carolina friendly, for this state, as well as Georgia, was suffering from the hostility of the Cherokees and the Creeks on her frontiers, and would gladly have seen the Spaniards driven from the Gulf states by an alliance with France.

Without difficulty Mangourit, the French consul at Charleston, enlisted the services of important leaders. In order to rally the Georgia frontiersmen, he procured the coöperation of Samuel Ham-

mond, a well-known Georgian, who had taken part in the Revolution as a colonel of cavalry, and had been surveyor-general at Savannah. His importance is shown by the fact that he was later a member of Congress, and after the acquisition of Louisiana was made military and civil commandant of Upper Louisiana from 1805 to 1824. While Hammond was to gather the forces of interior Georgia for a descent upon St. Augustine, another frontiersman, William Tate, who afterwards figured in a French expedition to Ireland, was to organize the backwoodsmen of the Carolinas for a descent upon New Orleans by way of the Tennessee River and the Mississippi.

From Charleston Genet proceeded to Philadelphia, where he found himself the hero of the hour. In spite of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, issued on the 22d of April, the masses of the American people were strongly in sympathy with the young French Republic, to which they seemed to be bound not only by ties of gratitude, but also by treaty obligations, and by the bond of sympathy existing between sister republics. Jefferson himself regarded the proclamation as pusillanimous. Carried away by the popular enthusiasm for the French cause, Genet quickly determined to proceed with high hand, being confident of his ability to secure a reversal of the majority in Congress in case the administration opposed his plans. In Philadelphia he was handed by his predecessor a letter from General George Rogers Clark of Kentucky, written at Louisville early in February, 1793. Clark had fallen into intemperate habits at this time. He had previously involved himself in plans for a filibustering attack upon the Yazoo, Virginia had rejected his claims for Revolutionary expenses, and he felt that the United States had been ungrateful for his services: so he offered his sword to France. He declared that he could raise fifteen hundred men, and he believed that the French at St. Louis and throughout the rest of Louisiana, together with the American subjects at the Natchez, would flock to his standard. With the first fifteen hundred, he declared that he could take all of Louisiana for France, beginning at St. Louis, and with the assistance of two or three frigates at the mouth of the Mississippi, he would engage to subdue New Orleans and the rest of Louisiana. "If farther aided," said he, "I would capture Pensacola; and if Santa Feè and the rest of New Mexico were objects — I know their strength and every avenue leading to them." "When any opportunity offered, I had it uniformly in view, to give a vital blow to the Spaniards in this quarter." Such, in brief, was the proposal, apt for his purposes, which Genet found as he took up his work in Philadelphia in May.

He was met by the refusal of the government to afford him funds by making an advance payment on our debt to France. Finding Washington — "the old Washington," as he called him — inflexible in his policy of strict neutrality, Genet turned eagerly to the programme of revolution. By the middle of June he wrote home that he was arming Kentucky, and preparing a general insurrection in the provinces adjoining the United States. For the Kentucky enterprise he selected, as his secret agent, Michaux, a French botanist, whose researches in this field have made him well known. Michaux had been picked out by Jefferson at the beginning of this year to lead an expedition across the continent to discover a practicable means of reaching the Pacific by way of the Missouri. This exploring expedition now served as a useful cloak for Genet's design. Toward the close of June he drew up instructions for Michaux which required him to point out the probable failure of the negotiations attempted between Spain and the United States for the opening of the Mississippi, and the desire of France to promote the prosperity of Kentucky by giving to it

the freedom of navigation of that river. To this end he was to concert plans with General Clark, and with General Benjamin Logan, another of the famous pioneer leaders of Kentucky. Genet had the audacity to read these instructions to Secretary Jefferson in an interview which took place some time before the 5th of July, 1793. He gave Jefferson the impression that the purpose of France was to establish Louisiana and Florida as free republics, commercially allied with both the United States and France. Jefferson called his attention to the fact that an attempt to raise an army of citizens of the United States within our borders would violate our neutrality, and would result in the punishment of the offenders, but he added that if this difficulty were avoided, he did not care what insurrections were incited in New Orleans. Indeed, Genet in his own account of this interview declares that the secretary went further, and added that a little spontaneous invasion would promote the interests of the United States. This was a remarkable conversation. In 1790, Jefferson, alarmed at the prospect of an English possession of New Orleans, had expressed sentiments which showed full realization of the danger to American power if this city should fall into the hands of a strong nation; and again, when he learned in 1802 that Louisiana had been ceded to Napoleon, he made his famous statement, "There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans. . . . The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence that is to restrain her within her low water mark. . . . From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation . . . holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the United British and American nations."

How happened it that Jefferson, so fierce in his insistence upon the importance of New Orleans to the United States in 1802, should have been willing to see the city taken by an expedition of American frontiersmen under the flag of France? In answer it must be said that as yet Jefferson had not learned to distrust the purposes of the French Republic. He still was in sympathy with its fundamental ideas, and believed in the disinterestedness of its crusade in behalf of liberty. In the second place, Genet had put the proposition before him as that of an attempt to create an independent republic, not to make a French acquisition. Moreover, war between the United States and Spain seemed inevitable at this time. In June the protests of the Spanish agents to the American government over its attitude were so vehement that it seemed clear that war upon the Creeks would precipitate hostilities with Spain, and yet their depredations upon our border, and the need of supporting the friendly Chickasaws, made such a war almost a necessity. To meet the exigency Washington sent a special messenger in July to Madrid to explain the situation, and to secure a categorical answer from Spain in regard to her pretensions among the Indians within our limits, and as to whether she would regard an attack upon the Creeks as hostility against herself. Spain evaded an answer, and the Louisiana authorities redoubled their efforts to consolidate the Indians against the United States. The attitude of England in the Northwest, as we have seen, gave strong grounds for suspecting that she was following a joint policy with Spain. Acting on the hint already received, that France might consent to our incorporating the Floridas, Jefferson, with the approval of Washington, had, in the spring of this year, revised his original propositions, and instructed our representative at Madrid not to give a guarantee of the Spanish possessions across the Mississippi in return for the cession of those on the eastern side. It is clear that he had reached the conclusion that it would be for the interest of the United States

to make an ally of France in the expected war against Spain. The terms of the alliance might be adjusted later, and he doubtless believed that if once the American frontiersmen were in possession of New Orleans, the interests of the United States were not likely to suffer. Jefferson therefore committed himself to the extent of giving to Michaux a letter of introduction to the governor of Kentucky, in which he mentioned that Michaux had the confidence of the French Minister.

After this interview, Genet pushed his preparations rapidly forward. He sent to George Rogers Clark a letter accepting his proposals and authorizing him to take the title of major-general and commander in chief of the independent and revolutionary legion of the Mississippi, promising him further to use his influence to obtain for him the grade of field marshal of France. On July 12, he defied the orders of the United States, and allowed the Little Democrat, a recently captured vessel whose status was in dispute, to drop down the Delaware and go to sea. In this action he was the more urgent because he proposed to use her to blockade the Mississippi in support of Clark's descent of the river upon New Orleans. Three days later Michaux departed to initiate the expedition in Kentucky.

Genet's high-handed proceedings and his utterances, which were construed to threaten an appeal from Washington to the people, made the Little Democrat episode the turning-point in his mission. He lost his influential friends, and the popular sentiment gradually swung away from him. But his activity in organizing his secret expedition continued. Shortly after the affair of the Little Democrat he learned of the arrival of a French squadron at New York, and determined to use this naval force against Newfoundland, to recapture St. Pierre and Miquelon, burn Halifax, then feebly defended, and on its return, to send it, after the October winds were over, against New Orleans. This plan was quickly disclosed both to the Spanish and English authorities. On receiving information from the Spanish representatives, Secretary Jefferson wrote to the governor of Kentucky to prevent the expedition, informing him that it was against Kentucky's real interest to permit it. The preparations in Kentucky during the rest of the year were hampered by lack of money, although Clark was collecting supplies and boats, and offering inducements to volunteers. In October, Genet prepared to hasten the departure of the fleet in two divisions: one to Canada, whither he was sending his emissaries to stir up the French people, and the other to take on board the Georgia troops for the conquest of Florida. At the same time he sent a delegation of Frenchmen to Kentucky to arouse the democratic societies in the West, and to assist in organizing the Mississippi expedition. One of these Frenchmen proved a traitor, and divulged this phase of the scheme to the Spanish agents. The United States made prompt provisions to restrain it, ordering the use of force if necessary. Governor Shelby of Kentucky, however, anxious to stimulate the interest of the government in securing the freedom of the river, alarmed the Federal authorities by replying that he doubted his legal right to prevent men from emigrating from Kentucky with arms in their hands, and the western societies drew up vigorous memorials denouncing the indifference of the government to their rights.

Carondelet was in despair. He warned his government that upper Louisiana would fall into the hands of the enemy under Clark, and if an attack on New Orleans by the fleet occurred, all Louisiana would succumb with the greatest ease and rapidity. The total force available for the defense of the colony amounted to only 1620 men, stretched out over 600 leagues of river navigation. The

New Orleans Frenchmen were ready to join the invaders, and if Walnut Hills (Vicksburg) and Natchez were taken, he declared, "I shall have no other resource than an honorable surrender, or to perish in defense of the *redout* of San Carlos with my regular troops." He added that he did not doubt the success of the enemy in marching upon Santa Fé. Sending urgent demands to Spain for reinforcements, in desperation he also wrote to the English in Canada asking succor.

On February 10, 1794, the Canadian governor, Lord Dorchester, believing war between England and the United States at hand, had issued his proclamation to the Indians, telling them that he expected that the boundary between them and the United States would have to be drawn by the warriors. Carondelet's letter begging English aid reached Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe at Miami Rapids in April, whither the latter had advanced his forces to meet the expected attack by General Wayne. To the overtures of the Spanish officer Simcoe gave a sympathetic answer, regretting that his own situation prevented him from detaching troops for the support of St. Louis, but inclosing Dorchester's speech as evidence of England's attitude.

Finding difficulty in using the French fleet, Genet had postponed the attack until spring. As yet George Rogers Clark had not brought an army into the field, excepting a company which guarded the mouth of the Ohio, but later he reported that he could have gotten as many men as he chose. In the Charleston region recruiting had been checked by the resolutions of the South Carolina Assembly in December against the expedition (the Southern planters were alarmed by the French incitement of negro insurrection in San Domingo), but Tate professed himself ready to move in the spring down the Tennessee with 2000 Carolina frontiersmen, and Hammond expected 1500 Georgians to rendezvous for the capture of St. Augustine in concert with the French fleet in the middle of March. The French agents were also negotiating treaties with the Creeks and Cherokees, the ancient allies of France. Making liberal allowances for the exaggeration of the frontier leaders, success seemed possible in the southern region. But, at the moment of hope, Genet's career was cut short, and the affair terminated by the arrival of a new minister, Fauchet, with instructions to terminate the expedition. This he did by his proclamation, issued March 6, 1794.

In order to understand this turn in events, we must briefly recall the situation in France. Hardly had Genet reached Philadelphia at the beginning of his mission, when his friends, the Girondist party, fell, and the reign of terror under the Mountain began. That awful summer, with civil war, military reverses, and a dozen countries in arms against France, was no time for conquest in another hemisphere, even if the Jacobins had desired to support the minister. But Genet was denounced by Robespierre as one of the Girondists, and France lent a ready ear to the demands of Washington for his recall. Genet's arrest was therefore ordered, and instructions given to terminate the expedition.

By conniving at the designs of France, Washington could have made the expedition a success, but his consistent policy of neutrality, which constituted a landmark in the history of international law on this subject, had saved the nation from war under French leadership, and from the loss of the Mississippi Valley.

Hardly had the French danger passed, when we were on the eve of a conflict with England. The threatening attitude of that country in the Northwest, while Wayne's preparations against the Indians were in progress, has already been referred to. Suspecting that we were to unite with France, the English officials prepared to resist an attack. As soon as the American government learned

of Simcoe's threatening advance toward Wayne's forces, the Secretary of State informed the British representative that his act was hostility itself. At the same time, England's aggressions on our neutral commerce had become intolerable. Preparations were hurriedly made for war; Congress passed laws calling out troops, laid an embargo on English goods, and provided for the fortification of American harbors. In the summer of 1794, General Wayne faced the savages under the guns of the British fort at Miami Rapids, and in the decisive battle of Fallen Timbers he crushed the Indian power of the Northwest. The British commander promptly addressed an inquiry to General Wayne, demanding to know his purpose in making such near approaches to the garrison, and the taunting reply of "Mad Anthony" was that "the most full and satisfactory answer was announced from the muzzles of my small arms yesterday morning in the action against the heard of Savages in the vicinity of your Post; which terminated gloriously to the American arms — but had it continued until the Indians, etc., were drove under the influence of the Post and Guns you mention — they would not much have impeded the progress of the Victorious army under my control." To this fiery challenge the commander of the British wrote a moderate letter avowing his anxiety to prevent a war which might be approved by neither of the governments. He refused to abandon the post, and declared that a further approach within reach of his cannon was impossible "without expecting the consequences attending it." Wayne reconnoitred the fort in all points, quite in sight, covered by his light infantry and riflemen, and the British commander wrote to his government: "It was extremely insolent, but he will never do it again with impunity." Finally, failing to precipitate hostilities by the British, Wayne withdrew his troops. Thus narrowly was war averted at this critical time when it needed but a spark applied to the cannon of this fort to precipitate a conflict which would have involved the Mississippi Valley. But Washington had before this determined upon a final effort to preserve the peace, and had sent Chief Justice Jay to make a treaty with England. The close of 1794 (November 19) was marked by the success of Jay's mission. The British agreed to evacuate the posts, and, in 1795, Wayne forced the Northwestern Indians to a treaty by which they yielded the larger portion of the present state of Ohio, and abandoned their effort to make the Ohio River a barrier to the advance of civilization. Thus matters were in train for our acquisition of the Northwest.

In the Southwest, also, the sudden concession of our rights by Spain after a decade of steadfast refusal was as dramatic as it was significant. Godoy, the Prime Minister, had for the past two years been reading the alarming dispatches of Carondelet, exhibiting the weakness of Louisiana, the danger of the advance of American settlement, and the menace of French invasion. Writing of the settlement of the lands beyond the Alleghany Mountains, Carondelet declared: —

"This vast and restless population, progressively driving the Indian tribes before them and upon us, seek to possess themselves of all the extensive regions which the Indians occupy between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Appalachian Mountains, thus becoming our neighbors, at the same time that they menacingly ask for the free navigation of the Mississippi. If they achieve their object, their ambitions would not be confined to this side of the Mississippi. Their writings, public papers, and speeches, all turn on this point, the free navigation of the Gulf by the rivers . . . which empty into it, the rich fur-trade of the Missouri, and in time the possession of the rich mines of the interior provinces of the

very Kingdom of Mexico. Their mode of growth and their policy are as formidable for Spain as their armies. . . . Their roving spirit and the readiness with which they procure sustenance and shelter facilitate rapid settlement. A rifle and a little corn meal in a bag are enough for an American wandering alone in the woods for a month. . . . With logs crossed upon each other he makes a house, and even an impregnable fort against the Indians. . . . Cold does not terrify him, and when a family wearies of one place, it moves to another and settles there with the same ease.

"If such men come to occupy the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, or secure their navigation, doubtless nothing will prevent them from crossing and penetrating into our provinces on the other side, which, being to a great extent unoccupied, can oppose no resistance. But even if this were not the case, who could warrant that the few inhabitants would not unite with joy and eagerness with the men who offered them aid and protection in securing independence, self-government, and self-taxation, and who flatter them with the spirit of liberty, the hope of free, extensive, and lucrative commerce, etc. In my opinion, a general revolution in America threatens Spain unless the remedy be applied promptly."

Convinced that Spain must have peace, Godoy, in the summer of 1795, made the treaty of Bâle with France, which gained for him the title of Prince of Peace. This brought Spain under the influence of France during the rest of the period which we are to consider. When Thomas Pinckney arrived as minister from the United States, Godoy suggested to him the desirability of an alliance between Spain, France, and the United States; but Pinckney was not diverted from the main theme. While the negotiations went on, the news of the successful termination of Jay's mission to England reached Spain. After submitting to the delays as long as he deemed it profitable, Pinckney suddenly announced that he was about to leave Madrid for London, and asked Godoy if he had any commissions for him. This veiled threat was interpreted as implying an offensive arrangement between England and the United States, leveled against Spain's colonies. Godoy had no desire to place Spain at the mercy of France with two such enemies on the borders of Louisiana. Within three days he agreed to the treaty of San Lorenzo, October 27, 1795, whereby Spain conceded our southwestern boundaries and the freedom of navigation of the Mississippi, and agreed to evacuate the ports within our limits on the eastern bank of the river.

Thus, toward the close of Washington's administration, changed conditions brought about new combinations and intrigues among the European nations for controlling the destiny of the Mississippi Valley. In appearance the United States had gained control of the river. But the victorious French Republic tried to dominate the policy of its dependent Spanish ally after 1795, and under the plea of protecting her remaining American empire against the expanding forces of the United States, demanded of Spain the cession of Louisiana and the Floridas. Convinced that the United States had fallen under English control, France considered a war with the United States as not unlikely, and laid plans for acquiring the lands between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, as well as Louisiana and the Floridas. The development of these forces until they result in the Louisiana Purchase will be the subject of a second paper.

Frederick J. Turner.

(*To be continued.*)

THE JUDGE.

THE Judge rode slowly up the valley of the Kennebec on his way to County Court at Norridgewock. There were not wanting stagecoaches between the state capital and his destination, and in the stable of his sumptuous home, in the suburbs of Maine's largest city, were coach and pair far more in keeping with the judicial dignity than the sturdy bay beneath him and the worn saddlebags which formed a part of his modest equipment. Legal gentlemen whom the Judge encountered in his journey surveyed him with surprise not unmingled with disapproval. Had he not been chosen from among themselves to uphold with dignity the legal majesty and honor of the whole state? Yet here he was, traveling like a country lawyer, without attendant, and in mud-spattered raiment.

The Judge, unconscious of criticism, rode on in humility of spirit such as he had not known in the three years he had sat upon the judicial bench. Not political preference, but personal integrity joined with brilliancy of mind, had won for him the highest honors in his state's bestowal, and Judge Preston had accepted them as a call to higher duties, yet with unbiased recognition of his own worth. To-day, riding leisurely along the fragrant valley, with the wide river glistening upon his right, and rounded hills of pasture, field, and woodland rising above him on the left, he questioned for the first time his fitness for the high position. The Judge was on his way to hold court for the first time in his native county. He glanced downward at himself, as the bay horse, with drooping head, climbed the long hill, from the summit of which the village of Bloomfield would be visible, and hastily removed his riding gloves, while the reins lay loosely upon the horse's neck. "I should n't want them to feel I had grown stuck up," the Judge assured himself, falling unconsciously into the vernacular of his younger days. He put the gloves on again in a moment; for the white hand, with its finger ring of gold, bore no resemblance to the sturdy brown fist which had been wont to hold the plough or hoe handle for hours of each summer morning, before its owner walked cheerily along this same road to study at Bloomfield Academy. Indeed, the hand emphasized far more forcibly than did the glove the change which years had brought. The Judge sighed, but lifted his head a moment later to recall, with boyish enthusiasm long unknown, a woodchuck hole in yonder wall, and hastily repelled an inclination to dismount. His eyes, grown keen in long study of human faces, rested upon the blossoming orchard beyond the wall, passing over the "cider apple trees" nearest the road to the well-remembered "summer sweetings" farther on. The Judge's mouth watered. "I wish it was three months later," he declared to his bay horse with unjudicial fervor.

He drew rein for a moment on the summit. The village had grown halfway up the hills; one church spire was missing from the old common, while two, which were strangers to the Judge, pointed heavenward from the Island. Columns of smoke marked the enterprises which had changed the quiet country village of his remembrance to a bustling manufacturing town. The Judge remembered, with a homesick pang, that old Bloomfield was Bloomfield no longer, but had become merged in one with its sister town across the river, under another name. "I won't stop here an hour," he determined with resentment quite foreign to the calm brain, whose freedom from emotional qualities was believed by his colleagues

to be the secret of Judge Preston's unerring judgment. Stiffly erect he rode down the long hill into the village, but resentment softened into retrospection as he went.

There was the old mill by Courrier Brook, where a barefoot boy upon a gaunt white horse had gone with grist; and beyond it the shady river bank, where a student had sat with lunch and books through the sunny hour of noon. He stopped his horse before a square building, the second story of which had once been the public hall. From its cobwebbed windows notes from long past singing-schools seemed to echo. The Judge looked slowly up to its roof in some disappointment. "I thought it was higher," he said in a puzzled tone.

A low room over the village cobbler's shop had been his first law office. The whole building, it appeared, was now occupied as a dwelling, and a pile of bedding protruded from the window, behind which he had sat in delicious idleness, all unappreciated in those days, waiting for clients.

Faces from open doorways and upon the street surveyed the traveler with mild curiosity, but without sign of recognition. Upon some of them the Judge thoughtfully traced family resemblances to former townsmen, and struggled with his mental arithmetic to determine whether they might be acquaintances of his youth or another generation who knew him not. He stopped suddenly before a low brown house where a gray-haired man was sawing wood in a spiritless manner. "That 's Hiram Jennings!" decided the Judge without hesitation. "I should have known him anywhere." But when the sawyer, with an air of one quite willing to delay his work, came toward the gate, the Judge, embarrassed, turned his head aside, and humbly inquired the way to Norridgewock, over a road which he and Hiram Jennings had traveled side by side upon many a youthful excursion. He rode on thoughtfully. The wood sawyer had been the only pupil who outranked himself at the Academy, whose brick walls shone through the foliage on yonder hill. "He seems satisfied enough," the Judge assured himself. "Maybe he 's never realized any difference, and I should n't want to be the one to remind him of it now that it 's years too late."

The village was behind him now, and spires of the county seat five miles beyond rose among the hills. The Judge stopped by a watering-trough in the cool shadow of the woodland and looked absently about him. A moment later he dismounted with a half-guilty air; there was no one in sight, — even the bay horse, with nose buried deeply in the clear water, was intent upon his own refreshment. Judge Preston sat upon a mossy knoll while his white fingers searched eagerly among the leaves, and forgot for a moment all his hardly acquired stores of legal knowledge as he tasted "young iv'ries" for the first time in thirty years. There was a crimson Benjamin in the buttonhole of his coat as he rose to mount his horse again. Then, for the first time, he heard the sound of voices at a little distance, and caught, behind a screen of birch trees, the flutter of a muslin dress. A tall young man approached him bashfully, drawing with him a seemingly reluctant maiden, whose cheeks rivaled the pink roses in her summer bonnet.

"I did n't know but what you might be a lawyer," the young man explained.

Judge Preston assented. "Why, yes, I suppose I am — a kind of lawyer," he said.

"Lawyer enough to marry folks?" persisted the youth eagerly, while the girl's color deepened.

"Oh yes," the Judge responded readily. It was exactly a quarter of a century since he first performed a marriage ceremony in the low-ceiled office down yonder, but it seemed like yesterday as he recalled it. The girl had had pink cheeks and a summer dress like

this one. Looking closer, he observed that this one, too, had been crying, and wondered if it were an emotion common to brides. The Judge himself had never married.

"You see," the bridegroom said in a confidential tone, "we walked out to the Falls this afternoon to get the thing fixed up. But Elder Hook was down with measles, which we ain't neither of us ever had, and the Baptist minister 'd gone to Augusty to tend a funeral, — some connection of his, I understood. Wa'n't it, Miny?"

"His wife's cousin," supplemented the bride. "He died with fever real sudden they said."

"I wish't he 'd waited," declared the young man regrettully. "We thought of goin' to Squire Clark, but he tried a lawsuit against Miny's father once, and besides, havin' made up our minds to a religious weddin', we could n't seem to bring 'em down to a legal one."

"I see," said the Judge thoughtfully. The maiden wiped her eyes.

"She 's all tired out," the bridegroom explained. "We ought to rode, but my gray colt was lame, and both our folks was ploughin'. Miny would n't minded the walk commonly, but she set up late last night to finish her dress, and stood to the cake-board all the mornin' rollin' pie-crust and mixin' dough for a little kind of house warmin' we was goin' to have to-night. The fuss and furbelows that goes with gettin' married nowadays is terrible wearin' on womenfolks. Well, we got back here, and she was so tired what with the disappointment and all, we stopped to rest. And it kind of come over us that here we 'd had all that walk for nothin', and no tellin' when it could come off, for they said Elder Tyler might stop over to visit a spell; and here we wa'n't married after all, and all that stuff cooked up, and the folks invited, to say nothin' of a grass stain on Miny's dress, which could n't never be bran span new again. 'T wa'n't any wonder she could n't help but cry, and though she wa'n't blamin' me, you know how it is, Squire, when a woman cries, — a man feels as if he was all to blame. We was both wishin' we 'd let Lawyer Clark have the job in spite of the lawsuit. Then you come. You looked so kind of human settin' there eatin' young iv'ries that I says to Miny, says I, 'That 's our chance. He 's a lawyer on his way to court, which sets to-morrow,' says I." He drew a folded paper from his pocket. "Will you marry us, Squire?"

The Judge considered, running his eyes over the document, which assured him that no impediment existed to a union between John Strong and Elmina Foster.

"The lack of witnesses seems to be the only objection," he said.

The bridegroom's face fell. "I forgot that," he said. "Tom Hicks and Luella Savage went with us, but when they found it wa'n't comin' off they did n't feel like wastin' the whole afternoon, so they went off pleasurin' on their own account with peanuts and lemonade for treat. Well, that spoils it all, and I guess we might 's well give up for this time."

Elmina put away her handkerchief, smoothed down her dress, and adjusted the lace ties of her bonnet. "Nimrod Weston and his brother was pullin' stumps in the next field when we come down," she suggested shyly.

They walked along the smooth woodland road, the Judge following the pair with the bay horse's bridle across his arm.

"It won't be a religious weddin', after all," John Strong suggested doubtfully. "You 're sure you ain't goin' to mind that when it 's too late, Miny?"

Miny cast an appealing look toward the Judge. "You don't ever make a prayer when you — marry folks — do you?" she asked.

Judge Preston hesitated; the legal world would not have called him a

praying man, and the substantial check he gave each year to the support of a city church was believed to throw all burden of his spiritual development upon his pastor. Still, he reflected, he had never yet joined two undying souls in the bonds of matrimony without feeling himself an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty. "We 'll see," he said whimsically. "Out here in the Temple of Nature it may be the Creator is near enough to hear even a lawyer's prayer." He stopped in the road a moment later, as vigorous shouts indicated that the witnesses they sought were near at hand. Habitual reserve suddenly overcame Judge Preston. "We need not detain your neighbors from their work for that part of it," he explained. "Let us have the prayer first.

"O Lord," he prayed, standing bareheaded in the shadow of an aged pine tree, "bless this couple waiting now before thy judgment seat. May they live their earthly life in unselfish devotion one to the other, training their descendants to righteous living and good citizenship, at peace with their neighbors, and in fear of Thee. Let the union about to be consummated be not for time, but for eternity. Amen."

The Weston brothers cheerfully left their ropes and oxen to lean blackened hands upon the stone wall. Nimrod's admiring eyes were fixed upon Elmina's face as she stood by the roadside beneath a wild cherry tree in full bloom, but the brother, with increasing respect, studied Judge Preston's face. It was not until the ceremony was over, and the Judge, having received the proffered fee only to slip it into the bride's hand with a gold piece from his own pocket, had ridden on his way, that the elder Weston turned to the newly married pair.

"You 're a modest couple, you two," he said derisively. "The best ain't none too good for yer. *That* was Judge Preston, *that* was. I saw him oncet when I was workin' in a saw mill down to Bangor, and a feller that got killed sued for damages, — leastways his folks did, — and I 'll stump any man that 's seen Judge Preston oncet not to know him again."

John Strong looked after the cloud of dust with crestfallen face. "I guess he thinks we 're cheeky," he said.

Elmina serenely polished the gold piece with her handkerchief. "There has n't any of the girls I know ever been married by a judge," she said with satisfaction. "And nobody can say it was n't a religious weddin', either, for there is n't a minister in Somerset County could have made a better prayer."

The Judge rode on. Long afternoon shadows were beginning to rest upon the landscape, bringing the traveler pleasant reminder that the end of his journey was near at hand. His wandering attention fixed itself again upon matters professional, as he wondered just what work awaited him in the old courthouse across the river where he had tried and won his first case. The bay horse shied suddenly, and the Judge looked down at a small boy industriously digging by the wayside. "Dandelion greens," he remarked with inspired recollection. "I believe I should like some for supper."

Ten cents for the greens and twenty-five for the pail which held them effected a purchase, and a little later the lawyers of the county, who had already arrived at the Norridgewock Hotel, stared in amazement as the travel-stained Judge rode up to the door, bearing his supper upon the saddle before him.

"You need n't have brought provisions," the offended landlady remarked. "There 's stewed chicken and pound cake for supper, and roasts in plenty for to-morrow."

The Judge looked penitent. "Madam," he said, "the fame of your house

is too widespread to allow a doubt of its abundance. But I have n't tasted dandelion greens for twenty years."

It was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance for Judge Preston that the first cases brought before him were suits which included some intricate problems of legal rights and demanded his close attention, for he found himself, even while losing no word of testimony or plea, absently assigning the jury to various families of the region. And the prosecuting attorney conceived a lifelong prejudice when the Judge smiled broadly in the midst of his most eloquent plea, never dreaming that the smile was occasioned by the memory of a practical joke which the "boys" of Bloomfield had once played upon the maternal grandfather of the jury's foreman.

When the first criminal trial began, the Judge awoke from absent-minded retrospection to vivid interest in the proceedings. His keen eyes missed no varying expression upon the face of witness or attorney, and the prisoner, a young man of twenty, became the object of his thoughtful scrutiny. More than once he interrupted a witness with an irrelevant personal inquiry as to his ancestry or family connection.

The prisoner, on the testimony of two eyewitnesses, was easily proved guilty of repeated thefts from a neighbor's granary; his attorney made a weak and faltering defense, which did as much to convict his client as the opposing lawyer's triumphant prosecution.

Judge Preston arose to give his charge to the jury, his eyes resting thoughtfully upon the prisoner. "Young man," he asked, "was n't your father Ezekiel Meecham who married Maria Comstock?"

The prisoner nodded sullenly.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the Judge, "you know the prisoner's ancestry. You know the Comstocks were honest enough, but too shiftless to cook the food the neighbors gave them, and you know that the Meechams as a family possessed an unusual and most singular combination of qualities which would lead them to steal anything they could get their hands on, while at the same time they would n't tell a lie to save their lives."

The audience looked interested. There were emphatic nods of agreement throughout the room. The Judge turned to the prisoner.

"Young man," he said again, "you have pleaded not guilty as a legal technicality and by advice of your counsel. Now tell me the truth. Did you commit these thefts, or did you not?"

The prisoner hesitated. "I took some popcorn — once," he admitted, with an anxious glance toward his counsel. "We was havin' a bonfire on the Island, and 't was too fur to go home. But I never went again, nor took another thing, I don't care what they say."

"I believe you," replied Judge Preston, adding, as the boy took his seat, "Of course, gentlemen of the jury, I do not advise you to acquit the prisoner of later charges upon his own testimony. Neither do I expect that you will convict him on the testimony we have heard, without taking into consideration the well-known fact that Charles M. Finley's grandfather was a great man to jump at conclusions, and the Gateses as a family were so near of sight that they could n't be depended upon to tell a colt from a calf at ten rods' distance in broad daylight, not to mention moonlight. The charge against the prisoner is for breaking and entering, which offense he has by his own confession once committed. It is your manifest duty to find him guilty, remembering, while you do not countenance the practice, that the boys of Somerset County have been accustomed to make free with their neighbors' popcorn and sweet apples from the time we ourselves were boys."

Fifteen minutes later the foreman of the jury arose to give the verdict. "We

find the prisoner guilty of the popcorn just as he says," he announced, "but not of the oats and corn that was missed afterwards. We figure that a family that never owned a hoss would n't have no use for oats, and the Judge's charge was n't necessary to remind us that no descendant of the Comstocks was n't likely to steal corn which had got to be shelled."

The Judge beamed with approval upon the jury, then addressed himself to the audience.

"I suppose you are all thinking," he said slowly, "that there is n't much hope for a young man made up of Comstock and Meecham in equal parts, and he might as well be in jail where he can't steal as out of jail where he 's liable to. You may be right. But you will remember, as I do, that Ezekiel Meecham's maternal grandfather was an honorable and God-fearing man, and as I have watched the prisoner these last two days his resemblance to that ancestor has grown upon me. I believe there 's the making of a good citizen in him, and the state can't afford to lose it by fixing the jail-mark upon him at his age. Therefore, instead of sentencing him to a term of imprisonment, I condemn him to pay one hundred dollars fine and the costs of this trial, and to be committed to jail until such fine is paid."

"It practically amounts to imprisonment for life," the sheriff declared, lingering in the room after court adjourned for the day. "No Meecham livin' ever saw a hundred dollars all to once." But the Judge, standing erect and dignified by the clerk's desk, was counting crisp bills from a well-filled pocketbook.

"I have paid your fine," he explained a moment later to the embarrassed but grateful prisoner. "One hundred and thirty-eight dollars in all. You can repay me at your leisure."

Ruel Meecham flushed angrily at the laugh which arose. "I hope to die if I don't pay it," he declared. "You fellows just wait and see."

There was no lack of dignity upon Judge Preston's part as he sat in the judicial seat listening to the last case of the term. The fragrance of lilacs and early roses floated through the open window, and the blue river, only a few yards distant, was filled with a surging mass of brown logs, which indicated that "the drive" had reached Norridgewock. But neither beauty of nature nor the skillful gymnastics of red-shirted river drivers had power to distract the Judge's attention from his work. The court-room was crowded, for the case of Deborah B. Gilman against Lysander R. Gilman had attracted wide attention, and the sympathy of the whole county round about was divided between the nervous little woman suing for divorce, after a quarter century of married life, and the bluff, hard-handed farmer who admitted in aggrieved tone that he shared his wife's desire for separation, but "did n't want it made to look as if he was the only one to blame."

It was an old story. Judge Preston in his legal career had heard it many times before. An overworked, colorless life for the woman, ending in irritated nerves and fretful complaining, which aroused the man to indignant retaliation. "Incompatibility of temperament" was the plea advanced by the youthful attorney of the wife. The jury had been dismissed, and their places were crowded with interested spectators. The wife's relatives upon one side of the room glared at the husband's family connections upon the other. Judge Preston listened without question or comment to long examinations and cross-examinations of neighbors, relatives, and friends. Deborah Gilman, it appeared from the testimony her counsel introduced, had turned her dresses and re-trimmed her bonnets, growing shabbier each year; had discontinued neighborly visits because "the team" was always needed for farm work; had

cheerfully donated butter and egg money to the purchase of new farming-tools, and performed her housework all "by hand," while her husband rejoiced in labor-saving implements for out-of-door work. The principal witness in her behalf was the hired man, a loquacious individual, with oiled hair and a red necktie.

"I never see a woman have a harder time," Seth Jackson declared. "He wa'n't never willin' for her to go nowhere nor have nothin'." When pressed for more specific information Seth's testimony was largely interspersed with "I told hers" and "said she to mes."

Lysander Gilman sat with crimson face, and eyes fixed upon the floor, during the long recital of his wife's wrongs. The plaintiff sobbed hysterically. "It 's worse 'n I thought come to tell it out in court," she declared.

When the defense opened Lysander Gilman drew a long breath of relief, and as it proceeded his head became more erect. "Lysander never had new clothes, neither," a neighbor declared. "Lots of times he coaxed her to go to the Grange, and she would n't, because she 'd rather stay to home and hook rugs. She was hookin' from mornin' till night when she could get a minute, and a good part of the egg money she spent for colorin' stuff. All the money they saved was put in the bank in her name. Mebbe they ain't lived very peaceful together, but Deborah 's just as much to blame as Lysander."

Judge Preston offered no comment when, as principal witness for the defense, Seth Jackson was called. Seth, bent upon doing his full duty in every relation of life, made quite as strong a witness for the defendant's cause as he had for the plaintiff.

"She never give him a pleasant word from mornin' till night," he asserted. "Naggin' and twittin', which is worse 'n downright scoldin'. Many 's the time I 've said to him, 'I would n't stand it,' says I."

The late afternoon sun streamed through elm branches into the dusty courtroom as, testimony and pleas concluded, Judge Preston rose in his place.

"You may have shown," he said addressing the two counsel, "abundant reason why the law should grant divorce to the two petitioners now before this tribunal. But it is an impossible petition for this Court to grant. I married this couple myself down in Bloomfield just twenty-five years ago. I married them good and strong in the fear of the Lord, and in the presence of two reliable witnesses, both of whom are here present to-day. I did n't marry them for a quarter of a century, or a half of a century, but for whatsoever time of mortal life should be given, until death did them part. What God and Ebenezer Preston have joined together, Ebenezer Preston, alone and single-handed, is n't going to put asunder.

"Lysander Gilman and Deborah Gilman stand up," the Judge demanded. The two rose uncertainly in their places; neither looked toward the other. "Join hands," the Judge continued sternly. There was a moment's hesitation, then the two came nearer together, and Deborah's thin fingers slipped nervously into Lysander's sunburned palm. "I sentence you both," declared the Judge, "to go back to your home and live the remainder of your lives in peace and affection one towards the other. Lysander, as you go through Bloomfield village, you stop and buy your wife a white bonnet with pink roses. It may not be the height of fashion for women of her age to-day, but it 's what she needs. And then you buy a pound of peppermints such as you had in your pocket on your wedding day, and you two eat every one of them on the way out home. Deborah, you go home and make hot biscuit for supper, and to-morrow morning you put away that rug-hook forevermore. Hereafter, when your housework is done, and there 's nowhere to go, you sit out un-

der the trees and read, or work in the flower-garden. But, first of all, and before you leave this room, Lysander, you discharge that hired man."

The Judge rode down the valley next morning in the same humility of spirit in which he had come. His eyes rested thoughtfully on the low windows of his first office as he passed swiftly through his native town.

"They think that earthly prominence means increase of power," he mused. "But I have lived to learn that it means only increased responsibility. Well, Hiram Jennings has finished that wood-pile. I wonder which of us finds the greater satisfaction in the completion of his task. I should n't wonder if it were he — that wood is well worked up."

Harriet A. Nash.

FISHING WITH A WORM.

"The last fish I caught was with a worm." — IZAAK WALTON.

A DEFECTIVE logic is the born fisherman's portion. He is a pattern of inconsistency. He does the things which he ought not to do, and he leaves undone the things which other people think he ought to do. He observes the wind when he should be sowing, and he regards the clouds, with temptation tugging familiarly at his heartstrings, when he might be grasping the useful sickle. It is a wonder that there is so much health in him. A sorrowing political economist remarked to me in early boyhood, as a jolly red-bearded neighbor, followed by an abnormally fat dog, sauntered past us for his nooning: "That man is the best carpenter in town, but he will leave the most important job whenever he wants to go fishing." I stared at the sinful carpenter, who swung along leisurely in the May sunshine, keeping just ahead of his dog. To leave one's job in order to go fishing! How illogical!

Years bring the reconciling mind. The world grows big enough to include within its scheme both the instructive political economist and the truant mechanic. But that trick of truly logical behavior seems harder to the man than to the child. For example, I climbed up to my den under the eaves last night — a sour, black sea-fog lying all about, and the December sleet crackling against the window-panes — in order to varnish a certain fly-rod. Now rods ought to be put in order in September, when the fishing closes, or else in April, when it opens. To varnish a rod in December proves that one possesses either a dilatory or a childishly anticipatory mind. But before uncorking the varnish bottle, it occurred to me to examine a dog-eared, water-stained fly-book, to guard against the ravages of possible moths. This interlude proved fatal to the varnishing. A half hour went happily by in rearranging the flies. Then, with a fisherman's lack of sequence, as I picked out here and there a plain snell-hook from the gaudy feathered ones, I said to myself with a generous glow at the heart: "Fly-fishing has had enough sacred poets celebrating it already. Is n't there a good deal to be said, after all, for fishing with a worm?"

Could there be a more illogical proceeding? And here follows the treatise, — a Defense of Results, an Apology for Opportunism, — conceived in agreeable procrastination, devoted to the praise of the inconsequential angleworm, and dedicated to a childish memory of a whistling carpenter and his fat dog.

Let us face the worst at the very beginning. It shall be a shameless example of fishing under conditions that make the fly a mockery. Take the Taylor Brook, "between the roads," on the headwaters of the Lamoille. The place is a jungle. The swamp maples and cedars were felled a generation ago, and the tops were trimmed into the brook. The alders and moosewood are higher than your head; on every tiny knoll the fir balsams have gained a footing, and creep down, impenetrable, to the edge of the water. In the open spaces the Joe-Pye weed swarms. In two minutes after leaving the upper road you have scared a mink or a rabbit, and you have probably lost the brook. Listen! It is only a gurgle here, droning along, smooth and dark, under the tangle of cedar-tops and the shadow of the balsams. Follow the sound cautiously. There, beyond the Joe-Pye weed, and between the stump and the cedar-top, is a hand's-breadth of black water. Fly-casting is impossible in this maze of dead and living branches. Shorten your line to two feet, or even less, bait your hook with a worm, and drop it gingerly into that gurgling crevice of water. Before it has sunk six inches, if there is not one of those black-backed, orange-bellied, Taylor Brook trout fighting with it, something is wrong with your worm or with you. For the trout are always there, sheltered by the brushwood that makes this half mile of fishing "not worth while." Below the lower road the Taylor Brook becomes uncertain water. For half a mile it yields only fingerlings, for no explainable reason; then there are two miles of clean fishing through the deep woods, where the branches are so high that you can cast a fly again if you like, and there are long pools, where now and then a heavy fish will rise; then comes a final half mile through the alders, where you must wade, knee to waist deep, before you come to the bridge and the river. Glorious fishing is sometimes to be had here, — especially if you work down the gorge at twilight, casting a white miller until it is too dark to see. But alas, there is a well-worn path along the brook, and often enough there are the very footprints of the "fellow ahead of you," signs as disheartening to the fisherman as ever were the footprints on the sand to Robinson Crusoe.

But "between the roads" it is "too much trouble to fish;" and there lies the salvation of the humble fisherman who disdains not to use the crawling worm, nor, for that matter, to crawl himself, if need be, in order to sneak under the boughs of some overhanging cedar that casts a perpetual shadow upon the sleepy brook. Lying here at full length, with no elbow-room to manage the rod, you must occasionally even unjoint your tip, and fish with that, using but a dozen inches of line, and not letting so much as your eyebrows show above the bank. Is it a becoming attitude for a middle-aged citizen of the world? That depends upon how the fish are biting. Holing a put looks rather ridiculous also, to the mere observer, but it requires, like brook-fishing with a tip only, a very delicate wrist, perfect tactile sense, and a fine disregard of appearances.

There are some fishermen who always fish as if they were being photographed. The Taylor Brook "between the roads" is not for them. To fish it at all is back-breaking, trouser-tearing work; to see it thoroughly fished is to learn new lessons in the art of angling. To watch R., for example, steadily filling his six-pound creel from that unlikely stream is like watching Sargent paint a portrait. R. weighs two hundred and ten. Twenty years ago he was a famous amateur pitcher, and among his present avocations are violin playing, which is good for the wrist, taxidermy, which is good for the eye, and shooting woodcock, which before the days of the new Nature Study used to be thought good for the whole man. R. began as a

fly-fisherman, but by dint of passing his summers near brooks where fly-fishing is impossible, he has become a stout-hearted apologist for the worm. His apparatus is most singular. It consists of a very long, cheap rod, stout enough to smash through bushes, and with the stiffest tip obtainable. The lower end of the butt, below the reel, fits into the socket of a huge extra butt of bamboo, which R. carries unconcernedly. To reach a distant hole, or to fish the lower end of a ripple, R. simply locks his reel, slips on the extra butt, and there is a fourteen-foot rod ready for action. He fishes with a line unbelievably short, and a Kendal hook far too big; and when a trout jumps for that hook, R. wastes no time in manœuvring for position. The unlucky fish is simply "derricked," — to borrow a word from Theodore, most saturnine and profane of Moosehead guides.

"Shall I play him awhile?" shouted an excited sportsman to Theodore, after hooking his first big trout.

"—— no!" growled Theodore in disgust. "Just derrick him right into the canoe!" A heroic method, surely; though it once cost me the best square-tail I ever hooked, for Theodore had forgotten the landing-net, and the gut broke in his fingers as he tried to swing the fish aboard. But with these lively quarter-pounders of the Taylor Brook, derricking is a safer procedure. Indeed, I have sat dejectedly on the far end of a log, after fishing the hole under it in vain, and seen the mighty R. wade downstream close behind me, adjust that comical extra butt, and jerk a couple of half-pound trout from under the very log on which I was sitting. His device on this occasion, as I well remember, was to pass his hook but once through the middle of a big worm, let the worm sink to the bottom, and crawl along it at his leisure. The trout could not resist.

Once, and once only, have I come near equaling R.'s record, and the way he beat me then is the justification for a whole philosophy of worm-fishing. We were on this very Taylor Brook, and at five in the afternoon both baskets were two thirds full. By count I had just one more fish than he. It was raining hard. "You fish down through the alders," said R. magnanimously. "I 'll cut across and wait for you at the saw mill. I don't want to get any wetter, on account of my rheumatism."

This was rather barefaced kindness, — for whose rheumatism was ever the worse for another hour's fishing? But I weakly accepted it. I coveted three or four good trout to top off with, — that was all. So I tied on a couple of flies, and began to fish the alders, wading waist deep in the rapidly rising water, down the long green tunnel under the curving boughs. The brook fairly smoked with the rain, by this time, but when did one fail to get at least three or four trout out of this best half mile of the lower brook? Yet I had no luck. I tried one fly after another, and then, as a forlorn hope, — though it sometimes has a magic of its own, — I combined a brown hackle for the tail fly with a twisting worm on the dropper. Not a rise! I thought of R. sitting patiently in the saw mill, and I fished more conscientiously than ever.

> Venture as warily, use the same skill,
> Do your best, whether winning or losing it,
> If you choose to play! — is my principle.

Even those lines, which by some subtle telepathy of the trout brook murmur themselves over and over to me in the waning hours of an unlucky day, brought now no consolation. There was simply not one fish to be had, to any fly in the book, out of that long, drenching, darkening tunnel. At last I climbed out of the brook, by the bridge. R. was sitting on the fence, his neck and ears carefully turtled under his coat collar, the smoke rising and the rain dripping from the inverted bowl of his pipe. He did not seem to be worrying about his rheumatism.

"What luck?" he asked.

"None at all," I answered morosely. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"That's all right," remarked R. "What do you think I've been doing? I've been fishing out of the saw-mill window just to kill time. There was a patch of floating sawdust there, — kind of unlikely place for trout, anyway, — but I thought I'd put on a worm and let him crawl around a little." He opened his creel as he spoke.

"But I did n't look for a pair of 'em," he added. And there, on top of his smaller fish, were as pretty a pair of three-quarter-pound brook trout as were ever basketed.

"I'm afraid you got pretty wet," said R. kindly.

"I don't mind that," I replied. And I did n't. What I minded was the thought of an hour's vain wading in that roaring stream, whipping it with fly after fly, while R., the fore-ordained fisherman, was sitting comfortably in a saw mill, and derricking that pair of three-quarter-pounders in through the window! I had ventured more warily than he, and used, if not the same skill, at least the best skill at my command. My conscience was clear, but so was his; and he had had the drier skin and the greater magnanimity and the biggest fish besides. There is much to be said, in a world like ours, for taking the world as you find it and for fishing with a worm.

One's memories of such fishing, however agreeable they may be, are not to be identified with a defense of the practice. Yet, after all, the most effective defense of worm-fishing is the concrete recollection of some brook that could be fished best or only in that way, or the image of a particular trout that yielded to the temptation of an angleworm after you had flicked fly after fly over him in vain. Indeed, half the zest of brook fishing is in your campaign for "individuals," — as the Salvation Army workers say, — not merely for a basketful of fish *qua* fish, but for a series of individual trout which your instinct tells you ought to lurk under that log or be hovering in that ripple. How to get him, by some sportsmanlike process, is the question. If he will rise to some fly in your book, few fishermen will deny that the fly is the more pleasurable weapon. Dainty, luring, beautiful toy, light as thistle-down, falling where you will it to fall, holding when the leader tightens and sings like the string of a violin, the artificial fly represents the poetry of angling. Given the gleam of early morning on some wide water, a heavy trout breaking the surface as he curves and plunges, with the fly holding well, with the right sort of rod in your fingers, and the right man in the other end of the canoe, and you perceive how easy is that Emersonian trick of making the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

But angling's honest prose, as represented by the lowly worm, has also its exalted moments. "The last fish I caught was with a worm," says the honest Walton, and so say I. It was the last evening of last August. The dusk was settling deep upon a tiny meadow, scarcely ten rods from end to end. The rank bog grass, already drenched with dew, bent over the narrow, deep little brook so closely that it could not be fished except with a double-shotted, baited hook, dropped delicately between the heads of the long grasses. Underneath this canopy the trout were feeding, taking the hook with a straight downward tug, as they made for the hidden bank. It was already twilight when I began, and before I reached the black belt of woods that separated the meadow from the lake, the swift darkness of the North Country made it impossible to see the hook. A short half hour's fishing only, and behold nearly twenty good trout derricked into a basket until then sadly empty. Your rigorous fly-fisher-

man would have passed that grass-hidden brook in disdain, but it proved a treasure for the humble.

Here, indeed, there was no question of individually minded fish, but simply a neglected brook, full of trout which could be reached with the baited hook only. In more open brook-fishing it is always a fascinating problem to decide how to fish a favorite pool or ripple, for much depends upon the hour of the day, the light, the height of water, the precise period of the spring or summer. But after one has decided upon the best theoretical procedure, how often the stupid trout prefers some other plan! And when you have missed a fish that you counted upon landing, what solid satisfaction is still possible for you, if you are philosopher enough to sit down then and there, eat your lunch, smoke a meditative pipe, and devise a new campaign against that particular fish! To get another rise from him after lunch is a triumph of diplomacy; to land him is nothing short of statesmanship. For sometimes he will jump furiously at a fly, for very devilishness, without ever meaning to take it, and then, wearying suddenly of his gymnastics, he will snatch sulkily at a grasshopper, beetle, or worm. Trout feed upon an extraordinary variety of crawling things, as all fishermen know who practice the useful habit of opening the first two or three fish they catch, to see what food is that day the favorite. But here, as elsewhere in this world, the best things lie nearest, and there is no bait so killing, week in and week out, as your plain garden or golf-green angleworm.

Walton's list of possible worms is impressive, and his directions for placing them upon the hook have the placid completeness that belonged to his character. Yet in such matters a little nonconformity may be encouraged. No two men or boys dig bait in quite the same way, though all share, no doubt, the singular elation which gilds that grimy occupation with the spirit of romance. The mind is really occupied, not with the wriggling red creatures in the lumps of earth, but with the stout fish which each worm may capture, just as a saint might rejoice in the squalor of this world as a preparation for the glories of the world to come. Nor do any two experienced fishermen hold quite the same theory as to the best mode of baiting the hook. There are a hundred ways, each of them good. As to the best hook for worm-fishing, you will find dicta in every catalogue of fishing tackle, but size and shape and tempering are qualities that should vary with the brook, the season, and the fisherman. Should one use a three-foot leader, or none at all? Whose rods are best for bait-fishing, granted that all of them should be stiff enough in the tip to lift a good fish by dead strain from a tangle of brush or logs? Such questions, like those pertaining to the boots or coat which one should wear, the style of bait-box one should carry, or the brand of tobacco best suited for smoking in the wind, are topics for unending discussion among the serious minded around the camp-fire. Much edification is in them, and yet they are but prudential maxims after all. They are mere moralities of the Franklin or Chesterfield variety, counsels of worldly wisdom, but they leave the soul untouched. A man may have them at his fingers' ends and be no better fisherman at bottom; or he may, like R., ignore most of the admitted rules and come home with a full basket. It is a sufficient defense of fishing with a worm to pronounce the truism that no man is a *complete* angler until he has mastered all the modes of angling. Lovely streams, lonely and enticing, but impossible to fish with a fly, await the fisherman who is not too proud to use, with a man's skill, the same unpretentious tackle which he began with as a boy.

But ah, to fish with a worm, and then

not catch your fish! To fail with a fly is no disgrace: your art may have been impeccable, your patience faultless to the end. But the philosophy of worm-fishing is that of Results, of having something tangible in your basket when the day's work is done. It is a plea for Compromise, for cutting the coat according to the cloth, for taking the world as it actually is. The fly-fisherman is a natural Foe of Compromise. He throws to the trout a certain kind of lure; an they will take it, so; if not, adieu. He knows no middle path.

> This high man, aiming at a million,
> Misses an unit.

The raptures and the tragedies of consistency are his. He is a scorner of the ground. All honor to him! When he comes back at nightfall and says happily, "I have never cast a line more perfectly than I have to-day," it is almost indecent to peek into his creel. It is like rating Colonel Newcome by his bank account.

But the worm-fisherman is no such proud and isolated soul. He is a "low man" rather than a high one; he honestly cares what his friends will think when they look into his basket to see what he has to show for his day's sport. He watches the Foe of Compromise men go stumbling forward and superbly falling, while he, with less inflexible courage, manages to keep his feet. He wants to score, and not merely to give a pretty exhibition of base-running. At the Harvard-Yale football game of 1903 the Harvard team showed superior strength in rushing the ball; they carried it almost to the Yale goal line repeatedly, but they could not, for some reason, take it over. In the instant of absolute need, the Yale line held, and when the Yale team had to score in order to win, they scored. As the crowd streamed out of the Stadium, a veteran Harvard alumnus said: "This news will cause great sorrow in one home I know of, until they learn by to-morrow's papers that the Harvard team *acquitted itself creditably.*" Exactly. Given one team bent upon acquitting itself creditably, and another team determined to win, which will be victorious? The stay-at-homes on the Yale campus that day were not curious to know whether their team was acquitting itself creditably, but whether it was winning the game. Every other question than that was to those young Philistines merely a fine-spun irrelevance. They took the Cash and let the Credit go.

There is much to be said, no doubt, for the Harvard veteran's point of view. The proper kind of credit may be a better asset for eleven boys than any championship; and to fish a bit of water consistently and skillfully, with your best flies and in your best manner, is perhaps achievement enough. So says the Foe of Compromise, at least. But the Yale spirit will be prying into the basket in search of fish; it prefers concrete results. If all men are by nature either Platonists or Aristotelians, fly-fishermen or worm-fishermen, how difficult it is for us to do one another justice! Differing in mind, in aim and method, how shall we say infallibly that this man or that is wrong? To fail with Plato for companion may be better than to succeed with Aristotle. But one thing is perfectly clear: there is no warrant for Compromise but in Success. Use a worm if you will, but you must have fish to show for it, if you would escape the finger of scorn. If you find yourself camping by an unknown brook, and are deputed to catch the necessary trout for breakfast, it is wiser to choose the surest bait. The crackle of the fish in the frying-pan will atone for any theoretical defect in your method. But to choose the surest bait, and then to bring back no fish, is unforgivable. Forsake Plato if you must, — but you may do so only at the price of justifying yourself in the terms of Aristotelian arithmetic. The college president who abandoned his college in order to run a

cotton mill was free to make his own choice of a calling; but he was never pardoned for bankrupting the mill. If one is bound to be a low man rather than an impractical idealist, he should at least make sure of his vulgar success.

Is all this but a disguised defense of pot-hunting? No. There is no possible defense of pot-hunting, whether it be upon a trout brook or in the stock market. Against fish or men, one should play the game fairly. Yet for that matter some of the most skillful fly-fishermen I have known were pot-hunters at heart, and some of the most prosaic-looking merchants were idealists compared to whom Shelley was but a dreaming boy. All depends upon the spirit with which one makes his venture. I recall a boy of five who gravely watched his father tramp off after rabbits, — gun on shoulder and beagle in leash. Thereupon he shouldered a wooden sword, and dragging his reluctant black kitten by a string, sallied forth upon the dusty Vermont road "to get a lion for breakfast." That is the true sporting temper! Let there be but a fine idealism in the quest, and the particular object is unessential. "A true fisherman's happiness," says Mr. Cleveland, "is not dependent upon his luck." It depends upon his heart.

No doubt all amateur fishing is but "play," — as the psychologists soberly term it: not a necessary, but a freely assumed activity, born of surplusage of vitality. Nobody, not even a carpenter wearied of his job, has to go fishing unless he wants to. He may indeed find himself breakfastless in camp, and obliged to betake himself to the brook, — but then he need not have gone into the woods at all. Yet if he does decide to fish, let him

> Venture as warily, use the same skill,
> Do his best, . . .

whatever variety of tackle he may choose. He can be a whole-souled sportsman with the poorest equipment, or a mean "trout-hog" with the most elaborate.

Only, in the name of gentle Izaak himself, let him be a *complete* angler; and let the man be a passionate amateur of all the arts of life, despising none of them, and using all of them for his soul's good and for the joy of his fellows. If he be, so to speak, but a worm-fisherman, — a follower of humble occupations, and pledged to unromantic duties, — let him still thrill with the pleasures of the true sportsman. To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be outvoted with a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy, — this is the wholesome philosophy taught by fishing with a worm. The fun of it depends upon the heart. There may be as much zest in saving as in spending, in working for small wages as for great, in avoiding the snap-shots of publicity as in being invariably first "among those present." But a man should be honest. If he catches most of his fish with a worm, secures the larger portion of his success by commonplace industry, let him glory in it, for this, too, is part of the great game. Yet he ought not in that case to pose as a fly-fisherman only, — to carry himself as one aware of the immortalizing camera, — to pretend that life is easy, if one but knows how to drop a fly into the right ripple. For life is not easy, after all is said. It is a long brook to fish, and it needs a stout heart and a wise patience. All the flies there are in the book, and all the bait that can be carried, in the box, are likely to be needed ere the day is over. But, like the Psalmist's "river of God," this brook is "full of water," and there is plenty of good fishing to be had in it if one is neither afraid nor ashamed of fishing sometimes with a worm.

Bliss Perry.

PAUL LENTHIER'S FEESHIN'-POLE.

All his neighbors grew richer than
Old Paul Lenthier, trout-fisherman.

Yet what man in the settlement
Possessed his soul in more content?
Those days he paddled to some clear pool
Where trout lay deep in waters cool,
Those days he sat with pole and line
Drinking the air that was like good wine,
Watching the duck-brood learn to dive,
Glad like them to be there and alive.
He sang, and taught little Jeanne to fish,
To go with him was Jeanne's first wish; —
"Rich Joe Bruseau he make charcoal,
On de lake he cannot go; —
We, Jeanne, have only de feeshin'-pole,
But we 're richer dan rich Joe!"

Jeanne grew fair as that white birch there,
Bruseau's Marie and she were a pair;
But Bruseau's Marie had money to buy
Finery for a French girl's eye;
Jeanne almost cried her bright eyes out,
"Dere comes no money from feeshin' trout!"
Paul heard, and sadly stole away
To fish alone the whole of a day;
That night he hung up his pole and net
Slowly, with just a sigh of regret;
Then whistled as gay as blackbirds can
And bargained to be Joe Bruseau's man,
Vowing so stoutly that he was fit,
Joe gave him work in the charcoal pit.
And now Jeanne laughs, she 's covered o'er
With ribbons from the notion-store;
Old Paul laughs too, through dust of the coal, —
And tries to forget his fishing-pole.

But in the bays, spruce-darkened, dim,
The splashing duck-brood watch for him:
"Come back! come back!" they make their cry,
"Come back to lake and wood;
Quick back, old Paul, you soon must die;
Come back where life is good!"

Francis Sterne Palmer.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

It was Matthew Arnold's stated wish that he should not be made the subject of a biography, and occasion for totally disregarding his preference has not yet arisen. Sensitive men naturally shrink from the possibility of post-mortem exposure. They do not make a point of being thrust into the ground and forgotten; but they wish to be disposed of decently, and, so far as private life is concerned, to be disposed of wholly. It is good to be immortal in one's greatness, but it is not good that one's frail mortality, however comely, should lie embalmed under the general eye. Yet the curiosity of the world in these matters is not altogether idle; it is founded on a sturdy belief, favorably reported upon by experience, that the facts of private life do really throw light upon the facts of public achievement. A great man cannot quite will himself away privately, for the world knows itself to be his rightful legatee, and is pretty sure to come to its own sooner or later. We may yet be given the last detail about Arnold.

I.

His published letters were deprived of their more intimate touches under the strict censorship of his family. Their editor, deploring the fact that such treatment of them seemed necessary, yet considers them "the nearest approach to a narrative of Arnold's life which can, consistently with his wishes, be given to the world." In his present book[1] Mr. Russell makes no attempt to supplement the personal information which the letters afforded. Nor is it his purpose to offer a fresh estimate of Arnold's work from the purely literary point of view. "I do not aim," he prefaces, "at a criticism of the verbal medium through which a great master uttered his heart and mind, but rather at a survey of the effect which he produced on the thought and action of his age." The ensuing study is admirable for its scrupulous moderation, its breadth, its directness, — its fitness to be called criticism in Arnold's sense of the word. Its historical method is consistent with the adopted attitude toward Arnold as a man of the hour. It considers the kind and the extent of authority which Arnold came to exercise as a critic of national life. It does not claim infallibility for his specific judgments. On the contrary, Mr. Russell is careful to suggest the fallacy or incompletion of many of the critic's theories. He notes that Arnold's politics were "rather fantastic;" that his theories of educational reform stopped short of the public school and the university; and that his objections to generally received dogmas were, for the most part, based upon dogmas of his own. But these, we are shown, are matters of comparatively little moment. Arnold's service was to present to his generation certain ideals of culture, certain principles of conduct. He suggested a point of view from which others in common with him might have, not a certainty, but a fairest possible chance, of discernment. There is hardly a more invidious office than that of the critic of national life. He must find some ideal ground of vantage; he must keep aloof upon it; he must be meek and fearless; and for reward the majority will charge him with bias, or fastidiousness, or addiction to theory. What, in the face of such difficulties, Arnold accomplished as ad-

[1] *Matthew Arnold.* By G. W. E. Russell. Literary Lives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

vocate of conduct through culture is Mr. Russell's theme. Belief in the perfectibility of human conduct is, indeed, the first article in Arnold's creed. For his own generation, culture was the specific instrument which he found it well to recommend, but he never ceased to declare that conduct was three fourths of life. It is accordingly in the chapters on Society and Conduct that we find the best substance of the present study.

In the end Mr. Russell does not resist the impulse to insert a sketch of Arnold's intimate personality; a sketch worth the attention of those who, puzzled by Arnold's ironies or niceties, imagine him to have been a cold or supercilious person: "'Never,' as Mr. John Morley said, 'shall we know again so blithe and friendly a spirit.' As we think of him, the endearing traits come crowding on the memory, — his gracious presence, his joy in fresh air and bodily exercise, his merry interest in his friends' concerns, his love of children, his kindness to animals, his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancor, or envy; his unstinted admiration of beauty or cleverness." . . .

It chances that another study of Arnold has just appeared,[1] which is undertaken in a similar spirit. It has, that is, more to say of the public censor than of the man or the man of letters. Mr. Dawson, however, is concerned with what Arnold means to the present and the future rather than to the past. He wishes, moreover, "to give unity to Arnold's ideas and theories, to his admonitions and warnings. For the Voice still cries, and it cries in the wilderness." The author's treatment of this theme possesses unity, but not proportion. More than half his space is given to the discussion of Arnold's theological writings, though the critic expressly states his belief that they are "on the whole the least necessary and the least serviceable part of his literary work." These chapters might well have made a book by themselves; they bulk too large in a study of Arnold's total effectiveness. Mr. Dawson's style is not obscure, but stiff and unwieldy. His habit of very full quotation makes of the book a kind of ordered thesaurus of Arnold's best passages. But it is more than this, for if the writer has no novel interpretation to offer, he has a serviceable one. "If," he says, "one were to attempt to summarize in a single phrase the ideal which Arnold sought to realize, and in a rare degree succeeded in realizing, that phrase would be 'the balance of life.' . . . The man who confessed that the best his intellect knew was drawn from the thought of pagan antiquity, yet nursed in his breast a moral code as stern and austere as that of Hebrew prophet."

II.

What Arnold was to the prophecy of conduct, Newman was to the prophecy of faith. To Arnold religion was "morality touched by emotion;" to Newman it was "an assertion of what we are to believe . . . a message, a history, or a vision." Moreover, by Newman's creed, conduct "flows not from inferences, but from impressions, — not from reasonings, but from Faith." In his Oxford days, Arnold himself came under the influence of the great mystic, and remembered the experience with tenderness, as the well-known passage in the address on Emerson attests: "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music — subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still." But Arnold had no sympathy with the step which gave supreme expression to Newman's inner life: "He has adopted

[1] *Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Thought of Our Time.* By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible."

Newman's present biographer is not inclined to dispose so summarily of that career. His interpretation of it[1] is an achievement of rare sympathy and skill. He discerns at the base of Newman's character "a marvelous sensibility, without which he could never have thrown himself into minds unlike his own, or have acquired the exquisite delicacy of touch that renders thought as if it were the painter's landscape spread out before him in light and shade. . . . Imagination, with Newman, *was* reason, as with Carlyle, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shakespeare, — not the bare mechanical process that grinds out conclusions from letters of the alphabet, in what is at best a luminous void, but the swift, sudden grasp of an explorer, making his way from crag to crag, under him the raging sea, above him sure ground and deliverance." To such a sense Culture, with all its claims, could not offer a straight road toward perfection; the only safety lay in the message of Revelation. It is plain that Arnold could not quite forgive the cardinal's indifference to "the Zeitgeist," that object of his own almost superstitious reverence. Newman's reverence was for the Eternal Spirit, and for the institution which he took to be its earthly embodiment. Dr. Barry's book reinforces one's conviction that Newman was not only the purest product of a remarkable reactionary movement, but a true prophet of the immemorial and the unseen.

One notes that in literary theory and practice these two sons of Oxford had not a little in common. Both, regarding literature as a means rather than an end, worked through it, not for it. "People think I can teach them style," said Arnold. "What stuff it all is! Have something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style." — "Can they really think," writes Newman, "that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott were accustomed to aim at style for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts? This is surely too great a paradox to be borne. . . . The artist has his great or rich visions before him; and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or what he feels in a way adequate to the thing spoken of, and appropriate to the speaker."

It promises much that the two books by Mr. Russell and Dr. Barry should be the first numbers of a new biographical series. The scale is a trifle larger than that of the English Men of Letters Series, and the volumes are considerably larger. The numerous portraits inserted do not appear to augment sensibly the value of the text.

III.

The nineteenth century underwent much stern discipline at the hands of its great men. There was Newman's sword of the spirit for its infidelity, Arnold's intellectual rapier for its Philistinism, and Carlyle's inspired cudgel for its materialism. Perhaps the cudgel-play was relished least of all; the offender has certainly been sufficiently maltreated in effigy since the period of his offense. The ill-savor of the Froude affair seems to have lingered in the public nostril quite long enough. We may be grateful that the newly published letters[2] are not made an occasion of further controversy. These volumes are by way of sequel to Professor Norton's collection; and a large part of the letters here printed were chosen by him. One understands that a considerable mass of

[1] *Cardinal Newman.* By WILLIAM BARRY, D. D. Literary Lives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

[2] *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle.* Edited and Annotated by ALEXANDER CARLYLE. 2 vols. London and New York: John Lane. 1904.

correspondence still remains, from which, doubtless, a further gleaning may some time be made. The quality of the present selection indicates no thinning of the strain, though it serves to confirm rather than to modify our impression of the writer. The continued flow of valetudinary data (hardly to be equaled unless in Mrs. Carlyle's letters) we might be happier without; it would be pleasant to think of that strong spirit as not always on the rack of physical anguish. But this is a price we must pay for our admission into the most intimate relations with him. A very large proportion of these letters are addressed to his wife, his mother, or his brother. Of the detailed chat about his plans and his work there is much, and none too much. Of general matter, as purely literary, as purely the fruit of his genius as anything which he wrote to be printed, there is a great deal. There are passages of unmerciful self-criticism, — a series of them, apropos of the French Revolution, might easily be collected. "Heigho!" he sighs when his task is half done. "It seems as if I were enchanted [enchained?] to this sad Book: peace in the world there will be none for me till I have it done. And then very generally it seems the miserablest mooncalf of a book; full of *Ziererei*, affectation (do what I will); tumbling headforemost through all manner of established rules. And no money to be had for it; and no value that I can count on of any kind: simply the blessedness of being done with it!" As it is going through the press he says yet more sternly: "I find 'on a general view' that the Book is one of the savagest written for several centuries: it is a Book written by a *wild man*, a man disunited from the fellowship of the world he lives in; looking King and beggar in the face with an indifference of brotherhood, an indifference of contempt, — that is really very extraordinary in a respectable country. . . . A wild man; — pray God only it be *a man!* And then buff away; smite and spare not: the thing you can kill, I say always, deserves not to live."

The letters yield many notable additions to the gallery of portraits which the world owes to Carlyle. Here is a sketch at first sight of the poet Rogers, of whom Carlyle later makes more than one gentle mention: "A half-frozen old sardonic Whig-Gentleman: no hair at all, but one of the whitest bare scalps, blue eyes, shrewd, sad and cruel; toothless horse-shoe mouth drawn up to the very nose; slow-croaking, sarcastic insight, perfect breeding; state-rooms where you are welcomed even with flummery; internally a Bluebeard's chamber, where none but the proprietor enters!" And here is "American Webster:" "A terrible, beetle-browed, mastiff-mouthed, yellow-skinned, broad-bottomed, grim-taciturn individual; with a pair of dull-cruel-looking black eyes, and as much Parliamentary intellect and silent-rage in him, I think, as I have ever seen in any man."

There are, moreover, innumerable passages expressing that mood of passionate quandary which characterizes so much of Carlyle's work. "Curious: there *is* a work which we here and now could best of all do; *that* were the thing of things for us to set about doing. But alas, what *is* it? A advises one thing, B another thing, C, still more resolutely, a third thing! The whole Human Species actually or virtually advise all manner of things; and *our own* vote, which were the soul of all votes, the *word* where all else are hearsays, lies deep-buried, drowned in outer noises, too difficult to come at!" On the whole, the earlier letters are of the greater interest, but readers who have really experienced Carlyle will value all of them.

IV.

These letters complete what their editor calls the "Epistolary Autobiography" of Carlyle. Mr. Brown's life of

John Addington Symonds, which has recently been reprinted,[1] was prepared by a modification of this method. Symonds's Autobiography, like Carlyle's Reminiscences, is tinged with the sombreness inherent in the recollections of most men who have passed their prime. Symonds himself said, "No autobiographical resumption of facts, after the lapse of twenty-five years, is equal in veracity to contemporary records." Mr. Brown, sharing this opinion, effected a skillful composition of materials drawn from the autobiography, letters, diaries, and notebooks which on Symonds's death came into his hands. Compilation is altogether too modest a word for the result, as the editor's interpolated fragments of narrative and comment are by no means the least valuable parts of the whole. Symonds perhaps represented quite as distinct a type of Oxford culture as either Arnold or Newman. He had something of Arnold's intellectual curiosity without his power of coming to conclusions, something of Newman's religious aspiration without his faith. His ample means, his ill-health, his extreme impressionableness, united in exposing him to dilettanteism, but he weathered the exposure. He was not a genius, but his talent was of the first order, and he made the most of it, in the face of his various disabilities. He was painfully aware of his shortcomings of temperament and endowment; the victim of an emotional skepticism which he looked upon with loathing, of a creative impotence which caused him the keenest chagrin: "Why do I say, 'Lord, Lord,' and do not? Here is my essential weakness. I wish and cannot will. I feel intensely, I perceive quickly, sympathize with all I see, or hear, or read. To emulate things nobler than myself is my desire. But I cannot get beyond — create, originate, win Heaven by prayers and faith, have trust in God, and concentrate myself upon an end of action. Skepticism is my spirit." A frock-coated Hamlet! one might exclaim, taking such passages as this overseriously. They represent Symonds at his worst; what he was at his best, the record of his friendships, of his joys, of his labors abundantly shows: not a great man, but certainly not an ineffectual man.

Another striking figure of the near past has been thrown into the foreground, for American readers, at least, by a biography of the hour.[2] General Armstrong stood for much that was best in our mid-century phase, and it is good to have so careful a study of him as the present book affords. His was a character at quite the opposite pole from that of Symonds. He was essentially a man of action, alert, resolute, direct. He possessed abounding vitality, a reliable instinct for duty, a preference for rough tasks. His brief academic experience was interrupted by the war. Thenceforth it was his business to act, not to study. His mind did not lack soil for intellectual cultivation, but it was destined for a ruder tillage. From boyhood his impulse was to cast himself into the first breach, and, once in, to stay till there was no more work for him to do there. "Missionary or pirate" was his own boyish prophecy, and a missionary he turned out to be. He was not a man of one idea, but he was a man of one aim. To edit a Hawaiian newspaper, to lead his black regiment in a desperate charge at Gettysburg, to put up a new building at Hampton, — any one of these activities was capable of absorbing all his powers. Life was a struggle which he thoroughly enjoyed, and he was never

[1] *John Addington Symonds:* A Biography Compiled from His Papers and Correspondence. By HORATIO F. BROWN. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

[2] *Samuel Chapman Armstrong:* A Biographical Study. By EDITH ARMSTRONG TALBOT. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

beaten. Here is a brief expression of his creed, uttered at the very inception of the Hampton enterprise. He does not minimize the difficulties before him, but declines to take the possibility of failure into consideration: "The enterprise is as full of bad possibilities as of good ones; most embarrassing conditions will occur from time to time; all is experiment, but all is hopeful. . . . What can resist steady energetic pressure, the force of a single right idea pushed month after month in its natural development? . . . Few men comprehend the deep philosophy of *one-man* power."

General Armstrong had a natural love of literature, and his small opportunity for reading caused him sincere regret. But he could not by any possibility have been satisfied with the life of a literary man. To stand aside and comment would have been the most irksome of tasks for him; nor, to say truth, would his criticism have been worth much. His own path he knew. At thirty he writes cheerfully from Boston: "I have been over the 'Athens,' but would n't live here for anything. I am glad I 'm on the outposts doing frontier duty and pioneer work, for the South is a heathen land, and Hampton is on the borders thereof. I see my whole nature calls me to the work that is done there — to lay foundations strong, and not do frescoes and fancy work." In this spirit his lifework was done; he had no sense of personal virtue in it. "Few men have had the chance that I have had," he wrote toward the end. "I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life — have been, seemingly, guided in everything."

The present biographical sketch of this strong man's life is written by one of his daughters, with much simplicity and modesty; the record of a personality and a career well worth summarizing in print, though they have written themselves most effectively otherwise than in words.

H. W. Boynton.

[1] *The Hour-Glass and Other Plays:* Being Volume Two of Plays for an Irish Theatre.

Three Dramatic Studies.

WHATEVER trepidation may attend the opening of Mr. Yeats's second volume of Plays for an Irish Theatre[1] will be happily dispatched by a glance. One may be equally grateful for what these little plays are not and for what they are. They contain none of the air-drawn pseudo-Maeterlinckian fantasy which made so puzzling an affair of Where There is Nothing, the first play in the series. It may be that a symbol now and then shows its head, but it is not encouraged to occupy the foreground. Indeed, Mr. Yeats seems here to have deliberately betaken himself to allegory, which in one of his prose essays he so sharply distinguishes from symbolism; "dramatic fables" is the phrase he uses for these plays in his Dedication. They are written in simple prose, Irish in fibre rather than in dress. The Hour-Glass is a Morality which superficially reminds one of Everyman. "The Wise Man" is suddenly warned of approaching death. He perceives that his wisdom has been folly, but his repentance comes too late. The best bargain he can make with the Angel of Death is the promise of eventual salvation if in the hour that remains he can find one who believes. His wife and children, his pupils and neighbors fail him; they have learned their lesson from him far too well. At last, as the final grains drop from the hour-glass, the Fool, of whom nothing is expected, proves the wisest of all, and the Wise Man is saved: "I understand it all now. One sinks in on God; we do not see the truth; God sees the truth in us." . . . All this appears to suggest not only a universal truth, but a specific condition. It is a vindication of faith as against reason, and of Irish priestcraft as against Irish skepticism.

By W. B. YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Cathleen ni Hoolihan makes a direct appeal to the devotion of Young Ireland for Old Ireland; not in the name of the shillalah, but gently, with much pathos and much simplicity. "One night," reads the Dedication, "I had a dream, almost as distinct as a vision, of a cottage where there was well-being and firelight and talk of a marriage, and into the midst of that cottage there came an old woman in a long cloak. She was Ireland herself, that Cathleen ni Hoolihan, for whom so many songs have been sung and about whom so many stories have been told and for whose sake so many have gone to their death." She takes the bridegroom with her when she goes; there is work for him to do: —

"BRIDGET [*laying her hand on Patrick's arm*]. Did you see an old woman going down the path?

"PATRICK. I did not, but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen."

The third sketch seems to be pure kindly satire upon Irish simplicity, upon Irish cunning.

In the Dedication Mr. Yeats expresses gratitude to a friend who has helped him "down out of that high window of dramatic verse," to a renewed acquaintance with "the country speech." The resulting "dramatic fables" have been successfully produced in Dublin and London. They would be a boon to our stage, upon which the Irishman has roared in farce quite long enough.

Meanwhile the "high window of dramatic verse" continues to be occupied, not always happily. Mr. Hardy's present volume, we note with concern, is only the first installment of a work of imposing proportions.[1] Several hundred speaking human characters are promised for the whole Drama, not to speak of an Ancient Spirit of the Years, a Spirit of the Pities, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, etc. Obviously this is not to be a drama of the practical sort. In his Preface the author goes so far as to speculate "whether mental performance alone may not eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life." He admits, however, that this work is rather a "panoramic show" than in any strict sense a drama. A panoramic show, one supposes somewhat vaguely, ought to possess lucidity, mobility, the color and the flow of life in the mass. The multitudinous scenes in the present effort are full of information, comment, and proper names; they are empty of persons and of poetry. They have logical continuity, but no creative unity whatever. They do not flow into one another; they are stuck up side by side, like photographs on a wall. They are, in short, the work of a master of realistic fiction in a field altogether alien to his powers. Mr. Hardy has never proved himself a poet in a small way; he here scores a failure in the colossal style. His verse is for the most part an achievement of elaborate mischance: —

> A verbiage marked by nothing more of weight
> Than ignorant irregularity,

as he makes Sheridan say in the course of a remarkable versified report of a parliamentary debate. The Spirits have a particularly crabbed and toplofty habit of speech. It is the Ancient Spirit of the Years (and not Ancient Pistol) who emits this extraordinary couplet: —

> So may ye judge Earth's jackaclocks to be
> Not fugled by one Will, but function-free.

Mr. Hardy has, one discovers after some exercise of patience, succeeded in throwing emphasis upon England's part in the Napoleonic struggle, and in expressing a healthy British scorn for Napoleon and other foreign persons.

Mr. William Vaughn Moody has a true instinct not only for poetry but for dramatic poetry, as readers of his

[1] *The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars*, in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. Part First. By THOMAS HARDY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Masque of Judgment have cause to know. That is to stand, it appears, as the second number of a dramatic trilogy, in which The Fire-Bringer[1] is to hold first place. No more promising, no more exacting theme than the Promethean myth could be chosen for such a sequence. No American poet of the present generation is better qualified to deal with it than Mr. Moody. The present dramatic study is in no way inferior to that which antedated it in publication; and this is high praise. Mr. Moody's versification is altogether free from meretriciousness. It is of classical directness and purity. The same qualities belong to the larger treatment of his theme. An occasional chorus of irregular metre suggests the Greek dramatic habit; but only suggests it.

The opening dialogue between Deukalion and Pyrrha acquaints the imagined auditor with the situation. The aged pair, preserved by the warning of Prometheus from the flood by which Zeus had determined to destroy the race of men, have from stones and earth magically created a new but helpless and hopeless race, lacking the boon of human love, of which, with the boon of fire, Zeus has bereft the world. Their only gleam of cheer is in the lyrical presence of Pandora, their only hope in the continued magnanimity of Prometheus. The specific action concerns that prodigious theft of fire, brought "secretly in a fennel-stalk," and the consequent restoration of happiness to the world. There are many passages which one would like to quote, — that description of Pandora singing to the Stone Men and the Earth Women:

There by the pool they sat, with faces lift
And brows of harsh attention; in their midst
Pandora bowed, and sang a doubtful song,
Its meaning faint or none, but mingled up
Of all that nests and housekeeps in the heart,
Or puts out in lone passion toward the vast
And cannot choose but go.

Or that first entrance of Prometheus: —

Pyrrha.

O swift-comer, it is thou!
None other, thou, wind-ranger, bringer-in!
Child, be awake! Prometheus!

Prometheus (entering, lifts Pyrrha).

Do not so;
These hands come poor; these feet bring nothing back.

Pyrrha.

Thy hands come filled with thee, thy feet from thence
Have brought thee hither; it is gifts enough.

Or the Fire-Bringer's account of his first attempt at the mighty theft: —

Soft as light I passed
The perilous gates that are acquainted forth,
The walls of starry safety and alarm,
The pillars and the awful roofs of song,
The stairs and colonnades whose marble work
Is spirit, and the joinings spirit also, —
And from the well-brink of his central court
Dipped vital fire of fire, flooding my vase,
Glutting it arm-deep in the keen element.
Then backward swifter than the osprey dips
Down the green slide of the sea. . . .

At the end the punishment of Prometheus is hardly more than presaged; the third member of the trilogy, therefore, is to deal with that part of the myth which has been turned oftenest into poetry. We are promised it in the course of a year or two, and have reason for looking forward to its appearance with lively interest, and with not a little confidence.

[1] *The Fire-Bringer.* By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Warwick Castle and its Earls.

IT is to be hoped that to not a few of the American visitors who form so large an element in that never-ending procession of sight-seers which passes through Warwick Castle, the sumptuous volumes in which Lady Warwick has recorded its history[2] may serve as a permanent memorial of a pleasure, to some almost painfully keen, because perforce so brief. The Castle, indeed, is in many ways chief among those historic houses which in

[2] *Warwick Castle and its Earls, from Saxon Times to the Present Day.* By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Hutchinson & Co. 1903.

their beauty, as much as in their grandeur, are the peculiar glory of England. Its story and that of its masters must of necessity include an epitome of English history during a thousand years, and as to legend and romance, one can go back into the wonderland of a dim past with John Rous, the worthy fifteenth-century Warwickshire antiquary, who asserts that Warwick was founded about the time of "the birth of King Alexander the Greek conqueror." Lady Warwick writes in a straightforward, unaffected style, and her work being in its nature largely that of a compiler, she selects and uses her material with excellent judgment and a due sense of proportion. She gives space enough, and not too much, to a consideration of the legendary chronicles, and the authentic but rather scanty records of the Saxon and Norman earls. The first figures that can really be vitalized are of the house of Beauchamp, especially its greatest son, Richard, of whom the Emperor Sigismund declared that he had not his equal in Christendom "for Wisdom, Nurture, and Manhood, — if all Courtesie were lost, it might be found in him again;" and whose noble monument in the centre of the beautiful chapel he founded has kept him in remembrance even to this day. The career of this all-accomplished knight's more famous son-in-law, the king-maker, is clearly and well described, and with him the old order passes, his hapless grandson, the Plantagenet earl, being the most pitiful victim of the new rule.

The outlines, at least, of the history of one of the most notorious instruments of that new rule, Edmund Dudley, and of his son and grandsons, are tolerably well known to most readers. Lady Warwick, in a very good summing-up of the characteristics of the most conspicuous members of the family that held the earldom under the Tudors, says: "Their ambition was overweening and outran their talents. . . . But they figured impressively on the stage, and realized the pageant of life better than any of their contemporaries." By the aid of The Black Book of Warwick she is able to revivify some of this splendor of life, and the whole varied story of the house of Dudley is well told. But why is the little son and heir of Leicester — the child of the Countess Lettice — passed over in the narrative, and his identity confounded with that of his elder half-brother? All visitors in the Beauchamp Chapel linger at the tomb of "the noble imp," and one can imagine the hopeless perplexity of the earnest tourist when he finds this childish designation, and even the boy's monument, given to Sir Robert Dudley, who died and was buried in Tuscany more than threescore years after the effigy of his small brother had been placed in the Lady Chapel. There is no lack of interest in the annals of the house of Rich, or of contrasts in character; — witness that altogether evil man, the Lord Chancellor; his grandson, for no personal merit made Earl of Warwick, and of whom "Stella" was the unwilling bride; their son, the sturdy Puritan admiral, whose saintly daughter-in-law, Mary Boyle, is sketched at full length, a most living picture with her little foibles and great virtues. Then, in the eighteenth century, the family obscurely ending, the earldom came to the house of Greville, who had possessed the Castle since the passing of the Dudleys.

"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney," — thus he wrote his epitaph, — made future generations his debtor by his admirable restoration and enlargement of the half-ruined Castle, which he also "beautified with the most pleasant gardens." Two hundred years later, George Greville, the second earl of his house, restored and supplemented his predecessor's work, and gathered from far and near those treasures of art with which the world is

familiar. A word of appreciation must be given to the author's spirited and sympathetic sketch of that Lord Brooke, the Parliamentary leader, who was slain at Lichfield, and was in his short life an exemplar of all that was best in the Liberalism of his time. One regrets that more space could not have been given to descriptions of the Castle and St. Mary's Church as well. Architecture in such a connection is by no means so "dull" a subject as the writer fears it to be. Space fails to do justice to the illustrations which are given in lavish abundance and are excellently well selected. There are portraits, from the illuminations of the Rous Roll to the photographs of to-day, relics of every kind, and views without number of the Castle and its surroundings, indicating, so far as pencil and camera may, not only the "grey magnificence," but something of the dream-like charm of the place. In a few well-chosen closing words, the author shows how she and Lord Warwick have striven to blend the old and the new, and to fulfill in various ways the duties of their stewardship. Surely one of these duties has been fulfilled in the preparation of these chronicles.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Mouth of the Mime.

ONE summer Sunday morning, a number of years ago, I dropped in at the French Protestant Church on Washington Square, New York. It was a little late and the preacher had begun his discourse. He was a man of commanding presence, and possessed of one of the most fortunate voices, for his calling, that I had ever listened to. I do not at all remember what he said, but I was curiously attracted by the way in which he said it, by the purity and flexibility of his enunciation, and by the subtle play of expression with which it was accompanied, and particularly by the art — delicate and unobtrusive and effective, but clearly the art — with which he used his lips. I was conscious of a haunting suggestion of some other mouth that I had seen betraying the like skill, employed with equal mastery, in quite different surroundings. It was only at the close of the service, when the preacher recited the Lord's Prayer with peculiar fervor and solemnity, that I recognized that the suggested parallel was with Coquelin *aîné*, whom I had heard recently, and as I passed out I learned by inquiry that the accomplished orator to whom I had been listening was the then famous M. Loyson, the Père Hyacinthe whose eloquence had once enthralled the audiences of Notre Dame.

The incident set me upon one of those desultory studies which engage most of us more fascinatingly than our regular pursuits; from time to time I seized every opportunity that presented itself to compare the mouths of orators and actors, and I came to think, with considerable reason, that I could recognize a man of either profession at sight by that sole indicium, especially, as not infrequently happened, if the case observed was that of a really successful practitioner of either. Naturally the comparison was easiest between the actors and the pulpit speakers, since in our land of many sects and scant ceremonial the latter are as numerous as the former. The analogy, however, was as evident among secular speakers, — Mr. Curtis, Colonel Ingersoll, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bourke Cockran, among political speakers; while my memory ran back to Phillips and

Sumner. One condition, it must be noted, was practically essential. The mouths of all my subjects of study were unhidden by beards, and it is worth noting that, while this is the rule in the Roman Catholic Church, and the pretty general practice in others, nearly all the most successful orators I have known have kept the lips shaven, as actors, almost of necessity, do. The distinguishing characteristics of the mouth common to the stage, the pulpit, and the platform are more easily recognized than described. It is generally large, larger than other mouths, and rather out of proportion to the rest of the features. Possibly this is an accompaniment of the temperament that leads to the callings noted. Possibly, also, the greater and more frequent use of the voice in circumstances requiring unusual effort may tend to the development of the lips. But the most marked characteristic of the mouth I am discussing is the impression it always conveys to me of a certain consciousness of it on the part of its owner. It is not artificiality; that is a crude and offensive word by which to denote its peculiarity; but one feels that such a mouth does not work, as the heart beats or the eyes wink, without much consciousness, and wholly without control from the possessor. With the actor there is a more or less definite training of the lips and an acquired art in using them. Is a like result attained in the other professions as the consequence of using the mouth in public, under the gaze of multitudes whom the speaker aims to move? As the speaker inevitably asks himself how his speech affects his hearers, and how his voice sounds to them, does he, from the same natural impulse, question the effect produced by his countenance and by the mouth, perhaps the most expressive feature? And does this faint habit of half-intended self-contemplation induce the corresponding habit of attempted control? If so, there is no harm in it. He who seeks to move his fellows by speech is entitled to employ all the resources of his nature to that end; and if thereby he lose a little of the candid, the unforced, the revealing expression proper to the mouths of most other men and nearly all women, it may be that the loss is amply made up.

I Take My Niece to Parsifal.

I AM afraid I am old-fashioned. I always have mildly suspected as much, but since I took Miss Dolly to Parsifal, and she told me so quite frankly and brutally, my suspicion has mounted to positive fear. I did misbehave myself outrageously at Parsifal, I must admit. Not that I whispered to Dolly the amusing things I thought — or not *many* of them; but I went fast asleep during the second act, just at the moment (one of Wagner's long moments) when the ascetic hero was in most danger of becoming humanized. And when the Festival Play was over I asked Dolly if she were quite sure that it was time to go home. We had reached the opera house at five. It was then eleven-forty. Miss Dolly smothered a yawn, and replied that I was a brute. Miss Dolly's mother, who has known me longer than Dolly has, had a warm supper ready for us when we did get home, and a smile of sympathy. Dolly said, as she sipped her chocolate, that she considered it a "perfect shame" for any one to produce Parsifal in English, to dramatize it, to put it on the stage here, there, and everywhere, with any sort of singers in the cast, as is going to be done.

"On the contrary," said I, "I heartily approve."

"You do?" cried Dolly. "Well, I 'd like to know why!"

"Because," I answered, "the more it is produced the less there will be written about it. Besides, if enough people see it the humbug will be exposed. You can't fool all of the people, you know, all" —

But Miss Dolly was gone, in a fine temper.

I am quite prepared to admit, of course, that Miss Dolly was profoundly moved by Parsifal, as by all of Wagner's works. Indeed, she accepts the master with much more liberality than some other people I know. She has confided to me that she never sees Lohengrin without weeping, though I believe it is the fashion of the advanced, or ritualistic, Wagnerites to look with little favor on that earlier opera. Nor am I questioning her perfect right to do so. If she chooses to weep at Lohengrin, — bless her dear eyes and the tender heart that speaks behind them! — why should I wish to prevent? I would even permit her to be thrilled by the dragon in Siegfried, a piece of mechanism which would not be tolerated seriously on the dramatic stage, even in a Drury Lane extravaganza. I am sorry that I ever read her Tolstoy's sprightly description of the performance of Siegfried he witnessed; she tried so hard not to smile! All I ask is that she and her fellow Wagnerites shall not ask me to weep, or be thrilled, or follow them in their enthusiasm, — or go with them again to Parsifal!

And yet I love opera; even Miss Dolly will back me up in that. I am, as she says, old-fashioned, though, and the opera I love was not written by Wagner. I also love Tom Jones and the novels of Miss Austen, and the songs Herrick wrote and Burns, and I do not much care for the "modern" poetry of some of Wagner's French contemporaries and friends, nor for the "problem story" of to-day. I fear my old-fashionedness is fundamental and complete. I wish a tune, like a story, to begin at the beginning and advance bravely to a middle, and then flow smoothly to an end, and I don't object if it takes its own time about it. I wish it, also, to take me along with it, to possess sufficient buoyancy to float the perhaps too, too solid bulk of my emotional nature. Give me the opera, grave or gay, that was written by one of the great masters of musical narration, and that sings for the pure love of singing, with old-fashioned confidence in the creed of melody. Then I sit back in my seat and ask no questions of the composer's purpose, as he flaunts no purpose in my face, but am simply and unaffectedly happy, full of the good wine of song.

Something of this I expressed to Miss Dolly one evening, between acts of The Marriage of Figaro. Even Miss Dolly has to admit that she enjoys The Marriage of Figaro. "And my old-fashioned Mozart did just what you say your modern Wagner does, and did it better," I added.

"What do you mean?" said Dolly.

"There is vivid and unfailing characterization in Mozart's orchestral score throughout," said I, "that never fails to make its point. But it never interrupts the flow of the narrative, never ceases to be truly dramatic. Wagner's 'motifs' are episodic and mechanical, hence undramatic. You see, Miss Dolly, the difference was here: Mozart, wrapped up in his story, poured out his music heedlessly, and it fitted each character because Mozart was one of those old-fashioned things called a genius; he could n't help it. But Wagner fitted a theme to a character (or a character to a theme), and the next time that character appeared I always imagine the composer scratching his head and saying, 'Now, which motif was it went with this chap?'"

"Well, he always got it right, anyhow," said Miss Dolly triumphantly.

"Yes, I suppose he did," I admitted, as the lights on the stage flared up and the champagne of Mozart's music began to sparkle.

Presently I saw Miss Dolly's head nodding to a contagious rhythm, and her lips parted with the pleasure that filled all her pretty person. "The world would be a dreary place without the old-fashioned things, even the operas," I reflected.

And then I whispered to her, "You like this, don't you?"

"But I can like Wagner, too," she said. "Oh, why can't you?"

"Alas," said I, "I am not so young as you are!"

A Plea for Patent Affection.

I BELONG to that old New England stock, Puritan to the marrow, which has ever suffered necessary and unnecessary things for conscience' sake, and which, since its first cry of being, has read the Atlantic instead of picture magazines.

They were a worthy, God-fearing lot, these forbears of mine, having all the depth of character and soul that one could reasonably ask for in one's precursors. And yet at times, — presumably more often than others, when I am attending a meeting of Colonial Dames, — in the course of a recountal of doughty deeds of divers great-greats, I am seized with a violent mental attack which I am afraid will make its way through the decorous lines of my Colonial visage, so stringent is its grasp upon me, this grasp of a diabolic desire to have been the descendant of a Milwaukee beer-brewer, sans soul, sans blood (blue blood, I mean), sans conscience, sans everything but a phlegmatic temperament tempered by the diffuse affectionateness of the Teuton, — a bit frothy, and on the top, perhaps, like the beer he brewed, but also giving its soft, warm rotundity to the famished form of family life.

And in the midst of this wandering down a path, too mellow in its softened lights of color and chiaroscuro for one destined by fate for the sterner Puritan path, I am dragged forcibly back by the strenuous tones of one whose eight great-greats all perished at their post of duty, and whose spirits of sacrifice and contained emotion have so descended to her, their worthy posterity, that one knows by the ring in her voice she would cheerfully relinquish eight more, were they at hand, and recite with equal ardor their fervent demises.

With a sense of shame I pull myself together to listen how, in the last battle for noble principle, her only remaining great-great tore himself away from a dying wife; fleeing his potato patch the instant duty called; stifling his love in his heart as a weak and unworthy emotion; and running full speed to the fortress on the hill. Yes, brave he was, — but why did n't he kiss her good-by, my Milwaukee ego insists, — it would n't have taken a minute; would have made him no less a hero; and she might have died serenely, — sure of his love as well as his zeal.

The beer-brewer would have done it! And again my Colonial countenance feels the red blood coursing through its blue-blooded veins as the New England heart lets loose pulses and throbs in an abandon of joyous emotion over the vision of that open human love which may be the greater part of life.

Reverting from the Puritan past to our present-day America in its more gracious garb of daily living, is it not still true that albeit the affection is there, quite as surely as in the hearts of our Teuton and Romance cousins, it is, nevertheless, latent instead of patent? We seem to fear showing our feelings as if there were something ill-bred or not quite modest about their being brought to the surface.

Take the typical college man who inwardly burns to let a classmate know his sympathy in a time of sadness. How does he show it? Is n't he, in his inherited tendency to avoid seeming weakly demonstrative, more likely to seek relief of expression in some off-hand remark, with a friendly clap on the shoulder? "And what is the difference," you say, "if the feeling is there? The other man realizes it. He, too, has inherited the penetration of the Yankee." Very possibly that is true. But why not let the laws which govern art and music — which, beyond all other things, convey human longings and sympathies and aspirations to hu-

man souls — apply similarly to human intercourse, which strives, haltingly, to attain the same goal? Why use symbols which are inharmonious expressions of the thing signified; which are inartistic, incongruous, almost brutal sometimes in their ineptness?

My plea, then, is not for unseemly effusiveness, for unrestrained gushings from the font of fondness, but for the natural expression in sane and congruous symbols of a real affection; the scattering of rosebuds while we may along the none-too-rosy path of human life.

On Traveling, Again: The "Deposit" System.

FELLOW TRAVELERS are proverbially confidential, I believe; and when the genial globe-trotters of the January and March Contributors' Club took us into their confidence, we were at once minded to reciprocate.

We are dwellers in a little Western college town, Joan and I. From the eastern rim, where the sun peeps up o' mornings, to the western edge, "where the quiet coloured end of evening smiles," there is no hint that the world is anything else but prairie. The very vastness of the distances shuts us in the more effectually. A mountain we could climb, with faith that some Pacific would yield us the tramontane vision granted to Cortes of old time. But the prairie is no respecter of pedestrians, and a day's journey leaves the rim of the cup as far away as ever.

And down here, in the centre of this unlimited nothingness, we caught, not so long ago, the bacillus of the Grand Tour. Perhaps it was a nonchalant comment on Paris bookshops, made by one of our traveled college friends, that introduced the germ into our system. Perhaps it was a passing reference to a tramp in Switzerland that set the minute particle in motion. But certain it is that a letter from a friend of our youth, whom fate had just taken on a trip through the Riviera, aroused the bacillus of the G. T. to feverish activity.

"Darby," said Joan to me when the letter came, "let us go to Europe."

"Done," said I. And the very next day a deposit went into the savings bank, — a deposit between the lines of which we could read, "Ticket to New York."

Hardly had the deposit slip been made out before the smooth prairie rose into a serrated line of buildings, and we were walking down Broadway. "How easy it was," quoth Joan, to whom Pullman cars are bugbears indescribable. "Shall we not stay in New York awhile?" And stay we did for two months, until "Passage to Liverpool" followed "New York" through the cashier's window. What did it matter that off there, on the wintry Atlantic coast, the Noordland was staggering in with ice-covered rigging and broken steering gear? We had made the voyage without turning a hair, and the hand of the customs officer was as powerless to delay us at Liverpool as the hand of Providence had been on the voyage.

We are in London now, — just at present happily ensconced in the library of the British Museum. "Paris" has not yet been deposited with the cashier; "Switzerland" is still a little hazy; and as for "Italy" — well, we content ourselves with opening our Browning at De Gustibus. But in due time Italy, too, will pass into the custody of the guardian of our travels, and our itinerary will be complete.

And then — let me whisper it in your ear — we shall probably settle down to such a pleasant satisfaction in our journeyings that the prairies will blossom anew to our eyes, and Joan will say contentedly, "Darby, shall we stay at home and send the boy?"

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THE GREAT DELUSION OF OUR TIME.

It would be but human if this age were a trifle supercilious, not to say deluded, concerning its own powers. Great things have been said of it, nor can it be denied that it has fallen heir to great things. At least it has enjoyed and tested beyond all other ages the fruit of the tree of knowledge. "It is an epoch," says John Fiske, "the grandeur of which dwarfs all others that can be named since the beginning of the historic period, if not since man first became distinctively human. In their mental habits, in their methods of inquiry, and in the data at their command, the men of the present day who have fully kept pace with the scientific movement are separated from the men whose education ended in eighteen hundred and thirty by an immeasurably wider gulf than has ever before divided one progressive generation of men from their predecessors. The intellectual development of the human race has been suddenly, almost abruptly, raised to a higher plane than that upon which it had proceeded from the days of the primitive troglodyte to the days of our great-grandfathers."

This statement is so far true that it is dangerous. Doubtless there are a great many people, possibly a majority of so-called educated men, who would, without considering the limitations of scientific knowledge, accept these words literally, who have formed the habit of thinking that the light which we possess to-day is, compared with that possessed by Luther or George Washington or Socrates, as sunlight to starlight. Their view is not only that we know infinitely more than George Washington knew, but that we alone possess the final criteria of knowledge. Socrates and Washington knew a good deal, but they knew vaguely; they could not distinguish accurately between fact and delusion. Our supreme advantage is supposed to be not only that we know, but that we *know* we know. This egotistic cast or vogue of thought envelops the mind of the age. It is more authoritative than Kaiser or Pope, than dogma or creed. It percolates through all classes, it penetrates our literature, it colors our judgment. It predetermines our view, shapes the outline of our facts, and is interwoven with the texture of our thought. In a considerable proportion of our typical men it has bred a sense of supreme judicial qualification. In the presence of a magisterial equipment so vast and complete, men of previous ages appear dwarfed; their efforts seem infantile. Even Jesus appears to grope. Our Scientific Judiciary does indeed reverence the purity of his spirit, but when it comes to his authority, or his views about God, they tenderly but firmly put him out of court.

Now this sovereign attitude of the human mind has in the course of history proved intoxicating, and therefore perilous. There was a man once who said, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?" Too much magistracy had begun to impair the finer workings of his mind. His next step was to eat straw

like an ox. He lost sight somehow of organic relations. This suggests a vital question. Does our age actually possess the equipment for a magisterial attitude? Let us apply a test. How does this equipment work practically? Light is a thing the main value of which *is* practical. If it be really clear and strong it should be able to guide our steps. If the light of our time is to that of other ages as sunlight to starlight, then it ought to show us with a clearness never vouchsafed to Socrates or to Jesus just what the battle of life is, and how to meet it. Above all, there is one point at which it ought to show the path of progressive evolution, from which it ought to chase the thicker shadows of the past, the darker traces of atavism, the ferocious reminiscence of the brute. I refer to the social problem. Let us look at the facts; let us turn to the views that are prevailing to-day; let us take those writers who most thoroughly represent the magisterial attitude of our times; let us see what light they throw on the social problem, what that radiance is which has caused the glory of Socrates and of Jesus to grow pale, and has made the intellectual distance between Washington and ourselves so vast that we can hardly see him. I quote from an article by Brooks Adams in the Atlantic Monthly for last November. Let me ask you to notice that Mr. Adams speaks not only from the vantage ground of a careful student and an eyewitness of the social movement, but as one having final authority in regard to the laws of the cosmos.

"From the humblest peasant to the mightiest empire humanity is waging a ceaseless and pitiless struggle for existence in which the unfit perish. This struggle is maintained with every weapon and by every artifice, and success is attained not only by endurance and sagacity, but by cunning and ferocity. Chief, however, among the faculties which have given superiority, must rank the martial quality, for history teaches us that nothing can compensate a community for defeat in battle. War is competition in its fiercest form." "Human destiny has been wrought out through war." "The first settlers slew the Indians, or were themselves slain. . . . To consolidate an homogeneous empire we crushed the social system of the South, and lastly we cast forth Spain. The story is written in blood, and common sense teaches us that as the past has been, so will be the future."

Applying this pitiless principle to our commercial relations, Mr. Adams argues that our only salvation is to maintain it to the bitter end. There is no hope of improvement; the human organism must fight or die. "The evolution of human society, *like that of the brute*, must be along lines of pitiless warfare." Notice in this quotation what the light of to-day is, according to Mr. Adams; it is the doctrine of Natural Selection. By its pure white light he discerns without any illusions the pathway of society. "Human destiny has been wrought out through war." "Dreams of peace have always allured mankind to their undoing." "Nature has decreed that animals shall compete for life, in other words, destroy or be destroyed. We can hope for no exemption from the common lot." Surely nothing could be more logical than this. It ought to come with a shock to those who have never thought out in their own minds the unlimited application of this modern scientific theory to human life. It has been said by the highest authority, "Natural Selection works through death." As Mr. Adams has put it, *war* is Nature's decree, *not* human brotherhood. The latter, alas, is an illusion, a tradition handed down from the vague and inconsequential ages. Nature's real decree for mankind is war to the knife.

In the Atlantic Monthly for January, 1904, is a powerfully written article by Mr. London on the Scab, in which the

same view is maintained. I quote the following: —

"In a competitive society, where men struggle with one another for food and shelter, what is more natural than that generosity, when it diminishes the food and shelter of men other than he who is generous, should be held an accursed thing? . . . To strike at a man's food and shelter is to strike at his life, and in a society organized on a tooth-and-nail basis, such an act, performed though it may be under the guise of generosity, is none the less menacing and terrible.

"It is for this reason that a laborer is so fiercely hostile to another laborer who offers to work for less pay or longer hours. . . .

"Thus, the generous laborer, giving more of a day's work for less return, . . . threatens the life of his less generous brother laborer, and, at the best, if he does not destroy that life, he diminishes it. Whereupon the less generous laborer looks upon him as an enemy, and, as men are inclined to do in a tooth-and-nail society, he tries to kill the man who is trying to kill him.

"When a striker kills with a brick the man who has taken his place, he has no sense of wrong-doing. In the deepest holds of his being, though he does not reason the impulse, he has an ethical sanction. He feels dimly that he has justification, just as the home-defending Boer felt, though more sharply, with each bullet he fired at the invading English. Behind every brick thrown by a striker is the selfish 'will to live' of himself and the slightly altruistic will to live of his family. The family-group came into the world before the state-group, and society being still on the primitive basis of tooth and nail, the will to live of the state is not so compelling to the striker as the will to live of his family and himself."

Mr. London scientifically clears up the moral character of the Scab, generously including most of us in his diagnosis. He shows that, however we may appear to the casual observer, we are all Scabs by turn, and that, though outwardly we often seem to be generous, we are really true at heart to the principle of Natural Selection. Concerning each one of us, he remarks, "He does not scab because he wants to scab. No whim of the spirit, no burgeoning of the heart, leads him to give more of his labor-power than they for a certain sum.

"It is because he cannot get work on the same terms as they that he is a Scab. . . . Nobody desires to scab, to give most for least. The ambition of every individual is quite the opposite."

I pass over the argument by which Mr. London goes on to show that everybody, except King Edward and a few people whom hereditary advantage has rescued from the real struggle of life, is at times a Scab, — the laborer, the capitalist, the merchant, *the minister of the gospel*, the American nation, the English nation, — in short, every human organism which is in this competitive warfare plays by turn the part of Scab, according as the strategy of its situation requires. We work for less pay to get control of the situation, but having once got control of the situation we use it to crush the Scab, reduce competition, and secure larger returns.

Now I have quoted these two writers because they are representative. Not only have they carefully studied the organization of society, but they clearly reflect the illumination of that philosophy which, more than any other, is the distinguishing and magisterial equipment of our day. It is by the light of Evolution that we feel qualified to test the Bible, Christianity, and, in fact, every human belief or moral position. For Evolution is to the popular scientific mind so absolutely established as to seem approximately identical with the cosmos itself. It is therefore a final and authoritative test. It is evident at a glance that both these writers have studied our

social problems by the light of Natural Selection, and that this is to their minds the only light worth considering. This fact classifies them as distinctively men of the type referred to by John Fiske. They are, according to him, separated from the men whose education ended in eighteen hundred and thirty by an immensely wider gulf than has ever before divided one progressive generation of men from their predecessors. For Natural Selection is the authoritative type of Evolution so far as living organisms are concerned, and Evolution is our distinctive magisterial equipment. Scientific observation existed before our time, but it is our peculiar glory to have discovered the scientific philosophy which appears to coördinate, account for, and interpret all known facts past and present, and which has therefore suggested the idea of an apparently absolute yet purely intellectual criterion of truth and test of reality.

Moreover, these writers are consistent; they follow their logic to the bitter end. They do not mix things up. Natural Selection, which works through death, figures in their scheme as the sole law of human development. It is Nature's decree. "Dreams of peace are an illusion." — "Human destiny has been wrought out through blood." — "Common sense teaches us that as has been the past so will be the future." — That condemns The Hague Tribunal to the Limbo of hopeless phantasms. It exposes the folly of our modern attempts to mitigate the ferocity of war. We are but trifling with an irresistible force; ferocity and murderous cunning are always Nature's tools, by which she shapes not only our physical, but our ethical manhood.

This, then, is the way in which the magisterial doctrine solves our social problems, and this is the present social status of the age which has basked in its light, which "has been suddenly, almost abruptly, raised to a higher plane than that upon which the race had proceeded from the days of the primitive troglodyte to the days of our great-grandfathers." Let us take account of stock. We have society actually organized to-day on a primitive tooth-and-nail basis. "From the humblest peasant to the mightiest empire humanity is waging a ceaseless and pitiless struggle for existence in which the unfit perish," a struggle in which "success is attained not only by endurance and sagacity, but by cunning and ferocity." In fact, we are, according to Mr. London's article, already passing some important milestones on the backward road toward the moral status of the primitive troglodyte. "When a striker kills with a brick the man who has taken his place, he has no sense of wrong-doing. . . . He has an ethical sanction. . . . The family-group came into the world before the state-group, and society being still on the primitive basis of tooth and nail, the will to live of the state is not so compelling to the striker as the will to live of his family and himself." Now, as Mr. Adams would say, common sense teaches us whither this points. If the family-group existed before the state-group, then family needs existed before state or religious ordinances. "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not kill." What are these belated requirements of social convention compared to the necessities of the family development! If a brother clergyman draws away your congregation, reduces your salary, and so compels your children to go barefoot, why not knock him on the head! This is troglodytism, if the present writer understands the word, and he thinks that he does. It solves the social question by *disintegrating* society, and the singular fact is that Natural Selection, which is supposed to be the principle operating in moral development, which is, in fact, identical with the cosmic order, should have led us back in a kind of blind-man's waltz, till we have, according to these writers, actually reached the primitive tooth-and-nail basis, from which, according to modern science,

we started hundreds of thousands of years ago; and that we should have reached the lowest point thus far under the guidance of an age whose intellectual grandeur dwarfs all others.

No doubt every optimist in the country will declare that this is a stalwart misrepresentation of the present facts, but if a sober-minded man considers the present aspect of the labor question, the political situation in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and our other great cities, the enormous development of graft, the thievish character of our new methods of finance, the fact that the small investor is to-day, like the man of scriptural times who traveled between Jerusalem and Jericho, sure to fall among thieves unless personally conducted; if he reflects on the Standard Oil operations and the Turkish situation and the impotency of our modern civilization to put a stop to lynching, or to prevent such a fearful catastrophe as war between Japan and Russia, he is forced to confess that there is, after all, too much truth in this dark picture, and that our conduct is quite often on the tooth-and-nail basis.

But there is nothing new about this; it is the old story of a wicked world which always moves in a circle, which needs salvation, which cannot save itself because it cannot make steady moral advancement, which builds empires only that they may perish under the weight of their moral corruption. It is the old *humanum est errare*, out of which grew that conviction of sin, that cry to Heaven for help, which since the time of the Vedas has echoed out of every quarter of the globe, from the heart of burdened humanity. The Troglodyte we have always with us; like the Wandering Jew, he never dies. His characteristics are always the same; he takes a few steps forward, and then turns back toward the tiger and the ape. But he never becomes either tiger or ape. He becomes what we call a fiend, or, in modern day parlance, a degenerate. He is always arguing plausibly for the tooth-and-nail ethics, always ignoring its limitations, always confounding the lines at which a higher principle should take control. He is always putting the struggle for a livelihood before honor and right. How many there are of him we never know, though we always try to find out before election day. Often he lives in high places, and very often he succeeds in organizing society. He always controls a great many votes. He has a kind of primitive logic which takes hold of men with a sort of cosmic force. Behind him is the stern fact that man has an animal nature, that this animal nature is without doubt engaged in a severe struggle for physical existence, that Natural Selection, like Gravitation, really has a grip on him. In short, it is the old story of the world, the flesh, and the devil, apparently, though not really, backed up by the cosmos itself. It is the same world which Socrates faced, and Jesus, and Paul. Righteous men have faced it in all ages and feared not. Often it has quailed before their rebuke. It has recognized an authority higher than intellect, greater than that of physical nature, and has cried out, "We have sinned!" The only difference in our own time is that we have noble-hearted and high-minded men, not at all troglodytes as to their personal conduct or ideals, who, writing with the magisterial authority vaguely supposed to be possessed by our modern science, deliberately acquit the wicked world. True, it is cruel, it is brutal; they would be ashamed, as high-minded gentlemen, to act on such principles, yet they declare with the finality of absolute truth that the world cannot act otherwise; it is simply carrying out Nature's decree.

The peculiar feature, then, of our times is, not that the world is on a primitive tooth-and-nail basis, but that it stands acquitted, nay, justified, by a verdict apparently based upon the doctrine of Evolution, and that conscience is discred-

ited and put out of court by the apparent authority of those standards which have given us a supreme and magisterial position among the ages. The Troglodyte now has an unassailable backer in the scholar who sits on a judgment seat higher than that of Moses, and who says to the world, "You have no grounds for crying, '*peccavi;*' you have not sinned; you are doing just right; you are debtor to the flesh to live after the flesh. It is Nature's decree, not that you should be a brother to your neighbor, but that you should rob him and fight him for a livelihood."

Words would fail to tell how, from the time when Darwin's and Spencer's philosophies were published, this magisterial tendency has proceeded to assist the Troglodyte in cheapening character, by its judicial decisions based on the evolutionary hypothesis. It has not only enabled our primitive friend to throw bricks with greater cheerfulness, but it has made his *creed* impregnable; nay, it has enabled him to make all other creeds look foolish. The Troglodyte always believed that preachers of righteousness retained the claw-foot under their shoes and stockings. He knew that prophets and apostles only waited for a chance to show their teeth. His intuition told him that generous people were really scabbing when they went about doing good. He saw by a kind of cosmic light that those great ideals upon which our higher morality fed were silly dreams. His reason told him that the power which makes for righteousness was a sun-god, or a highly developed form of ghost worship, or a fetish, due to the effect of environment. He always *understood* that the moral nature itself was a product of circumstance without the least atom of final authority, a kind of vermiform appendix which were best removed, since its place has been superseded by the exact knowledge of the cosmic law. Why should a man longer be punched by conscience when he has risen to an understanding of Nature's decree? What do we want of morals when reason has become supreme? All this the Troglodyte knew in his heart, but he was a little shy of telling it because the stalwart moralists had the ear of public opinion. Now, behold a Daniel come to judgment, who has not only confirmed his suspicions, proved his creed, and made him a prophet of the cosmos, but has made the stalwart moralists themselves give up the validity of their moral perceptions, while they try to explain that their opinions were really based on Evolution.

If our primitive friend has any sense of humor, his sides must shake over this last performance, for it has made him look not only honest, but authoritative. It has stimulated a natural passion for his primitive ideals, and it has taken the wind out of some of his opponents. Their voice is not as clear, nor their presence as distinguishable, nor is the mass of people as much interested in them. In fact, the popular interest leans toward animalism; the animal cuts more figure than the spiritual. The scientific moralists are thinking their case over; many of them are still trying to patch it up with Evolution. They have not yet dreamed of falling back upon the validity of the moral perception itself. And there are a great many people who want to be good, but have lost faith in their moral ideals, and are humbly looking to the scientists and the philosophers for their moral nutriment. As to the prophets and apostles, their voice is still and small in the ear of a moral nature whose main study it is to supply practical ethics enough to make business prosperous and the governing party secure.

Now Mr. Huxley long ago discovered the blunder that had been made in applying the theory of Natural Selection to Social Evolution. He saw that the cosmic light had failed at this point, and he introduced a variation as follows: "There is another fallacy which seems

to me to pervade the so-called 'Ethics of Evolution.' It is the notion that, because, on the whole, animals and plants have advanced in perfection of organization by means of the struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest, therefore men in society, men as ethical beings, must look to the same process to help them toward perfection. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process. What we call goodness or virtue involves a course of conduct which in all respects is opposed to that which leads to success in the cosmic struggle for existence. In place of ruthless self-assertion it demands self-restraint, in place of thrusting aside or treading down all competitors it requires that the individual shall not merely respect, but shall help his fellows. Its influence is directed not so much to the survival of the fittest, as to the fitting of as many as possible to survive. It *repudiates* what we call the gladiatorial theory of existence. Laws and moral precepts are directed to the end of curbing the cosmic process and reminding the individual of his duty to the *community*, to the protection and interest of which he owes, if not existence itself, at least the life of something better than a brutal savage."

Mr. Huxley made this discovery just as any one of us might, by a simple common-sense observation of human nature as it *works* practically. He did not, however, sympathetically observe all the phenomena involved, and he excluded some of them for this reason. So that his theory of Social Evolution never could claim magisterial authority, simply because it is incomplete. It is no doubt a profound discovery that the altruistic principle conserves and builds up human society, while antagonism disintegrates it; that love conquers, overrules, and fructifies the lower competitive forces, as animal life conquers, overrules, and fructifies chemical affinity or gravitation in organic development. But it was not original with Mr. Huxley; thousands of people had seen and applied it before he was born. Jesus was the real discoverer; He first mastered the social or ethical principle. He found it to be universal good neighborhood or brotherhood, traced it to its source in God's fatherhood, flooded it with the Divine affection, put it into his own self-sacrificing life, and showed us how we might practically attain to it through his help. Since then the idea has been symbolized by the Cross of Christ, and has for eighteen centuries been regarded as the Christian solution, though Christendom has too often been antagonistic to it.

Mr. Huxley asserted that this ethical process must be substituted for the cosmic process. Jesus and Paul declared it to be the supreme force in the cosmic process itself. Mr. Huxley's trouble was that he, too, fell under the great delusion of fancying that this philosophic form of truth was the final and ultimate one, and, therefore, he identified Natural Selection with the cosmic process itself; but when he followed his new light he lost his magisterial authority over the high church evolutionists; and they are, to-day, barking at the same old tree up which they suppose their truth has climbed, though it has gone out of sight.

But, whichever theory is correct, could there be a greater delusion than this sense of magistracy? Have we anything to back it up? Have we any theory on any subject which is universally accepted or can be reckoned as a final and absolute form of knowledge? Philosophy is surely an enormous help to both intellectual and moral perception, but is it possible to have a philosophy that can take the place of perception? And if it were possible, what would become of perception, and of individuality, and of genius, and of inventive discovery under such a predetermining influence? I would not be understood for a moment as holding

these writers whom I have quoted as responsible for this tendency. We are all infected. We all take turns at it. Let us say that it is the *Zeitgeist* that has done it, and shake hands all around. It was Count Ito who said that when he was preparing the Japanese Constitution he tried to think how Buddha would look at the matter, and he added, "I think that I did succeed fairly well in getting into his skin." It might be worth while if some of us would occasionally try to get outside the epidermis of our so-called modern thought, and take a straight look at the age from an exterior point of view; it need not be so far off as Buddha, but sufficiently remote to afford a good perspective. It is quite possible that from such a clear, cool height of vision our generation might seem to be, like Nebuchadnezzar, a little touched in the head. I have selected these writers because they are strictly logical, and, unlike some of us, they do not straddle. They take the most authoritative type of Evolution, the one which most deserves to be regarded as Nature's decree, the one which Mr. Huxley styles the cosmic process, the only type of philosophy which could at the present day by any possibility be exalted to the rank of a final standard, and they think it out to the bitter end. If we have any clear cosmic torch, this is the one. They hold it high and wave it wide. By its illumination we see the column of humanity with reversed arms turning its back on all the great ideals toward which it has crawled upward in the space of a hundred thousand years or so, cheapening the moral nature, and marching back without conviction of sin toward the original homunculus. This is a dark picture, certainly.

True, if we remove this cosmic torch things do not look so dark. There are at least as many people to-day as ever working for the interests of righteousness and peace and human brotherhood. They make fewer practical blunders, they keep the issues clearer, they utilize the results of science, they bring to the task a broader scientific knowledge, a profounder sympathy for human conditions, a greater willingness to look at all sides. Witness President Eliot's noble contribution to a better understanding between labor and capital. These people are putting up a stout fight for the moral nature, and they meet with much success among plain folk. They vitalize character, for the moral nature feeds upon revelations and ideals as the body feeds upon bread. But the great difficulty with these people is that they are all fools. This does not mean that they are obliged to have guardians appointed over them; in reality, many of them are guardians of the commonwealth or community to which they belong. They are not dull in practical affairs; their foolishness consists in the fact that all their high ideals and inspirations rest upon a so-called semi-mythical or subliminal basis which they cannot prove before this infallible tribunal that has indorsed our friend the Troglodyte. They cannot make their articles of faith square with any specific type of evolutionary doctrine, or prove their revelations to the latest type of scholarship. Our magisterial authorities are withholding a verdict on their case until the Society of Psychical Research has finished its investigations.

This lack of intellectual status gives them a phantasmal appearance, which probably caused Mr. London and Mr. Adams to overlook them altogether. Indeed, one frequently hears in intellectual circles the statement that no one to-day believes in such articles of faith. But it is the fools who bring practical light to the social question. They do not stop to square things with Evolution, they do not wait for the Society of Psychical Research, they do not ask how things originated. They simply look at the problem in hand. They have one supreme authority, — it is moral perception *assisted* by science. It is made keen by practical use, and clear by walking in the

light of the highest ideals. They and they alone see the value of the moral organism; they see that its supreme organic law is love. They see that there is a power behind it, a power which makes for righteousness, and that it has its supreme embodiment in the Gospel of Christ. They see the importance of the struggle for bread. Their heart goes out with sympathy for those who are in that struggle; they themselves are in it, and they know what it means. They know the sinister outlook of the cosmic order; they have felt its dread temptation. They know the bitterness of defeat in battle. Through long ages they have maintained this fight, not for a system of ethics, but for the worth and deliverance of the moral nature itself. Often they have felt the tooth and nail, ay, the beak and the claw of a degenerate civilization. Often they have been brought before magistrates, robbed of their goods, delivered unto death. Always they have appeared to be opposing the cosmic order, always they have been called fools for their exaggerated valuation of the moral nature. And yet to them it has always appeared to be the one great reality of this life, the soul of humanity, the offspring of the gods, the heir of a life beyond the grave, the bond of a human brotherhood. For all human suffering there seemed to be compensation if only this higher manhood were not debased, but for moral defeat there was no compensation. Therefore, to deliver this moral nature they have dared the worst. Often single-handed, poor, friendless, struggling for daily bread against mighty odds, they have yet found courage to go forward, chanting, as they marched, their battle hymn: —

> Let goods and kindred go,
> This mortal life also.
> The body they may kill,
> God's truth abideth still.
> His kingdom is forever.

There is something in this estimate that awakens a response in humanity; it touches a lost chord. It is no vague intuition; it is the testimony of the moral constitution itself, and it appeals to the moral consciousness in every one of us. It is backed up by the logic of life. It is like the testimony of the elm tree when it tells us that it must have sunlight and air for its top, and moisture and earth for its roots. It is by this authority that the fools speak and act. Not always have they understood; often they have been beguiled into thinking that their real authority was a dogma or a theology. Then they have ceased to be fools; they have become magisterial, and have crushed their religious geniuses and killed their prophets. Often they have fancied that they have eliminated the element of mystery from ethics, and established morals on a basis of scientific logic; and then they have lost their dynamic force. Now and then there has been a fool who has understood, and his voice has shaken the world. For every great leader of men, whose trumpet note has rallied the army of righteousness, and led it to victory, has been face to face with the power that makes for righteousness, so that he could say with one of old, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee."

In his Social Evolution Mr. Kidd attributes all our upward march to the fools. He has, however, an euphemism for them; he calls their ideals and inspirations supra-rational. If he is correct, history actually resolves itself into one supreme battlefield. It is the fight of the moral nature, first for survival, then for conquest, through the power of its supra-rational ideals. But whether or not Mr. Kidd be right concerning the past, there is surely but one battle to-day. On its outcome hangs the fate of all our institutions and of our individual souls. It is the battle of the fools. And there is but one great question to-day, namely, whether we will cling to our magisterial tendency, or join the fools and accept the validity of the moral perceptions.

John H. Denison.

TROLLEY COMPETITION WITH THE RAILROADS.

It is barely eight years since street railroads have outgrown the horse-car period, and have required the use of the word "interurban" to describe the enlargement of their field of traffic. The electric installations of the early nineties served their purpose in a measure, and were in many cases attended by extensions of the local traction lines, but their competition with steam railroads was entirely negligible until after 1895. The year 1895 is a landmark in the history of electric roads; prior to that time it may be broadly said that the street railroad system of each city was an independent unit, organized with the sole object of carrying passengers from one part of town to another, and with a remote interest, if any interest at all, in traffic centring outside the city limits. The possibilities to be achieved by running electric cars at moderately high speed along ten or fifteen mile stretches of country roads, deriving both a local and a species of through business by coupling up adjacent cities and towns, came, as a result of improvements in the art, suddenly into view, and a series of extensive additions to existing lines were planned or begun, radiating out far and wide from the original confines of the city limits and the adjacent suburbs.

It may perhaps be questioned whether the steam railroads were really as slow as they appeared to be in realizing that in this interurban development they would shortly have to face novel and strongly fortified competition. The electric roads were spreading, and there was no obvious way to prevent them from doing so. Early attempts at competition were treated as isolated cases, and it is only since 1898 that the electric roads have demanded recognition in the field of short-haul passenger traffic.

From 1898 through 1901 the characteristic of interurban road development was exceedingly rapid extension, and during 1902 and 1903 there have been considerable reorganization and adjustment, the loose ends have been coupled up, and extension has been somewhat more moderate and perhaps better directed than previously. The government census report on electric railroads for 1902 estimated the total length of main track on June 30 of that year as 16,648 miles, as against a street railroad mileage of 5783 in 1890. During the twelve years, according to the report, mileage worked by animal power decreased 95 per cent; by cable power, 51 per cent, and by steam power, 76 per cent, while electric working increased 1637 per cent.

In spite of the construction and connection of interurban electric lines to form through routes fifty miles or more in length, their profitable territory still lies about a series of centres, and it is worthy of note that these centres are not cities of the first magnitude, and doubtless never will be. The interurban traffic about New York is carried by the steam roads, because the congestion in the streets is too great to permit any extended use of cars that must thread their way through eight or ten miles of city streets before reaching open country. Similarly, in Chicago, the Illinois Central runs a lucrative suburban service with cars of special type, and reports that it does not feel the competition of the street cars, which nominally compete in the service to most of the suburban points reached, but have not the advantage of a private right of way, and cannot furnish rapid transit in its true meaning. It is a primary necessity in the suburban traffic of a great city that rapidly moving cars shall not occupy the same thoroughfare with slow

moving cars and vehicles, and the cost of securing suitable terminals and entrances into such a city effectively shuts out any sporadic competition. Railroads such as the proposed New York & Portchester, which is endeavoring to build a twenty-four mile suburban line out of New York city, electrically equipped, connecting with the Rapid Transit Subway, scarcely come within the scope of the present study, but are rather to be classed with the elevated and underground lines of great cities as portions of a purely local system, differing from interurban roads in general in the vital characteristic that they do not enter the city at grade, or receive and discharge passengers in the streets at street level.

The maximum effect of electric competition at the present period is felt in localities where there are groups of prosperous cities and towns within a radius of from ten to forty miles of one another; and this competition is in some cases so successful that the steam railroads have lost practically their entire local short-haul traffic, while the electric roads have created for themselves a business not merely greater than the entire traffic that previously existed, but many times greater. In 1895 the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern carried 104,426 westbound and 98,588 eastbound passengers between Cleveland and Oberlin, Ohio, thirty-four miles west, and intermediate points. The competition of the electric roads, which at this time had commenced building a network of lines around Cleveland, was so severe, that in 1896 the steam road carried 68,000 passengers less, between the points named, and in 1902 carried a total of 91,761, as against 203,014, seven years before. Between Cleveland and Painesville, twenty-nine miles, and intermediate points, the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern carried a total of 199,292, or an average of 16,608 a month in 1895, and 28,708, or an average of 2392 a month, in 1902. In other words, the steam road carried more passengers in two months, during the formative period of the electric lines, than it did in a year, after they were completed and had developed their traffic between the competitive points.

The following table summarizes these results, showing the surprising traffic losses which the steam roads have sustained. The lower average fare on the New York, Chicago & St. Louis indicates the effort made by that company to compete with the electric road for the business, but the falling off in number of passengers carried shows how futile this effort has been.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

PASSENGERS CARRIED BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND OBERLIN, AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

	Westbound.	Eastbound.	Total.	Average per month.
1895	104,426	98,588	203,014	16,918
1902	46,328	45,433	91,761	7,647

PASSENGERS CARRIED BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND PAINESVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

	Westbound.	Eastbound.	Total.	Average per month.
1895	97,460	101,832	199,292	16,608
1902	13,106	15,602	28,708	2,392

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS.

PASSENGERS CARRIED BETWEEN CLEVELAND AND LORAIN.

	Total Passengers.	Revenue.	Average Revenue.
1895	42,526	$25,523	60 c.
1902	9,795	4,379	44 c.

It is to be regretted that the electric lines do not keep their records in such a shape that an exact parallel can be drawn, comparing their gains with the losses of the steam roads. The Cleveland, Elyria & Western kept such records for a time with considerable care, but discontinued the practice because it involved too much bookkeeping. Hence it is only possible to show the traffic over the entire system, which goes beyond Oberlin to Norwalk and other points, reaching practically the same cities and towns that the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern reaches, together

with some additional ones. In 1902, the electric road carried approximately three million passengers; well over three times as many as were carried in 1899, while the steam road, recovering from its low-water mark of 71,755, carried 91,761. Although the comparison is only approximate, on account of the additional points reached by the electric road, it at least serves to show what has become of the short-haul traffic.

The really significant part of such figures is not the traffic lost by the steam roads, but the entirely new traffic created by the electric lines, seemingly out of nothing. The results which followed the opening of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson electric road between Detroit and Ann Arbor furnish a striking example of this. Ann Arbor is forty miles from Detroit, on the line of the Michigan Central Railroad, and had at the last census a population of less than 15,000, exclusive of the large transient residence at the University of Michigan. Before the electric road was built, the purely local business of the Michigan Central between Detroit and Ann Arbor was estimated at about two hundred passengers a day. During the first summer after it was opened, the electric road averaged approximately four thousand passengers a day between the same points, and although some part of this travel was doubtless due to novelty, the steady winter and summer business of the electric line has been running from ten to twenty times as great as the maximum traffic ever enjoyed by the Michigan Central.

These surprising increases in what may be called the visible business of a locality are due in part to the extension of the suburban residential territory of each city, following improved means of getting "there and back." But the entirely new feature which the interurban roads have introduced into the traffic situation is the promotion of what may be called the traveling habit. There are citizens of New England today who can remember when prayers were offered in the churches for the hardy traveler of Boston who proposed to undertake a trip to New York; steam communication has lessened tenfold the minimum amount of urgency which would induce a trip of a hundred miles, but it has remained for the electric road to keep people constantly traveling short distances, impelled by motives which would not have been sufficient to start them, even five years ago. A twenty-mile journey on a steam railroad requires as much preparation as a two-hundred-mile journey, but the interurban car, leisurely traversing the streets of the town to collect its passengers, at frequent intervals, is such a convenient, lazy way of getting around that it seems not to require much in the way of plans or of packing. To choose between the morning train at 8.13 and the afternoon train at 3.57 required decision, to catch the train required forethought; while nowadays, if at 10 A. M. it seems casually advisable to go to Jonesport, all that is necessary is to wait for the hourly interurban car to pass the door. It has been proved repeatedly that these elements of convenient access and frequent service are more of an attraction than the lower rate of fare, although in some localities where local railroad rates had been high, the considerable reductions made by the electric roads have seemed to the community to constitute a bargain in transportation, so that people traveled frequently and perhaps needlessly, through a feeling that they were saving money. Fares on the interurban lines are seldom in excess of two cents a mile, and usually amount to about a cent and a half, for round trip tickets, where local railroad rates ranged, before the opening of the competition, from two and a half to four cents a mile.

The steam railroads vary greatly in their attitude toward electric competition, but it has been almost the uniform

experience of railroad managers, East and West, that rate cuts to meet electric competition are quite futile. Electric transportation handles traffic in small units. The power house is the locomotive, and it can haul ten single cars as easily as it can a train of ten cars coupled together, — more easily, in fact. But in steam service, to reverse the figure of speech, each transportation unit must have its own power house. Disregarding technical refinements, it may be said that it would cost a steam railroad five times as much to run an hourly, single-car train during a fifteen-hour day as it would to run three five-car trains. That is the primary reason on the side of absolute cost which makes it impossible for a steam road to compete with an electric road for light short-haul traffic.

But the peculiar difference in the legal status of the two kinds of transportation gives the electric roads an advantage far greater. The charter of a steam railroad requires private right of way, fenced in, with a problem to be met in the ultimate disposition of every town or city grade crossing. The electric road buys, begs, or steals a franchise which permits it to run on the side of the highway, except where it better suits its convenience to go across lots, and then by a sort of Jekyll and Hyde transformation, the car that just now dashed across the country in the guise of a locomotive, proceeds sleepily down the main street in the character of a street car. No steam railroad can build a terminal to compete with service of this character, in the inducements it offers to a public which is willing to travel, but does not have to.

What, then, should be the attitude of a steam road toward its electric competitors? The best opinion seems to be that it should leave them alone, so far as direct competition is concerned. The traveling habit that the electric roads further does not confine itself to their own lines, and the steam roads find that their alert rivals are coming more and more to act as feeders for long-haul business, which is the natural and profitable traffic of a steam railroad. The interurban car which collects passengers in country hamlets, and marshals them at the larger stations of the steam railroad, performs a service similar to that of a local car line within a city. An officer of one of the large Eastern railroads much subject to the competition of electric roads estimates that although his company loses about sixty-five per cent of its local short-haul business as soon as the interurban competition becomes active, the lost earnings all come back again in the form of new through business. This statement, however, applies only to main line competition; the effect of an electric parallel on a branch line must be considered separately.

The passenger earnings and economic services of a branch line arise in part from short-haul local business originating and terminating on the branch, and in part from the services of the branch as a feeder for the main line. The interurban line is certain to take the short-haul business, or at least the profit of it, and itself performs the other part of the work, that of a main line feeder. Hence much of the most bitter competition has been in branch line territory, as, for example, along the shore of Lake Ontario, east of Rochester, where the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg branch of the New York Central has made an ineffectual effort to keep its passenger business away from the Rochester & Sodus Bay electric line, within the forty-mile competitive radius. The steam road runs from half to three quarters of a mile from the centre of the towns along the route; the electric road uses the highway for the greater part of the distance, and runs down the main streets. The cars have a baggage compartment, and make a special feature of delivering the trunks of commercial travelers at the doors of the local hotels,

saving the cost of transfer, and although the electric road charges slightly higher fares than the steam road, it gets probably ninety per cent of the business.

The only apparent way for steam railroads to manage electric competition is through control, or partial control, of the territory. The New York, New Haven & Hartford, with a local business unique in its importance when the extent of the system is considered, has done some pioneer work in this direction, working in general to secure links which will prevent the welding together of the diversified electric lines in New England into competing parallels. Electrification of portions of the steam roadbed has also been tried on the New Haven road, and is just now being quite extensively experimented with in England, where it might almost be said that all the passenger traffic is local, in view of its controlling importance. The line of the Mersey Company, converted from steam to electric traction last May, was the first instance of this in Great Britain; on September 27 last, the first electric train was run over one of the Newcastle lines of the North Eastern, and electrification of the Lancashire & Yorkshire between Liverpool and Southport is now in progress.

But although transportation can be economically conducted in small units, on an electrified steam railroad, the tremendous advantage possessed by electric roads through their terminal facilities in the city streets is not affected, and still leaves the interurban roads in a competitive position which is almost unassailable. The alternative method of setting a rogue to catch a rogue, and building independent electric lines where needed to take care of competitors in the same field, and to act as main line feeders at the same time, seems more promising. Such lines, besides building up the territory, bringing business to the steam railroad, and constituting a defense, should be able, in most cases, to take care of themselves and earn an independent profit.

The freight and express business done by interurban roads has been a separate growth, starting somewhat later than the passenger business. There is still a wide divergence of opinion among electric railroad managers as to the expediency of trying to develop anything more than a limited package service. The Rochester & Sodus Bay road maintains a regular freight service, handling such bulky articles as coal and lumber in five-car trains, and believes in it, while the Detroit United lines, aggregating some three hundred miles of interurban trackage, hold the opposite view, and take only a slight interest in light package business, refusing to haul heavy freight at all. The most rational point of view is probably that expressed by the president of the Detroit, Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor & Jackson road, who believes that interurban lines have a useful and legitimate field in collecting and delivering all kinds of package freight, and even garden truck and milk, in the rural districts, but that freight business ceases to be profitable to an electric road as soon as it begins in any way to retard or interfere with passenger traffic. Even apart from the matter of interference with the steady business of the road, a trolley line is as ill adapted to move freight trains in large units as a steam railroad is for handling light local passenger traffic in small units. But certain electric roads, such as the Hudson Valley, running north from Troy, the Cleveland lines, and others, have been very aggressive in their package freight business, running express cars several times daily, and instituting a system of free collection and delivery in wagons. Here again, by the combined elements of low rate, frequent service, and flexibility in the place and manner of collection and delivery, the electric roads have in many cases been able to secure almost the entire business of a locality, and to

build up noteworthy increases in it as well.

The aggressiveness of electric railroad managers in solving new problems rapidly, without precedents to guide them, has led to great divergences in the practice of different localities, and to certain "freak" developments. The term is used in the naturalistic sense, and not as implying ridicule, for while some of the efforts have doubtless been ill considered, others are valuable pioneer work in the field of experimentation. Among such developments, besides the electric freight trains in northern New York state may be mentioned the sleeping-car service out of Indianapolis, and the fast specials from Detroit. Sleeping-cars have been ordered at Indianapolis, to be run over the electric roads to Columbus, 181 miles away, on the theory that they will secure traffic by offering to passengers a full night's sleep between these points, and relative freedom from noise and dirt. The company believes, perhaps rightly, that it has thus solved the problem of how to travel comfortably between cities too far apart to permit a business man to take time for the journey by day, and yet so near together that the passenger traveling in the sleeping-car on a steam railroad must either go to bed very late or get up very early. The electric cars will take all night for the trip, and there will be no cinders to drift in at open windows, in the summer time.

The Detroit specials are interesting as an experiment in high speed along the highway, where there is no protection against stray dogs or cattle on the track, and no safeguarding of grade crossings. Between Detroit and Port Huron, seventy-four miles, two specials run daily in each direction, stopping at only six intervening points, and making the distance in two hours and thirty-seven minutes. The average running time of these specials is thus nearly thirty miles an hour; accommodation trains on the New Haven road between New York and New Haven take practically the same time in running an identical distance. A similar service is maintained to Flint, sixty-eight miles, in two hours and a half. On portions of the run, between stops, the cars reach a speed of upwards of forty miles an hour. Rates on the specials are somewhat lower than by the steam railroad; the service is popular, and has been free from accidents, although the speed is fully as great as that of most express trains of a few decades ago.

Perhaps the most serious difficulty which now confronts the interurban roads of the country is the prevalent over-capitalization. In view of the rapid gains in traffic following every move in extension, inflation has been easy, and new business has for the time covered up unsound financial methods. In Massachusetts, where the railroad commission has full powers, and has done excellent work for a number of years, the capitalization of these properties is restricted to what the commission calls the fair value of replacement, and now stands at $48,621, stock and funded debt outstanding, per mile of line. This figure is illuminating when compared with the average capitalization of all the street railroads in the country, which was $128,881 per mile, for the year ending June 30, 1902, according to the report of the Census Bureau. The subject is a broad one, and discussion of it does not properly belong in an article on the competitive conditions existing between steam and electric roads, except in so far as the stability of the latter is threatened by the inflation. But it is probably a safe statement that at least half of the total average capitalization of the electric railroads of the country at the present time represents nothing more than promoters' profits. The roadbed and equipment of these properties are still new, so that there is strong likelihood that the necessity of making a

considerable number of simultaneous renewals will sooner or later arise. The allowances out of earnings for maintenance and depreciation have undoubtedly been too small; net earnings have been kept as large as possible, and it is to be feared that nothing short of extraordinary traffic gains and unusually careful management, during the next four or five years, will keep many electric properties from urgent need of new capital at a time when it will be exceedingly hard to find.

The interurban roads have grave problems to face. They are likely soon to feel the restraint of the complex legislation, both wise and unwise, which hedges about the steam roads; they are certain to undergo a period of foreclosure and reorganization during the next decade. But it seems wholly logical to expect that at the termination of readjustments, and after extensive development of the field and methods of electric transportation, which is still in an elementary stage, they will become the natural and profitable short-haul passenger carriers of the country.

Ray Morris.

THE DEATH OF THOREAU'S GUIDE.

THE strangest monument a man ever had in sacred memory, — a pair of old boots. For a token of respect and admiration, love and lasting grief, — just a pair of old river-driver's boots hung on the pin-knot of a pine. Big and buckled; bristling all over the soles with wrought steel calks; gashed at the toes to let the water out; slashed about the tops into fringes with the tally of his season's work, less only the day which saw him die; reddened by water; cracked by the sun, — worn-out, weather-rotting old boots, hanging for years on the pine tree, disturbed by no one. The river-drivers tramped back and forth beneath them, a red-shirted multitude; they boated along the pond in front and drove their logs past, year after year; they looked at the tree with the big cross cut deep in its scaly bark, and always left the boots hanging on the limb. They were the Governor's boots, Joe Attien's boots; they belonged to Thoreau's guide.[1]

The pine tree had seen the whole. It was old and it was tall. Its head stretched up so high that it could look over the crest of Grand Pitch, tremendous fall though it is, right up where Grand Falls come churning down to their final leap into Shad Pond. It had been looking up the river in the sunshine of that summer morning, and had seen the whole, — the over-loaded boat that set out to run the falls, the wreck in the rapids, the panic of the crew, the men struggling among logs and rocks, the brave attempt at rescue, and the dead, drowned bulk, which had once been the Governor, as it was tumbled down over the Grand Pitch into the pond below. The pine tree had stood guard over it for days, and when, after four days in the grave of the waters, it rose again, the pine tree still kept watch over it, until, on the sixth morning, the searchers found it there. "And when they found his body, they cut a cross into a tree by the side of the Pond, and they hung up his boots in the tree, and they stayed there always, because everybody knew that they was the Governor's boots."

[1] Thoreau spells the name "Aitteon;" I have preferred the form found on his tombstone, "Attien," because it indicates both the pronunciation and the derivation. For it is not Indian, but the French Étienne, or Stephen.

If ever Henry David Thoreau showed himself lacking in penetration it was when he failed to get the measure of Joseph Attien. True, Joe was young then, — he never lived to be old; yet a man who, dying at forty-one, is so long remembered must have shown some signs of promise at twenty-four.[1] But Thoreau hired an Indian to be aboriginal. One who said "By George!" and made remarks with a Yankee flavor, was contrary to his hypothesis of what a barbarian ought to be. It did not matter that this was the sort of man who gave up his inside seat and rode sixty miles on the top of the stage in the rain, that a woman might be sheltered; — all the cardinal virtues without aboriginality would not have sufficed Mr. Thoreau for a text. And so he missed his opportunity to tell us what manner of man this was. Joe Attien's best chance of being remembered lies, not in having been Henry Thoreau's guide on a brief excursion, but in being just brave, honest, upright Joseph Attien, a man who was loved and lamented because he had the quality of goodness. "His death just used the men all up," said a white river-man years afterward; "after that some of the best men wa'n't good for anything all the rest of the drive."

I could give, as I have gleaned it here and there, the testimony to his worth, the statements of one and another that he was not only brave but good, an open-hearted, patient, forbearing sort of a man, renowned for his courage and skill in handling a boat, but loved for his mild justness. "He was just like a father to us," said a white man who had been in his boat. Thirty-three years after his death I heard a head lumberman, who also had served two years in his boat, a very silent man, break out into voluble reminiscence at merely seeing Joe Attien's picture. But there is a story, indisputably authentic, which shows, better than anything else, the largeness of the man.

He had been slandered by a white man, whom he had thought his friend, in a way which not only caused him distress of mind, but was calculated to interfere materially with his election to the office of tribal governor, the most coveted honor within an Indian's grasp, and that year elective for the first time.[2] The incident occurred just before his first election in 1862, — for he was governor seven times. Hurt to the quick, he avoided his former friend, yet said nothing. But as soon as he discovered that the false accusation had arisen from a wholly innocent and most natural mistake, without a word in his own justification, leaving the charge to stand undenied, he renewed the old friendship, and his friend never knew what just cause he had given for resentment till, years after Joe's death, it was accidentally revealed by one who had heard the misunderstanding explained. Such was the man.

If you ask the men who were there at the time how Joseph Attien died, they will never suggest that it was accident or the hand of God. More or less emphatically, according to their natures and the vividness of their recollection, they will say right out, "Dingbat Prouty did it; it was Dingbat Prouty drownded Joe Attien." They will cheerfully admit

[1] The newspapers said he was thirty-five when he died, but his gravestone says plainly "forty years and seven months." It is interesting to learn that one who lived so well and died so generously was born on Christmas Day.

[2] His epitaph is wrong in asserting that he inherited the title of governor. The office had been a life office, hereditary in the Attien family, who were chiefs; but at Joseph's father's death it was made annual and elective. Joseph Attien won his elections by popular vote against great opposition, and he carried seven out of the eight elections held up to the time of his death. The eighth — by the intervention of the so-called "Special Law," passed by the state to reduce the friction between the parties — was the New Party's first election, none of Joseph Attien's friends, the Old Party, or Conservatives, voting that year.

that this is not a man to be spoken of slightingly, because he is a great waterman; but upon this point there is only one opinion, — that he forced Joe Attien to run a bad place against his better judgment, for the mere sake of showing off. "He pushed himself in." — "He had n't no business in that boat at all." — "Prouty drownded Joe Attien, everybody who was there says so." — "He had n't no business in that boat, and did n't belong there anyway, but he said he was going to run them falls, and he did run 'em."

It is very hard to tell a true story, and the more one knows about the facts the harder it is to make a story of them. Here was a simple tale of how the inordinate ambition of one man to win a name for himself brought grief upon the whole drive. But the next turn of the kaleidoscope gave a wholly different combination. For I took what I had gathered to John Ross himself. "Is this straight?" And he said: "No; you are all wrong there. Prouty belonged in that boat; he had been bowman of it about two days. It was my orders for them to go down and pick a jam on the Heater, and they were going. I was right there and saw the whole of it, and I never blamed Prouty."

But why then should the men have blamed him? No exculpation could be more complete. There is no appeal from what John Ross says he ordered and saw executed. Why do not the men know this? Instead of telling a simple tale, are we undertaking to square the mental circle? For, with nearly two hundred men close at hand, it seems preposterous that the facts should not have become generally known; it is still more incredible to suppose that, thinking independently, they could all have reached the same false conclusion; but that, having been cross-examined in all sorts of ways for four-and-thirty years, they should never have varied from their first error is inconceivable. Why do the men still hold Charles Prouty responsible if he was not to blame?

From being a study of facts, the story turns into a question of psychology. Why is it that when one has been looking at red too long he sees green, and keeps on seeing green, even when there is no green there? — that is the clue. A man does not get a name like "Dingbat" and keep it all his life for nothing. Therefore, after the men had gazed fixedly upon the commanding excellence of Joseph Attien; after they had seen him pass beyond their ken, "all the trumpets," as it were, "sounding for him on the other side;" when they turned away and looked at the man whom fate had elected to stand beside him that day, what would one expect them to see by contrast? Green! Very green! And to keep right on seeing — *green!* Having affirmed the worth of Joseph Attien and the warm esteem in which all held him, it remains to show how, because he was placed in too sharp a contrast with such a man, Charles Prouty incurred a blame which his chief says was none of his.

We come now to the story. Chance gave to it a fitting frame, — grand scenery, bright sunshine, a date of distinction, the eye of the Master. You are never to forget that up on a log-jam, just below where this happened, stood Himself, — John Ross. He ordered the boat down; he saw it go; he sent another to the rescue; he reported this to me; it stands authenticated. But what the men saw and felt, that which is unofficial, that which represents the current of the story, and carries us on to the ending of it, I gathered for myself among them.

On the drive there is no distinction of days. Holidays or Sundays, the drivers know no difference; one week's end and the next one's beginning are all the same to them. The Fourth of July now is marked for them by no other suitable

recognition than extremely early rising.

But it used not so to be. In the old days, when it was a point of pride to have the logs in boom by the last of June, the men were free to celebrate on the Fourth. To them the Fourth of July was the greatest day of all the year. Like boys just out of school, they were free from work, free from restraint, free to make just as much noise as they pleased; and, having plenty of money in their pockets wherewith to purchase all sorts of a good time, they enjoyed a glorious liberty. The Fourth was never a quiet day in Bangor if the drives were in the boom.

However, the year of our Lord 1870 is distinctly chronicled as one of the most uneventful ever known, nothing at all going on but a church levee across the river in Brewer, so that the police loafed out the Fourth in weary and unwonted idleness. The drives were late that year, so very late that, though the head of the West Branch drive was some miles downstream, the rear of it rested on the Grand Falls of the Indian Purchase. The hands had been leaving the day before, so as to get home for the Fourth; the water was falling; the whole drive was belated and short-handed; the head men were worrying; no one had any time to remember that it was a legal holiday.

That is, no one remembered it except the Chronic Shirk. His rights had been assailed, and, having found a Temporary Cripple, who could not escape by flight from his unwelcome company, he insisted on arguing the case, and volleyed back his opinions of working on a legal holiday with an explosiveness which reminded one of the reports of a bunch of firecrackers.

It was "Rip — rip — rip — *bang!* but he did n't *like* this workin' on a Fourth er Ju*ly!* The Declaration of Independuns had said — that it was a man's right — on the Fourth er July — to git as tight as Lewey's cow — and he did rip — rip — rip — ob*ject* — to bein' defrauded out of his constitoot'nal rights!"

He was a sun-baked, stubble-faced fellow, less troubled with clothes than with the want of patches, but with shirt and skin about one color where the sun had toned them to each other around the more ancient rents; and he sat in a niche in the log-jam, expectorating tobacco forcibly and to great distances, and swore voluminously about his ill-luck in not being somewhere else. Just then he had nothing to do. He was an expert at picking out jobs where there was nothing to do. This time he was waiting for his mate, who had gone for an axe, and not a stroke of work had he done since his mate left him. There it was, a bright sunny morning about seven o'clock, a good time to work, and the logs ricked up like jack-straws on both sides of the falls, the whole river in that confusion which the rear has to clean up and leave tidy; plenty of work for this fellow to do with his peavey in picking off singles and rolling in little handfuls caught along the edges, and helping to do his share of the setting to rights; but, instead, he sat on a log-jam in the sun, and spat more vigorously and swore more violently, as it grew upon him how ill the world was using him in making him work on the Fourth of July.

The Cripple, unable to escape, tried to divert him from his melancholy.

"Well, Tobias Johnson's boat got down all right," he remarked.

Tobias Johnson and his crew had but just run the Blue Rock Pitch. It was to see the boats go down that the Cripple had crawled out upon the logs. The water being very bad that morning, what Tobias Johnson had done was bound to be a topic of conversation all that hot day among little groups of men working on the logs. Even the Shirk ought to have whirled at such a glittering conversational lure. Instead he sulked.

"I 'd be rip — rip — ripped — if *I*

was seen runnin' these here falls to-day. It 's a damned shame to have to work on the Fourth er July anyway. Head men that knowed beans from bed-bugs would ha' had the whole jim-bang drive in long ago ; " — and he exploded a whole bunch of crackers on the heads of the offending contractors of the drive. " Here we be a-swillin' sow-belly an' Y. E. B's,[1] an' down to Bangor, don't I know jes' 's well as can be, Deacon Spooner has brought up a thousand pounds o' salmon to Low's Market, an' is reportin' all about the sunstroke to the schoolhouse an' the camp-meetin' they are gettin' up down to Whisgig on Shoo-Fly, an' salmon enough for all hands an' the cook." (Deacon Spooner was a sort of summer Santa Claus, who purveyed imaginary information and real Penobscot River salmon. He was held in high local esteem, but he went out of print about this time, and the great volley of oaths which the Shirk shot off at the merry and inoffensive deacon, though they may not account for his disappearance, would provide good reason for looking for him among the damned.)

The Cripple tried to get away, but he was too closely followed. Then, deciding that talking was better than listening, he took the reins of conversation. " Bi must have found it awful rough water," said he ; " don't believe there 'll be not another bo't attempt it to-day with the water slacking so. Say, did you hear that yisterday Joe Attien tried to git Con Murphy to leave Tobias's crew an' come into his boat ? An' Con said he liked his own crew, an' did n't want to change, not even to be in Joe's bo't. I heerd that he got Ed Conley out of Lewey Ketchum's bo't now Lewey 's left the drive. Speaks pretty well for Tobias though, don't it ? "

The Discontented One turned impartially from Deacon Spooner and damned Tobias.

" Jim Hill ! " said the Cripple, " how them logs has took to runnin' ! They 're goin' it high, wide an' lively. That stops all bo't capers for one while. Any bo't that had it in mind to rival Bi Johnson had better think twice about it before they git out into this mix-up on slack water. Guess our fun 's up, an' I mought 's well be crawlin' back to camp."

" Guess I mought 's well stay right here where I be," said the Shirk ; " John Ross is up there on that dry jam east side, an' I 'd jes' 's soon be where I can keep an eye on him."

The Cripple made a few painful, hobbling steps over the logs, and had reached the crest of the jam, when he turned, with his hand shading his eyes, and looked down toward the Blue Rock Pitch, where a boat was drawn up on the shore, and the crew stood waiting.

" Say, though," he shouted to the Shirk, trying to make himself heard above the water, " looks like they was talkin' about runnin' after all ! Who is it ? Make 'em out ? "

The Grumbler put up his head cautiously, to make sure that John Ross was attending to his own business, before he ran briskly to the peak of the jam, and announced that it was that ding-ding-danged Injun, Joe Attien ; could tell him by his bigness.

" Hain't he the perfect figure of a man, though ! " broke in the other in admiration ; " pity his heft keeps him from his rightful place in the bow." Joe Attien weighed two hundred and twenty-five, and, because of his great weight and strength, always captained his boat from the stern, although in running quick water the bow is the place of honor.

The Leisurely One, having made sure that he was getting the right man, proceeded to curse Joe Attien and all his forbears. Then he sat down upon the logs and resumed his original lamentation. " Now down Bangor way to-day

[1] That is, yellow-eyed beans. Pork and beans are the river-driver's staple of diet as well as the lumberman's, and not as much relished in midsummer as in the colder season.

they 'd be doin' somp'n wuth lookin' at — hoss races an' bo't races an' " —

" Joe 'd be in the canoe race, sure," interrupted the other.

" Not by a long chalk ! " said the Grumbler ; " don't you see he 's governor agin ? Don't you rec'lect that last time, when they made him a ding-danged, no-good judge, an' him one of the best paddles in the tribe, a rip — rip — rip — splitting good man on a paddle, all because he was a ding-dang-donged governor ? "

The other man admitted the cogency of the argument. " But say," said he, " that 's the real thing there. Ain't that Dingbat talkin' up to Joe ? "

They watched the rapid, incisive movements of a slender, agile young fellow, outlined against Joe's bulk. " Dinged little weasel," muttered the Grumbler, identifying him, " so durn spry 't he don't cast no shadder ! "

Then he relapsed once more into his reflective mood. " Now down Bangor way now, you bet — oh, hoss races an' bo't races an' canoe races, an' ' Torrent ' and ' Delooge ' a-squirtin' out in the Square, an' cirkiss, an' greased pig, an' tub races, an' velocerpede races — there 'll be somp'n down there to-day wuth lookin' at, an' up here nothin' but this dod-blasted ol' river an' a ding-dang passel o' logs ! "

" Say," said the other, " I can't quite make that out yet. I ain't a-catchin' on to that performance. There 's McCausland, an' Tomer, an' Joe Solomon, an' Curran, an' Conley, they all belong, — but where 's Steve Stanislaus ? An' that little Dingbat, — what 's he doin' with a paddle there ? "

" Wants Joe to run the falls."

" Well, but he ain't in Joe's bo't ! "

" Course not, little rumscullion ! That's it ! He 's failed to get his own crew in most like, an' now he 's stumpin' Joe to take him along o' his crew. You watch an' see him do it. He ain't a-goin' to let Bi Johnson have the name of bein' the only man that dares to run these falls to-day, not if he can help it. He 'll shake the rafters o' heaven, but he 'll show us that he 's every bit as good a waterman as Tobias Johnson."

" What makes him light on Joe ? and where 's Steve ? "

The man did not know as yet that the day before, when the crews reorganized at the Lower Lakes, Steve Stanislaus, who was Joe Attien's friend and cousin and physical counterpart, had left Joe's boat. But all sorts of low cunning being readable to the Shirk, he was not at a loss for an explanation.

" Well, don't you see, he 's cut Steve out some ways. Joe handlin' stern, that gives him a chance to go in the bow, and that 's right on the way to a bo't of his own, and what he could n't get with no other man. He don't ship to be no midshipman in the maulin' they are goin' to git. He 's figgerin' how to put hisself at a premum as a crack man."

" Reel Dingbat trick," muttered the Cripple. " Joe knows that this ain't no runnin' water to-day ; just wicked to try to run here the way things is now."

" Don't want to, don't have to," retorted the Swearer, for once omitting the garnish of his speech. And it was more true than most epigrams. Joe's orders to go down with a boat did not imply that he was to run the Blue Rock Pitch against his judgment. A waterman of his reputation could dare to be prudent, and all the spectators thought that he intended to take out above the pitch and carry by and put in below. Then they saw him pick up his long paddle.

The Shirk pricked up his ears and began to be more cheerful. " Looks like somp'n was goin' to happen now ! " he chippered. " There they are a-gettin' of her ready. Now they 're runnin' her out. There 's Dingbat takin' bow. Wonder what they are goin' to do with that spare man ? Which one of them rip — rip — rippin' galoots do you s'pose Joe 'll be leavin' behind ? "

That seventh man in the boat was what the men never understood, and it gave the color to the accusation that Prouty pushed himself in. Seven men is a boat's crew when working on logs, but in running dangerous places they carry but six, or even four men. It would seem as if, planning not to run, Joe had his log-working crew, and then, changing his mind suddenly, forgot to leave behind the extra man.

"Gosh! how rough the water is!" said the Cripple; "all choked up with jams both sides, and the logs running to beat hell. They don't stand one chance, not in — My soul! — but he 's putting that spare man in on the lazy seat! — Well, what you must do you will do." It was the inbred fatalism of his class, which makes them stoical.

Simultaneously the Grumbler fired off a volley of curses which made the air smoke. "Rip — rip — rip — bang! — *bang!* If that Go-donged Injun ain't a-shippin' a Maddywamkeag crew!" (In the cant of the river a "Mattawamkeag crew" means all the men a boat will hold.)

The Shirk was fully alive now. He jumped up and took his peavey from the log beside him. "Guess I 'll be moseyin' right along down now," he chirped. Then he set out running over the logs at a lively pace, trailing his peavey behind him. He anticipated seeing something fully equal to greased pig and velocipede races.

But there was not much to see that time. The catastrophe came at once, before they were fairly started. The water was very rough that morning, — on a falling driving-pitch it is always roughest. There was that crowning current, heaped up in the middle, that would push a boat upon the shore; there were the log-jams making the channels narrow and crooked; there were the loose logs running free, that would elbow and ram a boat and crowd her off when she tried to avoid them; there were the doubtful, treacherous channels, creatures of the log-jams along the banks and of the fickle current, new with every differing condition, never to be fully memorized; there were the rocks, not less cruel because cushioned with great boils of water; and there were the boat's own weight and tremendous momentum. No thoroughbred waterman will ever undertake to say how fast a boat can run in a rapid, for he does not know himself. He says, "Very fast," and turns the topic to all-day records.

Still the great sharp-nosed boat had as little cause to apprehend disaster as any boat could have had. She bore a picked crew; she obeyed Joe Attien; and she was a stanch and trusty boat, very wise about all the ways of water. She knew all kinds and how to take them. There were the huge boils, those frightful, brandy-colored boils, streaked full of yellow foam-threads spinning from a hissing centre; and there were the slicks, where a great rock betrayed his lurking-place only by the tail of glassy current below, — safe are such places, for the rock lies above them; and there were the ridgy manes of white water-curls, where the slopes of two great rocks met and rolled the water backward; — but she knew how to take them all; she was prepared for perils on all sides, danger unintermittent, whether she took it slick, or bit into the foam with her long beak, or caught it raw and crosswise beneath her flaring gunwales. What she did not expect was that her peril would come before she had caught the set of the current at all; no one looked for that, not even the Shirk, who was running fast so as to be right on hand when she swamped, and was addressing to them various select remarks not intended to be heard above the roar of the water, such as, "Guess you got your bellyful this time, old fellow;" and, "Go it, boys, you 'll get plumb to hell this trip." It was nothing to one of his kind

that seven men stood in deadly peril, and the show of the moment he was craftily neglecting that he might the better witness the closing spectacle. But he never dreamed that it would come as it did.

It was a very simple accident; the dragon fly, with bulging eyes, rustling in zigzag flight along the river's brink, might have reported what he saw as well as could a man. There was the long, lean boat, blue without and painted white within, lying with pointed stern and longer, tapering snout, steeving sharply, like a huge fish half out of water; within her the line of red-shirted men, their finny oars fringing her battered sides, the stripling Prouty high up in the bow, too eager to snatch the honors of which he has won so many fairly since; then the row of seated men, — ragged red shirts, sorely weathered; hard red knuckles, tense on the oar-butts; sunburned faces under torn brims, or hatless; sun-scorched eyes, winking through sun-bleached lashes; all, Yankee and Irishman and Province man, black-eyed Indian and blue-eyed Indian, waiting on big Joe Attien, towering in the stern, confident that what he did would be done right. Seven men, and four were looking backward to the shore, and three were facing forward toward the water, four one way and three the other, as if emblematic of the coming moment when they should be divided by three and by four, for life, for death. What they thought and how they felt, who could tell now; but out of all those there the man's heart which would have been best worth reading was that spare man's on the lazy seat, who knew rough water, and could see ahead, and who had nothing at all to do. If he unbuckled his stout, calked brogans, and slipped them off his feet, who could say whether it was done from fear or from foresight?

Then the poles dip, the long, spruce, iron-shod poles at bow and stern, the oars sweep shallow water, and, splashing and gritting gravel as they push off, the poles dipping one side and the other, abreast and backward, like the long legs of an uncertain-minded crane-fly, they shove her out.

And then was their black fate close upon them: she did not swing to the current; she was too heavy, the crew were raw to one another and to the boat, bow and stern did not respond as they always had done when Steve Stanislaus and Joe handled boat, as their old crews still say, "just like one man." Logy and bewildered, instead of turning promptly to the current, the old boat let the water catch her underneath her side. It shot her straight across the channel, right among the ugly rocks on the other shore, close above the Blue Rock Pitch. And then, before she could be straightened, the River took her in his giant hands, and smashed her side against a rock, smote her down with such a crash that the men along the banks who saw and heard it cannot be convinced that she was not wrecked; and some who saw her fill so suddenly still declare that her whole bottom was torn off as you rip the peel from a mandarin orange. That is not true; she was not much hurt. But eighteen hundred pounds of boat and men were hurled upon that sunken rock with the full force of the River. The port side buckled fearfully; the ribs groaned and gave; the nails screamed as the sharp rock sheared off their heads, and a long yellow shaving, ploughed out of her side, went writhing down the foaming current. Down to the water's edge dipped the up-stream gunwale; in poured the water in a flood, and before she settled squarely, the lifted port side showed that long and ugly scar. What of the shock that sent the man upon the lazy seat reeling backward, that tumbled the men at the oars forward upon their faces, that wrenched their oars from their hands and threw the batteau seats from the cleats, and sent the spare man's driving shoes adrift among the litter of unshipped seats and useless men? Un-

manned, unmanageable, full to the lips of water, and just on the brink of the Blue Rock Pitch, what could the old boat do? Joe dropped his useless pole and took his paddle, but she could not answer to it, and bow-heavy with the weight of water running forward as she felt the incline of the fall, her stern reeling high in air, her crew, disarmed and helpless, crowding on the bowman, she wallowed down that wicked water among rocks and logs.

So much is fairly certain, but beyond this no one seems quite sure; for I can find no one who saw it. Tobias Johnson's crew could not, not having eyes in the backs of their heads, for they had sprung at once to the rescue in their own boat. And the Shirk, who would have been glad to see, was out of the running. In his haste to be on hand, he had tripped himself on his peavey, and had been plunged headforemost into a hole in the jam, where, kicking and clawing, he went off like Mother Hoyt's powder-horn. (Cursing his own awkwardness? No, not a bit! Damning the men who were struggling in the water, because they had tripped him up, and had not given him a fair chance to see them die!)

Nor did John Ross on his log-jam see it, though he was so near. "I was on a dry jam right there, but I had kept Levi Hathorn's boat with me in case any one should tumble in or anything should happen, and I sent it down to them, — and I don't know any more. I saw that they were going to have a hard time, and — and I turned and looked the other way." (Ladies and gentlemen — tender-hearted ladies, high-minded gentlemen — pause and consider whether, standing there, yours would have been the transcendent grace that "turned and looked the other way"!)

But one thing everybody knows, — there were men in that boat who could not swim; there are such in every boat. The others leaped and swam; these clung to the boat. And Joe Attien stayed with them, — not clinging as they did, buried in water, not crouching and abject, waiting for the death that faced him, — not a coward, now, never, but paddle in hand, because the water ran too deep for pole-hold, standing astride his sunken boat, a big, calked foot upon either gunwale, working to the last ounce that was in him to drive the sunken wreck and the men clinging to it into some eddy or cleft of the log-jams before they were carried down over the Heater and that thundering fall of the Grand Pitch. It is the last one sees of Joe Attien; no one has reported anything after that; one remembers him always as standing high in the stern of his boat, dying with and for his men.

The Humane Society gives no medals for rescues made along the river; our men have nothing to show for anything they have done; but when all the pæans of brave deeds are chanted, let some one remember to sing the praises of Tobias Johnson's crew. We do not speak of them, — this is not their day. Enough that when they saw Joe Attien's boat swamp they all leaped into their places and swept out to the rescue. Man after man they pulled in, heedless of their own safety. The last one they caught when they were just on the verge of the Heater, and then somehow, overloaded as they were, on the brink of sure death, they swung in and crept back to the landing-place.

Ashore they looked over the saved and called the names of the dead. They had three. Joe Attien was gone, and Stephen Tomer, an Indian lad, and Edward Conley of Woodstock, and Dingbat Prouty. They still hoped for these, — hope dies hard, and they knew how difficult it is to drown a man who resolutely prefers to try his chances of being hanged. So they and all who had flocked in to them at the flying rumor of disaster took up pick-poles, pickaroons, peavies, whatever might be used to save a living man or to recover

the body of a drowned one, and set off down the drivers' path which skirts the falls.

There was little hope of finding Joe. When they saw him go they all understood that, dead or alive, they would find him with his men. But Dingbat had been seen swimming strongly. If the logs had not crushed him, nor the rocks broken him, he might yet be picked up in some inshore cove where the eddy played, clinging to the alders, too fordone to pull himself out, but still alive.

They searched well and they searched some time before they found him, — for I had it from one who was there, — and when they did discover him, it was the rescuers who were scant of breath.

"Ga-w-d! but don't he seem to be takin' it easy!" said one.

For a man who had just been through what he had been through, he certainly was taking it very easy. He was sitting on a log out in an eddy, a great hulling-machine log, peeled by the rocks in rapids, with tatters of bark hanging to its scarred sides, bitten to the quick by the ledges, broomed at the ends by being tumbled over falls. There in the eddy it was drifting because it was too big to be dislodged until some driver prodded it out and over the Grand Pitch. Unable to escape, it went sailing round and round, sometimes butting other logs and ramming the weaker ones out into the rapids, sometimes nosing up against the line of the current, and always drawing back again into its quiet haven, swimming slowly, but swinging often, ever a little beyond the line of the bushes, ever a little inside the line of the current. The falls-spume gathered in clots against the side farthest from the eddy's vortex, and the torrent, as it rushed past, threw up wavelets that lapped its flanks. And there in the warm morning sunshine, wet as a drowned rat, his hair plastered over his sharp-cut face, and the wrinkles round his nose showing more plainly than common, sat the missing bowman, dripping from every edge and elbow, but stolidly sucking his pipe.

"Well, I call that *nerve!*" remarked one of the rescuers, viewing him from behind a screen of bushes. He appreciated the self-command it took for a man considerably more than half drowned and entirely soaked to get out his old pipe, dig her clean, and clamp her under his spiked shoe to dry while he peeled his wet tobacco down to the solid heart, got out his matches from his water-tight vial, and filled and lit her up. They admired his young bravado, and waited a moment watching him, as, theatrically unconscious of their presence, which he well enough observed, he drew at his pipe, and swung with the eddy, his shadow now falling to the front, now to the rear.

"Ain't he a James Dickey-bird!" said another beneath his breath.

Then Dingbat overdid the matter.

"Where 's that damned Injun?" he demanded, suddenly acknowledging their presence.

The ichor of swift resentment coursed through their veins; already it was settled in their minds who was responsible for this disaster. Here he was, safe enough, having saved himself; Joe Attien was dead trying to save his crew. As the lightning flash sometimes photographs indelibly the objects nearest where it strikes, so on the minds of these men that unfeeling question branded forevermore the pictures that stood for those two lives, — Dingbat floating at his ease in the eddy, having looked out for himself, Joe Attien drowned and battered and lost among logs and ledges, willing to lose himself if he might save his crew. They have never forgotten, never will forget, that difference. To this day when you ask one of them who was there at the time how Joe Attien died, this contrast leaps before him, and he says that Dingbat Prouty did it.

The rapids give place to river meadows, the meadows grow into salt shore-

marshes, the marshes lose themselves at the verge of ocean, and a mist creeps up out of the sea. Time levels and softens all, and draws a veil of haze across to hide what is unpleasantly harsh. So be it! Let all that is unworthy, low or mean, be blotted out, provided that the lights we steer by, the beacons across the wide waste waters, be not dimmed; — leave us, O Time, the memory of men like this!

I was a tiny child when Joe Attien died. He had been a familiar friend, and often, no doubt, he fondled me as he did his own babies. But I do not remember him. Instead I recall — not clearly, though I somehow know that it was they — the delegation of Indians who came down to ask my father where they should go to look for his body. They were tall, and I looked through their legs as between tree-trunks, and the shadow of grief on their dark faces made them like the heavy tops of the pine trees, trees of mournfulness and sighing.

"Spos'n Gov'nor could got pole-holt she could saved 'em."

And, "She could saved it herself, Gov-'nor, 'cause she strong man and could swim, but she want to preservation crew."

So my father pondered the problem and told them where to look for the body. "A brick would swim in that water, it is so strong," said he. "The Governor was a heavy man, but unless he is jammed under logs or wedged between rocks, he will be carried right down over Grand Pitch. As soon as the current slackens it will drop him, and he will sink in shallow water at the inlet to the pond. It is hot weather now, and, the water being shoal there, by the time you can get up river the body will have risen; you will find it in the upper end of Shad Pond."

It all came out as he had predicted. The body of Edward Conley had been picked up above the falls several days before, but the two Indians they found together in Shad Pond on Sunday, the sixth day. They took both the bodies ashore, and where they landed they cut a deep cross into a tree; and because they could not treat lightly anything which had belonged to so brave a man, Joe Attien's boots they hung upon a limb of the tree. There the river-drivers left them till they wasted away, a strange but sincere memorial of a good man.

Fannie Hardy Eckstorm.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

"The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others." — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

BUTTERFLIES IN POETRY.

It was one of the proudest moments of my college life when I was deputed by Dr. Harris — the foremost naturalist then to be found in Harvard University, if not in the nation — to report upon the credentials of a foreign prince, and, if these proved authentic, to introduce him to academical society. That prince was and is — for his posterity still remains among us — the most superb among such potentates who had ever visited this region; for he was the *Papilio philenor* (now *Laertias philenor*), a tropical butterfly then first seen in Cambridge, and the largest ever found so far North, in America, bringing, moreover, an unwonted luxuriance in form and color. This butterfly was personally reared

by Dr. Harris from a caterpillar found on a tropical plant at the Cambridge Botanic Garden; and its posterity may well be called "large and magnificent" by Mr. Samuel H. Scudder, the present successor of Dr. Harris as dean of American entomology. It is akin to the great butterflies of the East Indies or of South America; its color is a deep purple, with glossy tints of green and steel-color, and large greenish spots passing into straw-color and orange. Such was the eminent foreigner arriving at Cambridge, in temporary disguise, in July, 1840, but destined to be the parent of a race now permanently acclimated there, and spread in a similar manner from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This gorgeous visitant I had the honor to receive; and I wrote thereon a report which may still perhaps survive among the documents of the Harvard Natural History Society.

In looking through an outdoor notebook of twenty years later I find that I was at that period reintroduced to my early prince.

"July 3 [1861]. — The eternal youthfulness of Nature answers to my own feeling of youth and preserves it. As I turn from these men and women around me, whom I watch gradually submerged under the tide of gray hairs — it seems a bliss I have never earned, to find bird, insect and flower renewing itself each year in fresh eternal beauty, the same as in my earliest childhood. The little red butterflies have not changed a streak of black on their busy wings, nor the azure dragonflies lost or gained a shade of color, since we Cambridge children caught them in our childish hands. Yesterday by a lonely oak grove there fluttered out a great purple butterfly, almost fresh from the chrysalis, and alighted just before me, waving its lustrous wings. It was the beautiful *Papilio philenor*, which Dr. Harris showed us in college, as having just been found, an entire novelty, in the Botanic Garden. I had not seen it for twenty years, and here it was, the same brilliant tropical creature, propagated through a series of unwatched generations, perhaps unnoticed till it reached this lonely grove. With a collector's instinct I put my hat over it, but it got away and I was hardly sorry. It had come to link me with those vanished years."

Looking back on those early days, it would seem that the butterfly world might have drawn from my banished prince something of its peculiar charm. Certainly this winged race has long been familiar with royal family titles; at least, ever since Linnæus drew its scientific names from the Greek mythology, and later European entomologists from the Scandinavian, and our own native naturalists from the American Indian. Even these names are constantly changing, with new subdivisions and shifting connections; while the simpler English word, drawn obviously, like "butterfly," from the yellow colors predominating in the meadows at midsummer, has yet been brought under a new interpretation, since a poet's daughter, Sarah Coleridge, stoutly maintains that the word simply originated in the phrase "better fly."

After all, the chief charm of this race of winged flowers does not lie in their varied and brilliant beauty, nor yet in their wonderful series of transformations, — their long and sordid caterpillar life, their long slumber in the chrysalis, or the very brief period which comprises their beauty, their love-making, their parentage, and their death. Nor does it lie in the fact that we do not yet certainly know whether they have in the caterpillar shape the faculty of sight, or not, and do not even know the precise use of their most conspicuous organ in maturity, the antennæ. Nor does it consist in this, that they of all created things have furnished man with the symbol of his own immortality. It rather lies in the fact that, with all their varied life and activity, they represent an absolutely silent existence.

Victor Hugo has indeed somewhere pronounced the whole insect world to be, with hardly an exception, a world of silence. We feel, he says, as if life involved noise, but the most multitudinous portion of the race of living things — fishes and insects — is almost absolutely still. The few that buzz or murmur are as nothing compared to the vast majority which are born and die soundless. If this is true of insects as a whole, it is of butterflies that it is eminently truest. All the vast array of modern knowledge has found no butterfly which murmurs with an audible voice, and only a very few species which can even audibly click or rustle with their wings; Darwin first observing these in South America, and others recording them at long intervals of years in Europe, and, finally, in the United States. Mr. Scudder has not only detected a soft sound in one or two cases, proceeding from the wings, and sounding like the faint rustling of sandpaper, but he hazards the opinion that many of the quivering or waving motions of the wings of these bright creatures, although inaudible to us, may be accompanied by sounds which the butterflies themselves or their kindred might hear.

If they can be thus heard without sound, why do we not at least hear more of them by fame in literature? They contribute much of the summer grace of the universe: they are of all beings the most picturesque in their lives, having three different phases of existence, each peculiar, and all frequently gorgeous, — the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the imago, or fully developed creature. They are incomparably more numerous and more varied than birds, — the number of species far larger, and the swarms incomparably greater, where swarming is their practice; when they enter poetry they do it with yet more grace; but fewer authors describe them, and those few more charily. Thoreau, for instance, rarely mentions them, and in some ways seems singularly ignorant of them. Thus in his MS. diary (1853–54, page 395) he describes himself as bringing home from the marshy meadows the great paper cocoon of the gray sphinx moth (*Attacus cecropia*), and as carrying it unrecognized to Dr. Harris, to learn about it, — an object which every schoolboy knows, one would suppose, and which is at least of kindred to the butterflies.

The butterflies being thus silent, it is not, perhaps, strange that we do not interpret them better, but that each observer finds his own interpretation, or his own sympathetic response, varying, it may be, from any other. Thus Austin Dobson, writing poetry on a fan that had belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour, finds delineated upon it, "Courtiers as butterflies bright;" while Bryant in his June finds the creatures quite too indolent to be approved as courtiers: —

> The idle butterfly
> Should rest him there.

Edmund Gosse, meanwhile, finds in their mien, as he views them while lying in the grass, no trace of idleness, but rather the fatigue due to arduous labor: —

> The weary butterflies that droop their wings.

Percy Mackaye in his blithe book, The Canterbury Pilgrims, complicates the matter by obliging the butterfly to keep off the attentions of the moth-miller: —

> Mealy miller, moth-miller,
> Fly away!
> If Dame Butterfly doth say thee nay,
> Go and court a caterpillar!

And Keats, always the closest of observers, acquits his winged creatures of all care when he says of Endymion,

> His eyelids
> Widened a little, as when Zephyr bids
> A little breeze to creep between the fans
> Of careless butterflies.

But when we turn to that marvelously gifted family into which so much of the descriptive power of Keats has passed, we find Charles Tennyson weaving the butterfly's wing and the human heart's love into a cadence so exquisitely deli-

cate that his laureate brother never surpassed it: —

SONNET

To —— On Accidentally Rubbing the Dust from a Butterfly's Wing.

The light-set lustre of this insect's mail
Hath bloom'd my gentlest touch — This first of May
Has seen me sweep the shallow tints away
From half his pinion, drooping now and pale!
Look hither, coy and timid Isabel!
Fair Lady, look into my eyes, and say,
Why thou dost aye refuse thy heart to stay
On mine, that is so fond and loves so well?
Is beauty trusted to the morning dews,
And to the butterfly's mischanceful wing,
To the dissolving cloud in rainbow hues,
To the frail tenure of an early spring,
In blossoms, and in dyes? and must I lose
Claim to such trust, all Nature's underling?

Mrs. Piatt, our American poet, reached a profounder, if less exquisite, touch when she thus reproved her adventurous boy for reversing the usual insect development by removing the wings of a butterfly: —

AFTER WINGS.

This was your butterfly, you see, —
His fine wings made him vain:
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Passed them in rich disdain. —
My pretty boy says, "Let him be
Only a worm again!"

O child, when things have learned to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair:
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again!

And elsewhere she moralizes, as is her wont: —

Between the falling leaf and rose-bud's breath;
The bird's forsaken nest and her new song
(And this is all the time there is for Death);
The worm and butterfly — it is not long!

More thoughtful still, and in the end more uplifted, is this fine poem by Mary Emily Bradley, a poet from farther West: —

A CHRYSALIS.

My little Mädchen found one day
A curious something in her play,
That was not fruit, nor flower, nor seed;
It was not anything that grew,
Or crept, or climbed, or swam, or flew;
Had neither legs nor wings, indeed;
And yet she was not sure, she said,
Whether it was alive or dead.

She brought it in her tiny hand
To see if I would understand,
And wondered when I made reply,
"You 've found a baby butterfly."
"A butterfly is not like this,"
With doubtful look she answered me.
So then I told her what would be
Some day within the chrysalis;
How, slowly, in the dull brown thing
Now still as death, a spotted wing,
And then another, would unfold,
Till from the empty shell would fly
A pretty creature, by and by,
All radiant in blue and gold.

"And will it, truly?" questioned she —
Her laughing lips and eager eyes
All in a sparkle of surprise —
"And shall your little Mädchen see?"
"She shall!" I said. How could I tell
That ere the worm within its shell
Its gauzy, splendid wings had spread,
My little Mädchen would be dead?

To-day the butterfly has flown, —
She was not here to see it fly, —
And sorrowing I wonder why
The empty shell is mine alone.
Perhaps the secret lies in this:
I too had found a chrysalis,
And Death that robbed me of delight
Was but the radiant creature's flight!

The extraordinary gifts of the butterfly race have always excited the wonder not only of naturalists, but of the most ignorant observers. Note their silent and unseen changes; the instinct by which they distinguish their favorite plant-food, as, for instance, among the scarcely differing species of the complex race of asters, where they show themselves, as Professor Asa Gray said, "better botanists than many of us;" their skill in depositing their eggs unerringly on or near the precise plant on which the forthcoming caterpillars are fitted to feed, although they as butterflies have never tasted it. To these should be added their luxurious spread of wings, giving opportunities for those curious resemblances of color which protect them during the few days of their

winged state; and, finally, the brief time when, if ever, their eggs must be laid and the continuance of the race made sure. The whole realm of animal "mimicry," as it is now termed, reaches its highest point in them, and leads to some extreme cases; as in the fact that, while butterflies are ordinarily monogamous, there is yet one species in Africa which has departed so widely from this rule that the male has not one mate only, but actually three different wives, each so utterly unlike him in appearance as to have long been taken for wholly different species.

Even in winter, Agassiz tells us, the changes in the eggs of insects go on through the season, protected by the shell, and this is still more true of the chrysalis. Living butterflies prepare for spring freedom by nestling away in great numbers during the previous autumn. This is especially true of the early "Mourning Cloak" (*Euvanessa antiopa*), called in England the "Camberwell Beauty," which has been recorded in every month of the year in our Northern states. No one really knows where these butterflies may go, but they may be seen by scores around favorite windows, following their instinct of retreat. One of them lived all winter in the cellar of a house near mine in Cambridge, Massachusetts, changing its position half-a-dozen times during that period. Yet butterflies of the same or kindred species have been known to spend all of two winters in the chrysalis, leaving the intermediate summer also a blank. This is one of the few butterflies which lay their eggs in extremely methodical clusters, usually on the under side of a leaf; and sometimes a hundred may thus be hatched side by side, bending down the branches.

Let me turn again to my early outdoor journal (1861) for this brief meditation on a box containing chrysalids. "There is something infinitely touching in the thought that these creatures which have been leading a life so free, even if low and sordid, have now utterly suspended all the ceaseless action and gone to sleep in this little box of mine, each inclosed in a yet smaller self-made tomb, patiently awaiting resurrection to an utterly new life. When I think of the complete suspension of their active existence during this dark time, and of the quiet invariable way in which all the generations of insect life have gone through the same slumber and transfiguration ever since the universe began, it makes our human birth and death seem greater mysteries than ever."

Reverting again to my old notebook, I read this confession which I still cannot retract: "I find that to me works of art do not last like those of nature. I grow tired of pictures — never of a butterfly." There is doubtless among these airy creatures something akin to the mind's visions, else why in various nations and under varying religions should the same insect have represented immortality; or why, when the most gifted of recent French writers of fiction lost control of his mind and said perpetually, "*Où sont mes idées?*" should he have fancied that he found them in butterflies? Or how else can we explain so fine a strain of profound thought as in this sonnet by an else unknown English poet, Thomas Wade, writing in 1839: —

THE BURIED BUTTERFLY.

What lovely things are dead within the sky,
By our corporeal vision undiscern'd —
Extinguish'd suns, that once in glory burn'd;
And blighted planets mouldering gloomily
Beyond the girdle of the galaxy;
And faded essences, in light inurn'd,
Of creatures spiritual, to that Deep return'd
From whence they sprang, in far Eternity —
This e'er to know is unto us forbidden;
But much thereto concerning may we deem,
By inference from fact familiar:
Beneath those radiant flowers and bright grass hidden
Withers a thing once golden as a star
And seeming unsubstantial as a dream.

In passing from the transformations of the butterfly to its higher affinities and

analogies, we find them suggested well in this finely touched poem by Miss Ina Coolbrith of California: —

THE MARIPOSA LILY.

Insect or blossom? Fragile, fairy thing,
Poised upon slender tip, and quivering
To flight! a flower of the fields of air;
A jewelled moth; a butterfly, with rare
And tender tints upon his downy wing,
A moment resting in our happy sight;
A flower held captive by a thread so slight
Its petal-wings of broidered gossamer
Are, light as the wind, with every wind astir, —
Wafting sweet odor, faint and exquisite.
O dainty nursling of the field and sky,
What fairer thing looks up to heaven's blue
And drinks the noontide sun, the dawning's dew?
Thou wingëd bloom! thou blossom-butterfly!

A similar range of affinities is touched less profoundly, yet with finished grace, by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton: —

A PAINTED FAN.

Roses and butterflies snared on a fan,
All that is left of a summer gone by;
Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the sun,
And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die!

By what subtle spell did you lure them here,
Fixing a beauty that will not change, —
Roses whose petals never will fall,
Bright, swift wings that never will range?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well
The swift-winged hours that came and went,
To prison the words that in music died,
And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief;
And loved and lovers should bless your art,
If you could but have painted the soul of the thing, —
Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart!

Flown are those days with their winged delights,
As the odor is gone from the summer rose;
Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
The soft, south wind of memory blows.

We should not overlook, moreover, the fact that our most wayward American poet, reverting for once unequivocally to the prose form, has given the best and the most graphic butterfly-picture easily to be found in that shape. The many critics of Whitman, who have expressed the opinion that he marred and perhaps shortened his fame by choosing an habitual measure neither prose nor verse — as did the once admired author of Proverbial Philosophy before him — may find their conviction strengthened, perhaps, by the peculiar attractiveness of this outdoor reverie in prose.

"Aug. 4 [1880]. — A pretty sight! Where I sit in the shade — a warm day, the sun shining from cloudless skies, the forenoon well advanc'd — I look over a ten-acre field of luxuriant clover-hay, (the second crop) — the livid ripe red blossoms and dabs of August brown thickly spotting the prevailing dark-green. Over all flutter myriads of light-yellow butterflies, mostly skimming along the surface, dipping and oscillating, giving a curious animation to the scene. The beautiful spiritual insects! straw-color'd Psyches! Occasionally one of them leaves his mates, and mounts, perhaps spirally, perhaps in a straight line in the air, fluttering up, up, till literally out of sight. In the lane as I came along just now I noticed one spot, ten feet square or so, where more than a hundred had collected, holding a revel, a gyration-dance, or butterfly good-time, winding and circling, down and across, but always keeping within the limits. The little creatures have come out all of a sudden the last few days, and are now very plentiful. As I sit outdoors, or walk, I hardly look around without somewhere seeing two (always two) fluttering through the air in amorous dalliance. Then their inimitable color, their fragility, peculiar motion — and that strange, frequent way of one leaving the crowd and mounting up, up in the free ether, and apparently never returning. As I look over the field, these yellow-wings everywhere mildly sparkling, many snowy blossoms of the wild carrot gracefully bending on their tall and taper stems — while for sounds, the distant guttural

screech of a flock of guinea-hens comes shrilly yet somehow musically to my ears. And now a faint growl of heat-thunder in the north — and ever the low rising and falling wind-purr from the tops of the maples and willows.

"Aug. 20. — Butterflies and butterflies (taking the place of the bumble-bees of three months since, who have quite disappear'd) continue to flit to and fro, all sorts, white, yellow, brown, purple — now and then some gorgeous yellow flashing lazily by on wings like artists' palettes dabb'd with every color. Over the breast of the pond I notice many white ones, crossing, pursuing their idle capricious flight. Near where I sit grows a tall-stemm'd weed topt with a profusion of rich scarlet blossoms, on which the snowy insects alight and dally, sometimes four or five of them at a time. By-and-by a humming-bird visits the same, and I watch him coming and going, daintily balancing and shimmering about. These white butterflies give new beautiful contrasts to the pure greens of the August foliage (we have had some copious rains lately), and over the glistening bronze of the pond-surface. You can tame even such insects; I have one big and handsome moth down here, knows and comes to me, likes me to hold him upon my extended hand.

"Another Day, later. — A grand twelve-acre field of ripe cabbages with their prevailing hue of malachite green, and floating-flying over and among them in all directions myriads of these same white butterflies. As I came up the lane to-day I saw a living globe of the same, two or three feet in diameter, many scores cluster'd together and rolling along in the air, adhering to their ball-shape, six or eight feet above the ground."

This white butterfly described is doubtless the cabbage butterfly (*Pieris rapæ*) already mentioned. It was too early in the season for its full practice of that swarming propensity in which it surpasses all others, and which a poet thus puts on record; but Mr. Scudder tells us of an occasion when Dr. Schultze found himself in a dead calm in the Baltic Sea, and "steamed for three hours and a distance of thirty miles through a continuous flock of the Cabbage butterfly, from ten to thirty miles from the main land, and only five miles less than that from the nearest island; afterward the shore was found strewn with their dead bodies."

If only to show that others, twenty years before Whitman, had written for their own pleasure some outdoor records of butterflies, I will venture to print from my old notebook the memoranda of a walk in Princeton, Massachusetts, a mountain village which I have never seen surpassed as a nursery of butterflies and birds.

"July 16 [1862]. — In the morning went to visit Miss —— 's school. Often as I have dreamed of a more abundant world of insects than any ever seen, I never enjoyed it more vividly than in walking along the breezy upland road, lined with a continuous row of milkweed blossoms and white flowering alder, all ablaze with butterflies. I might have picked off hundreds of *Aphrodites* by hand, so absorbed were they in their pretty pursuit; and all the interspaces between their broader wings seemed filled with little skipper butterflies, and pretty painted-ladies (*Pharos*) and an occasional *Comma*. The rarer *Idalia* and *Huntera* sometimes visit them also and a host of dipterous, hymenopterous and hemipterous things. The beautiful mountain breeze played forever over them and it seemed a busy and a blissful world."

These names have all doubtless suffered what may be called a land-change, in the more than half century since their bestowal, — so constant are the shiftings of insect family names in the hands of the scientists, — but they bring back, to one person at least, very pleasant memories of summer friends.

It is a curious fact, yet perhaps not wholly inappropriate to our broad and

sunny American continent, that while England far exceeds us in the thorough and patient study of the habits of the insect world, yet butterflies figure less, on the whole, in English poetry than in American. Looking somewhat carefully, for instance, through the nearly six hundred pages of Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's recent Anthology of Victorian Poetry I find but one allusion of this kind, namely, in Mrs. Norton's couplet, taken from The Lady of La Garaye : —

> The butterfly its tiny mate pursues
> With rapid fluttering of its painted hues.

Yet Mr. Stedman in his volume of American poetry — a book of about the same size — has a number of poems on this precise subject, several of which have here been quoted ; while other fine passages he omits, as that in which Alfred Street speaks of

> the last butterfly,
> Like a wing'd violet, floating in the meek,
> Pink-color'd sunshine, sinks his velvet feet
> Within the pillar'd mullein's delicate down,
> And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.

Does this difference come from our more varied landscape, or from our brighter sunshine, lending a more brilliant tint to the waving wings ? Of course this comparison may be regarded as accidental, since no butterfly allusion is more familiar than that of Wordsworth, —

> My sister Emmeline and I
> Together chased the butterfly ;

although in this, undoubtedly, the human interest is predominant, and the insect furnishes only an excuse for it. Bayly's "I 'd be a butterfly" is hardly worth mentioning, or Rogers's too didactic "Child of the sun !" but no four lines present this winged world with more solemn impressiveness than where Lord de Tabley in his Circe writes, —

> And the great goblin moth, who bears
> Between his wings the ruin'd eyes of death ;
> And the enamell'd sails
> Of butterflies, who watch the morning's breath.

Yet this is only a single stanza, and I know of no sustained poem on the butterfly so full of deep thought and imagination — despite some technical defects — as this, by an author less known than she should be, Mrs. Alice Archer James, of Urbana, Ohio. With it this series of quotations and reminiscences may well enough end, the writer fearing lest he may, after all, have only called down upon himself the reproach of Chaucer, —

> Swiche talkying is nat worth a boterflie.

THE BUTTERFLY.

I am not what I was yesterday,
  God knows my name.
I am made in a smooth and beautiful way,
  And full of flame.

The color of corn are my pretty wings,
  My flower is blue.
I kiss its topmost pearl, it swings
  And I swing too.

I dance above the tawny grass
  In the sunny air,
So tantalized to have to pass
  Love everywhere.

O Earth, O Sky, you are mine to roam
  In liberty.
I am the soul and I have no home, —
  Take care of me.

For double I drift through a double world
  Of spirit and sense ;
I and my symbol together whirled
  From who knows whence ?

There 's a tiny weed, God knows what good, —
  It sits in the moss.
Its wings are heavy and spotted with blood
  Across and across.

I sometimes settle a moment there,
  And I am so sweet,
That what it lacks of the glad and fair
  I fill complete.

The little white moon was once like me ;
  But her wings are one.
Or perhaps they closëd together be
  As she swings in the sun.

When the clovers close their three green wings
  Just as I do,
I creep to the primrose heart of things,
  And close mine, too.

And then wide opens the candid night,
Serene and intense;
For she has, instead of love and light,
God's confidence.

And I watch that other butterfly,
The one-winged moon,
Till, drunk with sweets in which I lie,
I dream and swoon.

And then when I to three days grow,
I find out pain.
For swift there comes an ache, — I know
That I am twain.

And nevermore can I be one
In liberty.
O Earth, O Sky, your use is done,
Take care of me.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE COMMON LOT.[1]

XXI.

Husband and wife did not speak while they were being driven across the city to their home. That which lay between them was too heavy to be touched upon at once in words. Several times the architect glanced fearfully at his wife. She rested limply on the carriage cushion, with closed eyes, and occasionally a convulsive tremor twitched her body. The summer heat, which had raged untempered for weeks, had already sapped her usual strength, and now her face had a bloodless pallor that made the man wince miserably. When their cab stopped at the North Side Bridge, a burly vessel was being pulled through the draw. Helen opened her eyes languidly; once or twice she sought her husband's face, which was turned blankly toward the crowded street. Her lips moved, and then she closed her eyes again. As they got out of the cab, a neighbor who was passing spoke to them and made a little joke, to which Hart replied pleasantly, with perfect self-control. The woman leaning on his arm shivered, as if a fresh chill had seized her.

The children were spending a month in Wisconsin with Jackson's mother, and so the two sat down to a silent dinner. When the maid had come and gone for the last time, Hart looked furtively across the table to his wife, and said gently, —

"Won't you go upstairs, Nell? You don't look able to sit up."

She shook her head and tried to speak, but her voice was gone. Finally she whispered, —

"Francis, you must tell me all about it, — everything!"

He frowned and said nothing, until she repeated, "Everything, you *must* tell me!" and then he said, —

"See here, Nell, we'd better drop this thing and not think of it again. That man Pemberton, who has pestered the life out of me all along, has made a row. That's all! And he'll repent it, too! He can't do anything to me. It's a business quarrel, and I don't want you to worry over it."

He was cool and assured, and spoke with the kindly authority of a husband.

"No, Francis!" She shook her head wearily. "That can't be. I must know, — I must help you!"

"You can't help me," he replied calmly. "I have told you enough. They can't do anything. I don't want to go any further into that business."

"I *must* know!" she cried.

He was startled at the new force in her voice, the sign of a will erecting itself with its own authority against him.

"Know what? What that fool Pem-

[1] Copyright, 1903, by Robert Herrick.

berton thinks of me? You heard enough of that, I guess!"

"Don't put me off! Don't put me away from you, Francis! If we are to love each other, if we are to live together, I must know you, all of you. I am in a fog. There is something wrong all about me, and it gets between us and kills our love. I cannot — bear — it!"

Her voice broke into pleading, and ended in a sob. But controlling herself quickly, she added, —

"Mr. Pemberton is a fair man, a just man. But if he 's wrong, I want to know that, too. I want to hate him for what he said to you."

"You would like to judge me, to judge your husband!" he retorted coldly. "That is not the way to love. I thought you would believe in me, all through to the end."

"So I shall — if you will tell me all the truth! I would go with you anywhere, to prison if need be, if you would be open with me!"

"We need n't talk of going to prison yet!" he exclaimed in exasperation.

He went to the sideboard, and pouring himself a glass of whiskey, set the decanter on the table.

"They can't do anything but talk!" he repeated. Then, warmed by the liquor, he began to be more insolent, to speak defiantly.

"Pemberton 's been after me from the start. He wanted Wright to get the work, and he 's tried to put every obstacle he could in my way. It was first one thing and then another. He has made life unendurable with his prying and his suspicions. But I won't stand it another day. I 'm going to Everett to-morrow and tell him that I shall get out if Pemberton is to interfere with my orders. And they can't lay a finger on me, I tell you. Pemberton can just talk!"

Helen had put her head between her hands, and she was sobbing. Every hot word that he spoke drove conviction against him into her heart. At last she raised her tear-stained face and cried out with a new access of power, —

"Stop! Stop!"

Then she rose, took the decanter of whiskey, replaced it on the sideboard, and seated herself by his side, putting her hand on his arm.

"Francis, if you care for me, if you want us ever to love each other again, answer me honestly! Have you and that contractor done anything wrong about the school?"

"You can't understand!" he replied roughly, drawing his arm from her touch. "You are making a great deal out of your own imagination."

"Answer me!" she said, in the same tense tone of pure will. "Have you let that man Graves cheat, — do anything dishonest, — and shut your eyes to it?"

"Pemberton claims he has n't lived up to the specifications," the architect admitted sullenly.

"And you knew it?"

"So he says."

There was a moment's silence between them, while the vision of this fraud filled their minds. She seemed to hesitate before the evil thing which she had raised, and then she asked again, —

"Have you — did you make any money from it?"

He did not reply.

"Tell me, Francis!" she persisted. "Did this man give you anything for letting him — cheat the trustees? Tell me!"

He was cold and careless now. This new will in his wife, unexpected, unlike her gentle, yielding nature, compelled him to reveal some part of the truth. In this last resort her will was the stronger. He said slowly: —

"If he made a good sum from the school contract, there was an understanding that he was to give me some stock. It was involved with other business."

"He was to give you stock?"

"Yes; stock in a hotel that he 's been building, — another piece of work."

"And he has given you this stock?"

"Some of it."

"What have you done with it?"

"Sold it."

"You have sold it?"

"Yes! It was a kind of bonus he gave me for getting him the contract and for doing the hotel, too."

Further than that he would not go. They left the subject late at night. He was sullen and hard, and resented her new tone of authority to him; for he had always counted on her acquiescence and tenderness as his immutable rights.

In the morning this feeling of resentment was more firmly fixed. He regretted that in a moment of weakness he had told her what he had the night before. When she came to him as he was preparing to leave the house, and, putting her hands on his arms, begged him to talk with her again before going, he listened moodily and said that he was pressed for time.

"Won't you go to them, to the trustees, to Everett anyway, and tell them everything you know? And give them that money, the money you got from the stock!"

"That 's a woman's plan! That would make a nice mess, would n't it? I told you I got that as a bonus. It 's often done, something like that. You 'd like to see me get into trouble, — be disgraced for good and all?"

"That cannot be helped now," she answered quietly. "The disgrace cannot be helped!"

"What rot!" he sneered. "You make me out a thief at once. Suppose you look at what some of your acquaintances do, — the good, rich people in this town, — and see how they make their money! Ask people how Silas Stewart gets his rebates from the railroads. Ask any one about the way Strauss grades his wheat." . . .

"I don't want to know. That has nothing to do with this matter."

He left her impatiently. They did not reopen the matter that evening, nor the next day. Her face was set and stern, with a kind of dreary purpose in it, which made him unhappy. He went out of the city on business, and did not return for several days. When he came home no mention was made of his absence, and for another week they lived silently. The night before the children were to return from their vacation with their grandmother, while husband and wife lay awake, each troubled by the common thought, she spoke again.

"Francis," she said firmly, "we can't go on like this. The boys are coming to-morrow. They must n't see us living this way. And it 's bad for you, Francis, and I can't stand it! I have been thinking it over. I must go away with the boys. I shall go to uncle Powers's house in Vernon Falls."

"You are going to leave me, and take the children with you, because you think I am in trouble," he said accusingly.

"You know that is n't true! If you will only meet it honorably, like the man I loved and married, I will stay, and be with you always, no matter what comes. Will you?"

"So you want to make conditions!"

"Just one!"

"You had better go, then."

The next day she telephoned her mother to come to her, and when Mrs. Spellman arrived she said quietly, —

"Mother, I am going to Vermont, to the farm. It may be for a long time. Will you come with me?"

Mrs. Spellman, who was a wise woman, took her daughter's face between her hands and kissed her

"Of course!" she answered simply.

That day they made the necessary preparations for themselves and the children. When the architect returned from his office and saw what was going forward, he said to his wife, —

"So you are determined to leave me?"

"Yes, I must go."

"I have seen Everett. They are n't going to do anything. I told you it was all bluff on Pemberton's part."

She hesitated, uncertain what to think, and then she asked searchingly, —

"Why are n't they going to do anything? What does it mean?"

"Oh, I guess the others have brought Pemberton to his senses," he replied evasively.

"No, Francis! It is n't made right yet. You would be different if it were. Somehow, from the beginning, when there first was talk of this school, it has been wrong. I hate it! I hate it! And it goes back of that, too. It starts from the very beginning, when we were married, and began to live together. We have always done as the others do all around us, and it is all wrong. I see it now! We can never go on the same way" —

"What way? I don't understand you," he interrupted.

"Why, earning and spending money, trying to get more and more, trying to get things. It 's spoiled your work; it 's spoiled you; and I have been blind and weak, to let us drift on like the others, getting and spending, struggling to get ahead, until it has come to this, to this, — something dreadful that you will not tell me. Something you have done to make money. Oh, how low and mean it is! How mean it makes men and women!"

"That 's life!" he retorted neatly.

"No, no, never! That was n't what you and I thought on the steamer when we were coming home from Europe. I wish you were a clerk, a laborer, a farm-hand, — anything, so that we could be honest, and think of something besides ambition. Let us begin again, from the very beginning, and live like the common people, and live for your work, for the thing you do! Then we should be happy. Never this way, not if you make millions, millions!"

"Well, I can't see why you are leaving," the architect answered, content to see her mind turn from the practical question.

"Tell me!" she exclaimed passionately. "Tell me! Are you honest? Are you an honest man? Is it all right with that building? With that contractor? Tell me, and I will believe you."

"I have said all that I am going to say about that," he answered.

"Then, Francis, I go!"

The next afternoon the architect met them at the train and saw them start, punctiliously doing all the little things that might make their journey pleasant. He referred to their going as a short vacation trip, and joked with the boys. Just before the train started, while Mrs. Spellman settled the children in their section, Helen walked up and down the platform with him. As the signal for starting was given, she raised her veil, revealing the tears in her eyes, and leaning toward him, kissed him. She put into his hands a little card, which she had been holding clasped in her palm. He raised his hat and stood on the platform until the long train had pulled out of the shed. Then he glanced at the card in his hand and read: —

"You know that I shall come to you when you really want me. H."

He crushed the card in his fist and threw it into the roadbed.

XXII.

As the architect had said to his wife, the trustees did nothing. In the end Everett Wheeler settled the matter. After the first gust of passion it was clear enough that the trustees could not have a scandal about the building. If the contractor were prosecuted, the architect, the donor's nephew, would be involved; and, besides, it was plain that Wheeler could not continue as trustee and assist in ruining his cousin. When it came to this point, Pemberton, not wishing to embarrass his associates, resigned.

Hart was to continue nominally as the architect, but Trimble was to have charge of the building henceforth, with orders to complete the work as soon as possible according to the original specifications. At first Graves had blustered and threatened to sue if certain vouchers issued by Hart were not paid, but Wheeler "read the riot act" to him, and he emerged from the lawyer's office a subdued and fearful man. The calm lawyer had a long arm, which reached far into the city, and he frightened the contractor. So Graves was allowed to complete the contract. Whatever parts of his work had been done crookedly, he was to rectify as far as was possible, and Trimble was to see that the construction which remained to be done came up to specification. As for the irrevocable, the bad work already accepted and paid for, the lawyer said nothing.

Thus the man of the world, the perfectly cynical lawyer, had his way, which was, on the whole, the least troublesome way for all concerned, and avoided scandal. He was the calm one of the men involved: it was his business to make arrangements with human weakness and frailty and to "avoid scandal." That, at all costs!

He made his cousin no reproaches.

"We 've nipped your claws, young man!" he admonished him.

He was disappointed in Jackson. Privately he considered him a dunderheaded ass, who had weakly given himself as a tool to the contractor. In his dealings with men, he had known many rascals, more than the public was aware were rascals, and he respected some of them. But they were the men, who, once having committed themselves to devious ways, used other men as their tools. For little, foolish rascals, who got befogged and "lost their nerve," he had only contempt.

"How 's your wife?" he asked brusquely. "That was a dirty blow she got, — straight between the eyes! I never thought she 'd come here that afternoon."

"Helen has gone east with the boys and her mother, — to that place in Vermont. She needs the rest."

"Oh, um, I see," the lawyer commented, comprehending what this journey meant. He was surprised that Helen should desert her husband at this crisis. It was the part of a woman who had character to "back her husband," no matter what he might do, so long as he was faithful to his marriage oath. Jackson had been a fool, like so many men; there was trouble in the air, and she had run away! He would not have thought it of her.

Hart swallowed his humiliation before his cousin. He was much relieved at the outcome of the affair; it released him from further responsibility for the school, which had become hateful to him. He was chiefly concerned, now, lest the difficulty with the trustees should become known and hurt his reputation; especially, lest the men in his office, to whom he was an autocrat and a genius, should suspect something. He began at once to push the work on the last details for the hotel, with the hope of forcing Graves to deliver another block of the "stock," which he argued was due him for commission.

Now that the matter had been quietly adjusted without scandal, he was inclined to feel more aggrieved than ever over his wife's departure. "She might have waited to see how it turned out," he repeated to himself, obstinately refusing her the right to judge himself except where his acts affected her directly. For some time he kept up with acquaintances the fiction of Helen's "visit in the east;" he even took a room at the Shoreham Club for the hunting season. But he soon fancied that the people at the club were cool to him; fewer engagements came his way; no one referred to the great building, which

had given him reputation; the men he had known best seemed embarrassed when he joined them, — men, too, who would not have winked an eye at a "big *coup*." The women soon ceased to ask about Helen; it was getting abroad that there was something wrong with the Jackson Harts. For it had leaked, more or less: such matters always will leak. One man drops a word to his neighbor, and the neighbor's wife pieces that to something she has heard or surmised.

So Hart gave up his room at the club, where his raw self-consciousness was too often bruised. Then, finding his empty house in the city insupportable, he went to live with his mother in his uncle's old home. There was a lull in building at this time, due to the interminable strikes, but fortunately he could keep himself busy with the hotel and a large country house in the centre of the state, which took him often away from the city.

Helen wrote to him from time to time, filling her letters with details about the boys. She suggested that they should return to the city to visit their grandmother during the Christmas holidays. She never referred to their own situation, apparently considering that he had it in his power to end it when he would. He was minded often when he received these letters to write her sternly in reply, setting forth the wrong which in her obstinacy she was doing to herself and their children. He went over these imaginary letters in his idle moments, working out their phrases with great care: they had a fine, dignified ring to them, the tolerant and condoning note. But when he tried to write he did not get very far with them. Sometimes he thought of writing simply: "I love you very much, Nell; I want you back; can you not forgive me?" But he knew well that he could not merely say, "I have done wrong, forgive me," if he would affect that new will in his wife, so gently stern! Even if he could bring himself to confess his dishonesty, that would not suffice. There was another and deeper gulf between them, one that he could not clearly fathom. "From the very beginning we have lived wrongly," she had cried that last time. "We can never go on the same way." . . . No, he was not ready to accept her judgment of him!

Thus the winter wore away, forlornly, and early in April the first hint of spring came into the dirty city. On a Sunday afternoon the architect went to call on his old friend Mrs. Phillips, who was one of the few persons who gave him any comfort these days. He found her cutting the leaves of an art journal.

"There 's an article here about that German, you know, the one we are all trying to help," she said, giving him a hand. "I have taken to patronizing the arts: it 's pleasanter than charities. I have graduated from philanthropy. And you have to do something nowadays, if you want to keep up."

She spoke with her usual bluntness, and then added a little cant in a conventional tone: —

"And I think we who have the time and the position should do something to help these poor artists, who are struggling here in this commercial city. People won't buy their pictures! . . . But what is the matter with you? You look as if you had come to the end of everything. I suppose it 's the old story. That cold Puritan wife of yours has gone for good. It 's no use pretending to me: I knew from the start how it would be!"

"But I don't know whether she has gone for good," he muttered.

"You might as well make up your mind to it. Two people like you two can't get along together!"

"It is n't that," he protested.

"Well, don't mope, whatever you do. Either go and eat your humble pie, or arrange for a divorce. You can't go on this way. Oh, I know all your troubles,

of course. Has n't that pleasant brother-in-law of mine been in here rehearsing that story about the school, — well, what do *you* call it? And he seems to hold me responsible for the mess, because I liked you, and gave you your first work. I did n't corrupt you, did I?"

The architect moved uneasily. The widow's levity displeased him, and roused his anger afresh against the trustees.

"I don't know what rot Judge Phillips has been telling you, but" —

"Come!" she interrupted him in his defense; "sit down here by me and let me talk to you. You know me well enough to see that I don't care what the judge says. But I have something to say to *you*."

She made a place for him on the lounge, and tossed him a pillow to make him comfortable. Then, dropping her review on the floor, she locked her fingers behind her head, and looked searchingly at the man.

"I don't know what you have been up to, and I don't care. Harrison always said I had n't any moral sense, and I suppose I have n't, of his sort. You should have had your uncle's money, or a part at any rate, and it 's natural that you should try to get all you can of it, I say. But you must have been stupid to let that old square-toes Pemberton get in your way!"

This cynical analysis of the situation was not precisely salve to the architect's wound. He was not ready to go as far as the woman lightly sketched. But he listened, for the sake of her sympathy, if for no other reason.

"Now, as I said, there 's no use moping around here. Pick right up and get out for a few months. When you come back, people won't remember what was the matter. Or, if you still find it chilly, you can go to New York and start there. It 's no use fighting things out! Bury them."

She paused to give emphasis to her suggestion.

"Let your wife play by herself for a while: it will do her good. When she hears that you are in Europe, having a good time, she 'll begin to think she 's been silly. . . . I am going over. I 've got to rent Forest Manor this summer. That Harris man went wrong the last time he advised me, and got me into all sorts of trouble, — industrials. Venetia pensions me! She won't go abroad, but she kindly gives me what she thinks I ought to spend. I sail on the Kronprinz, the 20th of next month!"

The invitation to him was implied in the pause that followed. The gleam in Hart's eyes showed his interest in her suggestion, but he said nothing.

"There 's nothing to do in your business, as you said, and you should give these good people a chance to forget! We could have a good time over there. You could buy things and sell them here, and make your expenses that way, easily. You know all the nice little places, and if Maida and her husband come over we could take an auto and do them. Think of Italy in May!"

She unclasped her hands and leaned forward, resting one arm on the cushioned back of the lounge, and thus revealing a very pretty forearm and wrist. Two little red spots of enthusiasm glowed in her cheeks. What life and vitality at forty-three! the man thought, smiling appreciatively into her face. For the first time she moved him emotionally. He was lonely, miserable, and thoroughly susceptible to such charm as she had.

"It would be awfully pleasant," he replied, leaning toward her, "to get away from this place, with you!" . . .

His hand slipped to her beautiful arm. At that moment Venetia came into the room, unnoticed by the two on the lounge. She stood for a little while watching them, and then, with a smile on her expressive lips, noiselessly withdrew.

"Well, wire for a passage to-morrow," Mrs. Phillips murmured.

There was nothing more, nothing that would have offended the most scrupulous, for the architect was essentially healthy-minded. In a lonely moment he might satisfy the male need for sympathy by philandering with a pretty woman, who soothed his bruised egotism. But he did not have that kind of weakness, the woman weakness. A few minutes later he was leaving the room, saying as he looked into Louise Phillips's brown eyes, —

"I think you are right. I need to get away from this town and rest my nerves."

"When you come back people will be only too glad to see you. They don't remember their scruples long."

"There is n't anything for them to worry over!"

"The Kronprinz, then!"

In the hall he met Venetia, who was slowly coming down the stairs, wrapped in a long cloak. She hesitated a moment, then continued to descend.

"Hello, Venetia!" Hart called out.

She swept down the remaining steps without replying, her eyes shining hotly. As she passed him, she turned and shot one word full in his face, — "Cad!"

XXIII.

The girl's word was like a blow in the face. It toppled over any self-complacency that had survived these last disintegrating months. Was he as mean a thing as that? So little that a girl whom he had always treated with jovial condescension might insult him, unprovoked? Probably others, all those people whose acquaintance he valued, had a like contempt for him. At first he did not resent their judgment; he was too much dazed.

In this plight he walked south on the avenue, without minding where he was going, and then turned west, automatically, at Twenty-Second Street, walking until he came to the region of dance-halls and flashy saloons. In this unfamiliar neighborhood there was a glare of light from the great electric signs which decorated the various places of resort. The street was crowded with men and women loitering about the saloons and dance-halls, enjoying the fitful mildness of the April evening. At this early hour there were more women than men on the street, and their dresses of garish spring colors, their loud, careless voices, and air of reckless ease, reminded the architect faintly, very faintly, of the boulevards he had loved in his happy student years. In this spot of the broad city there flourished coarse license, and the one necessity was the price of pleasure. The scene distracted his mind from the sting of the girl's contempt.

He entered one of the larger saloons on the corner of an avenue, and sat down at a small table. When the waiter darted to him, and, impudently leering into his face across the table, asked, "What's yours, gent?" he answered quickly, "Champagne! Bring me a bottle and ice." His heavy heart craved the amber wine, which, in association at least, heartens man. At the tables all about him sat the women of the neighborhood, large-boned and heavy creatures, drinking beer by themselves, or taking champagne with stupid-looking, rough men, probably buyers and sellers of stock at the Yards, which were not far away. The women had the blanched faces of country girls over whom the city has passed like the plates of a mighty roller. The men had the tan of the distant prairies, from which they had come with their stock. They had set themselves to deliberate debauch that should last for days, — as long as the "wad" held out and the brute lust in their bodies remained unquenched.

Presently the waiter returned with the heavy bottle and slopped some of the wine into a glass. The architect raised it and drank. It was execrable, sweetened stuff, but he drank the glass at a draught, and poured another and drank it. The

girl's inexplicable insult swept over him afresh in a wave of anger. He should find a way to call her to account. . . .

"Say, Mister, you don't want to drink all that wine by yourself, do you?"

A woman at the next table, who was sitting by herself before an empty beer-glass, and smoking a cigarette, had spoken to him in a furtive voice.

"Come over, then!" he answered, roughly pushing a chair to the table. "Here, waiter, bring another glass."

The woman slid, rather than walked, to the chair by his side, and drank the champagne like a parched animal. He ordered another bottle.

"Enjoying yourself?" she inquired politely, having satisfied her first thirst. "Been in the city long? I ain't seen you here at Dove's before."

He looked at her with languid curiosity. She recalled to him the memory of her Paris sisters, with whom he had shared many a *consommation* in those blessed days that he had almost forgotten. But she had none of the sparkle, the human charm of her Latin sisters. She was a mere coarse vessel, and he wondered at the men who sought joy in her.

"Where do you come from?" he demanded.

"Out on the coast. San Diego 's my home. But I was in Philadelphia last winter. I guess I shall go back to the East pretty soon. I don't like Chicago much, — it 's too rough out here to suit me."

She found Chicago inferior! He laughed with the humor of the idea. It was a joke he should like to share with his respectable friends. They drank and talked while the evening sped, and he plied her with many questions in idle curiosity, touched with that interest in women of her class which most men have somewhere in the dregs of their natures. She chattered volubly, willing enough to pay for her entertainment.

As he listened to her, this creature of the swift instants, whose only perception was the moment's sensation, he grew philosophical. The other world, his proper world of care and painful forethought, faded from his vision. Here in Dove's place he was a thousand miles from the respectabilities in which he had his being. Here alone in the city one might forget them: nothing mattered, — his troubles, his wife's judgment of him, the girl's contempt.

He had loosened that troublesome coil of things, which lately had weighed him down. It seemed easy enough to cut himself free from it and walk the earth once more unhampered, like these, the flotsam of the city.

"Come! Let 's go over to Grinsky's hall," the woman suggested, noticing the architect's silence, and seeing no immediate prospect of another bottle of wine. "We 'll find something doing over there, sure!"

But he was already tired of the woman; she offended his cultivated sensibilities. So he shook his head, paid for the wine, said good-evening to her, and started to leave the place. She followed him, talking volubly, and when they reached the street she took his arm, clinging to him with all the weight of her dragging will.

"You don't want to go home yet," she coaxed. "You 're a nice gentleman! Come in here to Grinsky's and give me a dance."

Her entreaties disgusted him. People on the street looked and smiled. At the bottom he was a thoroughly clean-minded American: he could not even coquette with debauch without shame and timidity. She and her class were nauseating to him, like evil-smelling rooms and foul sights. That was not his vice!

He paid for her admission to the dance-hall, dropped a dollar in her hand, and left her. Then where to go? How to pass the hours? He was at an utter loss what to do with himself, like all properly married, respectable American men, when the domestic pattern of their lives

is disturbed for any reason. He began to stroll east in the direction of the lake, taking off his hat to let the night wind cool his head. He found walking pleasant in the mild spring air, and when he came to the end of the street he turned south into a deserted avenue that was starred in the dark night by a line of arc lamps. It was a dull, respectable, middle-class district, quite unfamiliar to him, and he stared inquiringly at the monotonous blocks of brick houses and cheap apartment buildings. Here was the ugly, comfortable housing of the modern city, where lived a mass of good citizens, — clerks and small business men. He wondered vaguely if this was what his wife would have them come to, this dreary monotony of small homes, each one like its neighbor, where the two main facts of existence were shelter and food!

A wave of self-pity swept over him, and his thoughts returned to his old grievance: if his wife had stayed by him all would have been well. He wanted his children; he wanted his home, his wife, his neighbors, his little accustomed world of human relationships, — all as it had been before. And he blamed her for destroying this, shutting his mind obstinately to any other consideration, unwilling to admit even to his secret self that his greed, his thirsty ambition, had aught to do with the case. He had striven with all his might, even as the bread-winners in these houses strove daily, to get a point of vantage in the universal struggle. They doubtless had their modicum of content, while he had missed his reward. That heavy weight of depression, which the wine had dissipated temporarily, returned to oppress his spirits.

He must have walked many blocks on this avenue between the monotonous small houses. In the distance beyond him to the south, he saw a fiery glow in the soft heavens, which he took to be the nightly reflection from the great blast furnaces of the steel works in South Chicago. Presently he emerged upon a populous cross street, and the light seemed nearer, and, unlike the soft effulgence from the blast furnaces, the red sky was streaked with black. On the corners of the street there was an unwonted excitement, — men gaping upwards at the fiery cloud, then running eastward, in the direction of the lake. From the west there sounded the harsh gong of a fire-engine, which was pounding rapidly down the car tracks. It came, rocking in a whirlwind of galloping horses and swaying men. The crowd on the street broke into a run, streaming along the sidewalks in the wake of the engine.

The architect woke from his dead thoughts and ran with the crowd. Two, three, four blocks, they sped toward the lake, which curves eastward at this point, and as he ran, the street became strangely familiar to him. The crowd turned south along a broad avenue that led to the park. Some one cried, "There it is! It 's the hotel!" A moment more, and the architect found himself at the corner of the park opposite the lofty hotel, out of whose upper stories broad billows of smoke, broken by sheets of flame, were pouring.

There, in the corner made by the boulevard and the park, where formerly was the weedy ruin, rose the great building, which Graves had finished late in the winter, and had turned over to the hotel company. Its eight stories towered loftily above the houses and apartments in the neighborhood. The countless windows along the broad front gleamed portentously with the reflection from the flames above. At the west corner, overlooking the park, above a steep ascent of flaunting bay windows, there floated a light blue pennon, bearing a name in black letters, — The Glenmore.

At first the architect scarcely realized that this building, which was burning, was Graves's hotel, his hotel. Already the police had roped off the street be-

neath the fire, in which the crowd was thickening rapidly. All about the place, for a space of two blocks, could be heard the throbbing engines, and the shrill whistling with which they answered one another. The fire burned quietly aloft in the sky above their heads, while below there was the clamor of excited men and screeching engines. The dense crowd packed ever closer, and surged solidly toward the fire lines, bearing the architect in the current.

"They 've pulled the third alarm," one man said, chewing excitedly on a piece of gum. "There 's fifty people in there yet."

"They say the elevators are going!" another one exclaimed.

"Where 's the fire-escapes?"

"Must be on the rear or over by the alley. There ain't none this side sure enough."

"Yes, they 're in back," the architect said authoritatively.

He tried to think just where they were and where they opened in the building, but could not remember. A voice wailed dismally through a megaphone, —

"Look out, boys! Back!"

On the edge of the cornice appeared three little figures with a line of hose. At that height they looked like willing gnomes on the crust of a flaming world.

"Gee! Look at that roof! Look at it!"

The cry from the megaphone had come too late. Suddenly, without warning, the top of the hotel rose straight into the air, and in the sky above there was a great report, like the detonation of a cannon at close range. The roof had blown up. For an instant darkness followed, as if the flame had been smothered, snuffed out. Then, with a mighty roar, the pent-up gases that had caused the explosion ignited, and burst forth in a broad sheet of beautiful blue flame, covering the doomed building with a crown of fire.

Hart looked for the men with the hose. One had caught on the sloping roof of a line of bay windows, and clung there seven stories above the ground.

"He 's a goner!" some one groaned.

Large strips of burning tar paper began to float above the heads of the crowd, causing a stampede. In the rush, Hart got nearer the fire lines, more immediately in front of the hotel, which irresistibly drew him closer. Now he could hear the roar of the flame as it swept through the upper stories and streamed out into the dark night. The fierce light illumined the silk streamer, which still waved from the pole at the corner of the building, untouched by the explosion. Across the east wall, under the cornice, was painted the sign: THE GLENMORE FAMILY HOTEL; and beneath, in letters of boastful size, FIREPROOF BUILDING.

The policeman at the line pointed derisively to the legend with his billy.

"Now ain't that fireproof!"

"Burns like rotten timber!" a man answered.

It was going frightfully fast! The flames were now galloping through the upper stories, sweeping the lofty structure from end to end, and smoke had begun to pour from many points in the lower stories, showing that the fount of flame had its roots far down in the heart of the building. Vague reports circulated through the crowd: — A hundred people or more were still in the hotel. All were out. Thirty were penned in the rear rooms of the sixth floor. One elevator was still running. It had been caught at the time of the explosion, etc. For the moment the firemen were making their fight in the rear, and the north front was left in a splendid peace of silent flame and smoke, — a spectacle for the crowd in the street.

Within the massive structure, the architect realized vaguely, there was being enacted one of those modern tragedies which mock the pride and vanity of man. In that furnace human beings were fighting for their lives, or, penned in, cut off by the swift flames,

were waiting in delirious fear for aid that was beyond the power of men to give them. A terrible horror clutched him. It was *his* building which was being eaten up like grass before the flame. He dodged beneath the fire line and began to run toward the east end, with an idea that in some way he could help. It was *his* building; he knew it from cornice to foundation; he might know how to get at those within! A policeman seized him roughly and thrust him back behind the line. He fought his way to the front again, while the dense crowd elbowed and cursed him. He lost his hat; his coat was torn from his shoulders. But he struggled frantically forward.

"You here, Hart! What are you after?"

Some one stretched out a detaining hand and drew him out of the press. It was Cook, his draughtsman. Cook was chewing gum, his jaws working nervously, grinding and biting viciously in his excitement. The fierce glare revealed the deep lines of the man's face.

"You can't get out that way. It 's packed solid!" Cook bellowed into his ear. "God alive, how fast it 's going! That 's your steel frame, tile partition, fireproof construction, is it? To hell with it!"

Suddenly he clutched the architect's arm again and shouted, —

"Where are the east-side fire-escapes? I can't see nothing up that wall, can you?"

The architect peered through the wreaths of smoke. There should have been an iron ladder between each tier of bays on this side of the building.

"They are all in back," he answered, remembering now that the contractor had cut out those on the east wall as a "disfigurement." "Let 's get around to the rear," he shouted to the draughtsman, his anxiety whipping him once more.

After a time they managed to reach an alley at the southwest angle of the hotel, where two engines were pumping from a hydrant. Here they could see the reach of the south wall, up which stretched the spidery lines of a solitary fire-escape. Cook pointed to it in mute wonder and disgust.

"It 's just a question if the beams will hold into the walls until they can get all the folks out," he shouted. "I heard that one elevator boy was still running his machine and taking 'em out. As long as the floors hold together he can run his elevator. But don't talk to me about your fireproof hotels! Why, the bloody thing ain't been burning twenty minutes, and look at it!"

As he spoke there was a shrill whistle from the fire marshal, and then a wrenching, crashing, plunging noise, like the sound of an avalanche. The upper part of the east wall had gone, toppling outward into the alley, like the side of a rotten box. In another moment followed a lesser crash. The upper floors had collapsed, slipping down into the inner gulf of the building. There was a time of silence and awful quiet; but almost immediately the blue flames, shot with orange, leaped upwards once more. From the precipitous wall above, along the line of the fire-escape, came horrid human cries, and through the smoke and flame could be seen a dozen figures clinging here and there like insects to the window frames.

Cook swayed against the architect like a man with nausea.

"They 're done for now, sure, all that ain't out. And I guess there ain't many out. It just slumped, just slumped," he repeated with a nervous quiver of the mouth. Suddenly he turned his pale face to the architect and glared into his eyes.

"Damn you! you —!" he stammered, shaking his fist at him. "There were n't any steel in the thing! It was rotten cheese. That 's you, you, you!" He turned and ran toward the burning mass, distracted, shouting, as he ran, "Rotten cheese! Just rotten cheese!"

But the architect stayed there in the alley, rooted in horror, stupefied. High above him, in a window of the south wall, which was still untouched by the fire, he saw a woman standing on the narrow ledge of the brick sill. She clung with one hand to an awning rope and put the other before her eyes. He shouted something to her, but he could not hear the sound of his own voice. She swayed back and forth, and then as a swirl of flame shot up in the room behind her, she fell forward into the abyss of the night. . . . A boy's face appeared at one of the lower windows. He was trying to break the pane of heavy glass. Finally he smashed a hole with his fist, and stood there, dazed, staring down into the alley; then he dropped backwards into the room, and a jet of smoke poured from the vent he had made.

In front of the hotel there were fresh shouts: they were using the nets. The architect covered his face with his hands, and, moaning to himself, began to run, to flee from the horrible spot. But a cry arrested him, a wail of multitudinous voices, which rose above the throb of the engines, the crackle of the fire, the clamor of the catastrophe. He looked up once more to the fire-eaten ruin. The lofty south wall, hitherto intact, had begun to waver along the east edge. It tottered, hung, then slid backwards, shaking off the figures on the fire-escape as if they had been frozen flies. . . . In the avenue he heard the crowd groaning with rage and pity. As he ran he saw beside the park a line of ambulances and patrol wagons ready for their burdens.

How long he ran, or in what direction, he never knew. He had a dim memory of himself, sitting in some place with a bottle of whiskey before him. The liquor seemed to make no impression on his brain. His hand still shook with the paralysis of fear. He remembered his efforts to pour the whiskey into the glass. After a time a face, vaguely familiar, entered his nightmare, and the man, who carried a little black bag, such as doctors use, sat down beside him and shouted at him: —

"What are you doing here? What do you want with that whiskey? Give it to me. You have had all the booze that 's good for you, I guess."

And in his stupor he said to the man tearfully: —

"Don't take it away, doctor! For heaven's sake, don't take the whiskey away! I tell you, I have killed people to-night. Eight, ten, forty, — no, I killed eight people. Yes, eight men and women. I see 'em dying now. Give me the whiskey!"

"You 're off your nut, man!" the doctor replied impatiently. "You have n't killed any one. You have been boozing, and you 'll kill yourself, if you don't quit. Here, give me that!"

He remembered rising to his feet obediently and saying very solemnly: —

"Very well, my friend, I won't drink any more if you say so. But listen to me! I killed a lot of people, eight of 'em, and I don't know how many more beside. Over there in a great fire. I saw 'em dying, like flies, like flies. Now give me one more drink!"

"All right, you killed 'em, if you say so!"

"Don't leave me, doctor! It 's a terrible thing to kill so many people, all at once, like flies, like flies!"

And he burst into tears, sobbing and shaking with the awful visions of his brain, his head buried in his arms.

XXIV.

The next morning Hart found himself on a sofa in a bare, dusty room that looked as if it was a doctor's office. He sat up and tried to think what had happened to him overnight. Suddenly the picture of the burning hotel swept across his mind, and he groaned with a fresh

sense of the sharp pain. Some one was whistling in the next room, and presently the door opened, and Dr. Coburn appeared in trousers and undershirt, mopping his face with a towel.

"Hello, Jack Hart!" he called out boisterously. "How are you feeling? Kind of dopey? My, but you were full of booze last night! I had to jam a hypodermic into you to keep you quiet, when I got you over here. Do you get that way often?"

"Was I drunk?" the architect asked dully.

"Well, I rather think! Don't you feel it this morning?"

He grinned at the disheveled figure on the sofa, and continued to mop his face.

"You were talking dotty, too, about killing folks. I thought maybe you might have a gun on you. But I could n't find anything. What have you been doing?"

"It was the fire," Hart answered slowly, "a terrible fire! People were killed, — I saw them. My God! it was awful!"

He buried his face in his hands and shuddered.

"Shook you up considerable, did it? Here, wait a minute! I'll fix you something."

The doctor went back into the inner room, and returned with a small glass.

"Drink this. It will give you some nerve."

The architect took the stimulant and lay down once more with his face to the wall. Presently he pulled himself together and drank a cup of coffee which the doctor had prepared. Then he took himself off, saying that he must get to his office at once. He went away in a daze, barely thanking the doctor for his kindness. When he had left, Coburn began to whistle again, thinking, "There 's something more 'n drink or that fire the matter with *him!*"

Hart bought a newspaper at the first stand. It was swelled with pages of coarse cuts and "stories" of the "Glenmore Hotel Tragedy." On the elevated train, which he took to reach the city, the passengers were buried in the voluminous sheets of their newspapers, avidly sucking in the details of the disaster. For a time he stared at the great cut on the first page of his paper, which purported to represent the scene at the fire when the south wall fell in. But in its place he saw the sheer stretch of the pitiless wall, the miserable figures on the iron ladder being swept into the flames. Then he read the headlines of the account of the fire. Seventeen persons known to have been in the hotel were missing; the bodies of ten had been found. Had it not been for the heroism of a colored elevator boy, Morris by name, who ran his car up and down seven times through the burning shaft, the death list would have been far longer. On the second trip, so the account ran, the elevator had been caught by a broken gate on the third floor. Morris had coolly run the car up to the top, then opened his lever to full speed, and crashed his way triumphantly through the obstacle. It was one of those acts of unexpected intelligence, daring, and devotion to duty, which bring tears to the eyes of thousands all over the land. The brave fellow had been caught in the collapse of the upper floors, and his body had not yet been found. It was buried under tons of brick and iron in the wrecked building.

The newspaper account wandered on, column after column, repeating itself again and again, confused, endlessly prolix, but in the waste of irrelevancy a few facts slowly emerged. The Glenmore, fortunately, had been by no means full. It had been opened only six weeks before as a family hotel, — one of those shoddy places where flock young married people, with the intention of avoiding the cares of children and the trials of housekeeping in modest homes; where there is music twice a week and dancing on Saturdays;

where the lower windows are curtained by cheap lace bearing large monograms, and electric candles and carnations are provided for each table in the dining-room. Another year from this time there would have been three hundred people in the burning tinder-box.

The fire had started somewhere in the rear of the second floor, from defective electric wiring, it was supposed, and had shot up the rear elevator shaft, which had no pretense of fireproof protection. The east wall had bulged almost at once, pulling out the supports for the upper three floors. It was to be doubted whether the beams, bearing-walls, and main partitions were of fireproof materials. The charred remains of Georgia pine and northern spruce seemed to indicate that they were not. At any rate, the incredible rapidity with which the fire had spread, and the dense smoke, showed that the "fireproofing" was of the flimsiest description. And, to cap all, there was but one small fire-escape on the rear wall, difficult of access! "The Glenmore," so the Chicago Thunderer pronounced, "was nothing but an ornamental coffin."

Editorially, the Thunderer had already begun its denunciation of the building department for permitting a contractor to erect such an obvious "fire-trap," and for giving the lessees a license to open it as a hotel. There had been too many similar horrors of late, — the lodging-house on West Polk Street, where five persons had lost their lives, the private hospital on the North Side, where fourteen men and women had been burned, etc. In all these cases it was known that the building ordinances had been most flagrantly violated. There was the usual clamor for "investigation," for "locating the blame," and "bringing the real culprits before the Grand Jury." It should be said that the Thunderer was opposed politically to the City Hall.

In the architect's office there was an air of subdued excitement. No work was in progress when Hart let himself into his private room from the hall. Instead, the men were poring over the broad sheets of the newspapers spread out on the tables. When he stepped into the draughting-room, they began awkwardly to fold up the papers and start their work. Cook, Hart noticed, was not there. The stenographer came in from the outer office and announced curtly, —

"The 'phone 's been ringing every minute, Mr. Hart." She looked at the architect with mingled aloofness and curiosity. "They were mostly calls from the papers, and some of the reporters are in there now, waiting. What shall I say to 'em?"

"Say I am out of town," Hart ordered, giving the usual formula when reporters called at the office. Then he went back to his private room and shut the door. He put the bulky newspaper on his desk and tried to think what he should do. There were some memoranda on the desk of alterations which he was to make in a country house, and these he took up to examine. Soon his desk telephone rang, and when he put the receiver to his ear, Graves's familiar tones came whispering over the line. The contractor talked through the telephone in a subdued tone, as if he thought to escape eavesdropping at the central office by lowering his voice.

"Is that you, Hart? Where have you been? I 've been trying to get you all the morning! Say, can't you come over here quick?"

"What do you want?" the architect demanded sharply. The sound of the man's voice irritated him.

"Well, I want a good many things," Graves replied coldly. "I guess we had better get together on this business pretty soon."

"You can find me over here the rest of the morning," Hart answered curtly.

There was a pause of several seconds, and then the contractor telephoned cautiously: —

"Say, I can't leave. That Dutchman 's in here pretty drunk, and I don't want him to get loose. Come over, quick!"

"All right," the architect muttered dully, hanging up his telephone. He was minded to refuse, but he realized that it would be best to see what was the matter. Van Meyer was one of the officers and directors of the Glenmore Hotel Corporation. The architect and a couple of clerks in the contractor's office were the other dummies in this corporation, which had been organized solely to create bonds and stock, and to escape personal liability.

Hart gathered up the memoranda on his desk, and, telling the stenographer that he was going out to Eversley to see the Dixon house, he left the office. As he stepped into the hall, he met Cook, who had just come from the elevator. He nodded to the draughtsman, and hailed a descending car.

"Say, Hart," Cook said in a quiet voice, "can I have a word with you?"

Hart stepped back into the hall and waited to hear what the draughtsman had to say.

"I must have been pretty near crazed last night, I guess," Cook began, turning his face away from the architect, "and I said things I had no call to say."

"Come in," Hart said, unlocking the door to his private office.

"Of course, it was n't my business anyway," Cook continued, "to accuse you, no matter what happened. But I saw a friend of mine this morning, a man on the Thunderer, and he had just come from the city hall, where he 'd been to see the Glenmore plans. He says they 're all right! Same as ours in the office. I can't understand what happened to the old thing, unless Graves — Well, that 's not our business."

There was a pause, while the two men stood and looked at each other. Finally, Cook said, —

"So I wanted to tell you I was wrong, — I had no call to talk that way!"

"That 's all right, Cook," the architect replied slowly. Somehow the man's apology hurt him more than his curses. They still stood waiting. Suddenly Hart said, —

"You need n't apologize, man! The plans are all right. But that does n't let me out. I knew what Graves was going to do with 'em. I knew it from the start."

"What do you say?" the draughtsman exclaimed, bewildered.

"The hotel was a job from the start," Hart repeated.

There was another pause, which was broken by Cook.

"Well, I suppose after this you won't want me any more?"

"I suppose not," Hart answered in a colorless tone.

"All right; I 'll go to-day if you say so."

"As you please."

And they parted. Cook was an honest, whole-souled man. It was best that they should part, Hart reflected, as he went down in the elevator, best for Cook and for him, too. The draughtsman's admiration for him had been his daily incense, and he could not bear having him about with this matter between them, even if Cook would stay.

Hart found Graves in his inner office, while a clerk held at bay a roomful of men who wanted to get at the contractor. Graves looked serious, but undisturbed, manifesting no more emotion than if he had come from the funeral of a distant relative.

"It 's a pretty bad mess, ain't it?" he said to the architect, offering him a cigar. "I guess you were right. Those first story walls were n't solid. They bulged, and that must have pulled the whole business down. . . . Of course the papers are hot. They always yap considerable when anything happens. They 'll spit fire a week or so, and then forget all about it. Everything is straight over at the city hall. There 'll

be the coroner's inquest, of course. But he won't find much! The only bad point is this cuss Van Meyer. He 's been on a spree, and if they get hold of him, and ask him questions at the inquest, he 's liable to tell all he knows, and more too. What I want you to do is to take care of the Dutchman."

"What do you mean to do?" Hart asked abruptly.

"Do? Well, the best thing for all of us who are connected with the Glenmore is to be called out of town for two or three weeks, or so. I have got to go to Philadelphia to-night. Gotz will be here to go on the stand if they want to get after the hotel corporation. They won't make much out of him! Now, if you can take care of the Dutchman" —

"What do you mean?"

Graves looked at the architect critically before answering.

"Don't lose your nerve, Hart. It 'll come out all right. I 've seen my lawyer this morning, and I know just what they can do with us, and it ain't much. They can get after the building department, but they 're used to that! And they can bring suit against the corporation, which will do no harm. You keep out of the way for a while, and you won't get hurt a particle. Take the Dutchman up to Milwaukee and drown him. Keep him drunk, — he 's two thirds full now. Lucky he came here instead of blabbing to one of those newspaper fellers! Keep him drunk, and ship him up north on the lakes. By the time he finds his way back, his story won't be worth telling."

Hart looked at the big mass of a man before him, and loathed him with all his being. He wanted to take him by one of his furry ears and shake the flesh from his bones. The same impulse that had prompted him to admit his guilt to Cook, the impulse to cut loose from the whole business, cost what it might, was stirring within him.

"Well?" Graves inquired.

"I am going to quit," the architect said, almost involuntarily. "I 'm sick of the business, and I shan't run away. You can look after Van Meyer yourself" —

"Perhaps *you 're* looking for some money?" the contractor sneered.

"No more of yours, I know that!" Hart answered, rising from his chair and taking his hat. "I 'm sick of the whole dirty job, and if they want me to, I 'll talk, too, I suppose."

"You damned, white-livered sneak! Ain't you got enough gut in you to sit tight? You" —

But the contractor was swearing at the blank wall of his office.

When the architect reached the street he hesitated. Instead of taking the train for Eversley, as he had intended to do, he got on an electric car that ran far out into the northern suburbs. He kept saying to himself that he wanted time to think, that he must "think it out" before he returned to his office. For he was not sure that it would be best to stay and bear the brunt of the investigation which would surely come, as he had said to the contractor. He was not clear what good that would do.

But he did not think. Instead, he brooded over the vision of the past night, which beset him. When the car stopped he got out and walked north along the lake shore, meaning to reach Eversley in that way. He was still trying to think, but saw nothing clearly; nothing but that terrible picture of the burning hotel, the dying men and women. Thus he walked on and on, still trying to think, to find himself. . . .

Robert Herrick.

(*To be continued.*)

AT THE GRAVE OF SAMUEL ADAMS.

OLD GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

THEY knew the patriot rebel's soul,
Who set his grave upon the verge
Of Boston's busy street, where roll
The vans of traffic and the surge
Of hasting footsteps: not for him
A cedar'd churchyard's blank repose,
Nor tomb in some cathedral dim
Where no bird flies nor free wind blows.

Sam Adams never ask'd to rest:
I cannot think he slumbers here,
But watches with unjaded zest
The stream rush on and disappear;
He longs to rise and join the strife,
As in the seasons when his breath
Kindled a nation into life;
He scorns the palsying sloth of death.

Fain would he hear which faction rules,
What men precede in town and state,
And if we guard our public schools,
And keep our courts inviolate.
He whispers, "We for Freedom fought,
Have you the love of Freedom still?
Has Wealth not pauperiz'd your thought,
Nor Power bred the wolfish will?

"You hurry by — what errands call?
Service to heart, or head, or purse?
Shed you a freeman's boon on all,
Or shape a subtler tyrant's curse?
We number'd but a little clan
Beside your million-teeming press,
Yet wrought the general good of Man, —
Woe be your meed, if you do less!"

William Roscoe Thayer.

THE ETHICS OF TAXATION.

THE remark that Goldsmith in one of his essays lets drop apropos of the history of a tavern is essentially true of the history of taxation, — it "is a true picture of human infirmity," in which "we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious." If this seem too disparaging to the present age, consider for a moment the most obtrusive features of taxation in the world of to-day, or, rather, the most obtrusive features of the tax systems of the most progressive nations. For, despite its historical identity with early taxation, we may no longer designate as taxation the habit of the Orient, where taxes are indistinguishable from blackmail, and where the rich disguise themselves in rags to escape the exaction of the publican. Nor may we longer account as taxation the archaic methods in vogue in the land of the Grand Llama, where the tax-collector, happening upon the wayfarer, accosts him with complaints of the cruel rigor of the winter, and, after a minatory flourish of his matchlock, remarks, "Thy cloak, venerable brother." Process like this is rendered unnecessary in civilized lands by the proper extension of indirect taxes.

Instead of allowing the sovereign to blackmail the subject, we graciously permit the owner of personal property to determine the amount of his contribution to the public treasury, much as he might fix upon the gratuity to his waiter in a restaurant.

Seriously considered, the justification offered for indirect taxes is a most curious commentary upon our system of self-government. In the United States, for example, not far from half of the government's total revenue is obtained by disguising taxes in the prices of merchandise, either duty-paid imports, or liquors and tobacco freighted with the weight of the internal revenue. Despite the incidental advantages such taxes afford in consulting the convenience of the payer as to the time and the amounts of particular payments, the great reason for the existence of these taxes in every country is their power to conceal from the governed the real cost of supporting the government. The people, in whose interest the government supposedly is conducted, must be induced to pay their taxes in an unconscious condition, "lest at any time they should see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and should understand with their heart, and should be converted" to a belief in another than the dominant programme of expenditure.

If, on the other hand, we look away from our Federal taxes to our system of state and local taxation, the crying inequalities of the latter are only too well known. The millionaire *émigré* too frequently escapes his just contribution, while the widow's mite and the orphan's crust pay the very uttermost farthing. Had the Lord questioned Mephistopheles upon the subject of taxation exclusively, the verdict of "*herzlich schlecht*" would have needed but little qualification. Adam Smith, the sagacious father of political economy, saw the situation in his day, and was sad, but the consolation that he offered then is about all we have to-day. "If a nation," said he, "could not prosper without the enjoyment of perfect liberty and perfect justice, there is not in the world a nation which could have prospered. In the political body, however, the wisdom of nature has fortunately made ample provision for remedying many of the bad effects of the folly and injustice of man; in the same manner as it has done in the natural body for remedying those of his sloth and intemperance."

Whatever the causes for the persistence of injustice and double dealing in finan-

cial administration, one thing is certain, — that these evils are not due to the absence of enlightened inquiry into the nature of fiscal problems. One might in this connection almost echo the remark made of the mediæval Italian cities, that nothing could surpass the excellence of their treatises on money, or the wretchedness of their actual currency. Of the extreme thoroughness with which the diagnosis of the financial status of the body politic has been made, one is reminded by the appearence of Dr. Weston's recent volume.[1] This work does not import into the discussion any new practical plan for securing equity in taxation, for substantial agreement upon the practical ethics of taxation had long ago been reached. That taxes cannot properly be regarded as an insurance premium paid to the state for protection received, nor as a commercial equivalent for benefits enjoyed (except in case of special assessments levied to pay for public improvements to private property), — upon these points there has been for a long time substantial agreement among serious students. And, apart from those obsessed with the idea that society has no claim upon its members to take aught in taxes except what society is first alleged to have created in the rental values of land, universal homage has been paid to the dictum that contributions to public needs should be determined by the contributor's ability. This canon of ability has hitherto been treated as sufficiently explicit as to the matter of justice in taxation. Indeed, the ingenuity of the text-writers has been mainly bestowed upon finding concrete indicia of ability, — such as income, property, expenditure, and the like, — and upon judging extant tax-laws by their conformity to such criteria. Very different is Dr. Weston's inquiry. He has undertaken rather to show how the principle of justice in taxation stands related to what might be called the metaphysics of finance, and how the implicates of the science of finance involve the fundamental theory of the state and the problem of human personality. To the economist and doctrinaire financiers, accustomed to grovel here below in the sordid realm of material wealth, and all the while disturbed by the brawling of the market-place, this aerial flight will prove a much needed boon. Their lungs need expansion in a rarefied atmosphere. They need to rub their eyes and sit up and read that "taxes are in fact voluntarily paid, even though the attempt is almost universally made to evade a part of them, or a protest is made against their amount." They need to learn that in a broad way conscious membership in a state implies acquiescent coöperation in supplying its needs, and that, therefore, it is proper to say that taxes are voluntarily paid, in the Hegelian sense previously referred to in Dr. Weston's essay, according to which "the criminal wills his own punishment." There is here a striking coincidence, one would think, between the Hegelian and Pickwickian senses in which propositions may be understood.

It will doubtless stir the cynic devil in the blood of the typical economist to read at the end of sixty-seven pages of idealistic philosophy Dr. Weston's triumphant contention that he has demonstrated the intimate metaphysical relationship between Economics and Ethics. But this again is precisely what the vast majority of economists need, — to have the truth seared upon their consciousness that the scientific method of measuring the utility of wealth, where previous abstraction has been made of the moral character of its constituents, can afford no fundamental basis of public policy, and can issue no imperative word of political guidance. In the face of the supreme questions the oracles of expediency are dumb.

But fully to fathom the iniquities that

[1] *Principles of Justice in Taxation.* By STEPHEN F. WESTON, Ph. D. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

attach to taxation we must leave the financial experts to their own devices, and condescend to men of low estate. It may be that the matter will become somewhat clearer if we consider the average taxpayer, first as an exponent of conservative class prejudice, and second as an example of individual frailty. The first will explain why unsparing reform of our system of direct taxation is so unlikely; the second will make clear why our system of direct taxation is so bad.

The taxpayer is above all things a conservative animal. Before his name appeared on the assessor's roll, he was, like Stevenson's bachelor, "fit for heroism or crime;" but taxes, like conscience and matrimony, make cowards of us all. Let the average citizen interrogate his own consciousness and ask, "Am I willing to risk a radical change in our system of taxation, by which doomage shall supersede self-assessment, and personal property in the hands of the holder be exempted altogether, — this in order to secure a thoroughgoing reform?" — and the answer will almost infallibly be in the negative. We are determined at all hazards not "to *fly* to evils that we know not of." We must be dragged to them, if we ever reach them at all.

In a way, it is really remarkable how certain parables of caution have become incorporated in the canons of our political scriptures. One cannot propose the smallest innovation, except in accentuating our truculent policy of foreign aggression, but that our political doctors take us to task by recounting to us the fable of the Dog and the Bone, and beseech us not to sacrifice the reality for the shadow. They never seem to reflect that a plunge in a clear shining stream may often be worth the sacrifice of a dry bone. They are continually exhorting us

"To take the Cash and let the Credit go,"

forgetful of the fact that we really have little of either, and that normally both cash and credit go together. It is positively humiliating to think of the number of political geese that have purchased lifelong immunity from the knife by constantly cackling in our ears the story of their mythical ancestor who laid the golden egg. It seems to be forgotten that, as the late Mr. Whistler would say, there is only *one* goose on record that ever *did* lay a golden egg, and that the day of miracles is past.

So it comes that first of all the fearsome conservatism of the taxpayer is responsible for the fact that "not one of the American states has ever adopted the recommendations of its various expert Tax Commissions." The farmer fumes at the proposed exemption of credits, and the city man is suspicious of all far-reaching changes proposed in taxation.

This reluctance to reconstitute the tax-machinery is the more singular from the fact that those who are unwilling to risk a substitute grumble over the imperfections of the present system as loudly as the reformer who is bent on radical readjustment. The typical yeoman and the well-to-do citizen of the lower middle classes, both of whom through their frugality own a modest homestead, but little beyond, will bitterly oppose the exemption of any form of personal property. And yet individually they will often assent to the dictum of the West Virginia Tax Commission, — a veritable *locus classicus* in the literature of taxation, — which declared that "the payment of the tax on personalty is almost as voluntary, and is considered pretty much in the same light as donations to the neighborhood church or Sunday-school."

So far as taxation is concerned, our electorate presents the incongruous spectacle of radical prepossessions coupled with a paralyzing distrust of all efforts at amendment. The doctrine of progressive taxation, that the percentage of

taxes should rise as property or income is greater, is to the man in the street an axiom. That a man's ability to contribute to the public chest is more than doubled when his income is doubled — a proposition to the classical economist a stumbling-block, and to the hard-headed logician foolishness — has to the ordinary voter of reflective turn of mind the stamp of self-evident truth. The Philistine assesses lightly the sacrifice of what he designates superfluous luxuries, which, under progressive taxation, the well-conditioned classes would have to submit to. The man of common clay has little inkling of the real pathos of Motley's cry, "Give us the luxuries of life and we will dispense with the necessities." He finds it not a bitter, but an easy thing to look into the sacrifice of happiness through another man's eyes. But despite his radical convictions, extreme and indefensible as they often are, he shakes his head at any proposed change in our system either of direct or indirect taxes, both of which notoriously impose the heavier relative burdens upon the weaker shoulders.

But the average taxpayer represents not only the conservative apathy of his social class, but another constituency as well, essentially a pocket-borough, to wit, himself. Despite the fact that, under the usual process of assessing real estate, the taxpayer has comparatively little power over his assessment, when it comes to the declaration of personal property, he has almost unlimited liberty of "writing himself down," not an ass, but a pauper. In a sense there is no more curious problem in social psychology than the way in which the ordinary taxpayer interprets, and the degree in which he discharges, the duty that rests upon him, of contributing to the expenses of the government. The elements in the situation, so far as the taxation of personal property is concerned, are these: the individual is confronted with his duty to an abstract personality, the government; he is required to fill out an inventory of all kinds of personal property, itemized so minutely that through its meshes absolutely no chattel or credit can escape. He is frequently, if not generally, required to declare over his own signature, and not uncommonly upon oath, that the list returned is complete and literally correct. Under these circumstances the taxpayer almost universally commits deliberate perjury, and omits, or knowingly undervalues, what personal property he possesses; and — moral paradox that it is — thinks none the worse of himself for it. It has long been a truism among students of American finance that the tax on personalty, as various official reports have it, "has in effect become a tax upon ignorance and honesty," "a school of perjury promoted by law," "a premium on perjury and a penalty on integrity;" and that, when the taxpayer's conscience is tender, "virtue is perforce its own reward."

There is little use in drawing a long face over this situation, or of saying of all men at our leisure what the Psalmist said of them in his haste. The truth is that what we really need is a new code or digest of what might be called Decalogical Limitations. The leading case, so far as the commandment of veracity is concerned, has already been decided by a learned judge who refused to admit as proper evidence of a witness's general reputation for veracity the tax-duplicate which said witness had returned under oath. The common sense of mankind will support this decision. "In lapidary inscriptions," as Dr. Johnson has declared, "a man is not upon oath." Nor, we may add, is a fisherman when questioned as to his catch; nor a woman, if one is graceless enough to ask her age; nor, of course, a God-fearing burgess when he fills out his tax-bill. Must one always squat in the dead centre of verity, and "never hover upon the confines of truth?" Does not Jove himself laugh at lovers' vows? Why all

this simulated concern over taxpayers' oaths? If "charity is a demand for beggars," self-assessment is a demand for perjury. That the supply of either should fail to be forthcoming would be an anomaly indeed.

Nor let it be fancied that this vice is wholly a masculine peccadillo. If one would see what Lombroso, the Italian criminologist, calls the Female Offender, let him but visit the custom house. The exemplary mother of a family is returning from abroad, and with a ferocity which quite overpowers the protest of her husband's "struggling, tasked morality," she delights to outwit the ferret-faced inspector on the dock, at the cost of asseverations which would have put St. Sapphira herself to the blush.

The conclusion is plain. The law, as some one has well put it, is such a fragile thing, that when men take it into their own hands, it is almost sure to get broken. If we want to continue to have our tax-laws broken at the expense of individual veracity, all we have to do is to continue the present arrangement of self-assessment or declaration of personal property.

If it be asked what is the prospect of an intelligent reform of taxation, the answer must be that the effective impulse will probably come only from a sensibly increased pinch of taxation. Peaceful reforms, like warlike revolutions, crawl upon their belly. Jeshurun may have "waxed fat and kicked," but modern peoples generally reverse the scriptural order. The Revolution in France and Chartism in England were the significant precursors of the two greatest tax reforms of modern times. This tendency of social unrest to unsettle social injustice long antedates our modern democracies. As far back as the fourteenth century in England, the author of Piers Plowman was enough of a political philosopher to observe that, when the fluctuating tide of prosperity is once past, Demos becomes restless.

> "And thanne curseth he the kynge and all his conseille after,
> Suche lawes to loke [enforce] laboreres to greve."

Fortunate is it for us that the lines upon which the reform of direct taxes must proceed have been so clearly marked out, and that some of our commonwealths have already taken pronounced steps in the right direction. The taxation of real estate by and for the local governments exclusively, the practical exemption of credits and chattels in individual hands, and the relegation both of the administration and the proceeds of corporate taxation to the state governments, foreshadow the financial reform to which we may some time attain.

But if the vision of an equitable system of direct taxation seems not impossible of realization in the proximate future, the prospect for a similar adjustment of Federal imposts is as yet beclouded and dim. The craft of state finance and local finance ply the sheltered channels of fairly stable and calculable expenditure; the national ship of state has to breast the uncharted waters of international politics and encounter the storms of war. When to the difficult task of providing sums whose aggregate must vary greatly from year to year, there is added the additional task of giving through taxation a constant protective stimulus to certain industries, the double and often conflicting demands made upon our Federal financiers are obvious. Were the protective function of our Federal taxes done away with, while there would still remain perplexities great enough in all conscience, one of the unknown and baffling factors in the problem would be eliminated.

For over a generation many unselfish and thoughtful American citizens have cherished the hope and the aspiration that the intrinsic injustice of our national system of taxation might be extirpated, not at the unreasoning anger of the victims of its oppression, but at the

dictate of an enlightened national conscience aggrieved at the spoliation too long perpetuated by law. Difficult it is, of course,

> "To canvass with official breath
> The future and the viewless things;"

but, looking at the present situation without bias, one is bound to admit that these hopes of revenue reform seem, if anything, farther from realization to-day than they were twenty years ago. If peace has "her victories no less renowned than war," peace has also her disappointments and her sacrifices, — of disenchantment, of disillusion, of hope deferred, — and this is one of them.

Winthrop More Daniels.

SONG-FORMS OF THE THRUSH.

SEVERAL years ago, while reading in an old number of the Atlantic Monthly an admirable description by Wilson Flagg of the song of the hermit thrush, I came upon the following sentence: "I have not been able to detect any order in the succession of these strains, though some order undoubtedly exists and might be discovered by long-continued observation." This suggested a question: Had any one ever attempted to solve the old naturalist's problem? So far as I could remember, no one among the hundreds of observers who had exhausted their vocabularies in descriptions of thrush songs had made the effort, not even Solomon Cheney in his delightful Wood Notes Wild, nor Schuyler Mathews, whose musical notations of thrush songs were so accurate and so sympathetic. The thought flashed upon me that here was an unoccupied field, a territory into which perhaps only the most sanguine would dare to venture, but still a region unexplored and alluring in possibilities. Such a temptation was irresistible, and when spring brought once more the liquid sound of wood thrush notes, with the rarer whispered songs of migrating hermits, olive backs, and veeries, I began my task, not without some misgivings as to my success, but sure of one thing, — that, even if the problem proved insoluble, the search itself would be a delightful occupation.

Spring and summer, then, I listened to thrushes in Ohio, New England, and Canada; tramping beside sluggish western streams or along ravines carved out of the Ohio plains, scrambling through New England woods and pastures, climbing mountains in Canada, or rowing along the rocky shores of northern lakes. At the outset I encountered a difficulty, that I never could wholly overcome, in the problem of determining the form of the phrases I heard. I had to learn to ignore all sorts of conflicting sounds, from the notes of rival singers to locomotive whistles, to adjust a pitch-pipe to match a tone held in the memory while the bird himself was uttering a different one, and to accustom myself to the occasional sudden introduction by any singer of new variations in his song. But the thrushes' delivery was slow, their phrases were repeated continually, and the tones themselves were so clear that before long the matter of recording became somewhat less perplexing, although never very easy.

But in the process of learning to identify the songs by the pitch-pipe a new difficulty appeared in the absence of any recognized way of representing the sounds actually uttered by the thrushes. The birds' pitch was of course entirely free, whereas the musical staff provided for only a conventional series of tones differing by fixed intervals; and when

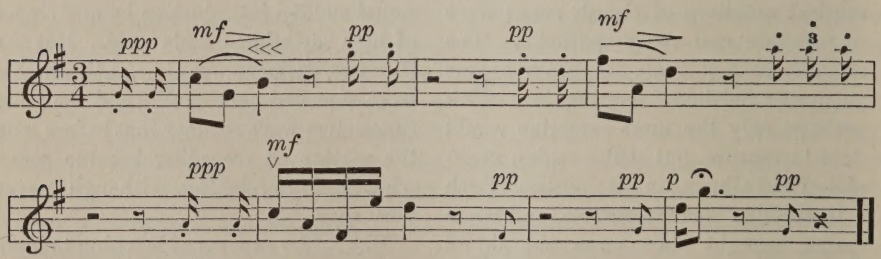
the pitch-pipe faithfully recorded intermediate quarter or eighth tones — that is, a trifle sharp or flat — there was no way of representing them. I experimented for a while with various devices, hoping that I might discover some way to record the actual sounds, but I finally abandoned the problem as practically insoluble. As the study of the birds' song-forms progressed I came, however, to console myself for the lack of exactitude by the discovery that thrushes tended steadily to approximate the intervals of the human scale. They were rarely just on the key, but they were generally close to it, never failing to suggest the conventional pitch.

Having determined, then, while recognizing the imperfections of my method of recording, to use it as a fairly satisfactory one, I amassed a great number of thrush song-forms, and from these I derived the following facts, noted from wood thrushes in Ohio, Massachusetts, and Quebec. From the beginning, I was greatly surprised to discover how few really distinct phrases the wood thrushes used. Very many had no more than three, the great majority used but four, and only a few had as many as five or six. The finest singers I heard were usually those with only four phrases, which they uttered with such beauty of modulation, and such deliberate excellence, as to suggest the thought expressed by Thoreau: "He confines himself to his few notes, in which he is unrivaled, as if his kind had learned this and no more anciently."

These phrases, whether in the eastern or western parts of the wood thrush range, were all very much alike. I have not recorded over twenty different forms, yet only once did I hear precisely the same set used by two birds. In this case they were near neighbors along the river bank, father and son, perhaps, I thought. All the other sets of phrases which I recorded were individual and unmistakable, often coinciding in two phrases or three, only to differ sharply in one or two others.

Here is a typical example of a thrush song with four phrases. Of course it does not pretend to give the actual sounds, or to enable one unfamiliar with the bird to reproduce the song, for the timbre, the unique, individual wood thrush voice, is not to be hinted at by such means. All it does is to symbolize roughly the tones of the musical scale, to which the thrush approximated.

THE RAVINE WOOD THRUSH.



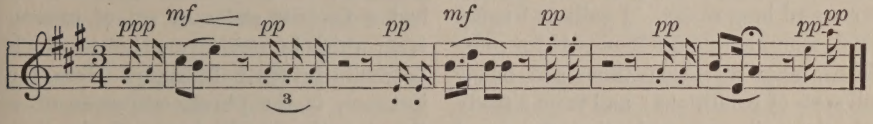
It will be seen that these four phrases were assignable without undue stretching of the truth to the key of G natural. Each began with two or three softly uttered grace notes, continued with three or more loud tones, and concluded with one or more soft staccato notes, sometimes tinkling or buzzing, and either much higher or much lower than the loud ones preceding. The *sotto voce* part of the song was inaudible except at close range, but on a few occasions I heard it developed into a whisper song decidedly unlike the well-known flute notes.

It will also be observed that these four phrases seemed to form part of a broken melody. The first was introductory in character, uttered with the bird's richest tones, round and liquid, with an organ tremolo or pulsation on the last note quite unmatched for vibrant beauty by any other bird of the region. The next phrases seemed to continue the musical progress, the second being a cadence into the key of D, the third an arpeggio leading back into G again; and each of these was sharper and more metallic in quality than the first one, the third being especially rapid and brilliant, equal in dexterity to any of the brown thrasher's roulades, and far finer in tone. The last phrase, which was thin and reedy, seemed to be a sort of conclusion to the song.

With much the same words the songs of all the other forty odd wood thrushes I studied might be described; for whether they consisted of three themes only, or as many as six or seven, they always had one or more phrases corresponding in musical character to those shown above, and the vocal quality was adjusted after the same manner. The introductory phrases were always rich, full, and round, the continuing ones were less steady in tone, more brilliant, but liable to contain squeaky notes, and the final one was generally soft and reedy. The thrushes did not always hold so clearly to the key as did the "ravine" wood thrush, for now and then one would introduce accidental notes, and occasionally one would sing persistently off the pitch; but the tendency was to adhere to some one key.

Here are some other examples, beginning with a thrush who, during months of observation, never used more than three phrases. For convenience we will call him

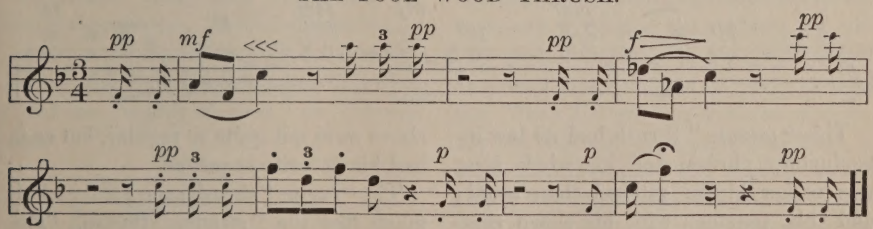
THE RIVERBANK WOOD THRUSH.



In this simplest of songs the same elements may be seen as in the one previously recorded: introductory, suspending, and final.

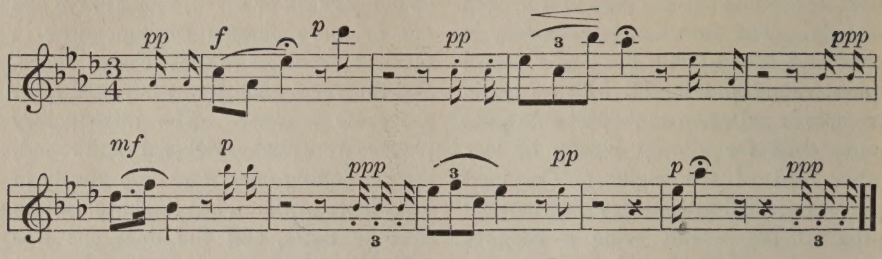
Here is another singer, with four phrases, who signalized himself by introducing flats, thereby making a modulation into the minor of his original key.

THE POOL WOOD THRUSH.

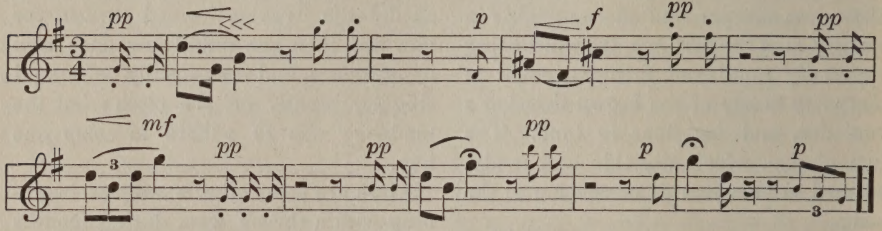


Following are the songs of two performers, each with five phrases, one of whom, the "pasture" wood thrush, introduced a phrase in an entirely unrelated key, a daring performance for one of his kind.

THE ROADWAY WOOD THRUSH.

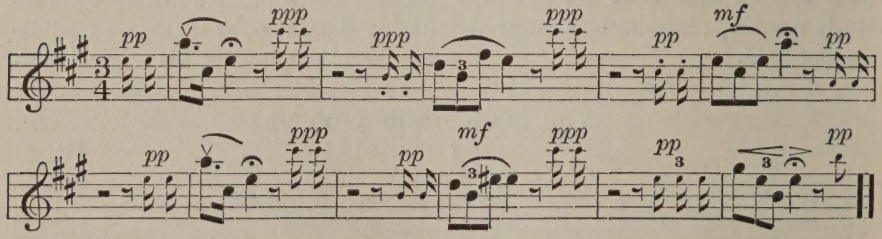


THE PASTURE WOOD THRUSH.



But what of the order in which these thrushes sang? That problem proved relatively simple, once the phrase-forms had been identified, for the slowness and precision of the thrushes made it easy to record long series. I collected many such, running into the hundreds for some birds, taken at various times and under all sorts of conditions; and from a study of these it appeared that the wood thrushes, while singing with free choice, tended to use their themes so as to produce as much variety as possible without violating the musical character of the phrases themselves. Further, each one had a favorite order, or set of orders, from which he would vary, but to which he would return unfailingly. Here, for instance, is the phrase sequence of a thrush noticeable for his regularity.

THE SWAMP WOOD THRUSH.



This "swamp" thrush had no low introductory phrase, and his whole song was rather higher pitched than usual; and this, together with his sharp ringing utterance, made his song sequence a striking one. Now and then he would interject a phrase out of place, but he would immediately return to his alternation, — 1,2,3; 1,2,4; 1,2,3; 1,2,4. The other thrushes whose songs are shown above were not quite so regular, but each had his favorite sequence.

The "ravine" thrush sang 1,2,3; 1,2,4, much like the "swamp" thrush. The "pool" thrush used his four phrases a little more freely, seeming to begin each new series with the first phrase, but using the others in varied combinations, as follows: 1,2,4,3; 1,4,2; 1,4,2; 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,2,3,4.

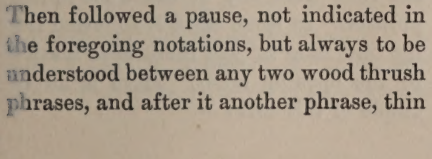
The "riverbank" thrush, with only three phrases, used them after the following manner: 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,3; 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,2,3; 1,3,2; 1,3,2; 1,3,2,3.

The "roadway" thrush used his five phrases in varying orders, always seeming to lead off with the low phrase, but using his fifth or conclusion phrase very little, as follows: 1,2,4,3,4; 1,2,4,3; 1,2,4,3,4; 1,2,3,4,3; 1,2; 1,4,2; 1,4,2,3,2; 1,2,3,4,5.

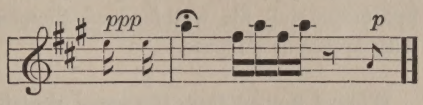
The "pasture" thrush used his five phrases more equally, but seemed to have certain favorite orders, as follows: 1,2,3,4; 1,5,2,3,4; 1,4; 1,2,3,4; 1,5,2,3,4. Examples might be furnished of an indefinite number of these song orders. A thrush would often sing apparently at random for a moment, but soon one of the familiar sequences would reappear, the one thing never done by thrushes in full song being to repeat the same phrase twice in succession.

It was contrast which lent its great charm to the wood thrush song as compared with the far more elaborate strains of sparrows or bobolinks, — contrast of tone and timbre as well as in the succession of phrases. Only the catbird and brown thrasher offered anything similar, and their delivery was so jerky and their tone quality at best so inferior that in emotional effect the simpler wood thrush far surpassed.

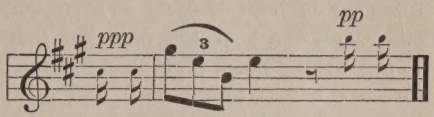
Take the song of a fine singer, such as the "lagoon" thrush, neighbor of the "riverbank" and "pool" thrushes, but distinctly superior. With deliberation he uttered a sudden clear, round, vibratory phrase, the little staccato notes following "like the jingling of steel," as Thoreau says.



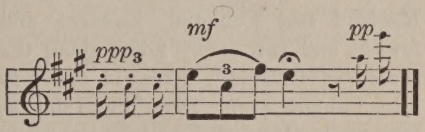
Then followed a pause, not indicated in the foregoing notations, but always to be understood between any two wood thrush phrases, and after it another phrase, thin and tinkling in timbre, apparently at the other end of the gamut from its predecessor.



Another pause, and there was heard a sudden modulation into the key of the dominant, in a ringing, brilliant, rather reedy voice.



After that came the low rich phrase, then the second, and then, in place of the third one, a new figure in a clear mellow flute tone in the middle of the bird's register, the little tinkling grace notes after it seeming to shoot up like sparks.



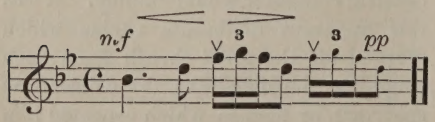
Then would come the first again, then the third, and so on, the four phrases being employed so as to produce continual variety and contrast.

Is there any apparent reason for the order relations which the birds seemed to prefer? Yes and no. The singers did not hesitate to leave progressions unfinished, and did not feel bound to abstain from any particular successions, but still they seemed to prefer to use their phrases in a way comporting with their character. They did not sing them at random, nor did they use the conclusion phrase to begin combinations; but seemed, as the above examples have shown, to prefer such successions and variations as an orchestral composer would employ. It was this apparent deliberate choice which marked off the wood thrush from such singers as the bobolinks, the orioles, the sparrows, or finches, which repeated like an involuntary expression of joy the same

melody the day through. The wood thrush with his few figures used them, and them only, not inventing recklessly, but employing his well-learned themes with apparent purpose.

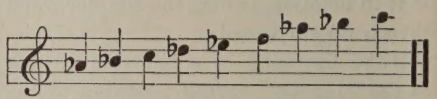
When I turned from the wood thrush to study the song of his smaller cousin, the hermit thrush, I found a far harder task confronting me. Hermit thrushes sang with untiring persistence, sometimes for an hour or more at a stretch, and at all times of the day, but they were generally much shyer than the wood thrushes, harder to approach, and more restless, often changing from tree to tree while in song. Then, too, they were seldom at all gregarious, being found at considerable distances one from another, whereas wood thrushes seemed to prefer to nest in little colonies; so I had to tramp through wide stretches of New England and Canadian pastures and forests, and row many miles along the shores of Canadian lakes, in order to learn to know even a few of these singers very well. Only on very rare occasions did I succeed in taking notes from a few yards; as a rule, my studies were necessarily carried on at a respectful distance from the invisible performers, as they perched in the thick green of hemlocks or spruces, or among the foliage of great sugar maples.

Each thrush, it appeared, had from eight to eleven separate phrases, and these, unlike the figures of the wood thrush, were in several different keys, and were all approximately of the same form. This typical hermit thrush theme consisted of a long opening note, followed by two or more groups of rapid notes higher on the scale, as in the following example: —



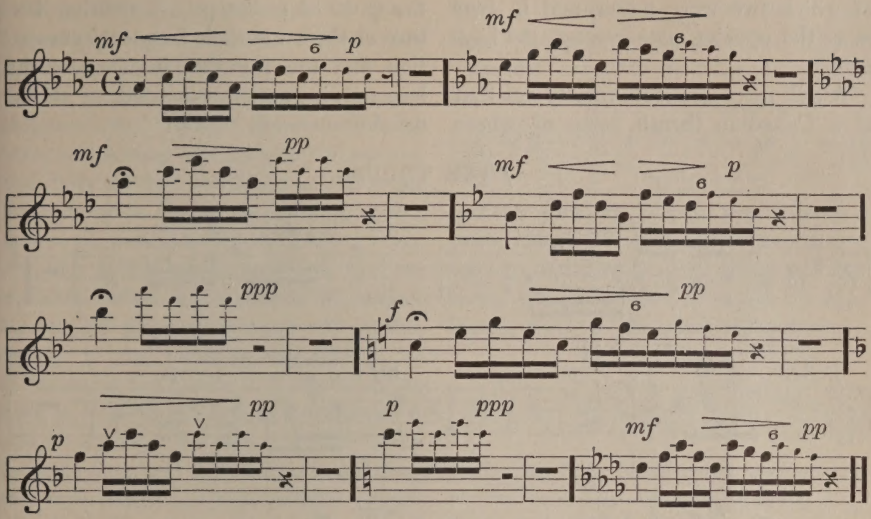
Each of the eight or more phrases would be similar to the foregoing, and each would generally begin on a different note, which, as it was deliberate, loud, and penetrating, was not difficult to determine with the pitch-pipe. The rapid figures, however, were altogether too lively to be analyzed in this way, and had to be guessed at from their apparent intervals. It was my impression, not ventured as an unqualified statement, that the song-forms adhered rather closely to the major or minor scale; at all events, after listening to scores of birds and taking voluminous notes upon two or three singers, that was the way it appeared. Of course the birds sang off the pitch with freedom, just as did the wood thrushes; but nevertheless, the impression produced was of an approximation to the conventional scale.

Assuming that such was the case, it followed that each phrase was in a key of its own, which was determined generally by the opening note; and from a mass of observations the fact soon appeared that the opening notes of these phrases formed part of a definite scale. A certain bird, for instance, as in the case to be noted below, had nine phrases, and these were always in the following keys: —



Others were in sharps, but, however arranged, these opening notes always formed some scale. No doubt the actual sounds did not conform entirely; some were a shade too low, others too high, but the pitch-pipe never failed to record a series surprisingly close to some conventional scale. This meant that all of the hermit thrush utterances were related in a much more elaborate manner than were any of the wood thrush phrases. In some cases it followed that the bird sang in just those keys marked by the opening notes. Here is an example of this sort: —

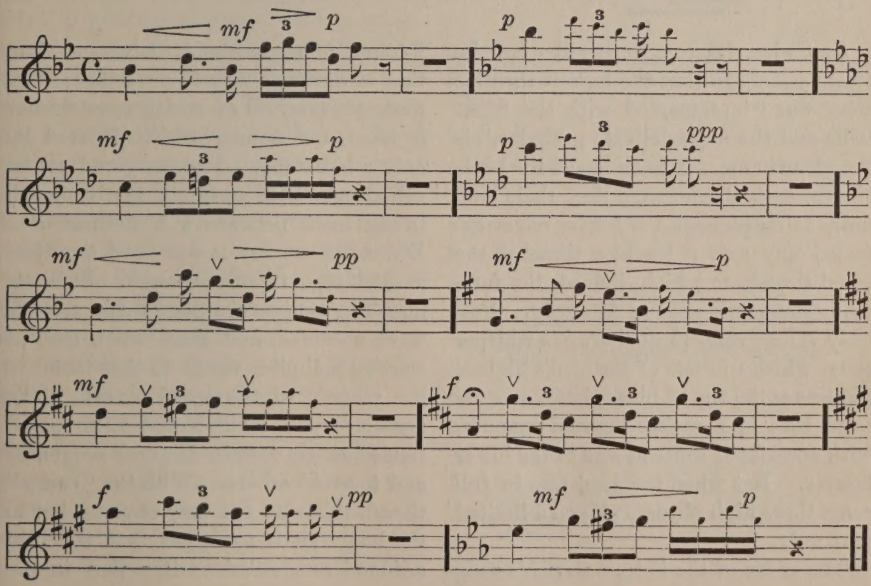
CAMP HERMIT THRUSH.



The contrast in form between this and the wood thrush's song is obvious. Instead of from three to five unlike phrases forming part of a broken melody, there were nine phrases, all similar in form, not melodic, but thematic in character. That songs so unlike in form should be confused seems scarcely comprehensible.

By no means all hermit thrushes exhibited the regularity of the singer figured above. A neighbor of the "camp" thrush, whose voice often rang out with his in response or in rivalry, had a more complicated system, fascinating in its variety. Following out the system of nomenclature which I have used for purposes of identification, I will call him the "sugar woods" thrush.

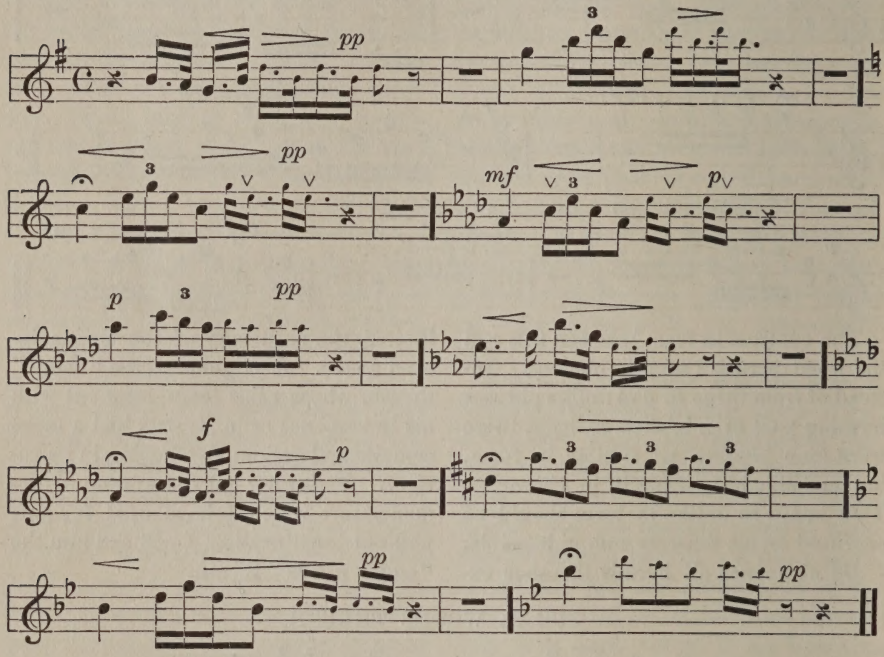
SUGAR WOODS THRUSH.



Here there were ten phrases in six keys, of which two were minor, and in four cases the opening note was not the key-note.

A still more elaborate variety was that of a Canadian thrush, some of whose phrases were so long as almost to merit the name of melodies. A striking feature of them was their frequent syncopation, and the fact that in one case the long opening note was omitted, — an unusual occurrence.

LAKE THRUSH.



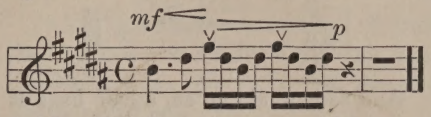
Just what Burroughs meant when he wrote years ago that the hermit thrush's song was "interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes," is not clear to me. I have heard the birds sing at such short range that their loud notes fairly pierced, yet I have never detected any soft notes like those of the wood thrush, to which, indeed, the foregoing description seems to apply. Possibly it may refer to the hermit's whisper song, which consists of the bird's highest phrases at the top of his register, — sung sotto voce in a rather hurried manner, with occasional hints at one of the lower figures. But when the bird was in full song, these high phrases played a limited part only.

The order of the hermit thrush's song I found much harder to determine than that of the wood thrush, since there were more phrases, all of which were similar in form, and some of which differed by only a half tone. The ear could not be relied upon with certainty to distinguish in all cases between a C natural or a D flat phrase, and it was hard to adjust a pitch-pipe rapidly enough. Still, by unending patience, a good many records were obtained, and these when studied showed a similar result to that found in the records of the wood thrush. The hermit thrush, while bound to no order, tended to use certain favorite sequences and to avoid others. With the "camp" thrush this was not very obvious, but in the long run it appeared that the bird adhered to successions like that in the

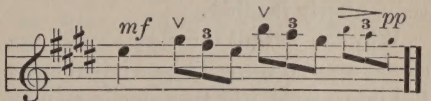
notation, liking to jump by fifths and octaves, and seeming to avoid with great care the utterance of successive phrases at or near the same pitch.

The "sugar woods" thrush, however, surpassed the "camp" thrush in the interest of his song order, for he had certain definitely marked preferences. After the first phrase in B flat major he sang the octave phrase more than half the time, and the E flat phrase most of the remainder; after the phrase in D major, he sang the phrase beginning with A, the eighth in the notation, the phrase in B flat major, the phrase in E minor beginning on G, — the sixth in the notation, — and no others. So each might be taken in succession, and it would be found that the bird had a certain favorite order, with a limited range of variation. Now and then he would sing his ten phrases in succession, but far oftener his choice of alternatives prevented such a conclusion and led to repetitions. The notation above represents, however, an actual sequence. The matter may be summed up by saying that beneath an apparently haphazard utterance, clear signs were found of permanent preferences in each bird. Like the wood thrush, the hermit tried to produce continual variety, without repetition of phrases near the same pitch, and without violent contrasts. It will be seen that most of the sequences are in related keys; and when the bird varies from flats to sharps the change is made easy by the form. See, for instance, how the "sugar woods" thrush, having sung a minor phrase beginning with B flat, — the fifth, — follows it with one beginning with G natural, which is a rather harsh sequence in itself, but rendered inconspicuous here by the fact that it is a precise echo of the B flat phrase.

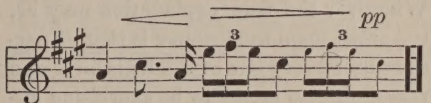
The contrasts of pitch were aided by those of timbre. The lowest phrases were generally round and hollow, not very loud, but exquisitely finished in delivery, uttered with deliberation and spirit, clear and rich, after pauses even longer than the wood thrush's. Here is an example from a Massachusetts bird, the "pasture" hermit thrush, neighbor of the "pasture" wood thrush before described:



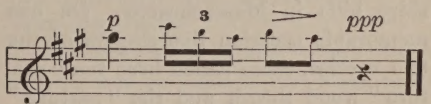
After this first phrase would come a pause, then, in a far more penetrating voice, a middle phrase, brilliant and metallic, but sometimes, it must be confessed, reedy to the point of harshness.



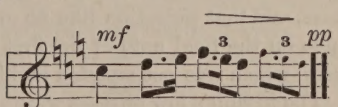
Following that would come another low phrase, round in the opening note, ringing in the rapid figures.



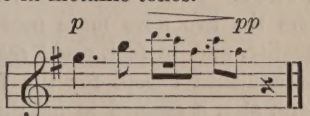
Then, after the usual pause, would break out a phrase an octave higher, in a thin, metallic utterance, contrasting sharply with the preceding one, and by its change in timbre suggesting a jump of two octaves rather than one.



Then down would come the bird again to a middle phrase, this one clear and penetrating, the opening note swelling a little, the rapid triplets falling like tongued flute notes.

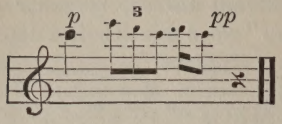


After that a pause, and then a high phrase in metallic tones.



And finally a high C, thin and tinkling,

a "spray" of notes, as Bradford Torrey calls it somewhere.



And so it would go on, a half hour at a stretch, continual contrast in pitch and timbre, continual progression, continual variation in the order, piquing the interest with never-failing change, long after a sparrow or a bobolink would have become utterly familiar.

Why the hermit thrushes should use sets of musical themes whose initial notes fall into a scale, why they should employ these themes so as to secure pleasing contrast, or why they should prefer certain sequences to others, does not appear. Whatever the true explanation may be, the effect upon the listener is that of personality; every one of the little olive and russet singers seems to be exercising æsthetic judgment.

A few times during this search it was my good fortune to hear these two thrushes simultaneously, — twice on a mountain side in Canada, and several times in the brook valleys of the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts. On one memorable occasion fine singers of the two species, those called here the "pasture" wood thrush and the "pasture" hermit thrush, sang in full voice not over fifty yards apart; and while I drank in the sounds, it seemed to me that the superior beauty of the wood thrush's best tones was undeniable. There was a liquid fullness, and that pulsation like an organ tremolo on the final note of the first two phrases, which was not equaled by his rival. The hermit's low phrases were clear and ringing, but lacked the color of the larger bird's. In the middle and upper registers the two were more nearly on an equality, and, in fact, could scarcely be distinguished except for the form; but here, also, it seemed to me that the wood thrush was rather sweeter and more flowing. On the other hand, the hermit's voice was more penetrating, more vibrant with overtones; its sweetness was piercing instead of liquid, and at any distance it rang with a silvery chime; while the wood thrush's short phrases sounded, by comparison, muffled and dull.

Although birds differ very much in vocal quality, and some hermits are vastly superior, not only in penetration but in sweetness, to a great many wood thrushes, yet on the whole the contrast of these two birds seemed typical; and were it a question of vocal sweetness alone, the hermit thrush would have to be ranked below his larger cousin. But in song-form, in execution, and in general effect, the contrast was undeniably, it seemed to me, in favor of the hermit thrush. The wood thrush had a clear, liquid modulation, sudden and striking, and a brilliant arpeggio, but the hermit had a more elaborate figure, greater delicacy of utterance, and a manner of delivery which no wood thrush equaled. His long opening note in each phrase swelled gradually, the first group of rapid notes came louder, like a sparkling shower, and the next one diminished, fading away into a silvery whisper. When the two sang together, the wood thrush's phrases seemed beautiful, but fragmentary, the hermit thrush's a finished performance. He did not sing louder than the wood thrush, but his voice and delivery marked him out amid the full chorus of early summer, which at that time made the fields and woods vocal. Over the chirping of sparrows or warblers, the tinkle of wrens, the bubble and sparkle of bobolinks, the flowing warble of robins or grosbeaks, through the chiming of veeries, even through the liquid notes of the wood thrush, the steady, swinging phrases of the hermit thrush pierced their way, now high and clear, now low and ringing, always individual, strong, delicate, and aspiring. He was the master artist of the Northern woods.

Theodore Clarke Smith.

THE STAGE COACH.

AT the very threshold of life Julian Grabo met with an Obstacle. It filled the doorway. He could not pass nor see beyond it.

"By Jove, what a nuisance!" he had cried when the doctor told him he had not more than six months to live.

"But perhaps," said the physician, "if you 'll go into the arid country, you 'll make the six months into a year."

"I could put in a year excellently," mused Grabo. "I believe I 'll go."

He could hardly realize that he was in danger. He did not feel depleted nor weakened. He was full of excitable life, and interested in everything, — men, women, animals, poetry, history, and possibilities.

"You could put me anywhere and I 'd amuse myself," he said to a friend. "I never yet complained about anything, — not even my coffee. It seems such a waste of good nature for ME to go off!"

His friends were incredulous, — the men swore and the women wept. But Grabo, who had once bellowed like a calf when his football team had been beaten by a rival college, now shed no tear. He sent out his farewell cards, packed up his portable possessions, and set off post haste for a sheep ranch in Colorado, which was kept by a young Englishman he had met on his travels.

On the cars he tried to think things over, but his mind would not concentrate. All he could think of was Stevenson's epitaph, which the rails rattled off at a brisk tempo: —

> Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig the grave and let me lie.
> Glad did I live and gladly die,
> And I laid me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse you grave for me:
> Here he lies where he longed to be;
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill.

"But the real trouble with all that is," he said to the rails, "that this hunter has not yet been to the hill, nor this sailor to the sea."

The rails kept up an idiot-iteration, however: —

> Glad did I live and gladly die.
> Glad did I live and gladly die!

He grew more and more dejected as he went westward. He resented the vigor of the engineer who stuck his grimy face out of the cab to nod to Grabo as he paced the platform; he was angry with the brunette young woman who was on her way to Los Angeles and expected to find it gay; he detested the hale old man who told stories in the smoking compartment. He grew bitter at the inequalities of fate. By degrees he reached despair, then abjection. He sank into a sodden reverie, forgot to eat, slept as if he were drugged, and awoke with a semi-prostration upon him. This made him exaggerate his symptoms.

"It will not be even three months," his frightened spirit shrieked out to his trembling body.

At Upper Mesa he was to take a stage coach, and he loathed the idea, for it meant that he was to have companions. And, truly enough, he found himself in intimate proximity to them. He would have liked to shut them out of his consciousness, but so far from being able to do that, he was forced into a minute yet distasteful observation of them.

As a man doomed to die before sundown will watch the progress of a fly on the wall, or count the tiles on the floor of his cell, so Julian observed his companions, though they were to him as negligible as tiles or flies.

There were five passengers within the coach and one outside with the driver. To begin with, there was Grabo, the doomed and unreconciled. Then there

was an old man, a woman of forty, a woman of seventy-five, and a child — a girl — of seven. Outside were Tuttle Underwood, a miner, and Henry Victor, the owner and driver of the stage coach. These two men had introduced themselves to Grabo. Victor measured six feet three, and he handled the ribbons of his four-in-hand with happy nonchalance. The Rockies have a breed of their own, and Victor was a Rocky Mountain man. His hands, face, and beard were the color of well-seasoned sandstone, and he affected the same color in his clothes. Never did a human being fit more unobtrusively into a landscape. His voice had an agreeable monotone which accorded with the minor, undulating harmonies of wind, water, and trees which soughed in the cañons. If some over-musician, reflected Grabo, could find the keynote to the Rockies, that would be the keynote to Henry Victor, too.

As for his four bays, they were mountain horses as surely as their driver was a mountain man, and no one of them was rendered in the least nervous by the fact that the rear wheels of the coach were flirting over the precipice as the vehicle flung around the buttressed rock.

Underwood, the miner, was as lean as a coyote. His iron-gray hair was shaggy, his eyes in perfect focus, his hand good for the exigeant shot. He wore a dust-colored hat, a blue flannel shirt, a faded coat, trousers of the same sad fabric tucked in handsome boots, and he was belted and armed. He looked to Grabo as if he would probably live forever.

As for the people within the coach, each one was alone. None had known any other member of the company till that hour. Even the child was alone, her only companion being an ugly doll.

"You are my little girl," she was heard to babble. "Really and truly you are, though I have n't seen you since ever. You 've been living away off with your grandmother for years 'n' years, and now you 're coming home to your own mamma. You 'd better look nice, or she won't like you, so there!"

She found a bit of string in the bottom of the coach and tied it around the doll's neck.

"There!" she said in satisfied accents, "now you 've got a tag on, telling just who you are and where you 're going, and there would n't be any sense in your getting lost. You just go up to anybody, man *or* woman, and show 'em that tag, and they 'll help you on. Folks is always good to a child."

This optimistic remark was followed by a sigh on the part of the child, and seemed to be more of a creed than a conviction. It created a mild sensation. The old man looked appealingly at the women. The old woman felt in her bag for treasures which she did not find. The woman of forty started up from a reverie, regarded the child in a puzzled and somewhat embarrassed fashion, and then seated herself by her.

"I hope you 're not getting tired," she said. There was a minor cadence to the voice, which was rather deep and serious.

"I don't think I 'm tired," said the child, turning eyes of heavenly blue upon the woman, "but it 's dreadful when no one says a word!"

"Oh, well, you see," said the woman apologetically, letting a smile creep into her rather bitter face, "we don't know each other."

"Except you and me," cried the child, with a laugh which revealed two rows of minute and pearly teeth. "We got acquainted quick, did n't we?"

"Very," said the woman with flattering gravity.

"I 've come a long way," continued the little one, "and my grandma cried when I left her. Here, read this!" She tugged at a string which ran about her neck, and drew out a tag. The woman read from it: —

"Margaret Samsom, Arline, Colorado."

"That 's my name and where I 'm go-

ing," announced the child. "And my mamma's name is just the same as mine. She 'll be waiting for me when I get out of the coach."

Her penetrating treble reached the men on the front seat, and Underwood nudged Victor.

"D' yeh hear that?" he whispered. "She 's th' daughter of Red Mag!"

They turned in their seats and regarded the child with curiosity and something akin to horror. She had a face as tender as a flower. Her blue eyes were beaming with excitement, brown ringlets clustered about her low, blue-veined temples, her teeth were like little grains of rice, and her parted lips were exquisitely arched. As her soft glowing neck crept away between the clean ruffles of her gingham frock, it conveyed an idea of delicacy and loveliness of person. She beamed at the miner as he regarded her with frowning anxiety.

"Peter 's eye!" he said, and spat twice in the road. At intervals he ejaculated with disgust, "Red Mag!" And once he said, "The only decent thing for you to do, Hank, is to run this here stage over the gulch, and end it for her before she meets her 'mamma.'"

"Have you a tag around your neck?" little Margaret asked of the bitter-faced woman.

"No, dear."

"What am I going to call you when I want to speak to you?"

"Mrs. Ellery — no, aunt Anna."

The horses were toiling up the slope. They were in the midst of a great gorge. The world about them was vast and dead, — its fires burned out, its floods spent, its tumult stilled. As they climbed up and up, the very old woman began to move her head from side to side curiously, and several times she put her hand to her throat.

"There 's a dreadful noise in my ears," she complained.

"Never bin up as high as this before, I reckon?" said Victor interrogatively.

"Who — me?" piped the old woman. "No; I 've always lived at Morgansport. That ain't a hilly place."

"Going to live out this-a-way?"

"Well, yes, I bethought myself to," responded the old lady in a neighborly tone. "My sister Marthy, that I 've bin livin' with, is twenty years younger than me, and a very spry person. I got under foot. I could see it. She did n't like me fussin' about her kitchen, nur weedin' in the garden, and it seemed to her that I had to burn a most uncommon amount of wood to keep warm. I kin see as plain as anything how it struck Marthy. I did n't want her grudgin' me my days, and I took matters in my own hands, and lit right out for my son James's. I knew Jim would want me!" She put her head on one side, exhibiting that last form of coquetry — that of a mother for a well-loved son.

"Does your son live at Arline, ma'am?" inquired Victor.

"Yes," she answered, smiling till her toothless gums were fully revealed. "James Farnam. Maybe you know him? He was always great for makin' friends."

Grabo saw the men on the front seat exchange one swift and frightened look.

"Now I *will* drive the blamed old stage over the rim!" swore Victor to Underwood. They smiled at each other grimly.

"What 's to pay?" wondered Grabo.

The day wore on pleasantly enough. Grabo forgot himself a little. Or, rather, the mysticism which was his inheritance from a line of dreamers began to anæsthetize him. The vastness of the world about him, the endurability of those mountain ranges, the clarity of the sapphire heavens, the swing of the high sun, the obvious fret and fume of man's little life as indicated in the group there in the coach, all reconciled him somewhat to his grief. The old, old woman swayed feebly in her seat, yet still smiled on, thinking of "Jim." The little child grew

fretful, and the bitter-faced woman comforted her with infinite tenderness. The two men on the front seat were telling tales to each other to pass away the time. Only the old man and Grabo sat silent. There seemed to be something hunted in the old man's face.

"What 's *his* trouble?" wondered Grabo, "and how long before oblivion will overtake him? The trouble with me is, I have no trouble. I 'm in fit shape for life, and not attaining it." He remembered with sudden self-pity that he had not even kissed a woman as men kiss the women they love. This made him turn the eye of masculine appraisement on the bitter-faced person near him. He noticed that her eyes were gray, half-closed, as if from instinctive reserve of soul; that her lips were softly compressed, that they were shapely and mournful. Her complexion was that of a woman who has lost anticipation, and in whose veins the blood moves wearily. A plume of gray hair showed above her brow in the midst of the brown. She was costumed with conspicuous neatness in black, and about her neck gear was just a touch of brightness, as if, after long denial, she had awakened to the joys of decoration.

"She 's beginning over," mused Grabo. "She has seen a mirage on the desert, and she 's making for it."

Silence seemed to lie on Grabo like a spell. The fundamental silence of the abyss, of the vault, of the everlasting hills, had come up and seized him by the throat. It became a pain at last, — for Grabo had always been loquacious till he met the Obstacle. He made up his mind to speak, and he turned to the old man.

"You are going west for the first time, sir?" He spoke out of a dry throat, and the trifling inquiry represented a triumph of will.

"Me?" said the old man pleasantly, with a kind of timid neighborliness. "Yes — the first time. I 've lived in Ohio all my life."

"Quite a break-up — coming away out here," said Grabo.

"Yes, yes. Well, I 've been living with my son's wife. My son died three years ago, and Lucy set out to do her duty by me. It was hard for her — and harder for me!" he gave a sardonic little twist to his lips, which were loose and pitiful and discouraged-looking. "A while ago I could see she was taking interest in a man down street, — a good man, too. I sold some things I had. 'Lucy,' says I, 'I 'm going to take myself off.' — 'How 'll you live, father?' says she. — 'There 's my pension,' says I, 'and there 's old Luke Bailey. He was in my regiment, you see, and he baches it out in Red Butte. He 's often written urging me to come out.' — 'But father,' says Lucy, 'I always wanted to be with you in your last hours.' She was still thinking of her duty. That 's Lucy's style. — 'Lucy,' says I, 'spare yourself the pleasure. You 're a good girl, and that 's why I 'm getting out of your way.'"

His faded eyes watered, and he sat staring at the wall of rock beside which the coach was running.

"There ain't nothing so satisfying as being out from under foot," observed Underwood, who had been listening.

"It ain't just what I pictured for myself," said the old man. "I 've had good homes, and a good wife and children, and responsibility in my community. They 're all gone. Sometimes I think I never had them, — that it was a kind o' dream. Anyhow, now I 'm going on to a new place. It took sixty-five years for my roots to strike in, and then I tore 'em up."

"What 's your name, sir?" asked Grabo respectfully. His heart warmed genially toward this man who had built up the structure of life and seen it tumble about his feet.

"John Siller," responded the man, with a ring in his voice, as if the name had its significance. Grabo was sure it

was a name which had counted here and there, — perhaps at town meetings, perhaps at local elections, maybe in abolition gatherings, certainly on the roster of a volunteer regiment.

"You 've walked a long road," said Grabo gently.

"Eh? Oh yes! Walked a long road! Well, you 'd think so if you 'd walked it with me. The people that have passed — they 'd make a cityful! But walking a long road ain't the only thing, young man."

He looked at Grabo with a penetrating glance.

"He sees I 'm doomed," thought the young man.

"Walking a road, and not being driven along it, is the thing," said Anna Ellery. There was an accent of wrath and sorrow in her voice. "My idea is to walk it and set my own pace."

It had the gusto of a fresh declaration of independence.

"Evidently," thought Grabo, "she found the path too narrow for two."

It came lunch time, and being in a grove of pines, they all seated themselves on the ground and ate together. Mrs. Ellery made coffee; Grabo looked after the child, who was fastidious, and did not take well to the cold food. Mrs. Farnam, the old woman, could not eat at all, and the coffee she drank intoxicated her.

"If it wa'n't for the thought of Jim," she gasped again and again, "I don't know how I could git up spirit to go on."

"There ain't nothing to do, ma'am, *but* git on," said Victor cheerily. "You 'll come out all right, ma'am."

But as the afternoon wore on she became more and more distressed. Mrs. Ellery noted how the breath fluttered in the poor old throat. Grabo, who watched her with fascinated eyes, and who — so strange was his mood — appeared to feel the winds of Destiny blowing continually upon this party of stragglers in search of happiness, saw a peculiar pallor spreading over her face. He was not surprised when the poor little figure toppled forward. He caught it in his arms, and called to Victor to rein in. The brakes clamped the wheels, and Grabo got out with the old woman in his arms. She was no heavier than a child, but repulsive with the repulsion of wasted flesh, sunken eyes, and inert limbs. Her cheeks began to puff out curiously, and her eyes to roll. The coach was, fortunately, at a small level semicircle of honest horizontal earth. The soil had washed down here, and piñon trees — seven in number — stood together in a confidential and frightened group. Grabo put the old soul there. Nay — the soul, which may have been young or old, had escaped, but whether it was in the purple and solemn valley beneath them, or in the sweet clarity of daffodil sky above, no man ventured to surmise. All looked at the pitiful body, which, bereft of that which gave it its trifling significance, lay supine.

There being neither prayers nor tears at hand, the bitter-faced woman, who had been supporting the dead woman, kissed her on the forehead.

"Good-by, mother," she said gently. Grabo felt the tears leap to his eyes.

"I did n't know women were so sweet," he thought.

"You heard her say she was goin' to Arline to visit her darlin' son, did n't yeh?" asked Underwood with emotion.

Grabo nodded.

"Well," said Underwood, "she would n't hev seen him. He tried to knife Bill Upton in Garey's place three weeks back, and got shot between the eyes."

"Dead?" asked Anna Ellery.

"You bet, ma'am," said Underwood devoutly.

"Poor mother!" said Anna Ellery once more.

The panting beasts stood at rest. The old man, Siller, was hanging on to the child, lest she should go too near the precipice. A rigor began to creep over the dead woman.

"Shall we take her to Arline?" asked Victor.

Grabo turned sick at the idea. The old man shivered. Anna Ellery shook her head.

"It's no good," she said. "Whom would we take her to? This is a beautiful place for a — for a grave."

"And handy to heaven," muttered Underwood.

"How about gettin' through to our journey's end?" asked John Siller.

"We 'll have to camp here to-night," Victor said. "The Rattlesnake River, three miles from here, has been doing its best lately. I would n't take anybody through it in the dark that I was anyways responsible for — not to mention the hosses." He looked affectionately at his beasts.

"It *would* be too bad to risk the horses," smiled Grabo. He was thinking the others might take the Long Voyage merrily enough. Yet who could tell! There is a saying that the young are prodigal with life, but the old economical of it. Perhaps old man Siller wanted to live!

"You think, then," said Victor, "that we 'd best plant the old soul right here?" He spoke almost tenderly.

"Not till the child's asleep," whispered Anna Ellery.

Victor took command, sending Underwood to chop wood, and Grabo to get the victuals from the coach, while he himself looked after the horses.

Anna led the child back among the rocks.

"See," she said, "you can have a little playhouse here." She made a miniature pantry for her with pebbles and bits of mica for the dishes. Then she returned to the "poor mother." She combed her straggling locks, made her decent, covered her face with a clean handkerchief and the whole body with a horse blanket. By this time the men had a fire, and a repast with hot coffee. A good deal of time had been consumed, and already the shadows were groping their way far down the gorge, — trooping down like blind men bound on some grim and final errand. In the inlet of land — for the blue ether of space ran about them like a fluid sea — the day began to gloom. Anna called the child to her, and they all sat about the fire and ate. It grew chilly, and she wrapped the child in her cape. When the little one began to fret Anna held her close till she fell asleep, and then carried her over to the shelter of the rocks, and wrapped her well. When she came back the men had already begun to dig the grave with whatever implements they had at hand. There was one shovel, an axe, and three knives in the party. They were all utilized for the task, and in a little while the shallow grave was dug. Victor and Grabo laid the old woman in her comfortable bed. They covered her over without the "dust to dust." No one prayed. No one sang. But Mrs. Ellery had found the dead woman's full name on a letter within her pocket, and Grabo graved the name on the rock.

MARY FARNAM. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH UNKNOWN.
DIED ON THE ROAD, AND BURIED BY HER FELLOW TRAVELERS.

He put the date last. They all watched him, and stirred the fire from time to time to give him light. After it was over, Anna went to look at the child. She was sleeping delicately, and when Anna stooped close to her she noticed that her breath was like that of a young calf. She came back to the fire and seated herself among the men. Her eyes were shining, her mouth tender, all her aspect sisterly.

"Pretty fine little gal, ma'am," said Underwood, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.

"Oh!" said Anna, unable to articulate her appreciation of the child.

"You want to know the kindest thing you kin do to her?" persisted Underwood. Anna's silent gesture answered.

"Well, throw her over this here gorge while she sleeps. She 'll never know nothin' after that."

"What do you mean?"

"You ain't acquainted in Arline, ma'am, but if you wus, you 'd know Red Mag. Every man there knows 'er. Every woman runs from 'er. She lives in a filthy hut, and talks filthier than she looks. That 's the young un's ma."

"But I won't have it!" Mrs. Ellery cried, clasping her hands. "I won't have her go to a woman like that!"

She appeared to be shaken by some strange passion. Grabo listened to the wind wailing through the gorge, but he smiled to himself, and said that of course it was the windage of Destiny's wings. For surely this night Her presence was felt. He turned gleaming eyes upon Anna. "Maternity has come to her," he reflected, "without birth pangs." He was convinced that she would never let the child go to its mother.

"I like an intelligent breaker of the law," he mused. He threw himself back on the ground, his hands under his head. He was happy. He liked his companions. They seemed to him more alive than any persons he had previously met.

"The stars are more neighborly than I had supposed," he said, conscious that his calm remark was out of key with Anna's emotion, but willing to take the attention from her.

"They do look that way out here," admitted Underwood. "I suppose it 's because they 're the only neighbors you kin get."

"I like the way they mind their own business," observed Victor. "You 'd think, to look at 'em, that they was thicker than snakes at Slaney's Pocket, but they never git mixed up."

Grabo was cheerfully misquoting some lines of Tennyson's. Underwood caught the last couplet: —

> — "yet with power to burn and brand
> His nothingness into man."

He debated the point.

"I don't know about nothingness!" he said. "When I see the way men come it over these hulking, ugly brutes of mountains, and git their livings out of 'em, and pick and peck at 'em, and tunnel and bridge 'em, I don't know about nothingness. I ain't the man to take a back seat fur a star or a mountain."

The stars seemed to grow in brilliancy. The blackness deepened. It was impenetrable, chill, yet with streams of warmth flowing through it like currents of charity through a censorious world. The precipice yawned a few feet distant. The little company rested at ease on a narrow shelf midway between earth and heaven. They were bound together by the torrent, which impeded their journey, by the night which encompassed yet could not extinguish them, by the new-made grave of their fellow traveler, by the sleeping child, and by the fire.

"It 's odd," said old John Siller, lighting his pipe, "but I don't know when I 've felt so at home."

Julian Grabo let his hand fall so that, in the darkness, it touched Anna Ellery's dress. He held the fabric between his fingers, as he used to hold his mother's gown when he was a child.

They all talked together softly, often with a friendly incoherence. Anna had a sense of being watched over. The men smiled at her brother-wise. Finally Grabo urged her to sleep, and she went once more to see to the covering of the child; then she stood for a space by Mary Farnam's grave. Grabo joined her.

"*She* is well covered," he said.

"I 've been saying a prayer," confessed Anna, "and I 'd almost forgotten how."

"Were you praying for the living or the dead?" asked Grabo.

"I hardly know," smiled Anna. "To-night I could easily imagine that we are all dead."

Their eyes met. A shiver of sympathy shook them, and then, with decision,

they withdrew their gaze. It is the fashion — world old — for souls thus to salute each other. These, having saluted, bade each other farewell. Anna lay down beside the child and slept a little while. It was dawn when she awoke, and shafts of marvelous purple light were streaming into the uttermost recess of the gorge. Some far mountains were bathed in rose. The world was glorious as a Transfiguration. Anna rose up as one who comes into a new life. The child awoke, too, and laughed at her, dewy-fresh. They kissed, and while the men were getting ready the horses Anna bathed the little one's face and hands, and combed her curls. Then she made herself tidy, and had time, before all was in readiness, to cover the grave of the "fellow traveler" with piñon boughs.

Grabo helped her and Margaret into the coach. Siller sat with Grabo. Underwood and Victor mounted in front. The horses had had their breakfast, though the people had not, and they started on their way with careful speed. The ford was reached, and they plunged among foaming waters and hidden rocks. Little Margaret threw her arms about Mrs. Ellery's neck with a cry of alarm. Old Siller grasped Grabo's arm.

"I believe we 're going down," Siller whimpered.

"I think not," soothed Julian. "Our friends the horses would be ashamed to let us, you know."

Once more the eyes of Anna and Julian met. They were wondering the same thing, — whether it would be a better matter if the torrent should overcome them.

"Life is too sardonic for that," reflected Grabo. "That innocent baby will live to grow up under the tutelage of her mother, Red Mag; Mrs. Ellery, in her search for liberty, will find some new form of slavery; old Siller will not perish till senility has disintegrated him; as for me, I shall exist to watch death creeping on me like a tide; as for the fellows on the front seat, they would n't ruin their reputations by dying in so innocent a manner!"

They emerged upon a fine mesa, and sped on swiftly to the place of relay of horses and breakfast. At the meal they felt the hour of parting hanging over them heavily.

"I git tired, sometimes," said Underwood in an outburst, "of livin' up a gulch. Strikin' a pile ain't the only thing in life. It 's about time I took a little comfort, seems to me, and got a family about me." His eyes rested on Margaret, who had gone into semi-eclipse behind a bowl of milk. Her soft curls, her pink chin, and her dimpled hands only were visible.

"Yes," said old Siller, who was mumbling his food after the fashion of the toothless, "family life 's the thing. If only my son" — He did not finish, but fixed a wistful gaze on Grabo.

Julian was, indeed, a good sight to look upon this morning. He held his head high, his eyes were clear and blue, his complexion like a girl's, his figure elegant, his garments a perfect fit. He looked as carefully attired as if he had come newly from his chamber. There was something poignant in the glance Anna turned upon him.

"If such a man had been my lover" — she thought brokenly, and then sank into heavy reminiscence.

"Well," said Victor aloud, "I sometimes think I 'd like to settle down, too. I git tired of drivin' people around."

He regarded Anna with frank admiration. Underwood followed his gaze, and for the first time a personal speculation took possession of him. Both of them estimated the woman's excellent physique, her kind yet sad eyes, the efficiency of her manner, the modest yet striking fashion of her dress.

When the time came to resume their journey with fresh horses, they had about them that stalwart interest which follows the eating of a good meal. The very

pangs of parting diverted them. Siller, particularly, was alert.

"I wonder what old Luke Bailey will think when he sees me loomin' up," he mused, chuckling with anticipatory glee. "I mean to keep my settin'-room always spic up for company," he announced. It was intended for a general invitation.

"So shall I," said Anna in her minor, vibratory voice. "I shall make friends of my own choosing. I shall go to church with good people. I mean to be useful. I am going to have some new dresses. After a little while I 'm going to invite people to supper." She looked demure, and evidently saw the pitifulness of her spoken aspirations. "You see," she said by way of explanation, "it 's years since — he — let me hold up my head."

The words were almost whispered, but every one heard them. A sympathetic silence fell. No one asked a question, but all four men wondered as to the legal status of her liberty. Margaret was playing with some little tassels on Anna's jacket. She looked up in Anna's face with sudden winsomeness.

"I like you," she said, and hung her head. Anna snatched her close.

"I like *you!*" she declared fiercely.

Victor turned in his seat.

"In a little while we 'll be at Arline." The words were significant, — even ominous.

Anna Ellery must have heard them, but she gave no sign. She fixed her eyes upon the landscape, and a peculiar smile fastened itself upon her face. Margaret began to yawn, showing those ricelike teeth, and Anna lifted her up into her lap, and absently soothed her till she fell asleep. The curious smile never left her face.

A few straggling cabins came into view, and then the raw streets of a mining town.

"We 're here," announced Underwood gloomily.

There was a gathering in front of the general store, — ranchers, loafers, Mexicans, Chinese, Indians, Negroes. The coach stopped, and Victor threw off the mail bag and handed out packages.

Down the street came a large woman, her arm locked in that of a male companion. Both were staggering and vociferous. Grabo guessed the truth instantly. This was Red Mag, — this was Margaret's mother! He tried once more to think philosophically of the wings of Destiny, but he was in hot revolt. His hands clenched involuntarily. Old Siller was trembling, and his jaw worked up and down.

"Mag 's celebratin'," Grabo heard one of the crowd remark.

"Expectin' her daughter," said a sardonic voice.

Anna patted the sleeping child, and stared straight ahead.

A silence spread through the crowd as Mag came staggering on. Grabo looked at the bloated face, the dare-devil eyes, the frowzy red hair, the slovenly gown, and then at the woman who treasured the child in her arms.

"I 'm going to see an event," he reflected.

Red Mag seemed to have forgotten temporarily what she had come for. Then, with an oath, she remembered. She stuck her head in the coach.

"That 's my gal!" she declared.

Underwood and Victor kept their eyes on Anna, as men in an orchestra fasten their gaze upon the conductor. Grabo noticed that each sat with a hand clapped to his pistol pocket.

"I 'm lookin' fur my gal," Mag said defiantly. Her companion came forward pugnaciously.

"Where 's that there young un that took passage with you, Hank Victor?" he demanded.

"There 's no child here but my daughter," said Anna Ellery in her penetrating voice.

It was the lift of the bâton, and the orchestra responded.

"Git out of the way, there!" commanded Victor. He raised his whip. Mag began to pour forth oaths fluently. But the whip fell. The horses leaped from the watering trough, their check reins hanging.

A mile out of town, Grabo leaned forward, lifted one of Anna Ellery's hands where it still clasped the sleeping child, and put it to his lips. Old Siller was weeping. Underwood and Victor sat close together on the front seat and seemed to be enjoying themselves.

In an hour they reached Grabo's place. It was the cross-roads on a high and sunny plain, where the pungent smell of sage-brush perfumed the air. Grabo looked about him, in the spirit of reconnaissance. He had a sense that he was to be left in space. But he liked it.

There was an open wagon and a pair of mules waiting for him, and they were driven by an alert boy with freckles.

"I came down yisterday," he said to Grabo, "expectin' you. When you did n't come, I camped. Mr. Memory is awful anxious to see ye, sir. He 's laid up with a twisted knee. Got throwed off his bronc."

"You see I 'm wanted," Grabo smiled at Siller. "And I think you 'll be!"

He shook hands with all the men, and they slapped him on the shoulder. He and Anna looked once more in each other's eyes. For a second or two they were motionless. Then he removed a curious little pin from the inside of his coat, regarded its cabalistic insignia affectionately, and pinned it on her dress.

"It 's a decoration for distinguished conduct," he said with such nonchalance as he had at command.

He kissed Margaret on her moist forehead.

"She 'll grow up a good woman," he prophesied. "She 'll be a comfort to you. In a day or two I shall send her a gift. Once in three months it will be repeated. Perhaps you 'll write me how she gets on."

He was, indeed, laying plans for the child even as he talked. The freckled boy transferred Julian's belongings to the wagon.

"Sometimes when you drive by I 'll be here at the cross-roads to yell at you," Grabo told Victor.

He got in the wagon, and both vehicles started on their ways.

For a few moments Grabo sat tense, throbbing with curious emotions.

Then twelve shots rent the air, — the parting salute of his fellow travelers. He stood up in the wagon and waved his adieux. He could see Anna waving, and little Margaret, whom the shooting had awakened, and he recognized Siller's bandana. When he sat down the freckled boy said, —

"You 'll git jest as hearty a hullo when ye reach Amber Ranch."

"Shall I?" cried Grabo. "And who are you, friend?"

"Me? Biff Hathaway. I 'm herdin' f'r Mr. Memory. I come out here to die. The doctor giv me a month."

"How long ago was that?" asked Grabo.

"Four year," grinned the freckled boy.

Grabo straightened his shoulders. He took in the flowing spacious plain, the perfect arch of the cloudless vault, the windings of the persistent road.

"Does n't it seem to you we 're taking it a little too easy?" he asked.

The freckle-faced boy snapped his whip, and the tawny mules leaped forward. Julian sat straining his eyes into the distance. Miraculously, the common dust of the highway had been transmuted into gold.

Elia W. Peattie.

LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN.

II.

1857–1859.

In the preface to the fifth and last volume of Modern Painters Ruskin gives a brief statement of "matters which had employed or interrupted" him between 1855 and 1860. The great variety of these matters shows the extent of his intellectual interests, ranging from the Elements of Drawing to theories of Political Economy.

Through the autumn and winter of 1857–58 he was occupied in caring for and arranging the immense mass of the Turner drawings in the National Gallery. In May, 1858, exhausted by the hard labor, the exciting interest, and the heavy responsibility of this work, he went to Switzerland to rest, and to make studies in several of the old towns in order to illustrate some of Turner's compositions.

In August he went on into Italy and stopped at Turin. Almost twenty years afterwards he wrote of his experience there: "I was still in the bonds of my old Evangelical faith, and, in 1858, it was with me Protestantism or nothing: the crisis of the whole turn of my thoughts being one Sunday morning, at Turin, when, from before Paul Veronese's Queen of Sheba, and under a quite overwhelmed sense of his God-given power, I went away to a Waldensian chapel, where a little squeaking idiot was preaching to an audience of seventeen old women and three louts, that they were the only children of God in Turin; and that all the people in Turin outside the chapel, and all the people in the world out of sight of Monte Viso, would be damned. I came out of the chapel, in sum of twenty years of thought, a conclusively *un*-converted man. . . . Thus then it went with me till 1874, when I had lived sixteen full years with 'the religion of Humanity' for rough and strong and sure foundation of everything." [1]

Ruskin returned to England to spend the winter of 1859 at home, very hard at work, which was by no means concentrated on Modern Painters. In the spring he went to Berlin, to Dresden, and to Munich, in order to study the Venetian pictures in the galleries of those cities. After his return home, he set himself to his task steadily, and with his accustomed industry, and in the spring of 1860, seventeen years after the publication of the first volume, the fifth and last volume of Modern Painters was completed and published. The following letters illustrate this period, which proved as time went on to have been practically the turning-point of his life.[2]

PENRITH, CUMBERLAND,
24th *September*, '57.

DEAR NORTON, — I was very thankful to know you had arrived safely, and without getting any blue put on your wings by that Atlantic, and I am trying to conceive you as very happy in the neighborhood of those rattlesnakes,

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, letter lxxvi, March, 1877. Ruskin gives a somewhat different account of this critical incident in the first chapter of the third volume of *Præterita*, 1888.

[2] I venture to call the reader's attention to the fact that much in these letters is written in a humorous vein, the humor often, indeed, being grim enough. I should not thus call in question the reader's intelligence, were it not that some humorous passages in the first installment of the letters have been taken as quite serious expressions of opinion by one or more of their critics.

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bears, etc., though it seems to me much the sort of happiness (compared with ours at home here) that a poor little chimney-sweeper is enjoying below on the doorstep, to whom I have just imparted what consolation there is in sixpence for the untowardness of his fate, his mother having declared that if "he didna get a job, he would stop oot all day." You have plenty "jobs," of course, in your fine new country; but you seem to me, nevertheless, "stopping out all day." I envy your power of enjoyment, however, and respect it, and, so far, understand it; for truly it must be a grand thing to be in a country that one has good hope of, and which is always improving, instead of, as I am, in the position of the wicked man in one of the old paraphrases my mother used to teach me: —

> Fixed on his house he leans; — his house
> And all its props decay,
> He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
> The tottering frame gives way.

And yet, I should n't say that, neither, for in all I am doing, or trying to do, I assume the infancy of my country, and look forward to a state of things which everybody mocks at, as ridiculous and unpopular, and which holds the same relation to our present condition that the said condition does to aboriginal Britonship. Still, one may look triumphantly to the advance of one's country from its long clothes to its jacket, and yet grudge the loss of the pretty lace on the baby caps. Not, by the way, that baby caps ever should have any lace (vide, passim, my political economy). Truly, however, it does look like a sunset in the east, today; and my baby may die of croup before it gets its jacket; but I know what kind of omen it is for your American art, — whatever else may flourish among the rattlesnakes, that the first studies of nature which I get sent me here by way of present are of Dead leaves, — studies of hectic red and "flying gold of the ruined woodlands," by a young lady. I have accepted them gratefully, but send her back word that she had better draw "buds" henceforward.

I am just returning through Manchester to London to set to work on the Turner sketches, which are going finally to be entrusted to me, altogether; and a pretty piece of work I shall have of them; pretty, I hope to make it at last, in the most literal sense.

We have had a wonderfully fine summer, and the harvest of oats in Scotland is quite as pretty as any vintage, prettier, I think, for a vintage is a great mess, and I always think it such a pity the grapes should be squeezed. Much more when it comes to dancing among the grapes with bare feet, — and other such arcana of Bacchanalian craft. Besides there is, so far as I know, no instrument employed on vines, either for pruning or cutting, half so graceful or metaphorical as the sickle. I don't know what they used in Palestine for the clusters of the "Vine of the earth," but as far as I remember vintages, it is hand work. I have never seen a maize or rice harvest (have you?), and, for the present, think there is nothing like oats; — why I should continue to write it in that pedantic manner I know not; the Scotch word being "aits" and the English "whuts" — the h very mute, and the u full. It has been such fine weather, too, that all our little rivers are dried up. You never told me enough about what Americans feel when first they see one of our "celebrated" rivers; Yarrow, or Tweed, or Teviot, or such like; consisting, in all probability, of as much water as usually is obtained by a mischievous boy from the parish pump, circling round a small stone with a water wagtail on it.

I have not often been more surprised than I was by hearing of Mrs. Stowe at Durham. She had an introduction to the librarian, of course, and there are very notable manuscripts at Durham as you probably know; and the librarian is very proud of them, and was much an-

noyed when Mrs. Stowe preferred "going in a boat on the river." This preference would have seemed, even to me, a great manuscript hunter, quite justifiable in a novelist; but it puzzled me to account for Mrs. Stowe's conceding the title of "River" to the water at Durham, or conceiving the idea of its floating a boat, seeing that it must, in relation to an American river, bear much the aspect of a not very large town drain.

I shall write you again when I get some notion of my work for winter; I hope in time for the letter to get over the water by the 16th November; I have put it down 16th in my diary; and yet in my memory it always seemed to me you said the 17th. I can't make out why. I am very glad that you found all well. Present my sincerest regards to Mrs. Norton and your sisters. My father and mother unite in kind and grateful remembrances to yourself.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, 5th *December*, 1857.

Dear Norton, — I am now beginning to be seriously anxious lest you should not have got either of my letters — and if not, what you are thinking of me by this time I cannot guess — kindly and merciful as I know your judgment always is. I sent you one letter from Manchester, not a long one, but still a "letter;" then a "salutation" rather than letter, posted as I thought very cleverly, so as to get over the water just in time for your birthday, about ten days afterwards. Just about then — No, it must have been later, perhaps five days after the 16th, I got your letter of the 30th October; but I supposed at all events my birthday letter would have reached you and explained matters. My letters were directed Cambridge, near Boston. I knew nothing of Rhode Island or Newport,[1] nor do I know more now, but this line must take its chance.

I was delighted with the magazine[2] and all that was in it — but I won't write more just now, for I feel doubtful even of your Rhode Island address and in despair lest I should never catch you with a letter in that fearful American Wilderness, from which you will shoot barbed arrows at me, or poisoned ones of silence.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

I see you are to stay at Rhode Island some months, so I may risk a little bit more chat — not that I can chat at present, for my head and hands are full to choking and perpetual slipping through thoughts and fingers. I've got all the Turner sketches in the National Gallery to arrange, — 19,000: of these some 15,000 I had never seen before, and though most of them quite slight and to other people unintelligible, to me they are all intelligible and weary me by the quantity of their telling — hundreds of new questions beyond what they tell being suggested every hour. Besides this I have to plan frames — measure — mount — catalogue — all with single head and double hands only: and under the necessity of pleasing other people no less than of satisfying myself — and I've enough to do.[3] (I did n't know there was anything graphic on this side of the paper.[4])

I'm very grateful for your faith in me through all this unhappy accident of silence.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

What a glorious thing of Lowell's that

[1] I was spending the winter in Newport.

[2] The first number of the Atlantic Monthly, — that for November.

[3] Ruskin gave a full and interesting account of the condition in which he found these drawings, and of his work on them in the preface to the fifth volume of Modern Painters.

[4] Two fragments of drawing.

is[1] — but it 's too bad to quiz Pallas, I can stand it about anybody but her.

[*February* 28, 1858.]

My dear Norton, — Your letter for my birthday and the two little volumes of Lowell reached me as nearly as possible together — the letter on the ninth of February[2] — so truly had you calculated. I know you will have any patience with me, so here is the last day of the month, and no thanks sent yet.

To show you a little what kind of state my mind is in, I have facsimiled for you as nearly as I could one of the 19,000 sketches. It, like most of them, is not *a* sketch, but a group of sketches, made on both sides of the leaf of the notebook. The size of the leaf is indicated by the red line, — on the opposite leaf of the note-paper is the sketch on the other side of the leaf in the original. The notebooks vary in contents from 60 to 90 leaves; there are about two hundred books of the kind (300 and odd, of notebooks in all), and each leaf has on an average this quantity of work, a great many leaves being slighter, some blank, but a great many also elaborate in the highest degree, some containing ten exquisite compositions on each side of the leaf — thus — each no bigger than this[3] — and with about that quantity of work in each — but every touch of it inestimable, done with his whole soul in it. Generally the slighter sketches are written over everywhere, as in the example enclosed, every incident being noted that was going on at the moment of the sketch. The legends on one side, you will see, "Old wall, Mill, Wall, Road, Linen drying." Another subject, scrawled through the big one afterwards, inscribed, "Lauenstein [?]." The words under "Children playing at a well" I can't read. The little thing in the sky of the one below is the machicolation of the tower.

[1] The Origin of Didactic Poetry, in the Atlantic.

[2] Ruskin's birthday was February 8.

Fancy all this coming upon me in an avalanche — all in the most fearful disorder — and you will understand that I really can hardly understand anything else, or think about anything else.

Thank you, however, at least for all that I can't think about. Certainly I can't write anything just now for the magazine. Thank you for your notice of my mistake about *freno* in Dante — I have no doubt of your being quite right. . . .

I 've been reading Froissart lately, and certainly, if we ever advance as much from our own times as we have advanced from those of Edward III, we shall have a very pretty free country of it. Chivalry, in Froissart, really seems to consist chiefly in burning of towns and murdering women and children.

Well — no more at present — from — as our English clowns say at the ends of their letters. I assure you this is a longer letter than I 've written to anybody this four months. Sincerest regards to your mother and sisters.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

FROM JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

London, 31 *May*, 1858.

My dear Sir, — Being authorized to open Letters addressed to my Son Mr. J. Ruskin during his absence (a privilege not always accorded to Fathers), I have had the pleasure of perusing your Letter of 17 May, and a part of it requiring immediate reply will account for my intruding my Correspondence upon you.

I beg of you to detain the Drawing of the Block of Gneiss, being quite certain my son would so wish. He will tell you himself when he wants it — your Letter will go to him to-morrow, at Lucerne.

He has spent seven months, nearly,

[3] Ruskin here draws an oblong figure about two inches by one.

in reducing to something of Order a Chaos of 19,000 Drawings and Sketches by Turner, now National property — getting mounted or framed a few hundred of such Drawings as he considered might be useful or interesting to young Artists or the public. These are at Marlborough House, and he is gone to make his own Sketches of any Buildings about the Rhine or Switzerland or north of Italy in danger of falling or of being restored. His seven-month work, though a work of Love, was still work, and though sorry to have him away I was glad to get him away to fields and pastures new. It may be the end of October before he returns D. V. to London. I conclude you have seen his Notes on Exhibitions or I would send one. The public seem to take more interest in the Pictures as Artists take more pains — It is long since I have bought a Picture (my Son going sufficiently deep into the Luxury), but I was tempted by 3 Small ones at the first glance, — Plassan's Music Lesson, French Exhn.; Lewis's Inmate of the Harem, Rl. Academy; Lewis's Lilies & Roses, Constantinople, Rl. Ac'y. I did not tell my Son I had bought the first till his Notes were printed — not that it could bias him, but it might have cramped his Critique. When his Notes were out I told him the picture was his, and I was glad he had spoken, say written, so well of it.[1] As the Times calls the Inmate of the Harem a Masterpiece of Masterpieces, and the Spectator stiles it a marvelous Gem, it is a pretty safe purchase. I had it at home before the public saw it.

I forward to my Son your Photograph of the Giorgione, and I cut out and send Stillman's Lecture, as the present Post Master of France, Nap'n 3rd, is not to be trusted with a newspaper. You are fortunate in possessing a picture of Gainsborough — neither spot nor blot of him ever appear for sale here.

If I have used a freedom in my mode of addressing you at the commencement of this Letter, you have yourself occasioned it. In the too few visits you made to us here you almost endeared yourself to Mrs. Ruskin and me as you had already done to my Son. We beg to offer our united Regards and best wishes for your Health.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
JOHN JAMES RUSKIN.

CHAS. E. NORTON, Esqr.

Will you present our Kind Remembrances to your Mother and Sisters. I send a copy of Notes to make sure.

DENMARK HILL, 24th *October*, '58.

DEAR NORTON, — At last I begin to write letters again. I have been tired, ill, almost, and much out of heart during the summer; not fit to write to you, perhaps chiefly owing to the reaction from the intense excitement of the Turner work; partly because at 39 one begins to feel a life of sensation rather too much for one. I believe I want either to take up mathematics for a couple of years, or to go into my father's counting house and sell sherry for the same time — for otherwise, there seems to me a chance of my getting into perfect Dryasdust. I actually found the top of St. Gothard "dull" this year. Besides this feeling of weariness, I have more tiresome interruption than I can bear; questions — begging for opinions on pictures, etc. — all which I *must* put a stop to, but don't yet see my way clearly to the desired result: — the upshot of the matter being that I am getting every day more cold and sulky — and dislike writing letters even to my

[1] Ruskin had written of this picture as follows: "Exquisite in touch of pencil, and in appreciation of delicate character, both in features and gesture. . . . On the whole it seems to me the best piece of quiet painting in the room" [of the French Exhibition in London]. These words must have pleased his father as a confirmation of his own judgment.

best friends; I merely send this because I want to know how you are.

I went away to Switzerland this year the moment Academy was over; and examined with a view to history Habsburg, Zug, Morgarten, Grutli, Altorf, Bürglen, and Bellinzona — sketching a little; but generally disgusted by finding all traditions about buildings and places untraceable to any good foundation; the field of Morgarten excepted, which is clear enough. Tell's birthplace, Bürglen, is very beautiful. But somehow, I tired of the hills for the first time in my life, and went away — where do you think? — to Turin, where I studied Paul Veronese in the morning and went to the opera at night for six weeks. And I 've found out a good deal, — more than I can put in a letter, — in that six weeks, the main thing in the way of discovery being that painting — to be a first-rate painter — you *must n't* be pious; but a little wicked, and entirely a man of the world. I had been inclining to this opinion for some years; but I clinched it at Turin.

Then from Turin I came nearly straight home, walking over the Cenis, and paying a forenoon visit to my friends at Chamouni, walking over the Forclaz to them from St. Gervais and back by the road — and I think I enjoyed that day as if it had been a concentrated month: — but yet — the mountains are not what they were to me. A curious mathematical question keeps whispering itself to me every now and then, Why is ground at an angle of 40, anything better than ground at an angle of 30 — or of 20 — or of 10 — or of nothing at all? It is but ground, after all.

Apropos of St. Gervais and St. Martin's — you may keep that block of gneiss altogether if you like it; I wish the trees had been either in the sky, or out of it.

Please a line to say how you are. Kindest regards to your Mother and Sisters. My Father and mother are well and beg kindest regards to you.

I have written your initials and mine in the two volumes of Lowell (how delightful the new prefaces to the Fable). He does me more good in my dull fits than anybody, and makes me hopeful again. What a beautiful face he has.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

29th *November* [1858].

Dear Norton, — I 'm so intensely obliged to you for your letter and consolations about Paolo Veronese and Titian and Turner and Correggio and Tintoretto. Paolo and Titian are much deeper however than you know yet, immensely deeper than I had the least idea of till this last summer. Paolo 's as full of mischief as an egg 's full of meat — always up to some dodge or other — just like Tintoretto. In his Solomon receiving Queen of Sheba, one of the golden lions of the Throne is put into full light, and a falconer underneath holds a white falcon, as white as snow, just under the lion, so as to carry Solomon on the lion and eagle, — and one of the elders has got a jewel in his hand with which he is pointing to Solomon, of the form of a Cross; the Queen 's fainting — but her Dog is n't, — a little King Charles Spaniel, about seven inches high, — thinks it shocking his mistress should faint, stands in front of her on all his four legs apart, snarling at Solomon with all his might — Solomon all but drops his sceptre stooping forward eagerly to get the Queen helped up — such a beautiful fellow, all crisped golden short hair over his head and the fine Arabian arched brow — and I believe after all you 'll find the subtlest and grandest *expression* going is hidden under the gold and purple of those vagabonds of Venetians.[1]

[1] Writing of this picture in the preface to the fifth volume of Modern Painters (1860) Ruskin says: "With much consternation but more delight I found that I had never got to the roots of the moral power of the Venetians, and that they needed still another and a very

Yes, I should have been the better of you — a good deal. I can get on splendidly by myself if I can work or walk all day long — but I could n't work, and got low because I could n't.

I can't write more to-day — but I thought you 'd like this better than nothing.

I 'm better now, a little, but doubtful and puzzled about many things. Lowell does me more good than anybody, what between encouraging me and making me laugh. Mr. Knott[1] makes me laugh more than anything I know in the world — the punning is so rapid and rich, there 's nothing near it but Hood, and Hood is so awful under his fun that one never can laugh.

Questi poveri — what are we to do with them? You don't mean to ask me that seriously? Make pets of them to be sure — they were sent to be our dolls, like the little girls' wax ones — only we can't pet them until we get good floggings for some people, as well.

Always yours affectionately,

J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, 28th *December*, 1858.

Dear Norton, — I am sadly afraid you have not got my answer to your kind letter written on your birthday. The answer was short — but instant — and you must rightly have thought me unfeeling when you received none — it is doubly kind of you to send me this poem of Lowell's and your good wishes.

Indeed, I rather want good wishes just now, for I am tormented by what I cannot get said, nor done. I want to get all the Titians, Tintorets, Paul Veroneses, Turners, and Sir Joshuas in the world — into one great fireproof Gothic gallery of marble and serpentine. I want to get them all perfectly engraved. I want to go and draw all the subjects of Turner's 19,000 sketches in Switzerland and Italy, elaborated by myself. I want to get everybody a dinner who has n't got one. I want to macadamize some new roads to Heaven with broken fools'-heads; I want to hang up some knaves out of the way, not that I 've any dislike to them, but I think it would be wholesome for them, and for other people, and that they would make good crow's meat. I want to play all day long and arrange my cabinet of minerals with new white wool; I want somebody to amuse me when I 'm tired; I want Turner's pictures not to fade; I want to be able to draw clouds, and to understand how they go — and I can't make them stand still, nor understand them — they all go sideways, πλάγιαι (what a fellow that Aristophanes was! and yet to be always in the wrong in the main, except in his love for Æschylus and the country. Did ever a worthy man do so much mischief on the face of the Earth?) Farther, I want to make the Italians industrious, the Americans quiet, the Swiss romantic, the Roman Catholics rational, and the English Parliament honest — and I can't do anything and don't understand what I was born for. I get melancholy — overeat myself, oversleep myself — get pains in the back — don't know what to do in anywise. What with that infernal invention of steam, and gunpowder, I think the fools may be a puff or barrel or two too many for us. Nevertheless, the gunpowder has been doing some work in China and India.

Meantime, thank you for Lowell. It is very beautiful, but not, I think, up to his work. Don't let him turn out any but perfect work (except in fun). I don't quite understand this — where is "Godminster"? How many hostile forms of prayer are in the bells of the place that woke him — or where was it? "Ointment from her eyes" is fine, read in the temper it was written in; but the first

stern course of study." In the third chapter of Part ix in this volume is a vivid description of the picture.

[1] Lowell's rollicking poem, The Unhappy Lot of Mr. Knott.

touch of it on the ear is disagreeable — too much of "Eyesalve" in the notion.

I've ordered all I've been writing lately to be sent to you in a parcel.

Thank you always for what you send me.

Our sincerest regards to you all.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P. S. I want also to give lectures in all the manufacturing towns, and to write an essay on poetry, and to teach some masters of schools to draw; and I want to be perfectly quiet and undisturbed and not to think, and to draw, myself, all day long, till I can draw better; and I want to make a dear High Church friend of mine sit under Mr. Spurgeon.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, 31st *July*, '59.

MY DEAR NORTON, — I have been too unwell or sick at heart lately to write to my friends — but I don't think there 's another of them who has been so good as you, and believed still in my affection for them. As I grow older, the evil about us takes more definite and overwhelming form in my eyes, and I have no one near me to help me or soothe me, so that I am obliged often to give up thinking and take to walking and drawing in a desperate way, as mechanical opiates, but I can't write letters. My hand is very shaky to-day (as I was up at three to watch the dawn on the spray of the fall, and it is hot now and I am tired), — but I must write you a word or two. The dastardly conduct of England in this Italian war has affected me quite unspeakably — even to entire despair — so that I do not care to write any more or do anything more that does not bear directly on poor people's bellies — to fill starved people's bellies is the only thing a man can do in this generation, I begin to perceive.

It has not been my fault that the Rossetti portrait was not done. I told him, whenever he was ready, I could come. But when I go now, I will see to it myself and have it done. I broke my promise to you about sending books — there was always one lost or to be got or something — and it was put off and off. Well, I hope if they 'd been anybody else's books, or if I really had thought that my books would do you any good, I 'd not have put it off. But you feel all I want people to feel, and know as much as anybody need know about art, and you don't want my books. Nevertheless, when the last volume of M. P. comes out, I 'll have 'em all bound and sent to you: I am at work upon it, in a careless, listless way — but it won't be the worse for the different tempers it will be written in. There will be little or no bombast in it, I hope, and some deeper truths than I knew — even a year ago.

The Italian campaign, with its broken faith, has, as I said, put the top to all my ill humor, but the bottom of it depends on my own business. I see so clearly the entire impossibility of any salvation for art among the modern European public. Nearly every old building in Europe, France and Germany is now destroyed by restoration, and the pictures are fast following. The Correggios of Dresden are mere wrecks; the modern Germans (chiefly at Munich) are in, without exception, the most vile development of human arrogance and ignorance I have ever seen or read of. I have no words to speak about them in. The English are making progress — which in about fifty years might possibly lead to something — but as yet they know nothing and can know nothing, and long before they gain any sense Europe is likely to be as bare of art as America. You have hope in beginning again. I don't see any way to it clearly.

I want to be as sure as I can of a letter reaching you just now. I shall send this with my London packet to-day, and the next sheet with the next packet next week, so as to have two chances. My

health is well enough. I draw a great deal, thinking I may do more good by copying and engraving things that are passing away.

Sincere regards to your Mother and Sisters. Ever, dear Norton,

Affectionately and gratefully yours,

J. Ruskin.

Thun, 15th *August* [1859].

Dear Norton, — Scrap No. 2 is long in coming — if it had n't been for the steamers here, which keep putting me in mind, morning and evening, of the steamer on lake of Geneva,[1] I don't know when it would have come. It 's very odd I don't keep writing to you continually, for you are almost the only friend I have left. I mean the only friend who understands or feels with me. I 've a good many radical half friends, but I 'm not a radical and they quarrel with me — by the way, so do you a little — about my governing schemes. Then all my Tory friends think me worse than Robespierre. Rossetti and the P R B[2] are all gone crazy about the Morte d'Arthur. I don't believe in Evangelicalism — and my Evangelical (once) friends now look upon me with as much horror as on one of the possessed Gennesaret pigs. Nor do I believe in the Pope — and some Roman Catholic friends, who had great hopes of me, think I ought to be burned. Domestically, I am supposed worse than Blue Beard; Artistically, I am considered a mere packet of quibs and crackers. I rather count upon Lowell as a friend, though I 've never seen him. He and the Brownings and you. Four — well — it 's a good deal to have — of such, and I won't grumble — but then you 're in America, and no good to me — except that I 'm in a perfect state of gnawing remorse about not writing to you, and the Brownings are in Italy, and I 'm as alone as a stone on a high glacier, dropped the wrong way — instead of among the moraine. Some day, when I 've quite made up my mind what to fight for, or whom to fight, I shall do well enough, if I live, but I have n't made up my mind what to fight for — whether, for instance, people ought to live in Swiss cottages and sit on three-legged or one-legged stools; whether people ought to dress well or ill; whether ladies ought to tie their hair in beautiful knots; whether Commerce or Business of any kind be an invention of the Devil or not; whether Art is a Crime or only an Absurdity; whether Clergymen ought to be multiplied, or exterminated by arsenic, like rats; whether in general we are getting on, and if so where we are going to; whether it is worth while to ascertain any of these things; whether one's tongue was ever made to talk with or only to taste with. (Send to Mr. Knott's house and get me some raps if you can.)

Meantime, I 'm copying Titian as well as I can, that being the only work I see my way to at all clearly, and if I can ever succeed in painting a bit of flesh, or a coil of hair, I 'll begin thinking "what next."

I 'll send you another scrap soon. I 'm a little happier to-day than I 've been for some time at the steady look and set of Tuscany and Modena. It looks like grey of dawn, don't it? Sincerest regards to your Mother and Sisters.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

Denmark Hill, 10th *December*, 1859.

My dear Norton, — The first thing I did when I got home was to go to Rossetti to see about the portrait. I found

[1] On which we had met in July, 1856.

[2] The Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. Morris, Burne-Jones, and others had been painting scenes from the Morte d'Arthur on the walls of the Oxford Union, and Morris had been writing tales imbued with its spirit in the short-lived Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. The single volume of this magazine contains much writing by Morris and Burne-Jones full of the poetic imagination of their fervent youth.

him deep in work — but, which was worse, I found your commission was not for a little drawing like Browning's, but for a grand finished, delicate oil — which R. spoke quite coolly of taking three or four weeks about, wanting I don't know how many sittings. I had to go into the country for a fortnight, and have been ill since I came back with cold and such like, and I don't like the looks of myself — however, I 'm going to see R. about it again immediately; [1] but I 'm now worried about another matter. The drawing he has done for you is, I think, almost the worst thing he has ever done, and will not only bitterly disappoint you, but put an end to all chance of R's reputation ever beginning in America. Under which circumstances, the only thing to be done, it seems to me, is to send you the said drawing indeed, but with it I will send one he did for me, which at all events has some of his power in it. I am not sure what it will be, for I don't quite like some bits in the largest I have, and in the best I have the color is changing — he having by an unlucky accident used red lead for vermilion. So I shall try and change the largest with him for a more perfect small one, and send whatever it is for a New Year's token. I shall put a little pencil sketch of R's in with it — the Virgin Mary in the house of St. John — not much — yet a Thing — such as none but R. could do.

I have your kind letter with Lowell's — both quite aboundingly helpful to me. Please take charge of enclosed answer to Lowell.

I am finishing 5th vol.,[2] and find it is only to be done *at all* by working at it to the exclusion of *everything* else. But — that way — I heartily trust in getting it done in spring and having my hands and soul so far free.

I had heard nothing of that terrible slave affair,[3] till your letter came. I can understand the effect it may have — but here in Europe many and many a martyrdom must come before we shall overthrow our slavery.

I hope to write you another line with drawings — meantime love and all good wishes for your Christmas time, and with sincerest regards to your Mother and Sisters,

Ever affectionately yours,

J. Ruskin.

Charles Eliot Norton.

[1] The commission was never executed.

[2] Of Modern Painters.

[3] John Brown's raid.

(*To be continued.*)

A QUATRAIN.

A flawless cup: how delicate and fine
The flowing curve of every jeweled line!
Look, turn it up or down, 't is perfect still, —
But holds no drop of life's heart-warming wine.

Henry van Dyke.

THE DIPLOMATIC CONTEST FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

II.

After Jay's treaty with England, in November, 1794, the whole diplomatic situation in respect to the Mississippi Valley changed. It is necessary to observe how the United States sacrificed the friendship of France in gaining that of England; how Spain, irate at the conduct of her English ally, made the peace of Bâle with France, thus restoring a concert between these two powers for the first time since the rupture of the Family Compact; and how France, seeking for means to injure England and to render the United States more subservient to French policy, turned her attention again to the acquisition of Louisiana.

The representative of France in the United States at that time was Fauchet. As the successor of Genet, he was characterized by Alexander Hamilton as "a meteor following a comet;" but he appreciated the profound significance of the new relations of this country with England, and as soon as he was fairly well informed of the purport of Jay's treaty, in February, 1795, he proposed a radical programme for meeting the situation. He reminded his government that at the commencement of his mission the pressing need of France, then threatened with famine, was American provisions, and that political interests were subordinated to the single consideration of keeping this country from alliance with other powers while it served as the granary for France and her islands. He had energetically protested against our failure to enforce the rights of neutral commerce vigorously against England; but now Jay's treaty threatened even more unfavorable conditions by its concessions to Great Britain in the matter of neutral rights, and the alliance of 1778 was worse than useless. Yet, as he pointed out, France had no means of intimidating the United States. The ocean separated the two powers, and the French West Indies, far from threatening the United States, were actually in danger of starvation in time of war if American trade were cut off. He quoted Jefferson's remark: "France enjoys their sovereignty and we their profit." A war to compel the Union to follow French policy would deprive the Republic of the indispensable trade of America. Some other means must be found, and the solution of the problem, in Fauchet's opinion, was the acquisition of a continental colony in America: "Louisiana opens her arms to us." This province would furnish France the best *entrepôt* in North America for her commerce, raw material, and a market for her manufactures, a monopoly of the products of the American states on the Mississippi, and a means of pressure upon the United States. He predicted that, unless a revolution occurred in Spanish policy, the force of events would unite Louisiana to the United States, and in the course of time would bring about a new confederation between this province and the Western states, which would not remain within the United States fifty years. In this new union the superior institutions and power of the American element would give to it the sovereignty. But if France or any power less feeble than Spain possessed Louisiana, it would establish there the sovereignty over all the countries on the Mississippi. If a nation with adequate resources, said he, understood how to manage the control of the river, it could hold in dependence the Western states of America, and might at pleasure advance or retard the rate of their growth. What, then, he asks, might not France

do with so many warm friends among the Western settlers? The leaven of insurrection had been recently manifested in the whiskey rebellion; it would depend upon France to decide the question of dismemberment. In this way, by pressure on our borders, she could bend the United States to her will, or in the possession of the Mississippi Valley find a means of freeing herself and her islands from their economic dependence upon the United States. Such was the line of thought presented by Fauchet to the French authorities; he preferred diplomatic negotiation to war or the filibustering system of Genet.

The possibility of a secession of the people beyond the Alleghanies from the Union was no new conception: settlers had threatened it; Federalists had calculated the value and the feasibility of the union between the interior and the coast, and after the acquisition of Louisiana the leaders of New England threatened secession; travelers like Brissot had foretold the withdrawal of the West; Washington had feared it; Western leaders like Wilkinson, Sevier, and Robertson had been ready to bring it about; and Spain and England, as we have seen, had initiated negotiations to this end. There can be little doubt that if the United States had proved unwilling or unable to secure free navigation for the West, it would have withdrawn, and by reason of the lack of sea power to defend its commerce passing from the mouth of the Mississippi through the Gulf, it must have sought protection from a foreign state. Fauchet cited a dispatch by De Moustier, the French minister to this country at the close of the Confederation, in which he reached conclusions similar to his own.

But properly to appreciate how deeply rooted was the desire of France for the whole Mississippi Valley, it must be understood that she had made the recovery of this province a cardinal point in her connections with the United States during our Revolutionary War. If we may accept as authentic a memoir[1] attributed to him, Vergennes, who conducted French foreign relations at that time, apprehended that when the United States obtained its independence it would prove able to give the law to France and Spain in America. In this memoir, written prior to the alliance of 1778, he considered means for averting this outcome, and advised the king to insist, in the treaty which France expected to dictate to England at the conclusion of the war, upon the recovery of the territory beyond the Alleghanies. He regarded much of this territory as rightly a part of the old French Louisiana, and did not accept the view of the Americans that it was a part of their chartered possessions. He even drafted a treaty providing in detail for the cession of this western region by England to France, and for such a division of Canada as would prevent an English attack upon Louisiana by way of the Great Lakes. He further proposed to procure the retrocession of Louisiana from Spain, and to restore it to its old French limits, with the Alleghanies as the eastern boundary. He pointed out to the king that if the United States passed from the colonial condition and secured a place among independent nations, having fought to defend its hearth fires, it would next desire to extend itself over Louisiana, Florida, and Mexico in order to master all the approaches to the sea. France, on the other hand, by possessing the Mississippi Valley, the Great Lakes, and the entrance to the St. Lawrence, and by allying herself with the Indians of the interior, could restrain the ambitions of the Americans. By the treaty of 1778, however, France renounced the possession of territories in North America that had belonged to

[1] Mémoire historique et politique sur la Louisiane par M. de Vergennes (Paris, 1802); found, as its editor states, among the minister's papers after his death, with his coat of arms at the head of the document.

England, but Vergennes supported the Spanish contention that our own rights stopped with the Alleghanies, and he tried to acquire Louisiana from Spain. He could evade the renunciation of territory by making the region between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi Indian country. Instructing his minister to the United States that France did not intend to raise this nation to a position where she would be independent of French support, he made earnest efforts to dissuade the Americans from insisting on the Mississippi as their boundary in the terms of peace. Indeed, so successful was he, that in the dark days of 1781 Congress voted to rescind its ultimatum, and instructed its representatives to be guided by the advice of France. Fortunately, the commissioners broke their instructions. We know what this advice would have been from a plan which Vergennes' confidential secretary showed to Jay. This provided that the land south of the Ohio, between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, should be Indian country, divided by the Cumberland River into two spheres of influence, — the northern to fall to the United States, and the southern to Spain. Vergennes' effort to induce Spain to cede Louisiana to France would have succeeded, if the latter power could have furnished the funds to reimburse Spain for the expenses incurred in defending and administering that province.

The apprehensions of the far-sighted French statesman were now proving only too well-founded. France had lost the fruits of the war which she had waged as our ally, England was once more in favor, and Louisiana was in danger. It was with energy, therefore, that France recurred to the policy of recovering her former province.

In May, 1795, the French government instructed Barthélemy, her negotiator with Spain at Bâle, to demand cessions as the price of peace. The Spanish portion of San Domingo, the Basque province of Guipuscoa, and Louisiana were desired, but upon Louisiana he was ordered to insist; "the rest would be easy." In support of her demand, France argued that it would be a great gain to Spain to place a strong power between her American possessions and those of the United States, particularly since England had by Jay's treaty guaranteed to the United States the freedom of navigation of the Mississippi, and it was to be feared that these new allies would seize Louisiana.

At this juncture Godoy, the Duke of Alcudia, was in control of the foreign policy of Spain. Alarmed by conditions in Europe, and chagrined at England's arrangements with the United States at a moment when Spain trembled for the fate of Louisiana, he made peace with France at Bâle (July, 1795); but he refused to yield Louisiana, preferring to abandon the Spanish portion of San Domingo. This only rendered France the more determined to secure the continental colony needed to support her West Indian possessions; and in the negotiations later over the terms of alliance, she pressed hard for the additional cession. It is this situation which explains the treaty that Godoy made with the United States not long after.

He was most reluctant to give up Louisiana, but France demanded it as a condition of her alliance. Threatened thus with isolation, and confronted by the prospect of a war with England, he was disposed to conciliate the United States, lest she join England and take Louisiana by force. When, therefore, Pinckney's threat to leave for London was made, Godoy quickly came to terms, and in the treaty of San Lorenzo (October 27, 1795) conceded the navigation of the Mississippi, and our boundary on that river, and agreed to give up the Spanish posts north of New Orleans within the disputed territory. Thus relieved of the danger of an American invasion, Godoy was in a better position to resist the efforts of France to force him to cede Louisiana.

In the spring of 1796, the Directors sent General Perignon to Madrid to arrange terms of a formal alliance. He was instructed to warn Spain that French influence in America was nearing its end. War with the United States promised France no satisfactory results, and to punish the Americans by restrictions on their commerce would deprive France of a resource which the European wars rendered necessary to her. These, however, were merely temporary difficulties. "Who," asked the Directors, "can answer that England and the United States together will not divide up the northern part of the New World? What prevents them?" The instructions went on to give a forceful presentation of the rapidity with which settlers were pouring into Kentucky and Tennessee, and of the danger to Louisiana from filibustering expeditions. Conceding the navigation of the Mississippi, in the opinion of France, only prepared the ruin and invasion of Louisiana whenever the Federal government, in concert with Great Britain, should "give the reins to those fierce inhabitants of the West." The English-speaking people would then overrun Mexico and all North America, and the commerce of the islands of the Gulf would be dependent upon this Anglo-American power. Only France, in alliance with Spain, argued the Directors, can oppose a counterpoise by the use of her old influence among the Indians. "We alone can trace with strong and respected hand the bounds of the power of the United States and the limits of their territory." All that France demanded was Louisiana, a province that, so far from serving the purpose of its original cession as a barrier against England, was now a dangerous possession to Spain, ever ready to join with her neighbors. It had remained in a condition of infancy while the United States had acquired irresistible strength on its borders. This country was now daily preparing the subjects of Spain for insurrection by intrigues and by the spectacle of its prosperity. "On the other hand," continued the Directors, "if this possession were once in our hands, it would be beyond insult by Great Britain, to whom we can oppose not only the Western settlements of the United States, who are as friendly to us as they could possibly be, but also the inhabitants of Louisiana, who have given clear evidence of their indestructible attachment to their former mother country. It gives us the means to balance the marked predilection of the Federal government for our enemy, and to retain it in the line of duty by the fear of dismemberment which we can bring about." "We shall affright England by the sudden development of an actual power in the New World, and shall be in a position to oppose a perfect harmony to her attacks and her intrigues." They therefore urged Spain to act at once, in order that the political and military campaigns might begin in America that very year.

As we shall presently see, the apprehension that England contemplated an attack upon Louisiana was well founded. But Godoy resolutely refused to give up Louisiana, and Perignon was obliged to content himself with a treaty of alliance without this important concession. France thereupon recalled him, and sent a successor with the particular purpose of persuading Spain to yield Louisiana by the offer to join her in the conquest of Portugal; but the Prince of Peace remained immovable; nor did he consent even when, in 1797, after Napoleon's victories in Italy had given the Papal legations to France, she offered them to the royal house of Spain as an equivalent for Louisiana. Had religious scruples not prevented, however, Spain would probably have accepted this proposition.

While France negotiated with Spain, she prepared the ground in America. In the winter of 1795, Colonel Fulton, one of George Rogers Clark's officers in the Genet expedition, was sent to conciliate the Southwestern Indians, and at

the same time information regarding these Indians was procured from Milfort, a French adventurer who, after passing twenty years among the Creeks as an agent of Spain, went to offer his services to France. He had married a sister of McGillivray, and claimed to be the principal war chief of the Creeks. His *Mémoire ou coup d'œil rapide sur mes différens voyages et mon séjour dans la nation Crëck* is one of the sources for our knowledge of these Indians; but he was a hopeless liar, one of his most interesting concoctions being a statement to the French government that he had defeated 10,000 regulars under George Rogers Clark near Detroit by a force of 6000 Northern Indians under his command. Nevertheless, the French listened with respect to his assertions that he could bring about the cession of a large portion of Creek territory to France, that the Creeks would form an independent nation in alliance with that power, and that 10,000 men would suffice for the occupation of Louisiana. He was made general of brigade in the spring of 1796, and his plans were later taken up by Talleyrand.

Before a final breach with the United States, France determined to send a new minister to effect a change in our policy. Mangourit, the former consul at Charleston, who had been recalled because of the fact that he had organized the frontiersmen of the Carolinas and Georgia to cooperate with Genet's proposed attack on Louisiana and Florida, was picked out as the representative. He was an apt choice, if France expected to tamper with the West; but the protests of Monroe resulted in the decision of the Directors to withhold him, and to break off all diplomatic connection with the United States. In August, 1796, Monroe reported from Paris that it was rumored that France was to make an attempt upon Canada, which was to be united with Louisiana and Florida, taking in such parts of our Western people as were willing to unite. A little later, Fulton, who had recently returned from the United States, was furnishing the Directors information as to the best time for occupying Louisiana, and was assuring them that Clark's old soldiers were loyal to France, and asked only arms, ammunition, and uniforms, and "their country will find itself in the vast regions which the Republic will possess." Toward the end of the year, France sent a new commission to George Rogers Clark, as brigadier-general, on the theory (as Delacroix, the Minister of Foreign Relations, declared) that it was to the interest of France to foster a favorable disposition among the Westerners. "In case we shall be put in possession of Louisiana," he wrote, "the affection of those regions will serve us in our political plans toward the United States."

In the meantime Adet, the French minister to the United States, exerted every effort to prevent Congress from voting the appropriations to carry out Jay's treaty. In fact, as it turned out, the vote was a close one, but Adet, foreseeing defeat, and acting in accordance with the desire of his government, in March, 1796, commissioned General Victor Collot, formerly governor of Guadeloupe, to travel in the West, and to make a military survey of the defenses and lines of communication west of the Alleghanies, along the Ohio and the Mississippi. Collot was gone about ten months, and as he passed down the rivers, he pointed out to men whom he trusted the advantages of accepting French jurisdiction. He made detailed and accurate plans of the river courses and the Spanish posts, which may still be seen in the atlas that accompanies his Journey in America, published long afterwards. As the military expert on whose judgment the French government had to rely, his conclusions have a peculiar interest, and may be given in his own words: —

"All the positions on the left bank of the river [Mississippi], in whatever

point of view they may be considered, or in whatever mode they may be occupied, without the alliance of the Western states are far from covering Louisiana: they are, on the contrary, highly injurious to this colony; and the money and men which might be employed for this purpose would be ineffectual." In other words, a Louisiana bounded by the Mississippi could not be protected against the neighboring settlements of the United States. He emphasizes the same idea, in another connection, as follows: "When two nations possess, one the coasts and the other the plains, the former must inevitably embark or submit. From thence I conclude that the Western states of the North American republic must unite themselves with Louisiana and form in the future one single compact nation; else that colony, to whatever power it shall belong, will be conquered or devoured." As the logical accompaniment of this conclusion that Louisiana must embrace the Western states, Collot drew up a plan for the defense of the passes of the Alleghanies, which were to constitute the frontier of this interior dependency of France to protect it against the United States. The Louisiana that Collot contemplated, therefore, stretched from the Alleghanies to the Rockies. The importance of his report is made clearer by the facts that the minister Adet, and the consul-general who remained after he left, continually refer to Collot's work as the basis for their views on Louisiana, and that Livingston reported in 1802 that it was expected that Napoleon would make Collot second in command in the province of Louisiana, and that Adet was to be prefect.

In view of these designs, there is a peculiar significance in the Farewell Address which Washington issued while Collot was making his investigations. Washington informed the West that "it must of necessity owe the secure enjoyment of the indispensable outlets for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interests as one nation. Any other tenure by which the West can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious." He added that the treaties with Spain and England had given the Western people all that they could desire in respect to foreign relations, and asked: "Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the Union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren and connect them with aliens?"

As he descended the Mississippi, Collot learned of a plot for an attack under the English flag upon the Spanish dependencies, and on his return, early in 1797, he notified the Spanish minister to the United States, who promptly informed the Secretary of State. In the investigation that followed, it was ascertained that the British minister had been privy to the plans, and United States Senator Blount, of Tennessee, lost his seat as a result of the revelations, which involved him. The incident revealed how widespread were the forces of intrigue for the Mississippi Valley, and it gave grounds for the refusal of the Spanish authorities to carry out the agreement to yield their posts on the right bank of the river while New Orleans was threatened by an attack down the Mississippi.

It is possible to trace the outlines of this affair, although it is difficult to fix the exact measure of England's connection with it. On October 25, 1795, the English government had charged Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, of Canada, to cultivate such intercourse with the leading men of the Western settlements of

the United States as would enable England to utilize the services of the frontiersmen against the Spanish settlements, if war broke out between England and Spain, and to report what assistance might be afforded by the Southern and Western Indians in such an event. Information was also desired with regard to the communications between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, with the evident idea of using Canadian forces in the operations. These "most private and secret" instructions cast light upon England's policy at this time; and the explicit injunctions of caution, lest the government should be compromised with Spain and the United States while matters were preparing, help us to understand that whatever was to be done must be managed secretly.

War was declared by Spain against England in the fall of 1796. The rumors that France was to acquire Louisiana alarmed land speculators on the western waters, who feared the effect of the power of France to close the river, and even to secure the territory along its eastern bank. Among these men was Senator Blount, who owned some 73,000 acres. He was the most important figure in his own section, having held the position of governor of the Southwest territory, and the management of Indian affairs in that quarter. Thus his influence extended among all the Indian agents and traders of that turbulent region. The loyalists at Natchez also were struck with alarm at the prospect of French sovereignty. In the course of the fall and winter of 1796–97, a plan was concerted between Blount, Dr. Romayne, a land speculator, who had just returned from Great Britain, Captain Chisholm (who had served Blount in Tennessee, and who was in Philadelphia in the interests of the Natchez Tories), and Indians and British Indian agents from New York and Canada. The plan was submitted to the English minister by Chisholm, for Blount did not deal directly with Liston, and, indeed, the minister assured his government later that, while he was aware that important men in the West would be concerned in the expedition, he did not know that Blount himself was involved in it.

The outlines of the proposition were as follows: a force of Pennsylvania and New York frontiersmen, with Brant and his Indians, was to attack New Madrid on the Mississippi, and proceed by the head of the Red River to the Spanish silver mines. Tennessee, Kentucky, and Natchez settlers, with the Choctaw Indians, led by Blount, were to capture New Orleans; while the Cherokees, Creeks, and white settlers in Florida, under the direction of Chisholm, were to take West Florida. Great Britain was to furnish a fleet to block the mouth of the Mississippi while the attack was in progress, and was to become the mistress of Louisiana and Florida.

The British minister was sanguine enough to believe that the United States itself would be glad to see this plan carried into execution, if it could be effected with rapid success. He corresponded with the Governor of Canada, to ascertain the practicability of furnishing supplies from that quarter, and in the spring of 1797 he paid the passage money of Chisholm to England, in order to allow the government to pass upon the project. At the same time George Rogers Clark wrote to his friends in France that English agents from Canada were enrolling volunteers in Kentucky for the conquest of Louisiana and Santa Fé, and asserted that he had received propositions from the Governor of Canada to march at the head of 2000 men against New Mexico, — an offer which he says he declined because of his loyalty to French interests. General Elijah Clarke, of Georgia, the seasoned filibusterer of the Oconee River and Amelia Island, also came forward with allegations of English attempts to buy his services. Certain it is that the frontier was in ferment.

But the exposure came when, in July, President Adams submitted to Congress evidence that Senator Blount had made efforts to engage the Indian agents of the United States in the Southwest in his unlawful schemes. He was expelled from the Senate, and the investigation, which Liston vainly endeavored to prevent, gave such publicity to the plot that, if the English government ever had actively engaged in it, it was obliged to abandon the project. Liston made denial for his government of complicity, although he admitted accepting and transmitting information. Indeed, he went farther, and denied that England intended, or had intended, any attack upon Upper Louisiana, adding, on the authority of his government, that the impropriety of violating our neutral territory, and the inhumanity of the use of Indians, would induce the king's ministers to reject any such plan. These assertions are interesting in view of the instructions previously given to Simcoe.

It is only fair to assume that the activity of the individuals engaged in promoting the undertaking may have given reason to the frontier leaders to believe that the men who made propositions to them acted with a direct authority which they did not possess; but the policy of the British government permitted the use or disavowal of just such attempts according as they met its needs.

From the point of view of the larger diplomatic problem, the most tangible result of the affair was the retention of Natchez and the other posts east of the Mississippi by Spain, under the sincere apprehension that if they were evacuated, in accordance with the treaty of 1795, a clear road would be opened for the British into Louisiana. Not until the spring of 1798 did Spain actually evacuate these forts.

After the rupture of diplomatic relations with France the Federalists proceeded in the early summer of 1797 to enact laws for raising an army and providing a fleet, and for the necessary loans and taxes in preparation for war with the Republic. But, less radical than some of his advisers, and ready to make another effort to adjust our affairs with France, President Adams sent a commission to reopen negotiations, in spite of his chagrin that the previous minister, C. C. Pinckney, had been summarily refused and ordered out of France.

When this commission sailed, Talleyrand had just become the master of the foreign policy of his country. He had returned from his sojourn in the United States, convinced that Americans were hopelessly attached to England, and that France must have Louisiana. In a memoir to the Institute he pointed out that Louisiana would serve the commercial needs of France, would prove a granary for a great West Indian colonial power, and would be a useful outlet for the discontented revolutionists, who could find room for their energies in building up the New World. It was his policy to play with the American representatives, refusing to deal with them except informally through agents, and while detaining them, to negotiate with Spain for Louisiana. These so-called X. Y. Z. negotiations extended till the spring of 1798, when Marshall and Pinckney, outraged by demands for bribes, and hopeless of results, left Paris. Gerry, deluded by Talleyrand, remained to keep the peace, and while the adroit diplomat deceived Gerry, he instructed Guillemardet, his minister at Madrid, to make Spain realize that that government had been blind to its interests in putting the United States into possession of the Mississippi forts; they meant, he declared, to rule alone in America, and to influence Europe. No other means existed for putting an end to their ambition than that of "shutting them up within the limits which nature seems to have traced for them." There can be little doubt that Talleyrand intended the Alleghanies by this expression. France, he argued, if placed in possession

of Louisiana and Florida, would be a "wall of brass forever impenetrable to the combined efforts of England and America."

Foreseeing the tendency of France to carry her influence over Spain to the point of absolute domination, Godoy had resigned in March, 1798, after a vain effort to induce the king to break with France. But although the latter power greatly gained in influence after Godoy's retirement, Spain was not yet weak enough to yield Louisiana, and France was forced to wait for the energy of Napoleon to wring this province from its reluctant owner.

In the meantime the publication of the X. Y. Z. correspondence brought the United States to the verge of declaring war against France. Indeed, hostilities were authorized at sea, the aged Washington was made titular head of the army, while Hamilton and Knox were rivals for the position of second in command.

Here was an opportunity made to hand for Miranda, the old-time friend and correspondent of these men. Alarmed lest Spain should drift completely under French domination and yield her empire in the New World, in the beginning of 1798 Pitt summoned Miranda to London, and discussed with him the project of revolutionizing Spanish America. Miranda proposed an alliance between England, the United States, and South America, which should give independence to Spanish America and open its commerce. The passage of the Isthmus of Panama was to be "forthwith completed," and the control of the waterway to be given to England for a certain number of years. There were to be mutual arrangements with regard to division of territory. In return, England was to furnish 8000 foot and 2000 horse, together with her Pacific squadron; while from the United States were expected 5000 woodsmen who understood new countries, officered by Revolutionary veterans.

These proposals Pitt held under advisement. If the Spanish government were overthrown and the resources and colonies of Spain placed at the disposal of France, England was prepared to set Spanish America free, and would negotiate for joint action to this end with the United States. Rufus King, our minister in England, eagerly accepted this idea of coöperation, and by January, 1799, he was urging upon Hamilton that the time had come to settle the system of the American nations, while England was ready to assist us in accomplishing in South America what we had accomplished in North America. "For God's sake give attention to it," he begged.

Hamilton was not averse to engaging in the enterprise, but he believed that the United States should furnish the entire land forces. This would have given to him the military leadership. But President Adams, hard-headed and devoid of dreams of conquests in the South, saw that in such an alliance England would be the gainer. He regarded Miranda's plan as absurd, and rightly believed he had no effective force in America. Doubting whether Pitt had been bewitched by this Venezuelan agitator, or whether he was trying to dupe us into war with France, the President firmly declined to answer Miranda's letters, or to open negotiations for the proposed conquest of Spanish America. As soon as Napoleon's overtures paved the way he sent a new embassy to Paris, and on September 30, 1800, a treaty was made which restored France and America to friendly relations. The next day the subtle and forceful Corsican secured the secret retrocession of Louisiana to France. His material power, and the tempting offer of the beautiful land of Tuscany, rich in art and literature, to the royal house of Spain, proved effective.

The rest of the story is a familiar one. Napoleon made the peace of Amiens with England, and in the lull prepared to erect a colonial empire in America.

His army would first occupy San Domingo, and then Louisiana, the continental feeder to the West Indies. He would acquire the Floridas, and in time make of the Gulf of Mexico a French lake. His agents should establish friendly relations among the settlers beyond the Alleghanies, while alliances with the Southwestern Indians within our borders should serve to defend Louisiana and Florida from attack. There can be no doubt that once in control of the Mississippi and the Gulf he would have set himself to the task of extending his province to the Alleghanies. Lord Hawkesbury, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, warned Rufus King in 1801 that "the acquisition might enable France to extend her influence and perhaps her dominion up the Mississippi and through the Great Lakes, even to Canada. This would be realizing the plan, to prevent the accomplishment of which the Seven Years' War took place."

But before he occupied Louisiana, Napoleon undertook to subdue the negro insurrection in San Domingo, and fever and slaughter ruined his armies of occupation. He had founded his system on restoring this island to its once proud position as the centre of West Indian commerce, and he delayed taking possession of Louisiana until the interval of peace was at an end. But the strength of English sea power, and the danger of a union of the forces of England and the United States in time of war, would make the transfer of a large army to occupy Louisiana under hostile conditions a hazardous enterprise. Was it, after all, worth the cost, since its value was not so much immediate, as in that remote future which lay before the power that dominated the Mississippi?

If considerations like these engaged Napoleon's thought, the vigorous representations of Jefferson would have reinforced them. When it became clear that Louisiana had passed to France, he wrote our minister, Livingston, a letter, intended also for the perusal of Napoleon, which showed that the lessons of the long and tortuous intrigues for the possession of the mouth of the Mississippi had sunk deeply into his mind. Confronted with the danger of French occupation of the mouth of the Mississippi, he saw that he must throw aside his old antipathy to England, navies, alliances, and conquests, and grasp at that policy of an English alliance for the domination of North and South America, which so vigorous a Federalist as John Adams had rejected. "The day that France takes possession of New Orleans," he wrote, "fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her low-water mark. It seals the union of two nations who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation. We must turn all our attention to a maritime force, for which our resources place us on very high ground; and having formed and connected together a power which may render reënforcement of her settlements here impossible to France, make the first cannon which shall be fired in Europe the signal for the tearing up of any settlement she may have made, and for holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the united British and American nations." Jefferson perceived clearly that European possession of the mouth of the Mississippi would necessarily involve North America in the system of the Old World.

When the French minister Adet was striving to secure the election of Jefferson to the Presidency in 1796, he reported to his government an estimate of the great Virginian's character which strikingly illustrates this letter. He said: "I do not know whether, as I am told, we will always find in him a man entirely devoted to our interests. Mr. Jefferson likes us because he detests England; he seeks to unite with us because he sus-

pects us less than Great Britain, but he would change his sentiments toward us to-morrow, perhaps, if to-morrow Great Britain ceased to inspire him with fear. Jefferson, although a friend of liberty and the sciences, although an admirer of the efforts which we have made to break our chains and dissipate the cloud of ignorance which weighs upon mankind, Jefferson, I say, is an American, and, by that title, it is impossible for him to be sincerely our friend. An American is the born enemy of European peoples."

But with his passion for peace, Jefferson was in no haste to apply the rigorous programme of hostility. He preferred to put off the day of contention till our population in the valley increased so that "it could do its own business." In the instructions which he gave to Monroe in March, 1803, on sending him as a special envoy to France, he set the maximum desire of the United States at New Orleans and the Floridas. To secure them he was even ready to give to France an absolute guarantee of the west bank of the Mississippi. But his minimum demand was simply for the continuation of the right of deposit, to insure the freedom of navigation of the river. It was the "barren sand, . . . formed by the Gulf Stream in its circular course round the Mexican Gulf," and lying at the mouth of the Mississippi, that he coveted, for it controlled the destiny of the Great Valley.

Impetuous and swift in his decisions, Napoleon, while Monroe was still at sea, abandoned his hopes of a great colonial empire on the Gulf of Mexico, resolved on war with England, and ordered that all of Louisiana should be offered to the Union. On April 30, 1803, the treaty was dated which brought to an end these years of intrigue between European powers for the control over the interior of North America, and for the domination of the desintegrating empire of Spain. From that cession dates the emancipation of North America from the state systems of Europe, and the rise of the United States into the position of a world power, the arbiter of America.

Frederick J. Turner.

TRAINING IN TASTE.

THE desire to have good taste must be almost universal, for its possession implies so much that is honorable. It is an interesting question, whether good taste may be acquired or communicated, and, if so, to what degree. Assuredly few persons set out consciously upon a quest for it. It is generally felt that it is a gift rather than an accomplishment, being chiefly a matter of temperament and instinct. Education may have much to do with its development; culture, which Matthew Arnold defines as "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world," still more; but experience, life itself, is the only school in which the man of taste can take his final degree. Learning and taste do not always run together, for we all know that there are educated persons who have very little taste, and, on the other hand, we know that there are illiterate persons who possess a "general susceptibility to truth and nobleness," which is Carlyle's definition of taste. Indeed, the difference between knowledge and culture is as wide as that between knowledge and wisdom. Almost every one may acquire a certain degree of education, but as for really "acquainting ourselves" with the best things in the world, that is something which, with the best will imaginable, will never come at the beck of mere intellect. We are so

made that we cannot know the things that we do not love, even as we cannot love the things we do not know.

Thus a prosaic and unimaginative nature can never get into real contact with the classics; for the sensitiveness to fine impressions, which is a necessary condition of creative work of a high type, is equally requisite for the complete appreciation of that work. Although it is not necessary for a man to be a Dante in order to understand and relish the Divine Comedy, he must have some mental affinity to the author, — a similar vein of potential poetry in his nature. There must be that in him which vibrates in response to the call of genius. Intellect and culture are not enough; there must be the heart to feel as well as the mind to grasp the meaning.

Scientific criticism may be useful in its way, but there is a higher kind of criticism, which employs sympathy more than naked facts of history in order to interpret the spirit of work. It deals with results more than with methods. No analysis, no laboratory test, for Titian's color, for Milton's diction! That way pedantry lies. Yet "the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world" is not a passive achievement. Sublime revelations of truth and beauty await our coming to them; but we must meet them halfway. All your life you have heard of Rembrandt, — *clarum et venerabile nomen!* — and have taken him, as it were, upon faith; but some bright morning, while you loiter in a gallery of engravings, you have perhaps come upon a little etching of a New Testament scene, drawn with a curiously awkward yet impassioned touch, and giving forth such poignant expression, such a full tide of emotional life, that all the unspeakable, tragic grandeur of the history of the Man of Sorrows seems compacted in that diminutive bit of scratched copper.

In respect to works of art of all classes, from music and poetry to architecture and sculpture, it is not so much perfection that we are to expect and desire, as a certain combination of traits, which, by the laws of our individual temperaments, are peculiarly adapted to arouse in us sympathetic enthusiasm. This is why we choose our friends, sweethearts, wives, politics, religions, to suit ourselves, not to conform to some general or ideal standard, still less to suit the neighbors. Let us be loyal to our preferences, and have the courage of our prejudices. If a man can see nothing that is good in Botticelli, Burne-Jones, or Claude Monet, let him say so candidly; there is a reason for it; and even if that reason be somewhat unreasonable, it is imperative to be honest. The keystone of the arch of art is expressed in Polonius's counsel to Laertes, "To thine own self be true."

Nor does a negative attitude of mind with reference to the works of certain authors convey any imputation of their inferiority. We may be simply indifferent at present; it does not follow that we shall be so always; we are open to conviction, and therefore shall not miss much that is good; every free man has the right to change his mind when he receives new light. To suppose that there is any sort of moral obligation to understand, approve, and enjoy all the good books, pictures, music, and monuments in existence, would be to suppose an æsthetic impossibility. No one can eat all the dishes named in the bill of fare. We must economize our appetites, partaking of that food only which we can relish and assimilate. The maxim *de gustibus non est disputandum* is neither wholly true nor wholly false. It is certain that the free exercise of individual taste is perfectly allowable, more than that, is perfectly desirable, and this will inevitably lead to some differences of opinion; yet it is as certain that there are fundamental principles of choice, common to all the arts, and as a corollary there is a standard of excellence

which in due time is recognized by all good authorities.

If the charm, nobility, and beauty of simple honesty in the realm of taste were only realized, mere differences of opinion would count for little. It is of no avail to learn things by rote, after the manner of the multiplication tables. In the æsthetic world we must be adventurous, hardy, and independent, use our own eyes and minds, discover new continents for ourselves, experience the sensations of explorers, finding our own way. It is of little use to believe that two and two make four because some one has said so. We must project the fact in our imaginations, realize it, and be convinced of it by our own reason.

Nevertheless, when there is a virtually unanimous consensus of expert opinion as to the merits of any work, would it not be an absurd display of egotism to set up a dissenting judgment? A waiting attitude is the wiser part, neither scornful nor obsequious. Questions of taste are not settled by universal suffrage, nor by personal whims, but by the edicts of the intellectual élite in all ages and generations of men. So, while we are at liberty to reserve our opinions in those instances where the accumulated testimony of authoritative criticism points one way, it is at least probable that it is sound. With all the allowances that must be made for individuality, there is, after all, a standard of taste on which all competent judges may unite. Though they may differ about minor matters, they agree finally as to the essentials.

A thoughtful person is in no danger of remaining neutral for long with regard to any important issue. Frank discussion is useful, but controversy and contention seldom lead to any valuable conclusions. As in ethics, so in æsthetics; unless the mind is busied with good thoughts, it will gravitate toward bad ones, for it cannot remain empty. Contact with good literature, since this is an age of reading, is doubtless the most effectual formative condition for the cultivation of taste; and when this may be supplemented by contact with good architecture, sculpture, and pictures, the whole trend of mental development should be upward. The growth of taste, however, will vary in rapidity and thoroughness in strict accordance with each individual temperament; in no case is it possible for it to outrun the innate "susceptibility to truth and nobleness."

The influence of personal example is worth any amount of didacticism. I had a friend, who, without much education, and without any of the advantages of travel, possessed the finest native instinct for all things in nature and art that are fine and true. Association with him amounted to a liberal, though unacademic, education in art appreciation. His intellect, undisciplined by bookish studies, was singularly alert, keen, and vigorous. His conversation was more picturesque and pithy than lettered, but his intuitive wisdom was seldom at fault, as is sometimes the way with those who have studied men and things more than textbooks. He could not have told you what school Mantegna belonged to, perhaps; but his nature was stirred to its depths by any and every manifestation of a passion for beauty, whether in life or art. I think he could be called, in the fullest sense of the word, a connoisseur; for he knew. But his knowledge came from within. He obeyed the inner light. His example taught me to observe things; my eyes were opened to the humble and casual revelations of every-day beauty, grandeur, and significance, all about, which we have but to look for in order to find. When I think of this great-hearted friend, who could derive more exquisite emotion from the contemplation of a wild flower in the woods than most people are capable of feeling in front of a Raphael or on the first sight of Mont Blanc, I have little

patience with the prattle of so-called artists about their dependence upon an "art atmosphere." "Coelum non animam mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

So far as a philosophy of taste exists, its teachings ought to be affirmative rather than negative. It is more important to know what to attain than to know what to avoid. The mind of the civilized man is open to impressions, and the first condition of æsthetic culture is mental hospitality. The terms most frequently used in the philosophy of ethics occur with equal pertinence in the field of æsthetics, — integrity, purity, elevation, dignity, elegance, finish, repose fulness, balance, poise, and the like. A sense of humor is of great usefulness in counteracting the opposite tendencies toward pedantry, conventionality, and priggishness. But one should know when to be serious. The habit of perpetual banter is pernicious. A normal and wholesome degree of sensuousness is also an important factor in the development of taste. Without it no vital art is possible. The safeguard against its abuse is not asceticism, but moral enthusiasm, — the passion for righteousness, — which is the supreme thing in English literature, for instance.

In the presence of a new work of art, many persons stand on guard, defiant, suspicious, timid, as if afraid of being tricked into undue admiration or enjoyment. Those who are on the watch for flaws can always find some. All criticism is a confession, in which the critic lays bare his own limitations. What we need in criticism, an old painter once said to me, is a nourishing, and not a destructive system. The reflex effect of the censorious habit is very belittling. Sarcasm is a two-edged weapon, and must be handled with vast discretion. Yet we do not care to learn the opinions of historians who are so excessively good-natured, catholic, and charitable that they love everything.

I do not like to hear people speak of their preferences in an apologetic tone. Affectation is the only unpardonable sin in the realm of taste, so none of us need be ashamed of liking certain things that are not strictly first-rate. It is so tiresome to hear opinions put forth with a preface excusing their inadequacy, that one sometimes welcomes heartily the blunt declaration of the man who proclaims Ouida or the Duchess the greatest of novelists, and believes that John G. Brown's pictures are truer to life than those of John La Farge.

A little taste is a dangerous thing. A large class of would-be æsthetes partake of the characteristics of poor Mr. Winkle, who was constantly getting into dreadful scrapes because he hated to acknowledge that he did not know. It is this ambitious but vulnerable class which is forever engaged in a still hunt for the latest and costliest fashion in apparel, furniture, fiction, philosophy, food, sport, — I had almost said religion. Each new style, or fad, is passed along in some occult, wireless way, with marvelous promptitude, and makes its presence felt with the agility of the most recent microbe. There are those whose conversation is ingeniously made to convey the information that the speaker is in touch with the only correct line of contemporary thought on all the things I have named.

The reason for the inextricable relation which exists between ethics and æsthetics is that the only durable kind of beauty is spiritual or moral beauty, of which material beauty is but the exterior symbol. I can exemplify this in no simpler way than by taking the art of Velasquez as a concrete illustration. This painter stands, in an exceptionally perfect manner, for all that is noble, dignified, lucid, and refined. The chief attributes of civilization — character, intellect, culture, gentleness of demeanor and conduct — are his constant theme and inspiration. By his supreme integ-

rity, and the lofty and pure style which results from it, he lends to civilization a new lustre. It may be said that to know Velasquez is a liberal education in taste. His severity and reserve are among his high merits, for they belong to an art in which self-respect is a conspicuous element. His work is measured, poised, sober, never florid, nor rhetorical. In contemplating his pictures we are entering a natural atmosphere of real aristocracy, the aristocracy of merit, where all forms of meanness and vulgarity are out of the question. Never were style and the man more completely identical. The moral superiority of Velasquez is so natural, so easy, so much a matter of course, that the perfection of his style, growing out of it, becomes a sort of moral excellence in itself. Such painting is an act of high morality, — a luminous embodiment of virtue.

William Howe Downes.

THE CRY OF THE OLD HOUSE.

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids, with starchèd frocks;
My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
Against the keen, lone, throbbing sky;
The tang of the old box
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dews fall.
Come back!
I watch, I cry:
Leave the rude wharf, the mart;
Come back!
Else shall I break my heart.

Am I forgot;
My days as they were not? —
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes;
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you;
The larkspurs growing tall,
You wreathed in pink and blue,
Within your prayer-books small;
The cupboards carved both in and out,
With curious, prickly vine,
And smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Of folk you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay rout;
The lanterns, that at hour for bed,
A charmed, but homely red,
Went flickering from shed to shed;

The fagots crumbling, spicy, good,
Brought in from the great wood;
The Dark that held you all about;
The Wind that would not go? —
Come back, my women and my men,
And take them all again!

Not yet, not yet,
Can you forget —
For you that are a man,
You battle not or reap, you dream nor plan;
And you, so gray of look,
You cannot pluck a rose, or read a book,
Do aught for faith, or fame, or tears,
But I am there with all my years.
Oh, one and all,
When at the evenfall,
Your slim girls sing out on the stair,
Lo, I am there!
When blow the cherry boughs so fair
Athwart your slender town yards far away,
Lo, all at once you have no word to say;
For at your throat a sharp, strange thing —
An old house set in an old spring!

Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wistful lands,
The poplar-haunted lands.
You need not call,
For I shall know,
And light the candles tall,
Set wine and loaf a-row.
Come back!
Unlatch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more.
For I shall comfort you, oh lad;
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly glad!
The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgot, forgot!
Come back,
And fall upon my heart!

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

BAXTER'S PROCRUSTES.

BAXTER'S Procrustes is one of the publications of the Bodleian Club. The Bodleian Club is composed of gentlemen of culture, who are interested in books and book-collecting. It was named, very obviously, after the famous library of the same name, and not only became in our city a sort of shrine for local worshipers of fine bindings and rare editions, but was visited occasionally by pilgrims from afar. The Bodleian has entertained Mark Twain, Joseph Jefferson, and other literary and histrionic celebrities. It possesses quite a collection of personal mementos of distinguished authors, among them a paperweight which once belonged to Goethe, a lead pencil used by Emerson, an autograph letter of Matthew Arnold, and a chip from a tree felled by Mr. Gladstone. Its library contains a number of rare books, including a fine collection on chess, of which game several of the members are enthusiastic devotees.

The activities of the club are not, however, confined entirely to books. We have a very handsome clubhouse, and much taste and discrimination have been exercised in its adornment. There are many good paintings, including portraits of the various presidents of the club, which adorn the entrance hall. After books, perhaps the most distinctive feature of the club is our collection of pipes. In a large rack in the smoking-room — really a superfluity, since smoking is permitted all over the house — is as complete an assortment of pipes as perhaps exists in the civilized world. Indeed, it is an unwritten rule of the club that no one is eligible for membership who cannot produce a new variety of pipe, which is filed with his application for membership, and, if he passes, deposited with the club collection, he, however, retaining the title in himself. Once a year, upon the anniversary of the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, it will be remembered, first introduced tobacco into England, the full membership of the club, as a rule, turns out. A large supply of the very best smoking mixture is laid in. At nine o'clock sharp each member takes his pipe from the rack, fills it with tobacco, and then the whole club, with the president at the head, all smoking furiously, march in solemn procession from room to room, upstairs and downstairs, making the tour of the clubhouse and returning to the smoking-room. The president then delivers an address, and each member is called upon to say something, either by way of a quotation or an original sentiment, in praise of the virtues of nicotine. This ceremony — facetiously known as "hitting the pipe" — being thus concluded, the membership pipes are carefully cleaned out and replaced in the club rack.

As I have said, however, the *raison d'être* of the club, and the feature upon which its fame chiefly rests, is its collection of rare books, and of these by far the most interesting are its own publications. Even its catalogues are works of art, published in numbered editions, and sought by libraries and book-collectors. Early in its history it began the occasional publication of books which should meet the club standard, — books in which emphasis should be laid upon the qualities that make a book valuable in the eyes of collectors. Of these, age could not, of course, be imparted, but in the matter of fine and curious bindings, of hand-made linen papers, of uncut or deckle edges, of wide margins and limited editions, the club could control its own publications. The matter of contents was, it must be confessed, a less important consideration. At first it was felt by the publishing committee that nothing but the finest products of the human

mind should be selected for enshrinement in the beautiful volumes which the club should issue. The length of the work was an important consideration, — long things were not compatible with wide margins and graceful slenderness. For instance, we brought out Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, an essay by Emerson, and another by Thoreau. Our Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám . was Heron - Allen's translation of the original MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, which, though less poetical than FitzGerald's, was not so common. Several years ago we began to publish the works of our own members. Bascom's Essay on Pipes was a very creditable performance. It was published in a limited edition of one hundred copies, and since it had not previously appeared elsewhere and was copyrighted by the club, it was sufficiently rare to be valuable for that reason. The second publication of local origin was Baxter's Procrustes.

I have omitted to say that once or twice a year, at a meeting of which notice has been given, an auction is held at the Bodleian. The members of the club send in their duplicate copies, or books they for any reason wish to dispose of, which are auctioned off to the highest bidder. At these sales, which are well attended, the club's publications have of recent years formed the leading feature. Three years ago, number three of Bascom's Essay on Pipes sold for fifteen dollars; — the original cost of publication was one dollar and seventy-five cents. Later in the evening an uncut copy of the same brought thirty dollars. At the next auction the price of the cut copy was run up to twenty-five dollars, while the uncut copy was knocked down at seventy-five dollars. The club had always appreciated the value of uncut copies, but this financial indorsement enhanced their desirability immensely. This rise in the Essay on Pipes was not without a sympathetic effect upon all the club publications. The Emerson essay rose from three dollars to seventeen, and the Thoreau, being by an author less widely read, and by his own confession commercially unsuccessful, brought a somewhat higher figure. The prices, thus inflated, were not permitted to come down appreciably. Since every member of the club possessed one or more of these valuable editions, they were all manifestly interested in keeping up the price. The publication, however, which brought the highest prices, and, but for the sober second thought, might have wrecked the whole system, was Baxter's Procrustes.

Baxter was, perhaps, the most scholarly member of the club. A graduate of Harvard, he had traveled extensively, had read widely, and while not so enthusiastic a collector as some of us, possessed as fine a private library as any man of his age in the city. He was about thirty-five when he joined the club, and apparently some bitter experience — some disappointment in love or ambition — had left its mark upon his character. With light, curly hair, fair complexion, and gray eyes, one would have expected Baxter to be genial of temper, with a tendency toward wordiness of speech. But though he had occasional flashes of humor, his ordinary demeanor was characterized by a mild cynicism, which, with his gloomy pessimistic philosophy, so foreign to the temperament that should accompany his physical type, could only be accounted for upon the hypothesis of some secret sorrow such as I have suggested. What it might be no one knew. He had means and social position, and was an uncommonly handsome man. The fact that he remained unmarried at thirty-five furnished some support for the theory of a disappointment in love, though this the several intimates of Baxter who belonged to the club were not able to verify.

It had occurred to me, in a vague way, that perhaps Baxter might be an unsuccessful author. That he was a poet we knew very well, and typewritten

copies of his verses had occasionally circulated among us. But Baxter had always expressed such a profound contempt for modern literature, had always spoken in terms of such unmeasured pity for the slaves of the pen, who were dependent upon the whim of an undiscriminating public for recognition and a livelihood, that no one of us had ever suspected him of aspirations toward publication, until, as I have said, it occurred to me one day that Baxter's attitude with regard to publication might be viewed in the light of effect as well as of cause, — that his scorn of publicity might as easily arise from failure to achieve it, as his never having published might be due to his preconceived disdain of the vulgar popularity which one must share with the pugilist or balloonist of the hour.

The notion of publishing Baxter's Procrustes did not emanate from Baxter, — I must do him the justice to say this. But he had spoken to several of the fellows about the theme of his poem, until the notion that Baxter was at work upon something fine had become pretty well disseminated throughout our membership. He would occasionally read brief passages to a small coterie of friends in the sitting-room or library, — never more than ten lines at once, or to more than five people at a time, — and these excerpts gave at least a few of us a pretty fair idea of the motive and scope of the poem. As I, for one, gathered, it was quite along the line of Baxter's philosophy. Society was the Procrustes which, like the Greek bandit of old, caught every man born into the world, and endeavored to fit him to some preconceived standard, generally to the one for which he was least adapted. The world was full of men and women who were merely square pegs in round holes, and *vice versa*. Most marriages were unhappy because the contracting parties were not properly mated. Religion was mostly superstition, science for the most part sciolism, popular education merely a means of forcing the stupid and repressing the bright, so that all the youth of the rising generation might conform to the same dull, dead level of democratic mediocrity. Life would soon become so monotonously uniform and so uniformly monotonous as to be scarce worth the living.

It was Smith, I think, who first proposed that the club publish Baxter's Procrustes. The poet himself did not seem enthusiastic when the subject was broached; he demurred for some little time, protesting that the poem was not worthy of publication. But when it was proposed that the edition be limited to fifty copies he agreed to consider the proposition. When I suggested, having in mind my secret theory of Baxter's failure in authorship, that the edition would at least be in the hands of friends, that it would be difficult for a hostile critic to secure a copy, and that if it should not achieve success from a literary point of view, the extent of the failure would be limited to the size of the edition, Baxter was visibly impressed. When the literary committee at length decided to request formally of Baxter the privilege of publishing his Procrustes, he consented, with evident reluctance, upon condition that he should supervise the printing, binding, and delivery of the books, merely submitting to the committee, in advance, the manuscript, and taking their views in regard to the bookmaking.

The manuscript was duly presented to the literary committee. Baxter having expressed the desire that the poem be not read aloud at a meeting of the club, as was the custom, since he wished it to be given to the world clad in suitable garb, the committee went even farther. Having entire confidence in Baxter's taste and scholarship, they, with great delicacy, refrained from even reading the manuscript, contenting themselves with Baxter's statement of the general theme and the topics grouped under it. The

details of the bookmaking, however, were gone into thoroughly. The paper was to be of hand-made linen, from the Kelmscott Mills; the type black-letter, with rubricated initials. The cover, which was Baxter's own selection, was to be of dark green morocco, with a cap-and-bells border in red inlays, and doublures of maroon morocco with a blind-tooled design. Baxter was authorized to contract with the printer and superintend the publication. The whole edition of fifty numbered copies was to be disposed of at auction, in advance, to the highest bidder, only one copy to each, the proceeds to be devoted to paying for the printing and binding, the remainder, if any, to go into the club treasury, and Baxter himself to receive one copy by way of remuneration. Baxter was inclined to protest at this, on the ground that his copy would probably be worth more than the royalties on the edition, at the usual ten per cent, would amount to, but was finally prevailed upon to accept an author's copy.

While the Procrustes was under consideration, some one read, at one of our meetings, a note from some magazine, which stated that a sealed copy of a new translation of Campanella's Sonnets, published by the Grolier Club, had been sold for three hundred dollars. This impressed the members greatly. It was a novel idea. A new work might thus be enshrined in a sort of holy of holies, which, if the collector so desired, could be forever sacred from the profanation of any vulgar or unappreciative eye. The possessor of such a treasure could enjoy it by the eye of imagination, having at the same time the exaltation of grasping what was for others the unattainable. The literary committee were so impressed with this idea that they presented it to Baxter in regard to the Procrustes. Baxter making no objection, the subscribers who might wish their copies delivered sealed were directed to notify the author. I sent in my name. A fine book, after all, was an investment, and if there was any way of enhancing its rarity, and therefore its value, I was quite willing to enjoy such an advantage.

When the Procrustes was ready for distribution, each subscriber received his copy by mail, in a neat pasteboard box. Each number was wrapped in a thin and transparent but very strong paper, through which the cover design and tooling were clearly visible. The number of the copy was indorsed upon the wrapper, the folds of which were securely fastened at each end with sealing-wax, upon which was impressed, as a guaranty of its inviolateness, the monogram of the club.

At the next meeting of the Bodleian a great deal was said about the Procrustes, and it was unanimously agreed that no finer specimen of bookmaking had ever been published by the club. By a curious coincidence, no one had brought his copy with him, and the two club copies had not yet been received from the binder, who, Baxter had reported, was retaining them for some extra fine work. Upon resolution, offered by a member who had not subscribed for the volume, a committee of three was appointed to review the Procrustes at the next literary meeting of the club. Of this committee it was my doubtful fortune to constitute one.

In pursuance of my duty in the premises, it of course became necessary for me to read the Procrustes. In all probability I should have cut my own copy for this purpose, had not one of the club auctions intervened between my appointment and the date set for the discussion of the Procrustes. At this meeting a copy of the book, still sealed, was offered for sale, and bought by a non-subscriber for the unprecedented price of one hundred and fifty dollars. After this a proper regard for my own interests would not permit me to spoil my copy by opening it, and I was therefore compelled to procure my information concerning the

poem from some other source. As I had no desire to appear mercenary, I said nothing about my own copy, and made no attempt to borrow. I did, however, casually remark to Baxter that I should like to look at his copy of the proof sheets, since I wished to make some extended quotations for my review, and would rather not trust my copy to a typist for that purpose. Baxter assured me, with every evidence of regret, that he had considered them of so little importance that he had thrown them into the fire. This indifference of Baxter to literary values struck me as just a little overdone. The proof sheets of Hamlet, corrected in Shakespeare's own hand, would be well-nigh priceless.

At the next meeting of the club I observed that Thompson and Davis, who were with me on the reviewing committee, very soon brought up the question of the Procrustes in conversation in the smoking-room, and seemed anxious to get from the members their views concerning Baxter's production, I supposed upon the theory that the appreciation of any book review would depend more or less upon the degree to which it reflected the opinion of those to whom the review should be presented. I presumed, of course, that Thompson and Davis had each read the book, — they were among the subscribers, — and I was desirous of getting their point of view.

"What do you think," I inquired, "of the passage on Social Systems?" I have forgotten to say that the poem was in blank verse, and divided into parts, each with an appropriate title.

"Well," replied Davis, it seemed to me a little cautiously, "it is not exactly Spencerian, although it squints at the Spencerian view, with a slight deflection toward Hegelianism. I should consider it an harmonious fusion of the best views of all the modern philosophers, with a strong Baxterian flavor."

"Yes," said Thompson, "the charm of the chapter lies in this very quality. The style is an emanation from Baxter's own intellect, — he has written himself into the poem. By knowing Baxter we are able to appreciate the book, and after having read the book we feel that we are so much the more intimately acquainted with Baxter, — the real Baxter."

Baxter had come in during this colloquy, and was standing by the fireplace smoking a pipe. I was not exactly sure whether the faint smile which marked his face was a token of pleasure or cynicism; it was Baxterian, however, and I had already learned that Baxter's opinions upon any subject were not to be gathered always from his facial expression. For instance, when the club porter's crippled child died Baxter remarked, it seemed to me unfeelingly, that the poor little devil was doubtless better off, and that the porter himself had certainly been relieved of a burden; and only a week later the porter told me in confidence that Baxter had paid for an expensive operation, undertaken in the hope of prolonging the child's life. I therefore drew no conclusions from Baxter's somewhat enigmatical smile. He left the room at this point in the conversation, somewhat to my relief.

"By the way, Jones," said Davis, addressing me, "are you impressed by Baxter's views on Degeneration?"

Having often heard Baxter express himself upon the general downward tendency of modern civilization, I felt safe in discussing his views in a broad and general manner.

"I think," I replied, "that they are in harmony with those of Schopenhauer, without his bitterness; with those of Nordau, without his flippancy. His materialism is Haeckel's, presented with something of the charm of Omar Khayyám."

"Yes," chimed in Davis, "it answers the strenuous demand of our day, — dissatisfaction with an unjustified optimism, — and voices for us the courage of human philosophy facing the unknown."

I had a vague recollection of having

read something like this somewhere, but so much has been written, that one can scarcely discuss any subject of importance without unconsciously borrowing, now and then, the thoughts or the language of others. Quotation, like imitation, is a superior grade of flattery.

"The Procrustes," said Thompson, to whom the metrical review had been apportioned, "is couched in sonorous lines, of haunting melody and charm; and yet so closely inter-related as to be scarcely quotable with justice to the author. To be appreciated the poem should be read as a whole, — I shall say as much in my review. What shall you say of the letter-press?" he concluded, addressing me. I was supposed to discuss the technical excellence of the volume from the connoisseur's viewpoint.

"The setting," I replied judicially, "is worthy of the gem. The dark green cover, elaborately tooled, the old English lettering, the heavy linen paper, mark this as one of our very choicest publications. The letter-press is of course De Vinne's best, — there is nothing better on this side of the Atlantic. The text is a beautiful, slender stream, meandering gracefully through a wide meadow of margin."

For some reason I left the room for a minute. As I stepped into the hall, I almost ran into Baxter, who was standing near the door, facing a hunting print of a somewhat humorous character, hung upon the wall, and smiling with an immensely pleased expression.

"What a ridiculous scene!" he remarked. "Look at that fat old squire on that tall hunter! I 'll wager dollars to doughnuts that he won't get over the first fence!"

It was a very good bluff, but did not deceive me. Under his mask of unconcern, Baxter was anxious to learn what we thought of his poem, and had stationed himself in the hall that he might overhear our discussion without embarrassing us by his presence. He had covered up his delight at our appreciation by this simulated interest in the hunting print.

When the night came for the review of the Procrustes there was a large attendance of members, and several visitors, among them a young English cousin of one of the members, on his first visit to the United States; some of us had met him at other clubs, and in society, and had found him a very jolly boy, with a youthful exuberance of spirits and a naïve ignorance of things American, that made his views refreshing and, at times, amusing.

The critical essays were well considered, if a trifle vague. Baxter received credit for poetic skill of a high order.

"Our brother Baxter," said Thompson, "should no longer bury his talent in a napkin. This gem, of course, belongs to the club, but the same brain from which issued this exquisite emanation can produce others to inspire and charm an appreciative world."

"The author's view of life," said Davis, "as expressed in these beautiful lines, will help us to fit our shoulders for the heavy burden of life, by bringing to our realization those profound truths of philosophy which find hope in despair and pleasure in pain. When he shall see fit to give to the wider world, in fuller form, the thoughts of which we have been vouchsafed this foretaste, let us hope that some little ray of his fame may rest upon the Bodleian, from which can never be taken away the proud privilege of saying that he was one of its members."

I then pointed out the beauties of the volume as a piece of bookmaking. I knew, from conversation with the publication committee, the style of type and rubrication, and could see the cover through the wrapper of my sealed copy. The dark green morocco, I said, in summing up, typified the author's serious view of life, as a thing to be endured as patiently as might be. The cap-and-bells

border was significant of the shams by which the optimist sought to delude himself into the view that life was a desirable thing. The intricate blind-tooling of the doublure shadowed forth the blind fate which left us in ignorance of our future and our past, or of even what the day itself might bring forth. The black-letter type, with rubricated initials, signified a philosophic pessimism enlightened by the conviction that in duty one might find, after all, an excuse for life and a hope for humanity. Applying this test to the club, this work, which might be said to represent all that the Bodleian stood for, was in itself sufficient to justify the club's existence. If the Bodleian had done nothing else, if it should do nothing more, it had produced a masterpiece.

There was a sealed copy of the Procrustes, belonging, I believe, to one of the committee, lying on the table by which I stood, and I had picked it up and held it in my hand for a moment, to emphasize one of my periods, but had laid it down immediately. I noted, as I sat down, that young Hunkin, our English visitor, who sat on the other side of the table, had picked up the volume and was examining it with interest. When the last review was read, and the generous applause had subsided, there were cries for Baxter.

"Baxter! Baxter! Author! Author!"

Baxter had been sitting over in a corner during the reading of the reviews, and had succeeded remarkably well, it seemed to me, in concealing, under his mask of cynical indifference, the exultation which I was sure he must feel. But this outburst of enthusiasm was too much even for Baxter, and it was clear that he was struggling with strong emotion when he rose to speak.

"Gentlemen, and fellow members of the Bodleian, it gives me unaffected pleasure — sincere pleasure — some day you may know how much pleasure — I cannot trust myself to say it now — to see the evident care with which your committee have read my poor verses, and the responsive sympathy with which my friends have entered into my views of life and conduct. I thank you again, and again, and when I say that I am too full for utterance, — I 'm sure you will excuse me from saying any more."

Baxter took his seat, and the applause had begun again when it was broken by a sudden exclamation.

"By Jove!" exclaimed our English visitor, who still sat behind the table, "what an extraordinary book!"

Every one gathered around him.

"You see," he exclaimed, holding up the volume, "you fellows said so much about the bally book that I wanted to see what it was like; so I untied the ribbon, and cut the leaves with the paper knife lying here, and found — and found that there was n't a single line in it, don't you know!"

Blank consternation followed this announcement, which proved only too true. Every one knew instinctively, without further investigation, that the club had been badly sold. In the resulting confusion Baxter escaped, but later was waited upon by a committee, to whom he made the rather lame excuse that he had always regarded uncut and sealed books as tommy-rot, and that he had merely been curious to see how far the thing could go; and that the result had justified his belief that a book with nothing in it was just as useful to a book-collector as one embodying a work of genius. He offered to pay all the bills for the sham Procrustes, or to replace the blank copies with the real thing, as we might choose. Of course, after such an insult, the club did not care for the poem. He was permitted to pay the expense, however, and it was more than hinted to him that his resignation from the club would be favorably acted upon. He never sent it in, and, as he went to Europe shortly afterwards, the affair had time to blow over.

In our first disgust at Baxter's dupli-

city, most of us cut our copies of the Procrustes, some of us mailed them to Baxter with cutting notes, and others threw them into the fire. A few wiser spirits held on to theirs, and this fact leaking out, it began to dawn upon the minds of the real collectors among us that the volume was something unique in the way of a publication.

"Baxter," said our president one evening to a select few of us who sat around the fireplace, "was wiser than we knew, or than he perhaps appreciated. His Procrustes, from the collector's point of view, is entirely logical, and might be considered as the acme of bookmaking. To the true collector, a book is a work of art, of which the contents are no more important than the words of an opera. Fine binding is a desideratum, and, for its cost, that of the Procrustes could not be improved upon. The paper is above criticism. The true collector loves wide margins, and the Procrustes, being all margin, merely touches the vanishing point of the perspective. The smaller the edition, the greater the collector's eagerness to acquire a copy. There are but six uncut copies left, I am told, of the Procrustes, and three sealed copies, of one of which I am the fortunate possessor."

After this deliverance, it is not surprising that, at our next auction, a sealed copy of Baxter's Procrustes was knocked down, after spirited bidding, for two hundred and fifty dollars, the highest price ever brought by a single volume published by the club.

Charles W. Chesnutt.

THE QUIET MAN.

At college it was always easy to create a prepossession in favor of a man by recommending him as a "nice, quiet sort of fellow." In the case of the athlete who had demonstrated his vitality and manly qualities, the reason for this prepossession was clear; the declaration of his friends was an assurance that his head had not been turned by his achievements, and that he was modest and unassertive. But it always seemed to me singular that so negative a statement should so generally have guaranteed the worth of one of whom little else was known. Even in the larger world outside of college, the same guarantee holds good; let a stranger in a city have but one friend who makes it known that he is a "nice, quiet sort of fellow," and he will not lack for a welcome.

Yet many of the primary and obvious reasons for quietness in a man are not prepossessing. It may be that he is a weakling; bullied because of his lack of strength in the Spartan age of boyhood, he has had fixed upon him the habit of timidity and self-effacement. Or he may be stupid, yet with just enough intelligence to perceive his dullness and so to be dumb. Or he may by nature be one of those passionless, unenthusiastic, indifferent creatures who find sufficient occupation in buttoning on their clothes in the morning and unbuttoning them at night, eating their three meals, and going through the daily routine work or routine idleness to which necessity or circumstance has accustomed them. The classification is incomplete; there are quiet men who are not weaklings, who are not stupid, who are enthusiastic, men of firm will and steadfast purpose. But if we pass over these for the present, it will appear that the self-control practiced by quiet persons had oftentimes better give place to self-

abandon, and that many a man is respected for his restraint when he should be pitied for his diffidence. There is, for instance, the case of one whose quiet ways have resulted from a sense of physical inferiority in boyhood.

No matter what victories may be attained in the development of character, the point of view and the manner that were fixed in the early formative years are never quite discarded. The boy who has less strength than his fellows, less athletic skill, and yet admires and longs for these possessions, invites only too often demonstrations upon himself of the vigor and prowess that he covets. A boy likes above all things to show his power over another boy; and the most instant method is by putting him down and sitting on him, or by seizing his wrist and twisting it till he howls, or by gripping the back of his neck and forcing him to march whither the tyrant wills. Once the unlucky weakling is discovered and his susceptibility to teasing exposed, he becomes the plaything of his stronger mates. The amusement is the greater if he resents it with spirit, the keener if he has a sensitiveness which is hurt by the abuse, the more frequently invited if he has the fatal admiration for deeds of strength, and haunts, in spite of its terrors, the society of those who can perform them. His spirit is not crushed, but it learns discretion; his sensitiveness grows into a shy and morbid pride; he likes to look on at better men, and to know them, but he finds it wise to be inconspicuous, inasmuch as to draw attention to himself usually means to suffer from a display of the very abilities which he admires.

And out of this what results? He acquires the habit of looking on and being socially inconspicuous. He may have energies that in the end win for him eminence, but he will probably be to the end a shy and quiet man. It is not necessary that a boy should be a weakling to arrive at this development; some trifling peculiarity, a curious quality of voice, or a nervous and easily mimicked laugh, or an alien accent may suffice to create in him an undue tendency to hold his tongue. I know one man who attributes his "cursed quietness" to an ailment of the throat that he had when a boy, and that made his speech husky and often liable to break down. Another thinks he is quiet because he never could sing; nearly always, in any gathering in which he found himself, there was singing, and he, utterly without the musical sense, sat and contributed nothing. This inability in expression extended even to his speech; he could not manage his voice to tell a story effectively, and though no one has a keener appreciation of the humorous or dramatic, no one is less able than he to realize it in his talk.

Then there are the humble-minded people who fancy themselves too dull or too uninformed to be interesting, and who cut themselves off from sharing freely with others their thoughts and opinions. Often they do themselves scant justice in their modesty, and win all the more on that account the regard of the few who come near enough to know them. But they are always understood of but few, and they are bottled-up people, a nervous, self-conscious, timorous folk, of pleasant dispositions and much sentiment, who seldom cut any large figure in the world.

The others, who really are dull and without being oppressed by the knowledge preserve a befitting retirement, constitute perhaps a majority of the quiet men. To be dull is certainly not to be disliked; and yet I question if any one of this numerous, agreeable, and necessary company quite fills out the original mental picture summoned by the recommendation, — "a nice, quiet sort of fellow." For the phrase suggests a man who has reserves of thought or knowledge or moral force. Indeed, we often follow up the desig-

nation, as thus: "A nice, quiet sort of fellow, with a lot to him." On closer acquaintance, we are likely to find that his quietness proceeds from lack of strong convictions rather than from moral force, or from mere empty-headedness rather than from thoughts too deep to share. We come to think him a man with a receptive habit but little assimilative power. He listens but does not learn. It seems to be a sort of mental and moral dyspepsia from which he suffers.

Let us suppose, however, that it is neither lack of ideas nor ill digestion of ideas which renders him a quiet man, but that he is indeed a person "with a lot to him." Then, usually, he is the man of one idea. It is rare that he has versatility. He is the small inventor or the mechanician, whose mind on being diverted from the study of wheels and cogs can in no other sense be diverted; it is cold alike to Shakespeare and to baseball. He is the young poet of good impulses and a little talent, toying with his lyric and indifferent to the science of the stars, of the green and growing things about him, and to the business and endeavors of his active fellow men. He is the lawyer who makes a career out of ingenuity in splitting hairs; he is the business man who carries his ledgers home with him at night; he is any man who, by his devotion to an abstract principle or problem, or to a material fact, neglects his relations with nature and with men. If the principle is important and appeals to a missionary and reforming conscience, and if the man has power, he is not admitted to fellowship among the quiet, but according to one's point of view is hailed as a hero or denounced as a crank, a nuisance, or a fool.

Of the many small people involved in their struggle with one idea, and abandoned to their solitary interest, Emerson has supplied a phrase that may be appropriated for definition. They are Mere Thinkers, as contrasted with Man Thinking. In them the human element is deficient. They may have an absorbed interest in their one pursuit, perhaps even a kind of dry and laudable enthusiasm; in their narrow range their souls may have conflicts with the devil and issue worthily; but they are not the men of rich and generous nature, whose ideas take form in action, and who in action strike out fresh ideas. Man Thinking is man alert, versatile, living, — which is to say, finding constantly new interest in the things and beings about him, and developing himself more and more by the contact. From the ranks of Man Thinking emerge most of the strong and virile, the men of burly laughter, observing and remembering eye, and careless, wide-ranging talk; the unhoarded, chance-flung anecdote, the unconsciously graphic phrase, the crisp expression of a truth shrewdly seen drop from the lips of Man Thinking, not from those of Mere Thinker. One Mere Thinker in a million may some time evolve by mathematical and intellectual processes a machine of more than mathematical, even of human value; yet even then it is Man Thinking who will perfect it, and manufacture it, and advertise it, and sell it, and secure to the world at large — and to Man Thinking in particular — its benefits. So Man Thinking is never quiet; he is bustling, urging, cajoling, threatening, flinging his arms about, or battering with heavy, hostile fists; and in his leisure moments pouring out prodigally, for whoever may pass, his amazed or delighted or pained impressions, — just like an earnest, excited child.

And meanwhile the quiet man, — Mere Thinker. Hear Emerson: "Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon have given, forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men

in libraries when they wrote these books. Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence, the book-learned class, who value books as such. . . . Hence, the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees."

The narrowness and inertia of the quiet man are frequently moral as well as mental. He is firm on the point of certain things which he will not do, but his virtue is too likely to be of this negative quality; and while his noisy and active brother is blundering about, learning what life is, perhaps heaping up sins and offenses, yet also building himself in his heedless, casual way monuments of good, Mere Thinker, with eyes upon the ground, treads the barren path of the dull precisian. Since he is quiet, he receives credit for virtues if he does not exhibit boldly their antithetic vices. Loyalty and steadfastness and a good domestic nature are the excellent qualities most often attributed to him. Yet as to the first of these, can any one doubt the truth of Stevenson's words: "A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator"? The quiet friend may be as faithful as the vociferous, but there should be no presumption in his favor, for his very habit of life is insidious, and tends to breed the germs of doubt if not disloyalty. The looker-on is usually the man dissatisfied with idleness and critical of the activity of others. Because it might draw upon him comparison to his disadvantage, he does not utter freely his carping criticism of the active; but he bears in mind how much better he himself would do this or that if it were not for some forbidding circumstance. And this habit of comparing himself with others, which is one of the common recreations of the quiet man, sometimes, no doubt, begets the envy which makes it easy to betray.

Even his unquestioned domesticity may not be so comprehensive a virtue. To support some one besides himself in decency and honor is not all that a man should strive to do, though it is much. He should also feel the obligation to bring gayety into the lives of those whom he loves. It is possible for some men by sheer earning power to provide their families with opportunities for travel and amusement and adventure. But the earning power of the majority is limited in these matters; and all the more is it necessary then for the man to bring variety and a cheerful activity and liveliness into his house. The fact that the routine of the day has been dull does not excuse him for being glum and silent at his evening meal. And too much of the quietness in the world is but the habit of a listless and brooding selfishness.

It would be wanton to make these exposures and not offer a remedy. Here is a suggestion for the quiet man: "Learn to make a noise."

It is not enough that he should celebrate the Fourth of July each year in the customary manner, — though he may find even that barbarous observance beneficial. Taking an active part in the romps and play of children is a resource that if open to him he should embrace. Probably he has so schooled himself to inexpressiveness that he cannot at once emerge out of the secondary place into which he is relegated at social gatherings; but three or four times a year he should, at whatever cost of courage, insist upon being heard. The advice to make a noise need not be taken literally, — though such interpretation would lead few quiet men into serious error. It may serve the purpose if the man develops a strong outdoor enthusiasm, or a keen spirit of rivalry in games, for either of these will introduce into his existence that element of *life* that he most needs. If he can acquire some undignified accom-

plishment, — if he can learn to sing a "coon song," or to play upon the mouth organ, or to dance a clog, or to recite "Casey at the Bat," — he will have made an advance in the art of living such as none but a constitutionally shy and quiet person can understand. Perhaps, with the best will in the world, he can attain to none of these things; he may then find a means of grace in the occasional revels and merry-makings that are not denied even the most quiet. Failing all else, and being quite out of conceit with himself, let him go tramping in search of adventure, — in the city by-streets at night, or through the countryside. But there, again, does the quiet man become aware of his misfortune; adventure evades him; and while his assertive, unappreciative brother, on going down town in the morning, may have a romantic encounter with a runaway automobile occupied by a beautiful lady, or with a tiger strayed from a circus, he may roam the world and meet with no runaway automobile, no tiger, and, alas and alack! no beautiful lady. Even so, let him persevere; preparing himself for adventure, he may almost attain the habit of mind of the adventurous.

But never, I fear, will he fully attain it. There will always be the horrid, harassing doubt — never shared by the truly adventurous — as to whether he would, indeed, bear himself heroically. To illustrate the point, I must make a confession; I am a quiet man. Although I have often prepared myself in mind, I have not yet set out upon my quest of adventure. But no longer ago than yesterday, one of my direct, unquestioning friends plunged into it; and ever since I have been miserably torn with inquiry as to whether in his place I should have been so prompt. Riding on his bicycle along a village street, he was aware that a wagon overtook and passed him at unusual speed, but he thought nothing of this. He had dismounted, and was entering a gateway when he heard a great hubbub behind him; and looking round he saw men running, with cries of "Stop him! Stop him!" and in front of them a man speeding along on a bicycle. My friend stepped out into the street and opposed a threatening front; still the fleeing rider came on. And then, just as he was about to whiz by, my friend hurled his bicycle into the rider's path; the two machines went down with a crash, and the hero flung himself valiantly upon the groaning wretch, who lay crumpled amid the wreckage. "I 've got him!" cried the hero to the breathless, gathering throng. "Got him!" they answered, with here and there a sneering accent of profanity. "We yelled at you to stop the fellow in the wagon." "Yes, the fellow I was chasing," added the unfortunate captive. And, indeed, it appeared that the driver was the miscreant, having knocked down a woman and made off; and the bicyclist had merely been one of a humane and inquisitive mob.

Now, my agitating question has been, Should I, too, thus boldly, peremptorily, and efficiently have hurled my bicycle? For the life of me I cannot tell. So many reasons why I might have done so occur to me, and then again so many considerations which might have stayed my hand. A fleeing criminal — one's public duty — and yet on such uncertain grounds — to wreck him so utterly, to damage him perhaps so irreparably! All I am sure of is that I should have opposed a threatening front.

And this, I imagine, is the chief affliction, the shame of many a quiet man, — the dread of finding in some important moment that the reflective habit has produced paralysis. Even if he breaks through the net of qualifying considerations and acts efficiently, he has the humiliated feeling that he has made a great mental to-do over a matter that some one else would have gone about without debate. Moreover, he

shrinks from using his faculties in unconventional ways; again I must serve as *corpus vile* for purposes of illustration. A man who had been my guest overnight decided the next morning, which happened to be Sunday, that he desired a cab. From the back window of my lodgings, which are on the fourth floor of the house, he descried a livery stable, and opening the window he shouted lustily in the Sabbath stillness the name of the proprietor. Now, although we have in our rear a livery stable, our neighborhood is prim and even fastidious; the houses in our block are occupied by families with highly conventional notions of propriety. In some dismay I pulled my guest's coat tails, whispering that I would send out for a cab; withdrawing his head for a moment, he replied, "This is quicker," and then again thrusting it forth, continued to bawl. At last a stable boy answered him; he gave his order, specifying the number of the house with painful distinctness; after which he turned to me and complimented me on the convenience of my situation and the needlessness of a jingling telephone. In my scheme of life, a cab is the last of all extravagances; yet even if it were not, or if I had found myself in the direst need of one, I am sure it would never have occurred to me to employ this simple, primitive method of securing it. Quietness tends to unfit one for the use of rudimentary instruments.

It is time, after these frank confessions, to rehearse some merits of the quiet man, and particularly to dwell upon the admirable qualities of some quiet men. It is hardly necessary to summon up here the kindly and perhaps not more than three-quarters fallacious banality about the constant need of good listeners. We must persuade ourselves of some less negative excuse for our existence. I dismiss from consideration also the splendid quiet hero of romance, the Imperturbable; whenever I have discovered an air of the imperturbable in a man, I have also discovered an offensive self-complacency, and I am unable to do justice to this particular flower of the species.

Perhaps the most worthy office that the quiet man performs is that of the comforter, or at least the sympathetic confidant of grief. He who is stricken in spirit, and must utter his sorrow, turns less readily to the exuberant than to the silent friend, whose speech is apter with eyes than with lips. It matters not very much if such a man has the weaknesses that must so often be imputed; let him be but a true friend and a quiet one, and the sore in heart will take some comfort in him. If he has not the weaknesses, but is stanch and strong, a walk with him in the open air, whether in the biting winds of March or over the sunlit fields of May, or a talk with him before the winter fire, may put vigor, as well as the first sense of peace, into the soul.

As such a friend is a resource in time of sadness, so, on happier occasions, he need never be a kill-joy. No merriment was ever stifled because one of those bidden to share it could contribute nothing but appreciation. That quality the quiet man must have. It is the noisy or the active one who, even while giving life to happy gatherings, is most dangerous. Some blurted truth, some reckless jest, some too searching inquiry, or too downright, blunt debate, may strike dead the gay laughter, and transform cheerful, open-hearted contentment into a suffering desire to escape. Quiet men may rarely be charged with breaches of tact, careless and inconsiderate speech, the little slights that gall the sensitive, the little failures to be diplomatic where diplomacy were honest as well as kind. Quiet men are not the busybodies; quiet men were not, I am convinced, the comforters of Job.

And the best of them are deserving of nearly the best that we can say.

Not quite the best; one can hardly believe that the great Elizabethans, for instance, were quiet men. But out of our own acquaintance let us pick the few who, without an impressive show of energy and activity, perform in the most truly workmanlike way work that they seem willing to let pass unnoticed. They do not spend a great portion of their lives in efforts to attract attention to their achievements, to their skill; they do not despise popular appreciation, but they find the courting of it unimportant and unworthy; therefore they move upon the performance of their tasks, unfretful if they are neglected, keeping to themselves the trials and perplexities that they encounter, patiently overcoming and accomplishing. They may not win so many or so varied experiences and gifts from life as the reckless and ranging adventurer; theirs is not often the genius that builds the greatest and most enduring monuments; yet nearly all that has the charm of fine and perfect workmanship, nearly all that is subtly and beautifully conceived and exquisitely wrought, in manufactures, in machinery, in painting and music and literature, bears testimony to the serene vision, the unremitting toil of the quiet man.

Arthur Stanwood Pier.

INDIANAPOLIS: A CITY OF HOMES.

THE Hoosier is not so deeply wounded by the assumption in Eastern quarters that he is a wild man of the woods, as by the amiable condescension of acquaintances at the seaboard, who tell him, when he mildly remonstrates, that his abnormal sensitiveness is provincial. This is, indeed, the hardest lot, to be called a mudsill and then rebuked for talking back! There are, however, several special insults to which the citizen of Indianapolis is subjected, and these he resents with all the strength of his being. First among them is the proneness of many to confuse Indianapolis and Minneapolis. To the citizen of the Hoosier capital Minneapolis seems a remote place, that can be reached only by passing through Chicago. Still another source of intense annoyance is the persistent fallacy that Indianapolis is situated on the Wabash River. There seems to be something funny about the name of this pleasant stream, which a large percentage of the people of Indianapolis have never seen, unless from the car window. East of Pittsburg the wanderer from Hoosier land expects to be asked how things are on the Way-bosh, — a pronunciation which, by the way, is never heard at home. Still another grievance that has embittered the lives of Indianapolitans is the annoying mispronunciation of the name of the town by benighted outsiders. Rural Hoosiers, in fact, offend the ears of their city cousins with Indianopolis; but it is left usually for the Yankee visitor to say *Injun*apolis, with a stress on *Injun* which points rather unnecessarily to the day of the war-whoop and scalp dance.

Indianapolis — like Jerusalem, "a city at unity with itself," where the tribes assemble, and where the seat of judgment is established — is in every sense the capital of all the Hoosiers. With the exception of Boston and Providence, it is the largest state capital in the country; and no other American city without water communication is as large. It is distinguished primarily by the essentially American character of its people. The total foreign-born population of Indianapolis at the last census was only 17,000; whereas Hartford, which is only half the

size of Indianapolis, returned 23,000, Rochester, with 7000 fewer people, returned 40,000; and Worcester, in a total of 118,000, reported 37,000 as foreign-born. A considerable body of Germans and German-Americans have contributed much to the making of the city; but the town has been passed over by the Swedes, Poles, and Bohemians that are to be reckoned with in many American cities. There are, however, 5000 negro voters in the city. Indianapolis is marked again by the stability of its population. A large percentage of the householders own their homes; and a substantial body of labor is thus assured to the community.

Indiana was admitted as a state in 1816, and the General Assembly, sitting at Corydon in 1821, designated Indianapolis, then a settlement of straggling cabins, as the state capital. The name of the new town was not adopted without a struggle, Tecumseh, Suwarro, and Concord being proposed and supported, while the name finally chosen was opposed for reasons not wholly academic. It is of record that the first mention of the name Indianapolis in the legislature caused great merriment. The town was laid out in broad streets, which were quickly adorned with shade trees that are an abiding testimony to the foresight of the founders. Alexander Ralston, one of the engineers employed in the first survey, had served in a similar capacity at Washington, and the diagonal avenues, the generous breadth of the streets, and the circular plaza at the monument are suggestive of the national capital. The urban landscape lacks variety: the town is perfectly flat, and in old times the mud was intolerable, but the trees are a continuing glory.

Central Indiana was not, in 1820, when the first cabin was built, a region of unalloyed delight. The land was rich, but it was covered with heavy woods, and much of it was under water. Indians still roamed the forests, and the builder of the first cabin was killed by them. There were no roads, and White River, on whose eastern shore the town was built, was navigable only by the smallest craft. Mrs. Beecher, in From Dawn to Daylight, described the region as it appeared in the forties: "It is a level stretch of land as far as the eye can reach, looking as if one good, thorough rain would transform it into an impassable morass. How the inhabitants contrive to get about in rainy weather, I can't imagine, unless they use stilts. The city itself has been redeemed from this slough, and presents quite a thriving appearance, being very prettily laid out, with a number of fine buildings." Dr. Eggleston, writing in his novel Roxy of the same period, lays stress on the saffron hue of the community, the yellow mud seeming to cover all things animate and inanimate.

But the founders possessed faith, courage, and hardihood. Too great stress cannot be laid on their work. They sacrificed personal ambition for the good of the community. Their patriotism even was touched with the zeal of their religion. For many years before the civil war a parade of the Sunday-school children of the city was the chief feature of every Fourth of July celebration. The founders appreciated their opportunity, and labored from the first in the interest of morality and enlightenment. The young capital was a converging point for a slender stream of population that bore in from New England, and a broader current that swept westward from the Middle and Southeastern states. There was no sectional feeling in those days. Many of the prominent settlers from Kentucky were Whigs, but a newcomer's church affiliation was of far more importance than his political belief. Indianapolis was charged in later years with a lack of public spirit, but with reference only to commercial matters. There has never been a time when a hearing could not be had for any undertaking of philanthropy or public education.

The effect of the civil war upon Indianapolis was immediate and far-reaching. It emphasized through the centralizing there of the state's military energy the fact that it was the capital city, — a fact which until that time had been accepted languidly by the average Hoosier countryman. The presence within the state of an aggressive body of sympathizers with Southern ideas directed attention throughout the country to the energy and resourcefulness of Morton, the war governor, who pursued the Hoosier Copperheads relentlessly, while raising a great army to send to the seat of war. Again, the intense political bitterness engendered by the war did not end with peace, or with the restoration of good feeling in neighboring states, but continued for twenty-five years more to be a source of political, and, markedly at Indianapolis, a cause of social irritation. In the minds of many, a Democrat was a Copperhead, and a Copperhead was an evil and odious thing. Referring to the slow death of this feeling, a veteran observer of affairs who had, moreover, supported Mr. Cleveland's candidacy twice, recently said that he had never been able wholly to free himself from this prejudice. But the end really came in 1884, with the reaction against Blaine, which was nowhere more significant of a growth of independence than at Indianapolis.

Following the formative period, which may be said to have ended with the civil war, came an era of prosperity in business, and even of splendor in social matters. Some handsome habitations had been built in the ante-bellum days, but they were at once surpassed by the homes which many citizens reared for themselves in the seventies. These remain, as a group, the handsomest residences that have ever been built at any period in the history of the city. Life had been earnest in the early days, but it now became picturesque. The terms "aristocrats" and "first families" were heard in the community, and something of traditional Southern ampleness and generosity crept into the way of life. No one said *nouveau riche* in those days; the first families were the real thing. No one denied it, and misfortune could not shake or destroy them.

A panic is a great teacher of humility, and the financial depression that fell upon the country in 1873 drove the lesson home remorselessly at Indianapolis. There had been nothing equivocal about the boom. Western speculators had not always had a fifty-year-old town to operate in, — the capital of a state, a natural railway centre, — no arid village in a hot prairie, but a real forest city that thundered mightily in the prospectus. There was no sudden collapse; a brave effort was made to ward off the day of reckoning; but this only prolonged the agony. Among the victims there was little whimpering. A thoroughbred has not proved his mettle until he has held up his head in defeat, and the Hoosier aristocrat went down with his flag flying. A young man of this régime was reduced to accepting employment as a railroad brakeman, and he bought a silver-mounted lantern with his first month's wages. Those that had suffered the proud man's contumely then came forth to sneer. An old-fashioned butternut Democrat remarked of a banker who failed, that "no wonder Blank busted when he drove to business in a carriage behind a nigger in uniform." The memory of the hard times lingered long at home and abroad. A town where credit could be so shaken was not, the Eastern investor declared, a safe place for further investments; and in many quarters Indianapolis was not forgiven until an honest, substantial growth had carried the lines of the city beyond the *terra incognita* of the boom.

Many of the striking characteristics of the people are attributable to those days, when the city's bounds were moved far countryward, to the end that the

greatest possible number of investors might enjoy the ownership of town lots. The signal effect of this dark time was to stimulate thrift and bring a new era of caution and conservatism; for there is a good deal of Scotch-Irish in the Hoosier, and he cannot be fooled twice with the same bait. During the period of depression the town lost its zest for gayety. It took its pleasures a little soberly; it was notorious as a town that welcomed theatrical attractions grudgingly, though this attitude must be referred back also to the religious prejudices of the early comers. Your Indianapolitan who has personal knowledge of the panic, or who has listened to the story of it from one who weathered the storm, has never forgotten the discipline of the seventies: though he has reached the promised land he still remembers the lash of Pharaoh. So conservatism became the city's rule of life. The panic of 1893 caused scarcely a ripple, and the typical Indianapolis business man to this day is one who minds his barometer carefully.

Indianapolis was a town that became a city rather against its will. It liked its own way, and its way was slow; but when the calamity could no longer be averted, it had its trousers creased and its shoes polished, and accepted with good grace the fact that its population was approximately two hundred thousand, and that it had crept to a place comfortably near the top in the list of bank clearances. A man who left Indianapolis in 1880, returned in 1900 — the Indianapolitan, like the cat in the ballad, always goes back; he cannot successfully be transplanted — to find himself a stranger in a strange city. Once he knew all the people who rode in chaises; but on his return he found new people abroad in smart vehicles; once he had been able to converse on topics of the day with a passing friend in the middle of Washington Street; now he must duck and dive, and keep an eye on the policeman if he would make a safe crossing. He was asked to luncheon at a club; in the old days there were no clubs, or they were looked on as iniquitous things; he was taken to look at factories which were the largest of their kind in the world. At the railroad yards he saw machinery being loaded for shipment to Russia and Chili; he was told that books published at Indianapolis were sold in New York and Boston, Toronto and London, and he was driven over asphalt streets to parks that had not been dreamed of before his term of exile.

Manufacturing is the great business of the city. There are nearly two thousand establishments within its limits where manufacturing in some form is carried on. Many of these rose in the day of natural gas, and it was predicted that when the gas had been exhausted the city would lose them; but the number has increased steadily despite the failure of the gas supply. There are abundant coal-fields south and southwest of the city, so that the question of fuel will not soon vex manufacturers. The city enjoys, besides, the benefits to be derived from the numerous manufactories in other towns of central Indiana, many of which maintain administrative offices there. It is not only a good place in which to make things, but a point from which many things may be sold to advantage. Jobbing flourished before manufacturing became a serious factor. The jobbers have given the city an enviable reputation for enterprise and fair dealing. When you ask an Indianapolis jobber whether the propinquity of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, and Cleveland is not against him, he answers that he meets his competitors every day in many parts of the country and is not afraid of them.

Indianapolis is not like other cities of approximately the same size. It is not the native who says so, but the visitor from abroad, who is puzzled by a differ-

ence between the Hoosier capital and Kansas City, Omaha, and Denver, or Minneapolis and St. Paul. It has perhaps more kinship with Cincinnati than with any other Western city. Most Western towns try to catch the step of Chicago, but Indianapolis has never suffered from any such ambition; so the Kansas City man and the Minneapolis man visit Indianapolis and find it slow, while the Baltimore or Washington or Hartford visitor wonders what there is about the Hoosier capital that reminds him of his own city.

Indianapolis is a place of industry, thrift, and comfort, and not of luxury. Its social entertainments were long of the simplest sort, and the change in this respect has come only within a few years, — with the great wave of growth and prosperity that has wrought a new Indianapolis from the old. If left to itself, the old Indianapolis would never have known a horse show or a carnival, — would never have strewn itself with confetti; but the invading time-spirit is fast destroying the walls of the city of tradition. Business men no longer go home to dinner at twelve o'clock and take a nap before returning to work; and the old amiable habit of visiting for an hour in an office where ten minutes of business was to be transacted has passed. A town is at last a city when sociability has been squeezed out of business and appointments are arranged a day in advance by telephone.

The distinguishing quality of Indianapolis is its simple domesticity. The people are home-loving and home-keeping. In the early days, when the town was a rude capital in the woods, the people stayed at home perforce; and when the railroad reached them they did not take readily to travel. A trip to New York is still a much more serious event, considered from Indianapolis, than from Denver or Kansas City. It was an Omaha young man who was so little appalled by distance that, having an express frank, he formed the habit of sending his laundry work to New York, to assure a certain finish to his linen that was unattainable at home. The more the Hoosier travels, the more he likes his own town. Only a little while ago an Indianapolis man who had been in New York for a week went to the theatre and saw there a fellow townsman who had just arrived. He hurried around to greet him at the end of the first act. "Tell me," he exclaimed, "how is everything in old Indianapolis?" This trifling incident is more illuminative of the characteristic qualities of the Hoosier capital than many pages of historical narrative.

The Hoosiers assemble at Indianapolis in great throngs with slight excuse. In addition to the sixteen railroads that touch there, newly constructed interurban traction lines have lately knit new communities into sympathetic relationship with the capital. You may stand in Washington Street and read the names of all the surrounding towns on the big interurban cars that mingle with the local traction traffic. They bring men whose errand is to buy or sell, or who come to play golf on the free course at Riverside Park, or on the private grounds of the Country Club. These cars carry freight, too, and while they disfigure the streets, no one has made any serious protest, for are not the Hoosiers welcome to their capital, no matter how and when they visit it; and is not this free intercourse, as the phrase has it, "a good thing for Indianapolis"? This contact between town and country tends to keep alive a state feeling, and as the capital grows, — as, let us say, it takes on more and more a metropolitan spirit, — the value of this intimacy will have an increasing value, making a neighborhood of a large area. The rural free delivery of mail is another factor to be suggested in indicating the peculiar position occupied by Indianapolis as the centre of state life. A central Indiana farmer's wife may take a news-

paper from the country carrier at her own door, read the advertisement of an entertainment or bargain sale at Indianapolis, and within an hour or so she can be set down in Washington Street. The economic bearing of these changes on the country merchant is a serious matter that need only be mentioned here.

Unlike many other American cities, Indianapolis has never been dominated by a few rich men. The rich boss has never ruled it; the men of wealth there have usually possessed character as well. And when, in this frugal, cautious capital, a rich man is indicated, the term is relative in a purely local sense. It is probably fair to say that there are more large fortunes in the much smaller towns of Dayton or Columbus, Ohio, than in Indianapolis, where a quarter of a million dollars is enough to make a man conspicuously rich.

There is something neighborly and cosy about Indianapolis. The man across the street or next door will share any good thing he has with you, whether it be a cure for rheumatism, a new book, or the garden hose. It is a town where doing as one likes is not a mere possibility, but an inherent right. The only thing that is insisted on is respectability, — a black alpaca, Sunday-afternoon kind of respectability. You may, in short, be forgiven for being rich and making a display; but you must be good.

The typical citizen is still one who is well satisfied with his own hearth, — who takes his business seriously on week days, and goes to church on Sundays, that he may gain grace by which to view tolerantly his profane neighbor of the new order who spends Sunday at the Country Club. The woman of Indianapolis is not afraid to venture abroad with her market basket, albeit she may ride in a carriage. The public market at Indianapolis is an ancient and honorable institution, and there is no shame and much honor in being seen there in conversation with the farmer and the gardener or the seller of herbs, in the early hours of the morning. The market is so thoroughly established in public affection that the society reporter walks its aisles in pursuit of news. The true Indianapolis housewife goes to market; the mere resident of the city orders by telephone, and takes what the grocer has to offer; and herein lies a difference that is not half so superficial as it may sound, for at heart the people who are related to the history and tradition of Indianapolis are simple and frugal, and if they read Emerson and Browning by the evening lamp, they know no reason why they should not distinguish, the next morning, between the yellow-legged chicken offered by the farmer's wife at the market and frozen fowls of doubtful authenticity that have been held for a season in cold storage.

The narrow margin between the great parties in Indiana has made the capital a centre of incessant political activity. The geographical position of the city has also contributed to this, the state leaders and managers being constant visitors. Every second man you meet is a statesman; every third man is an orator. The largest social club in Indianapolis exacts a promise of fidelity to the Republican party, and within its portals chances and changes of men and measures are discussed tirelessly. And the pilgrim from abroad is not bored with talk of local affairs; not a bit of it! The nation's future is at once disclosed to him. If, however, he wishes to obtain a Godkinian forecast, he can be accommodated at the University Club grill-room, where a court of destructive critics meets daily at high noon. The presence in the city, through many years, of men of national prominence — Morton, Harrison, Hendricks, McDonald, English, Gresham — further helped to make Indianapolis a political centre. Geography plays a chief part in the distribution of favors by state nominating conventions. Rivalry between the smaller towns is not

so marked as their united stand against the capital. The city has had, at least twice, both United States Senators; but governors have usually been summoned from the country. Harrison was defeated for governor by a farmer (1876), in a heated campaign, in which "Kid-Gloved Harrison" was held up to derision by the adherents of "Blue Jeans Williams." And again, in 1880, a similar situation was presented in the contest for the same office between Albert G. Porter and Franklin Landers, both of Indianapolis, though Landers stood for the rural "Blue Jeans" idea.

The high tide of political interest was reached in the summer and fall of 1888, when Harrison made his campaign for the presidency, largely from his own doorstep. For a man who was reckoned cold by acquaintances, his candidacy evoked an enthusiasm at home that was a marked tribute to Mr. Harrison's distinguished ability as a lawyer and statesman. The people of Indiana did not love him, perhaps, but they had an immense admiration for his talents. Morton was a masterful and dominating leader; Hendricks was gracious and amiable; while Gresham was singularly magnetic and more independent in his opinions than his contemporaries. William H. English had been a member of Congress from a southern Indiana district before removing to Indianapolis, and an influential member of the constitutional convention of 1850. He was throughout his life a painstaking student of public affairs. When he became his party's candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Hancock in 1880, much abuse and ridicule were directed against him on account of his wealth; but he was a man of rugged native force, who stood stubbornly for old-fashioned principles of government, and labored to uphold them. Harrison was the most intellectual of the group, and he had, as few Americans have ever had, the gift of vigorous and polished speech. He did not win men by ease of intercourse, or drive them by force of personality, but he instructed and convinced them, through an appeal to reason and without the lure of specious oratory. He stood finely as a type of what was best in the old and vanishing Indianapolis, — for the domestic and home-loving element that dominated the city from its beginning practically to the end of the last century.

The spirit of independence that gained a footing in the Blaine campaign of 1884 came to stay. Marion County, of which Indianapolis is the seat, was for many years Republican; but neither county nor city has for a decade been "safely" Democratic or Republican. There is a considerable body of independent voters, and they have rebuked incompetence, indifference, and vice repeatedly and drastically; and they have resented the effort often made to introduce national issues into local affairs. At the city election held in October, 1903, a Democrat was elected mayor over a Republican candidate who had been renominated in a "snap" convention, in the face of aggressive opposition within his party. The issue was tautly drawn between corruption and vice on the one hand and law and order on the other. An independent candidate, who had also the Prohibition support, received over 5000 votes. In this connection it may be said that the Indianapolis public schools owe their marked excellence and efficiency to their complete divorcement from political influence. This has not only assured the public an intelligent and honest expenditure of school funds, — and the provision is generous, — but it has created a corps spirit among the city's 750 teachers, admirable in itself, and tending to cumulative benefits not yet realized. A supervising teacher — a woman — was lately offered a like position in another city at double the salary paid her at Indianapolis, and she declined merely because of the security of her tenure. The superintendent of

schools has absolute power of appointment, and he is accountable only to the commissioners, and they in turn are entirely independent of the mayor and other city officers. Positions on the school board are not sought by politicians. The incumbents serve without pay, and the public evince a disposition to find good men and keep them in office.

The soldiers' monument at Indianapolis, which testifies to the patriotism and sacrifice of the Indiana soldier and sailor, is a testimony also to the deep impression made by the civil war on the people of the state. The monument is to Indianapolis what the Washington Monument is to the national capital. The incoming traveler sees it afar, and within the city it is almost an inescapable thing. It stands in a circular plaza that was originally a park known as the Governor's Circle. This was long ago abandoned as a site for the governor's mansion, but it offered an ideal spot for a monument to Indiana soldiers, when, in 1887, the General Assembly authorized its construction. The height of the monument from the street level is 284 feet, and it stands on a stone terrace 110 feet in diameter. The shaft is crowned by a statue of Victory thirty-eight feet high. It is built throughout of Indiana limestone. The fountains at the base, the heroic sculptured groups "War" and "Peace," and the bronze astragals representing the army and navy, are admirable in design and execution. The whole effect is one of poetic beauty and power. There is nothing cheap, tawdry, or commonplace in this magnificent tribute of Indiana to her soldiers. The monument is a memorial of the soldiers of all the wars in which Indiana has participated. The veterans of the civil war protested against this, and the controversy was long and bitter; but the capture of Vincennes from the British in 1779 is made to link Indiana to the war of the Revolution; and the battle of Tippecanoe, to the war of 1812. The five Indiana regiments contributed to the American army in the war with Mexico, and 7400 men enlisted for the Spanish war are remembered. It is, however, the war of the Rebellion, whose effect on the social and political life of Indiana was so tremendous, that gives the monument its great cause for being. The population of Indiana in 1860 was 1,350,000; the total enlistment of soldiers and sailors during the ensuing years of war was 210,497; and the names of these men lie safe for posterity in the base of the gray shaft.

A good deal of humor has in recent years been directed toward Indiana as a literary centre, but Indianapolis as a village boasted writers of at least local reputation, and Coggeshall's Poets and Poetry of the West (1867) attributes half-a-dozen poets to the Hoosier capital. The Indianapolis press has been distinguished always by enterprise and decency, and in several instances by vigorous independence. The literary quality of the city's newspapers was high, even in the early days, and the standard has not been lowered. Poets with cloaks and canes were, in the eighties, pretty prevalent in Market Street near the Post Office, the habitat then of most of the newspapers. The poets read their verses to one another and cursed the magazines. A reporter on one of the papers, who had scored the triumph of a poem in the Atlantic, was a man of mark among the guild for years. The local wits stabbed the fledgeling bards with their gentle ironies. A young woman of social prominence printed some verses in an Indianapolis newspaper, and one of her acquaintances, when asked for his opinion of them, said they were creditable and ought to be set to music, — and played as an instrumental piece! The wide popularity attained by Mr. James Whitcomb Riley quickened the literary impulse, and the fame of his elders and predecessors suffered severely from the fact that he did not belong to the cloaked

brigade. General Lew. Wallace never lived at Indianapolis save for a few years in boyhood, while his father was governor, though he has in recent years spent his winters there. Maurice Thompson's muse scorned "paven ground," and he was little known at the capital even during his term of office as state geologist, when he came to town frequently from Crawfordsville, the home of General Wallace also. Mr. Booth Tarkington, a native of the city, has lifted the banner anew for a younger generation.

If you do not meet an author at every corner, you are at least never safe from the man that reads books. In a Missouri River town, a stranger must listen to the old wail against the railroads; at Indianapolis he must listen to politics, and possibly some one will ask his opinion of a sonnet, just as though it were a cigar. A judge of the United States Court, sitting at Indianapolis, was forever locking the door of his private office, to the end that some attorney, calling on business, might listen to an Horatian ode. There was indeed a time — *consule Planco* — when most of the Federal office-holders at Indianapolis were bookish men. Three successive clerks of the Federal courts were scholars; the pension agent was an enthusiastic Shakespearean; the district attorney was a poet, and the master of chancery a man of varied learning, who was so good a talker that, when he met Lord Chief Justice Coleridge abroad, the English jurist took the Hoosier with him on circuit, and wrote to the justice of the American Supreme Court who had introduced them, to "send me another man as good."

It is possible for a community which may otherwise lack a true local spirit to be unified through the possession of a sense of humor; and even in periods of financial depression the town has always enjoyed the saving grace of a cheerful, centralized intelligence. The first tavern philosophers stood for this, and the courts of the early times were touched with it, — as witness all western chronicles. The middle western people are preeminently humorous, particularly those of the Southern strain from which Lincoln sprang. During all the years that the Hoosier suffered the reproach of the outside world, the citizen of the capital never failed to appreciate the joke when it was on himself; and, looking forth from the wicket of the city gate, he was still more keenly appreciative when it was on his neighbors. The Hoosier is a natural story-teller; he relishes a joke, and to talk is his ideal of social enjoyment. This was true of the early Hoosier, and it is true to-day of his successor at the capital. The Monday night meetings of the Indianapolis Literary Club — organized in 1877 and with a continuous existence to this time — have been marked by bright talk. The original members are nearly all gone; but the sayings of a group of them — the stiletto thrusts of Fishback, the lawyer; the droll inadvertences of Livingston Howland, the judge; and the inimitable anecdotes of Myron Reed, soldier and preacher — crept beyond the club's walls and became town property. This club is old and well seasoned. It is exclusive, — so much so that one of its luminaries remarked that if all of its members should be expelled for any reason, none could hope to be readmitted. It has entertained but four pilgrims from the outer world, — Matthew Arnold, Dean Farrar, Joseph Parker, and John Fiske.

The Hoosier capital has always been susceptible to the charms of oratory. Most of the great lecturers in the golden age of the American lyceum were welcomed cordially at Indianapolis. The Indianapolis pulpit has been served by many able men, and great store is still set by preaching. When Henry Ward Beecher ministered to the congregation of the Second Presbyterian Church (1838–46), his superior talents were recognized and appreciated. He gave a

series of seven lectures to the young men of the city during the winter of 1843–44, on such subjects as Industry, Gamblers and Gambling, Popular Amusements, etc., which were published at Indianapolis immediately, in response to an urgent request signed by thirteen prominent men of the city and state.

The women of Indianapolis have aided greatly in fashioning the city into an enlightened community. The wives and daughters of the founders were often women of cultivation, and much in the character of the city to-day is plainly traceable to their work and example. During the civil war they did valiant service in caring for the Indiana soldier. The Indiana Sanitary Commission was the first organization of its kind in the United States. The women of Indianapolis built for themselves in 1888 a building—the Propylæum—where many clubs meet; and they have been the mainstay of the Indianapolis Art Association, which, by a generous and unexpected bequest a few years ago, is now able to build a permanent museum and school on the charming site of an old homestead. It is worth remembering that the first woman's club in the West, at least, was organized on Hoosier soil — at Robert Owen's New Harmony — in 1859. The Indianapolis Woman's Club is thirty years old.

The citizens like their Indianapolis, and with reason. It is a place of charm and vigor, — the charm and ease of contentment dating from the old days, mingled with the earnest challenge and robust faith of to-day. Here you have an admirable instance of the secure building of an American city with remarkably little alien influence, — a city of sound credit abroad, which offers on its commercial and industrial sides a remarkable variety of opportunities. It is a city that brags less of its freight tonnage than of its public schools; but it is proud of both. At no time in its history has it been indifferent to the best thought and achievement of the world; and what it has found good it has secured for its own. A kindly, generous, hospitable people are these of this Western capital, finely representative of the product of democracy as democracy has exerted its many forces and disciplines in the broad, rich Ohio Valley.

Meredith Nicholson.

THE LITERARY ASPECT OF JOURNALISM.

It is a pity that we cannot get on without definitions, but there is too much convenience in them, too much safety. They accoutre us, they marshal us the way that we are going, they help us along the difficult middle path of argument, they comfort our declining periods. Poor relations, to be sure, and not to be made too much of; but, at least, one ought not to be ashamed of them in company. If there are abstract terms which can safely be employed offhand, the terms of literary criticism are hardly among them. What wonder? If political economists find it hard to determine the meaning of words like "money" and "property," how shall critics agree in defining such imponderable objects as genius, art, literature? Is literature broadly "the printed word," the whole body of recorded speech? Or is it the product of a conscious and regulated, but not inspired, art? Or is it, with other products of art, due to that expression of personality through craftsmanship which we call genius? To the last put question I should say yes; confessing faith in personal inspiration as

the essential force in literature, and in the relative rather than absolute character of such personal inspiration, or genius. I think of literature not as ceasing to exist beyond the confines of poetry and belles-lettres, but as embracing whatever of the printed word presents, in any degree, a personal interpretation of life. What he is and has, — some touch of genius, some property of wisdom, some hold (however partial and unconscious) upon the principles of literary art, — these things enable a writer for interpretative or "creative" work.

I.

From this point of view journalism has, strictly, no literary aspect; it has certain contacts with literature, and that is all. The real business of journalism is to record or to comment, not to create or to interpret. In its exercise of the recording function it is a useful trade, and in its commenting office it takes rank as a profession; but it is never an art. As a trade it may apply rules, as a profession it may enforce conventions; it cannot embody principles of universal truth and beauty as art embodies them. It is essentially impersonal, in spirit and in method. A journalist cannot, as a journalist, speak wholly for himself; he would be like the occasional private citizen who nominates himself for office. A creator of literature is his own candidate, his own caucus, his own argument, and his own elector. It is *aut Cæsar aut nullus* with him, as with the aspirant in any other form of art. This is why an unsuccessful author is so much more conspicuous an object of ridicule than other failures. He has proposed himself for a sort of eminence, and has proved to be no better than a Christian or an ordinary man. He might, perhaps, have been useful in some more practical way, — for instance, in journalism, which offers a respectable maintenance, at least, to the possessor of verbal talent. Its *ex parte* impersonality affords him a surer foothold at the outset. Pure journalism has no need of genius; it is an enterprise, not an emprise. It records fact, and on the basis of such fact utters the opinion of partisan consensus, of editorial policy, or, at its point of nearest approach to literature, of individual intelligence.

But it happens that pure journalism is hardly more common than pure literature. The "spark of genius" is, one must think, more than a metaphor. If it did not often appear in writers whose principal conscious effort is given to the utilization of talent, there would be no question of anything more than contrast between literature and journalism. There is a mood in which every thoughtful reader or writer is sure to sympathize with a favorite speculation of the late Sir Leslie Stephen's. "I rather doubt," he expressed it not long ago in the pages of the Atlantic, "whether the familiar condemnation of mediocre poetry should not be extended to mediocrity in every branch of literature. . . . The world is the better, no doubt, even for an honest crossing-sweeper. But I often think that the value of second-rate literature is — not small, but — simply zero. . . . If one does not profess to be a genius, is it not best to console one's self with the doctrine that silence is golden, and take, if possible, to the spade or the pickaxe, leaving the pen to one's betters?"

One's betters, — it is, after all, an indefinite phrase. Are they only the best? Attempts to establish an accurate ranking of genius have proved idle enough. It is not altogether agreed whether the greatest names can be counted on the fingers of one hand or of two; it is fairly well understood that they are worth all the other names "put together." But does it follow that all the other names are, therefore, worth nothing? The foothills have never been quite put to shame by the loftiest summits. I do not see that it is altogether admirable, this in-

stinct which makes men querulous for the best. One may be reasonably credulous as to the average of human ability without perceiving anything mediocre in the next best, or in the next to that. Surely there is nothing trivial in the employment of the least creative faculty, if it does not interfere with more important functions. That *primum mobile*, the question of the major utility, is an ancient battleground upon which we shall hardly venture to set foot. Here are still fought over the eternal issues between commerce and the arts, science and the classics, the practical and the ideal. It is for us only to skirt the edge of conflict with the admission that a great talent may be more effective, even more permanently effective, than a small genius; as a Jeffrey has proved to be more effective than a Samuel Rogers. It is, for whatever the fact may be worth, the man of affairs, the man of opinions, rather than the seer or the poet, who determines what the next step of the infant world shall be.

The fact of Sir Leslie Stephen's career yields a sufficient gloss upon the letter of his theory, — if theory is not too serious a word for his half-ironical speculation. He had, by his own account, no natural impulse toward production in the forms which are commonly called creative. He was prevented from becoming a poet (as he admits with his usual engaging frankness) by his inability to write verse; and his instinct did not lead him toward fiction. His only path to literature lay through a superior kind of journalism. Among his staff colleagues upon the Saturday Review, the Pall Mall Gazette, and elsewhere, were Mill, Venables, Mark Pattison, Froude, Freeman, Thackeray, and John Morley. He does not think too highly of the profession in which such men were, at least temporarily, engaged. He records, not without malice, the fact that Jeffrey, a prince among journalists, complained of Carlyle's being "so desperately in earnest." He speaks with admiration of Carlyle's having himself been successful in resisting "the temptations that most easily beset those who have to make a living by the trade." He permits himself an ironical comment upon Mill's comparison of the modern newspaper press and the Hebrew prophets. "There are not many modern journalists," he remarks with misleading mildness, "who impress one by their likeness to a Jeremiah or a John the Baptist. The man who comes to denounce the world is not likely to find favor with the class which lives by pleasing it." Finally, he thinks it proper to say yet more sharply, "To be on the right side is an irrelevant question in journalism." Sir Leslie's personality was not of the subduable kind, and presently found its proper expression in the varied labors of a man of letters. His journalistic experience could be only a temporary phase.

II.

Those who have approached literature through journalism are legion, but they are only indirectly connected with our present theme. More to our purpose are the many writers of power whose permanent and absorbing task is journalism, but whose work is so unmistakably informed with personality, so pure in method and in contour, as to outrank in literary quality the product of many a literary workshop. Such writers may have been capable of attaining a real, though not a great, success in more purely literary forms; yet their achievement leaves us no room for regret. Their business has been to record and to estimate facts and conditions of the moment; their instinct has led them to offer a personal interpretation of these facts and conditions. Our only cause of embarrassment lies in the resultant character of the given product. It is not a little difficult to reduce to a category such men as Christopher North, Jeffrey, Steevens, or Godkin. Journalism is concerned with im-

mediate phenomena. Talent, for its empirical method of dealing with the data afforded by such phenomena, finds a safeguard in the impersonal or partisan attitude; it is enabled, at least, to generalize by code to a practical end. A journalist whose impersonal talent, let us say, is unable to subdue his personal genius, feels the inadequacy of this method. He has a hankering for self-expression. He is dissatisfied with this hasty summarizing of facts, this rapid postulating of inferences. He insensibly extends his function, reinforces analysis with insight: and produces literature. He has not been able to confine himself to telling or saying something appropriate to the moment; he has merely taken his cue from the moment, and busied himself with saying what is appropriate to himself and to the truth as he knows it. He has, in short, ceased to be a machine or a mouthpiece, and become a "creative" writer.

Of course the same thing happens in other arts, and in other forms of the printed word. In history, in private or public correspondence, in the gravest scientific writing, even, one often perceives a sort of "literature of inadvertence," a literature in effect, though not in primary intent. There is, indeed, no form of writing except what baldly records, mechanically compiles, or conventionally comments, which may not give expression, however incidental or imperfect, to personality, to the power of interpretation as contrasted with the power of communication.

III.

We may consider a little in detail the two functions of pure journalism, and note how easily they transform into the literary or interpretative function. It is plain that little distinction can be made between a piece of journalism and a piece of literature on the ground of external subject-matter alone. A squalid slum incident, a fashionable wedding, the escape of a prisoner, the detection of a forgery, may afford material either for journalism or for the literary art. In one instance the product will be interesting as news, in the other because it bears upon some universal principle or emotion of human life. So it not seldom happens that a reporter develops extra-journalistic skill in the portrayal of experience or character. Writers of fiction are spawned almost daily by the humbler press. The journalistic use of the word "story" indicates the ease of a transition which is not a wandering from fact to falsity, but an upward shift from the plane of simple registry to the plane of interpretation. Mr. Kipling happens to be the most conspicuous modern instance of the reporting journalist turned story-writer. It seems that his genius has led him to the instinctive development of an art based upon principles to which he professes a certain indifference. There are an indefinite number of ways of inditing tribal lays, he assures us, and every single one of them is right. The speculation has its merits as a tribute to personality; it has decided demerits in seeming to lay stress upon the virtue of mere oddity or inventive power. Mr. Kipling will eventually rank with a class of writers separated by a whole limbo from the greatest creative spirits; one need not in the least grudge them their immediate effectiveness. Greater writers than Mr. Kipling have been skeptical as to the value of those lesser forms of art which suggest mere artifice. Carlyle expressed doubt as to the permanent effectiveness of what the Germans call "Kunst:" the conscious application of artistic theories or methods to the expression of truth. Indeed, to take it seriously at all, one must take art to be the expression of a personal creative faculty as distinguished from that of an impersonal producing faculty; the result of a true consciousness of principles, not a mere being aware of them. So far as a record of immediate events manifests such a consciousness, it asserts its right to be considered not as journalism, but as literature.

Nor, further, can any fortune of publication establish a distinction of quality between these two forms of the printed word. Not long ago a popular American writer ventured so far as to advance the theory that it is largely a matter of luck whether a given bit of writing will turn out to be literature or not; unless, indeed, the act of putting it within cloth covers be the final guaranty of its quality. The remark was, we may suppose, not intended to be taken very seriously. It is pathetically true that the quality of minor literature is not determined by the accident of its disappearance or of its preservation in book form. Fortunately, the research of special students and the enthusiasm of amateur explorers do succeed in rescuing much of desert from the diluvial flotsam of the past. Much is undoubtedly lost. Its vitality has proved insufficient, over-shadowed in its own day, perhaps, by superior vitalities. Such is the fate also of canvases, of statues, of beautiful buildings. Works of art are not ephemeral because they fail to live forever; we must not be unreasonable in demanding long life for all that deserves the name of literature. Granted that the literature of the newspaper report has less chance of permanence than the literature of the magazine or of the publisher's venture: it nevertheless serves its purpose; and perhaps makes itself felt more than the generality suspect. It may happen that a brief sketch of some apparently trivial scene or incident, printed in an obscure journal, actually excels in pure literary quality the more elaborate structures of fiction, with all the dignity that may attend their publication, whether serially or between covers of their own.

It is evident, moreover, that our definition of journalism applies to several large classes of books. There are, for example, books on exploration, physical or other; on anthropological or sociological experiment; books recording special conditions, or commenting impersonally on special events, of the day. The usefulness of such books is obvious; they could not well be dispensed with. Yet it is only in the hands of a Carlyle or an Arnold or a Ruskin that this kind of material becomes literature, — an expression of universal truth in terms of present fact. Wherever in a journal personality emerges and fully expresses itself, literature emerges. Wherever in literary forms the occasional, the conventional, the partisan, the indecisive personality, are felt, journalism is present.

IV.

There is another modification of the recording function which has assumed great importance in the popular periodicals of the day. The "special article" represents a development, rather than a transformation, of the newspaper report as it deals with conditions. A description of proposed buildings for a new World's Fair; a sketch of the relations between Japan and Korea before the outbreak of the Russian war; an account of recent movements in municipal or national politics; a study of a commercial trust: with such articles our magazines are filled. They are a legitimate and useful product of journalism; one should only take care to distinguish them from that personal creative form, the essay. The public demand for such work has given birth to a new race of special reporters, among whom the popular idol appears to be that picturesque adventurer, the war correspondent. Such men do excellent service. They write with vivacity and with a kind of individuality; but their work is unlikely to possess the qualities which give permanence. It is a brilliant hazard of description and comment; it does all that talent and special aptitude can do with the material in hand. Almost inevitably, it lacks the repose, the finality, the beauty, which may eventually belong to a personal or literary treatment of the same material. This is true even of the

product of so vigorous and effective a writer as the late G. W. Steevens. He was somewhat too closely involved in the condition of the moment "to see life steadily and to see it whole." Such men are bound to take sides, and are consequently doomed to half-express themselves in wholly uttering a point of view or a phase. Their work will possess individual unction, but hardly the force of personal inspiration. It is naturally overestimated by the public, which is convinced that talent and energy rule the world now, no matter what may be true in the long run; and that to rule the world now is the most important of possible achievements. But, indeed, the value of such work is not small. One cannot doubt that it is more meritorious for a person of moderate ability to fling himself into the press, and to make sure of doing one kind of man's work, than to sit down in a corner and murmur, "Go to: I am about to be a genius." As a matter of fact, most great writers have been active in affairs, in one way or other. The Divine Comedy, Hamlet, Paradise Lost, Faust, show clear traces of activities far enough from the practice of letters. Nevertheless, Milton's criticism of life is to be found in his poetry rather than in his controversial prose, and Dante's in his celebration of Beatrice rather than in his recorded services to Florence. The product of such energy is calculable, the influence of such genius altogether incalculable.

Between literature and "the higher journalism" the partition is extremely thin. If I understand the term, the higher journalism means the function of impersonal comment employed at its utmost of breadth and dignity. It gives utterance to individual judgment rather than personal interpretation. It aims to inform and to convince rather than to express. It displays real erudition, it urges admirable specifics, it produces, in fact, printed lectures on practical themes addressed to the practical intelligence. One perceives a close analogy between the functions of the higher journalist and those of the preacher, the lawyer, and the politician. An *ex parte* impersonality is all that can be demanded of any of them, — intellectual independence being a desirable asset, but the thing said being largely determined by a policy, a creed, a precedent, or a platform. In any of these professions will appear from time to time the literary artist, — the man escaping from preoccupation with specific methods or ends, and expressing his personality by some larger interpretation of life. Hence come our Newmans, our Burkes, and our Macaulays.

So from the "article" of higher journalism literature frequently emerges. The given composition ceases to be a something "written up" for a purpose, and becomes a something written out of the nature of a man. It is not merely an arrangement of data and opinions; it stirs with life, it reaches toward a farther end than immediate utility. Under such conditions the journalist does honor to his craft by proving himself superior to it. He has dedicated his powers to a practical service; but he has not been false to his duty in transcending it.

Nevertheless, his simple duty remains the same; all that his office demands of him is official speech. More than talent and conformity belongs to the few who direct the course of journalism; but even their admitted powers are rather for administration than for expression. A man of this kind is content to embody a theory in an organ or a group of organs, to determine an editorial policy, and to influence public opinion. The genius of a writer like Godkin cannot be denied; it still presides over the admirable journal which owes its prestige to him. But it was a genius allied with a moral sense somewhat too readily moved to indignation. His was a singular instance of the nature which prefers the ardor of prompt service to the ardor of self-utterance. His work lay, accordingly, upon the bor-

der regions between literature and journalism.

V.

There seems to be no need of seriously discussing the question of superiority between the two forms of verbal activity. Creation is always superior to production, but that is not a fact which ought to trouble honest producers. A journalist is contemptible only when by some falsetto method he attempts to lead the public into fancying that it is getting literature of him. Otherwise he deserves, no more than the lawyer or the clergyman, to be held in disesteem by men of letters. Some discredit has doubtless been cast upon the profession by the existence of that forlorn army of writers who would have liked to illumine the world, but have to make the best of amusing it, or even to put up with providing it with information. Since journalism is a trade, a person of reasonable endowment may have better hope of achieving moderate success in it than in literature. But one does not fit himself for journalism by failing in literature, any more than one fits himself for literature by failing in journalism. To have one's weak verse or tolerable fiction printed in a newspaper does not make one a journalist; nor does it turn the newspaper into a literary publication. Literary graces! There are few articles so unpromising of any good, in the great journalistic department shop on which the numerical world now depends for most of its wants.

The popularity of journalism in America has, we have noted before, reacted upon most of our magazines so strongly that they are distinguished from the better daily journals by exclusion of detail and modification of method rather than by essential contrast in quality. Upon the character of the daily press, that is, depends the character of our entire periodical product; and this means, in large measure, the character of the public taste. To afford a vast miscellaneous population like ours its only chance of contact with literature entails a responsibility which may well appall even the ready and intrepid champions of the daily press. While, however, the night-fear of the yellow journal is disturbing enough to those who watch for the morning, they will have pleasanter visions, even now not altogether unrealized, of a journalism more responsible, more just, more firmly pursuant of that fine enthusiasm for absolute fitness, for the steady application of worthy means to worthy ends, which is the birthright of literature.

H. W. Boynton.

WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

THE flowers are loved, the weeds are spurned,
But for them both the suns are burned;
And when, at last, they fail the day,
The long night folds them all away.

John Vance Cheney.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

A FEW SPRING NOVELS.

THE flood of spring fiction,[1] like other spring floods, has been formidable in proportion to the length and severity of the winter; but the river in which we stagger will at least not ignite.

Out of a score or more of smartly attired volumes the most important among the native American products is the Deliverance, by Miss Ellen Glasgow, — and even this is hardly up to the high level of the author's previous work. It is neither as broad and sane, nor as masterly in its grasp of complex and chaotic social conditions, as the Voice of the People; nor has it all the solemn unity and concentrated pathos of the Battle Ground. Nevertheless, it is a searching and a striking book; and, like its predecessors, it is especially interesting for the strong light it sheds on what, after a lapse of forty years, is only now beginning dimly to be perceived as one of the most momentous consequences to our whole country of the war of secession, — the death, namely, and by violence, — or, at least, the mortal hurt, — of a comparatively ripe white civilization in the Southern United States.

The scene of the Deliverance is laid in Virginia. The time is about twenty years after the close of the civil war. The pitiful relics of the proud old race which had reigned for generations at Blake Hall, going their ways of careless magnificence, and adored, in the main, by the ever increasing swarms of their childish dependents, are now reduced to dire penury, and living a life of grinding toil, on the produce of a small fragment of the ancestral tobacco fields, in the house which was once the overseer's; while the overseer, Bill Fletcher, a hoary reprobate, who had stolen, bit by bit, all that was left of the Blake possessions after the fall of the Confederacy, is installed in their place at the Hall.

The hero of the tale is Christopher Blake, the youngest child of the fallen family, and the intrigue turns upon the conflict in his warped mind between a steadfast purpose of revenge upon the usurper and his love for the usurper's granddaughter. The details of the story are necessarily painful. The father of the Blake children had fallen early in the war. The mother, blind, paralyzed, and with memory much impaired, but stately and overbearing still, is actually kept in ignorance, through the pious mendacity of her children and one or two devoted old servants, of the fact that they are no longer living at the Hall, and even

[1] *The Deliverance.* By ELLEN GLASGOW. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

Henderson. By ROSE E YOUNG. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

An Evans of Suffolk. By ANNA FARQUHAR. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1904.

The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Violett: a Chronicle. By the BARONESS VON HUTTEN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The Day before Yesterday. By SARA ANDREW SHAFFER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Kwaidan. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Cap'n Eri. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904.

Mrs. M'Lerie. By J. J. BELL. New York: The Century Co. 1904.

Running the River. By GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1904.

Said the Fisherman. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1904.

The Great Adventurer. By ROBERT SHACKLEFORD. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

that the Southern Confederacy is no more. If this deluded lady, and her brother, — a ruined Confederate officer, — horribly maimed and mutilated, but of an exceeding sweet and gallant spirit, and, on the other hand, the coarse monster installed at Blake Hall, seem collectively a trifle overdrawn, it cannot be said that either is an impossible, or even an improbable figure: while that is indeed a keen observer, and a skilled artist as well, who can thus draw the hero of the Deliverance as he first appeared to Fletcher's lawyer, when the latter came to Christopher as the bearer of a peculiarly insulting proposition: —

"He perceived, at once, a certain coarseness of finish which, despite the deep-seated veneration for an idle ancestry, is found most often in the descendants of a long line of generous livers. A moment later, he weighed the keen gray flash of the eyes, beneath the thick fair hair, the coating of dust and sweat over the high-bred curve from brow to nose, and the fullness of the jaw, which bore, with a suggestion of sheer brutality, upon the general impression of a fine, racial type. Taken from the mouth up, the face might have passed as a pure, fleshly copy of the antique ideal; seen downward, it became almost repelling in its massive power."

The plan of reprisals over which Christopher Blake brooded throughout his growing years was a ruthless, not to say a revolting one. How he achieved his grim purpose, and then, when suddenly awakened to a sense of its moral enormity, what he voluntarily underwent by way of expiation, may best be read in the book itself. The title of the tale foreshadows a hopeful conclusion, and we gladly accept its augury. Nevertheless, it is, as I have said, the haunting thought of a civilization untimely slain, which the Deliverance, no less than the Battle Ground, leaves uppermost in our minds.

A civilization — any civilization — is a blossom of time, long prepared, and slowly perfected. A revolution tears the flower from its delicate stem, and grinds it into the dust. The revolution may have been, by all historic law, a righteous one; the flower not worth, upon the whole, the lavish cost, to humanity, of its culture. The doomed order may have served its purpose, and deserved its fate. That is not now the point; but simply the fact that something fair must needs perish even in a so-called holy war, — which it will take uncounted years of peace to recreate.

One of the most memorable passages in that very stimulating and instructive book, Trevelyan's History of the American Revolution, is that in which the author turns aside from his lively narrative of the sequence of events in 1776, to describe the modest affluence and quiet beauty which had, by that time, come to characterize a good many of the rural homes in New York and New Jersey, so soon to be laid waste by the hireling troops of his most sapient Majesty George III. The Whig historian paints a wistful and beguiling picture of what the mere outward aspect of life on the Atlantic seaboard might have been by this time if the American Revolution had never taken place. It is the race-ideal of the English home: "All things in order stored. A haunt of ancient peace," — a vision of mild manners, healthful growth, moderate standards, and mellow surroundings. He can hardly be consoled for those lost amenities, and neither, for the moment, can I. Yet even there, — in what used, in those far days, to be called the Middle States, — and though that favored region was, and remained until the long conflict was over, a chief theatre of military operations, the decivilizing consequences, to a young community, of seven years of war were hardly as marked as in the North, where manufactures were completely paralyzed, and exhausted men had to wring their scant living out of a harder soil and under less

kindly skies. I myself can perfectly remember, as a child, hearing very old people describe the harrowing poverty, and profound depression among the farming population of New England, of the years immediately following the war of Independence. The men of the Revolution had indeed won, while the men of the Confederacy had lost; but there are moments in the history, both of individuals and nations, when victory, if less galling, seems almost more barren and disappointing than defeat. And so we come back to Miss Glasgow, and her Southerners of the old social order, and the good things which undeniably passed away with them.

One of the best of these I take to have been the most beautiful use of our mother tongue, in every-day speech, that America has yet known. From father to son, for generations, the well-born Virginian or Marylander went to William and Mary College, as a matter of course, and lightly forgot, in his after life of landed proprietor and sportsman, a good deal of what he learned there; but seldom the trick of that sub-scholarly English, easy, racy, and felicitous, which was so much more excellent than the speaker himself knew. The wives and daughters of these men used their language instinctively, but with a touch of added refinement, which enhanced its charm. Happily there are localities and there are clans in which the tradition of that pure speech and the soft intonations that accompanied it yet live, and many a fondly guarded chest of old letters *ad Familiares* to attest the truth of what I say. When a Southerner of the ancient type stood up, of fell purpose, to make a speech, or sat down to write a book, he frequently became stilted and self-conscious; but his unstudied utterance was both noble and simple; and most admirable of all in that it was unstudied. The unconscious use of grammatical niceties is one of the most infallible marks of race. I have known a white-haired Tuscan woman, bearing the suggestive name of Massima, who went out charring at two *lire* a day, and who gracefully apologized for pointing out to her employer that the latter had used an expression which was not Dantesque. And a very dear old *Parisienne* — who had herself come down to taking *pensionnaires* for practice in French, said once to me: "*Ma belle-mère était toute grande dame. She used the past subjunctive without thinking.*" Now the best of us in New England, and especially in Boston, can use with precision our equivalent of the past subjunctive; but I fear we seldom do it without a lurking consciousness of literary merit, and a modest anticipation of applause.

There is, however, great danger that what we typify by the past subjunctive may soon become more completely a thing of the past among us than even its name implies; and one of its worst foes is the lavish, not to say shameless, employment in print of that rude, shapeless, inchoate utterance which can be represented to the eye only by bad spelling and worse grammar, and which has no legitimate claim whatsoever to the honorable name of dialect. Even Miss Glasgow's pages are disfigured by too much of what that fine purist, Theodore Winthrop, used to call "black babble." But her own English is very nearly impeccable, — which is more than can be said for the unquestionably clever author of Henderson, or the unterrified author of An Evans of Suffolk.

Yet it is hardly fair to bracket these two books, for Henderson is a great deal the better performance of the two, and a decided advance upon its predecessor, Sally of Missouri. The author can indeed use *that* as a qualifying adverb, make the nicest of her people preface their most serious remarks by some such simian aggregation of consonants as "mh-hm," and write nonsense, in her own person, about "the dying day, trailing off in a shining *halation*," and the "sud-

den break" in a woman's "plastic strength." Nevertheless, her tale is tersely and dramatically told. The young surgeon who figures as its hero is an uncommonly fine fellow, who passionately does his professional best to save the husband of the woman whom he loves; and may be said to deserve, in a general way, and under the code prevailing in fiction, that a big oak tree, uprooted by a Missouri hurricane, should fall upon the patient he has loyally healed, in the last chapter of the book but one.

Miss Young, it appears, has herself been a medical student, and a brilliant one. "There 's only one little mistake in that whole thing!" was the admiring comment of a successful surgeon on the strong chapter entitled the Life on the Table, which first appeared, I think, in this magazine. But let her make her next story a little less pathological. A romance ought not to reek of chloroform.

Miss Anna Farquhar, having previously tried her hand at social satire in Her Boston Experiences, and Her Washington Experiences, returns to the attack of the former city in An Evans of Suffolk, but can hardly be said to have effected a serious breach in its venerable defenses. This book is clever too, — in a vain, jaunty, trivial sort of way, with a cleverness that might be better employed. We can hardly be expected seriously to believe that a respectable Bostonian, returning to his native town after a long sojourn in Paris, and being gravely reminded by somebody's maiden aunt that her ancestors commanded his at the battle of Bunker Hill, is so prostrated by amusement at the idea as to drop upon the main stairway of a Beacon Street house, in the midst of an evening reception, and laugh until a lady's maid has to be summoned to replace his missing buttons! As a bit of burlesque, upon the other hand, this incident fails to amuse. It would appear that, after all, and for whatever reason, the ways of old Boston are not easy to burlesque. Surely there is, even yet, and though we live, as one may say, after the deluge, a character and a *cachet* about society there, as marked as in that of the old-time South; yet I cannot at this moment recall a single really good Boston novel. The Bostonians of Mr. Henry James was written a long while ago; and though the author had, as a matter of course, full knowledge of his theme, and could never have committed those violations of probability and sins against good taste into which most of his followers have fallen, his purpose was a little too obviously and exclusively one of persiflage. The Rev. Bolton King, in Let Not Man Put Asunder, caught a better likeness, but was not quite fair, upon the whole, to the morals of the Puritan city; while Alice Brown, in her able and thoughtful story of Margaret Warrener, did not pretend to go outside the circumscribed limits of Boston's rather colorless Bohemia. The true comedy — and it should be in the fullest sense of the term high comedy — of the three hills, and the westward flats, and the reclaimed fens, is yet to be written.

The Anglo-Germans are also here, — bearing what the department stores call their "Easter gifts." The tricksy but ever fascinating Elizabeth, who, though still reveling in the joy of a semi-transparent *incognita*, takes unquestioned precedence both by social and literary law, is at her best and brightest in the new book, — a narrative of the adventures, comic and sad, that befell her in the Baltic island of Rügen. She would seem to have discharged, once for all, — in that rather caustic tale, the Benefactress, — all her accumulated spleen against the petty ways of the German female, and the oppressive ways of the German official, and she now offers herself most amiably to be the reader's guide upon an entirely novel kind of summer tour. Her temper is, for the moment, perfectly sunny; her wit spontaneous, unflagging, irresistible. Under

the spell of her careless and yet graphic word-painting, we behold great breadths of dancing waves and the solemn glory of ancient beech woods; we see acres of salt meadow all silvery with plumed cotton-grass, and fairly scent the exhilarating breeze that blows across them. And then, the attendants who minister to my lady's whims, — and the few other tourists whom she meets upon her eccentric way, — Cousin Charlotte, the *feministe*, and her ineffable spouse; Mrs. Harvey-Brown, the bishop's lady from England, with her simple-minded son "Brosy," — how demurely, how inimitably, with what infectious and yet not unkindly gayety all these are depicted!

"'Why Brosy?' I took courage to inquire.

"'It is short for Ambrose,' he answered.

"'He was christened after Ambrose,' said his mother, 'one of the Early Fathers, as no doubt you know.'

"But I did not know, because she spoke in German, for the sake, I suppose, of making things easier for me, and she called the Early Fathers *frühzeitige Väter*, so how could I know? 'Frühzeitige Väter,' I repeated dully. 'Who are they?'

"The bishop's wife took the kindest view of it. 'Perhaps you do not have them in the Lutheran Church,' she said; but she did not speak to me again at all, turning her back on me, quite, this time, and wholly concentrating her attention upon Charlotte.

"'My mother,' Ambrose explained in subdued tones, 'meant to say *Kirchenväter*.'"

Later on in their acquaintance, Mrs. Harvey-Brown confesses that she had been much disappointed in the Germans.

"'How sensible English people are compared to them!'

"'Do you think so?'

"'Why, of course! In everything.'

"'But are you not judging the whole nation by a few?'

"'Oh, one can always tell. What could be more supremely senseless, for instance,' — and she waved a hand over the bay, — 'than calling the Baltic the Ostsee?'

"'Well, but why should n't they, if they want to?'

"'But, dear Frau X., it is so foolish. East sea? Of what is it the east? One is always east of something, but one does n't talk about it! The name has no meaning whatever. Now Baltic exactly describes it.'"

On another occasion, when Mrs. Harvey-Brown sniffs insolence in a waiter, she inquires of the long-suffering Ambrose whether he does not think they had better "tell him who father is;" and this parochial use of the word father gives the reader a momentary pause. Not for the first time since the auspicious beginning of our acquaintance with Elizabeth do we catch, amid her Teutonic accessories and her studied Anglican allusions, the strangely familiar gleam of an *echter* Americanism. "Besides," observes the inimitable Charlotte, when explaining how she, too, happened to be in remote Rügen, "I was *run down*." He who can tell us why she did not say "pulled down" will prove, by the same token, that he "knows what Rameses knows."

In Violett, by the Baroness von Hutten (Violett is a boy's name, with a presumable accent on the final syllable), we have a pathetic and original *donnée*, and much of the peculiar grace of narration which characterized Our Lady of the Beeches. The new book is a musical novel, and not exempt from the touch of morbid sentimentalism which no musical novel wholly escapes. But the professional people, in particular, who figure in its pages, are drawn with a vigor and verisimilitude which argue personal acquaintance; — the rather cruel Bohemia where they play their parts is invested with no false glamour; and the tragic end of the sad little story is too inevitable and too simply told to appear melodramatic.

As though to reprove all puling pessimism and warn the good American never to despair even of his rude province in the republic of letters, there comes quietly to us, from somewhere in the Middle West, a very modest and attractive little book, aptly entitled the Day before Yesterday. It is not so much a child's book — though the right sort of child would revel in it — as a book about children, — a family chronicle, humorous and yet reverent, written in sweetest English and with flawless taste. And what a family life it is which these fond recollections reflect! — simple, refined, honorable, and pious; — the life of plain but thoroughbred village folk, with brave traditions in this world and stout hope for the next; — infinitely amusing, infinitely affecting! The locality is not very exactly defined. We only know that it was west of Ohio, east of the Mississippi, and within easy reach of the great prairies, that this immaculate race, with ancestors in Virginian churchyards, and cousins in New England colleges, had laid already, in the first half of the last century, the foundations of a home, the very moral of what Sir George Trevelyan dreamed the American home might have been — if only it had remained English; the type — thank God! for it is more to the purpose now — of many in that vast midland, which has come, in the course of human events, to hold the balance of our national destinies.

Thus far, our novelists of the vernal season have all been women. The sex is doing its level best to monopolize the great industry of fiction-spinning, and has less to dread this year than usual, it may be, from its male competitors. We find no very distinguished name among these last except that of Lafcadio Hearn, who has collected in Kwaidan: or Stories and Studies of Strange Things, a series of Japanese ghost stories, dainty, wistful, beautiful; — all softly permeated by that amiable view of death which we must go to the far East to find in its perfection; and rendered into English with all the sympathetic insight and airy lightness of diction of which the Lecturer on English Literature in the Imperial University of Tokyo has, many times before, given us admirable examples. After the ghost stories proper come three Insect Studies, from Japanese and Chinese sources: on Butterflies, on Mosquitoes, and on Ants. The first of these contains a few exquisite English versions of Japanese *hokku*, or seventeen-syllable poems. The last, in gravely calling our attention to that very complete solution of some of the more perplexing of our social and sexual problems, which was long since reached in the formic societies, furnishes one of the most delicate and delightful pieces of satire one has met for many a day. And we may profess and proclaim what we will touching the theoretic obligation of national neutrality, — there is no disguising the quickened throb of sympathy which we all feel, just now, with the gallant little David of the farthest Orient, and the good fight he has made, so far, against the Russian Goliath.

For the rest, we have the inevitable deluge of dialect, falsely so-called: — the genial crudities of a nautical Yankee commonly called Cap'n Eri; a regrettable attempt to repeat, in the depressing memorials of one Mrs. M'Lerie, the fortuitous triumphs of Wee Macgreegor; a number of dark and bloody studies in socialistic fiction, à la Tolstoi, and à la Gorki; a book for boys, by George Cary Eggleston, entitled Running the River, brisk and, presumably, wholesome, of which the moral is, frankly, that the young American should be up and making money ere he loses the dew of his youth.

Finally, we have two books by men not yet widely known, but from whom we are led, by their present performance, to look for something excellent in the future. These are, Said the Fisherman, by Marmaduke Pickthall, and the Great Adventurer, by Robert Shackleford.

The story of Said, comprising, first the Book of his Luck, and second, the Book of his Fate, is an Arabian tale, and, considered merely as a literary essay, it is already a work of remarkable maturity and finish. Its inspiration is, of course, drawn from the same inexhaustible source as that of Vathek, and Hadji Baba, and the Shaving of Shagpat. The Thousand and One Nights can still supply material for endless wonder-tales; but while those which I have named are all classics, in their way, the story of Said, which is neither an intentional satire like the histories of Shagpat and Hadji, nor a mere opium-fed fantasia, like Beckford's famous novel, is perhaps more intimately and entirely Oriental than either. It is more so even than Kim, because it is more purely objective, and the author effaces his own personality, as Kipling never can. Said is a drama of modern life, introducing recent and well-known historic incidents. The spirit, the motive, and the moral of it — for it has a very distinct moral — are all purely and simply Mohammedan; while the scenery of the ever picturesque East is laid in by the hand of a rare artist. One may open the book at random, and find upon almost any page a tiny vignette, as accurately drawn, as gemlike in the brilliancy of its color, as this: —

"It was the fourth hour of the day, and not until the flush of evening have men leisure to go forth and drink the sweet air of the garden. A stone bridge of a single lofty arch, which bestrode the wady lower down, looked at fragments of its likeness in the eddies and seemed nodding to sleep. The vast blue cope of the firmament paled everywhere toward the horizon in pearly haze. Abundance of leafage compassed the place on every side, but at one point, through a gap in the branches, the old wall of the city was visible, the white cube of an upper chamber peeping over it, with a bulging lattice and a single minaret cleaving the soft distance."

It would be unreasonable to expect Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall ever to write much better than he has done in Said; but one must earnestly hope that he will soon — and yet not too soon! — write more.

Precisely as far as the typical West from the traditional East is the scene of the Great Adventurer removed from that of Said the Fisherman. The Adventurer also may be described — in the journalistic sense — as an "inspired" book; inspired in this instance by the fiery example of the late lamented Frank Norris. It was inevitable that the daring author of the Octopus and the Pit should find followers; and Mr. Shackleford seems an earnest, virile, and not altogether unworthy one. His Adventurer — Newbury Linn — is the founder of a stupendous trust, or, rather, a combination of many trusts, aiming at nothing less than the commercial sovereignty of the civilized world. The story is developed with a certain hard strength. The author betrays a curious apparent indifference to what may be called — by comparison at least with the colossal iniquity which he aims to signalize — the minor morals. We miss altogether from his dry pages the poetry, the passion, the strong lift of humanistic enthusiasm, which redeemed and dignified the very meanest episodes in Mr. Norris's unfinished tragedy. Yet the inveterate idealism of the American asserts itself at the last, bringing the too trite story of Newbury Linn to a novel and impressive end. The failure of his great scheme, when on the very brink of success, is due, not so much to the counter-combination which was desperately planned for its defeat, as to a species of moral arrest, — the sudden, but decisive recoil of a curiously belated conscience in the breast of the Adventurer himself. Then resolutely, deliberately, of his own free act and purpose, he undertakes to dissolve the vast alliance which had been consolidated by his own Satanic ingenuity. He demolishes what he had reared,

undoes the work of his life, and releases, by his own fiat, the myriad spirits confined in the prison of his tyranny. *Prosit.*

H. W. P.

Mr. Huneker's Musical Essays.

MUSICAL criticism that is at once suggestive and simple, original and obvious, is rare in these days of democracy in art. The great mass of writing on musical topics is for popular perusal, with little or nothing to commend it to music lovers who have more than a rudimentary knowledge of the subject. But once in a while there appears a writer who addresses himself to the musical thinker, and whose ideas are expressed in such striking literary language as to render the most recondite of them persuasively clear. Such a writer is James Huneker, whose latest volume [1] of essays has just been published. The collection embraces some essays that are not strictly musical. There is one on Nietzsche, one on Flaubert, the "Beethoven of Prose" as he is denominated, and one on Literary Men Who Loved Music. Several of them have appeared in the magazines, and are republished in amplified and otherwise altered form. All are fascinating reading. The volume is inscribed to Richard Strauss, the "Anarch of Art," who is the subject of the first essay.

Mr. Huneker has written a brilliant and comprehensive study of Strauss. Even allowing for the natural lean toward his subject of the moment, it is plain that Mr. Huneker pins his faith strongly on the new anarch of art. He finds that Strauss has restored to instrumental music its rightful sovereignty, threatened by the Wagnerian cohorts, that he has revolutionized symphonic music by breaking down its formal barriers, and has filled his tone-poems with a new and diverse *content*. Big words these. But Huneker goes farther. He does not hesitate to pit Strauss against the master minds of music and to award him the palm. "Berlioz never dared, Liszt never invented, such miracles of polyphony, a polyphony beside which Wagner's is child's play and Bach's is outrivaled." One may protest that all this is extravagant, and that prudence would dictate a little more reserve in eulogizing the work of a man of forty, still in his storm and stress period; but one must admit that Huneker has the courage of his convictions, and very firm convictions they seem to be. The other side of the picture, — Strauss's overemphasis of color schemes and mere size, and his apparent neglect of musical values except as tested by programmatic expressiveness — Mr. Huneker ignores. He concedes that his musical themes, *qua* themes, are not to be matched with Beethoven's, but the drift of his argument seems to be that the hypnotic power of Strauss's music prevents the absence of that melodic invention, which calm, critical judgment would demand, from being noticed. Or, putting it in another way, Strauss's music may sound better than it is; and so long as the fact is disguised, and no one the wiser, it is not to be deprecated. However, this is not the place to discuss Strauss, but Huneker; and he has written an interesting, though extreme, "appreciation" of the composer who to-day is unquestionably the greatest figure on the musical horizon.

The essay on Parsifal is more or less a protest against the sudden and exaggerated wave of popular enthusiasm started by the recent production of the opera in New York. As such, it may be taken with the proverbial grain of salt. There is something fascinating in the very extravagance of Mr. Huneker's critical objurgations. Of the book he says: "It is a farrago of odds and ends, the very dustbin of his philosophies, beliefs, vegetarian, anti-vivisection, and other fads. You see unfold before you a nightmare of characters and events. Without sim-

[1] *Overtones: A Book of Temperaments.* By JAMES HUNEKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

plicity, without lucidity, without naturalness — Wagner is the great anti-naturalist among composers — this book, through which has been sieved Judaism, Buddhism, Christianity, Schopenhauerism, astounds one by its puerility, its vapidity." He adds that "Wagner spread his music thin over a wide surface," and sums it all up with the remark that Parsifal is the weakest composition its creator ever planned. But if Mr. Huneker's thesis finds few supporters, it is by no means untenable, as his able brief proves.

Of Nietzsche, Mr. Huneker has many acceptable things to say, and he gossips entertainingly of Turgenieff, Balzac, Daudet, and George Moore, and their attitude toward music. He has a fine and contagious enthusiasm for the later Verdi, the turning-point in whose career he attributes to his acquaintance with Boïto.

The essay entitled After Wagner — What? promises more than it gives. Mr. Huneker answers the interrogation with another: "Why cannot we have the Athenian gladness and simplicity of Mozart, with the added richness of Richard Strauss?" And again another: "Why cannot we accept music without striving to extort from it metaphysical meanings?" To neither question vouchsafes he an answer. And so, as Strauss ends his tone-poem Zarathustra with the world-riddle unsolved, does Mr. Huneker close his latest volume with a question unanswered — and unanswerable.

Mr. Huneker as a critic of music has the faculty of giving one his impressions with unequivocal directness: and his impressions are always worth having. He is a suggestive writer, and in his point of view often original. His command of a facile pen and his feeling for vigorous and picturesque words make his criticism forceful and convincing. Even while one is quite sure that he does not agree with a certain extravagant statement, he finds himself doubting and, under the stress of the brilliant phrasing, almost persuaded. The work of so individual a writer is always welcome. But Mr. Huneker should guard against a dash of cynicism which now and then evinces itself. Sweetness and light are of coequal importance in a critic, — especially a musical critic. Without the former quality his work must fail of permanence. *Lewis M. Isaacs.*

A History of American Music.

Two rather bitter and pessimistic letters from the composer MacDowell, recently given to the public, have directed attention to the quality and status of the music produced in this country. In one Mr. MacDowell resigned the professorship of music which he had held at Columbia, declaring that the limitations of the curriculum precluded any adequate or dignified development of the study of music, but adding that all the arts were treated equally ill, and that the graduates of the university were little other than barbarians in their knowledge or appreciation of æsthetics. In the other he asked withdrawal of a composition of his from a concert devoted to American music, on the ground that to put forward by themselves musical works written by Americans was an indignity and an injustice, inasmuch as it implied that they were unworthy to be presented on an equality with the writings of other composers as integral portions of an impartial programme. Without pausing to discuss whether this last point be well taken, or whether it might not be as forcibly pressed against a concert of Flemish, Russian, or English music, it is depressing to find a man of Mr. MacDowell's talent and authority maintaining urgently such extreme views; and yet one doubts whether America be, after all, a musical Nazareth from which no real good is to come.

But one feels relieved and cheered after examining Mr. Louis C. Elson's

volume,[1] many of whose statements of fact, incident, and personality reassure, and whose deductions and prognostications encourage. It should, however, be called rather an essay toward a history than a history; for the materials, which have been gathered carefully, and no doubt laboriously, are not so well coördinated as to afford due proportion and perspective. So far as there is any complete conspectus of musical progress in this country, it is quite closely confined to New England, although the early existence of transplanted English music in the southern colonies, the life of opera in the French dependencies, the establishment of the Philharmonic Society in New York, and the desire for conservatories and orchestras throughout the country are recognized fully and fairly. Mr. Elson rightly places religious music first in the order of influence and development of the science and art in America, admitting that the real point of departure was from New England. Prayer and praise were associated in the minds of the early settlers, in spite of their many grim beliefs and the severe rigidity of their psalmody, so that the first efforts toward formal expression of native musical feeling naturally took the shape of religious songs and tunes, some of which have maintained themselves to the present time as exemplary and still available for public services.

The expansion of private gatherings for practice of such vocal music — as later for the social study of instrumental compositions, beginning in Boston near the end of the eighteenth century — into strong and permanent societies is considered justly as leading to that diffusion of musical understanding and interest which caused the formation of educational institutions, orchestras, choruses, and chamber-music companies.

The large and ever mooted questions of folk-songs and a distinctively American musical style or school receive chapters to themselves; but the discussion ends nearly where it began, — that the aboriginal Indian music is difficult of preservation and virtually impossible of assimilation into modern composition because of its fluctuating tonality and abnormal progression; and that a national fashion of song is to be sought, if anywhere, in the plantation melodies and "spirituals," which rudely and yet tenderly try to press the emotional fervor and pathos of the negro nature into forms borrowed or adapted from general vocalism. Extreme value seems here to be set upon the work of Stephen C. Foster, who, after all, merely created a species of song better and more faithful in giving a graceful, lovable form to the sentiments of slave life than did others belonging to the same genus and epoch.

Some divisions of the book are devoted to composers and directors of orchestral and vocal music, to the spread of the opera, to the participation of women in composition, to the present conditions of musical education and criticism, and to the right and wrong tendencies of the American musical disposition, the latter deriving chiefly from the national disinclination to be serious, to move slowly, and to consider intrinsic worth before superficial brilliancy and material profit. But that America has made music that Europe has welcomed and esteemed is proclaimed plainly and stoutly as a cheering fact.

As has been implied, the only symmetrically developed portions of the book relate to Boston and its derivatives. Yet this is probably not due to partiality, for the author has evidently striven to be equitable, but rather to the difficulty of finding and collating material elsewhere. A kindly temper prevails, comparisons are avoided, and gentle judgments are the rule. The style is alert, fluent, and interesting, but qualified sometimes by a lenity that would suit better with an

[1] *The History of American Music.* By Louis C. Elson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

ephemeral chronicle than a permanent history.

The book itself is, as Holmes once wrote, "a very heavy quarto," bulky and fatiguing to hold, but handsome and legible in type, liberally and relevantly illustrated, and has a bibliography, together with an ample and excellent index. *Howard M. Ticknor.*

The Moorish Empire in Europe.

It would be small praise to say that Mr. Scott's books [1] contain the best account in English of the rise and fall of Muhammadan dominion in southwestern Europe; for these three well-made volumes, the result of twenty years of study, will find few and poor competitors in English. This is the more remarkable when the importance of Arab empire in Spain and Sicily is properly estimated and the degree of influence exercised on Mediæval Europe by Islamic civilization is adequately measured. Unfortunately, many writers have still to realize that the influence of Asia on Europe has been greater than that of Europe on Asia. Indeed, speaking in the broadest sense, the history of the world has been chiefly the history of the intercourse — religious, intellectual, political, and economic — between the two continents. The most interesting, perhaps the most important, period of this intercourse is marked by the rise of Islam, the double attack on Christendom by Muslim kingdoms at both ends of the Mediterranean, and the continued existence in Europe of a Muhammadan empire which, in the domain of arts and sciences, and in material civilization, was long the superior of any state in western Europe. The problems arising from the intimate contact of Latin and Semitic institutions, and the variety of matters in which Europe was debtor to the Arab, will lead the student far afield.

The whole story of that contact in war and peace is presented by Mr. Scott with panoramic effect; and though the method is discursive and the style at times diffuse, the results are interesting. After warning the reader that Muhammad has endured varied and for the most part unjust treatment at the hands of biographers, he concludes: "If the object of religion be the inculcation of morals, the diminution of evil, the promotion of human happiness, the expansion of the human intellect; if the performance of good works will avail in that great day when mankind shall be summoned to its final reckoning, it is neither irreverent nor unreasonable to admit that Muhammad was indeed an Apostle of God." Side by side with such praise should be set a reiterated prejudice against Roman Christianity in the Middle Ages. Arab culture needs for its defense and praise no such contrast as is presented by an unmeasured condemnation of the whole course of European civilization from the eighth to the sixteenth century. Indeed, the desire to secure dramatic effect has in some respects impaired Mr. Scott's accuracy. For this, however, the reader is partially prepared by an examination of the elaborate but poorly arranged bibliography. Much of the best in original and secondary sources is to be noted, but surprising omissions as well as curious inclusions are apparent. Macaulay knew much, but his History of England can scarcely rank as an authority on Moorish Spain. These facts are indicative of what becomes certain as doubtful questions are examined. Matters long seriously disputed are treated with such confidence and such obliviousness to the difficulties which have taxed the ablest scholars that hesitation instinctively arises on the part of those who are asked to accept some of the author's conclusions. Yet, when all is said and done, this interesting and ardent if somewhat uncritical presentation deals with events and conditions too long neglected by

[1] *History of the Moorish Empire in Europe.* By S. P. Scott. 3 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1904.

English and American students. The ultra-Teutonic tendency of many of our histories is perhaps partly responsible for this neglect. We need, in fact, to be told more frequently that Europe has not always fronted to the Atlantic. This Mr. Scott does most successfully.

A. L. P. D.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Things Found in Books.

WHAT queer variety of things we sometimes come across in books long undisturbed — besides what the authors and the printers put there! I have just opened that delightful book, Murray on the Origin and Growth of the Psalms, and there stares me in the face a number of blue prints taken by one of my sons on the gulf-side and on the bay-side of Galveston Island, — pictures that bring back many reminiscences. Lovely sea-and-cloud views some of them are, with the clumps of tamarisk in the foreground, and the beach, below the sand-dunes on which these grow, stretching down to the surf. These call to mind a breeze-blown summer spent partly in that fatal Lucas Terrace, in whose ruins the storm of 1900 buried so many, and partly in a tent close beside one of those jungles of salt-cedar. Ah! those days and nights! The bay-side sketches are of Bremen steamers and Galveston wharves, and speak not so strongly to the memory.

Another book, opened at random, will reveal a leaf or flower pressed long ago, "in the time of the Barmecides," after a tramp in the woods near Oxford, Mississippi, or along the banks of the Congaree in South Carolina, or beside the Kinchatoonee in Georgia. One calls up a black sluggish stream, in the reedy thicknesses of whose margin shone forth suddenly a gemlike flower, a full reward for heated cheeks and dusty feet, helping the dense shade of the woods to bring coolness and rest to the youngest of the wanderers. Another takes us back to the fern-covered bank, to which we so often turned our steps to search for the earliest anemones, or to gather in the tiny glen near it our richest treasure of golden lady-slippers. Still another tribute of our travels recalls the slow voyage in fairy waters on the gulf-coast of Florida and the wonderful seaweed forms fished up from a coral sea-bottom.

Take in hand that bulky volume, so seldom lifted from its shelf, and it will open of itself at the place where was thrust long ago the wedding invitation of our lively and charming friend who helped to make a Shakespeare Club in Cuthbert, Georgia, so interesting. But the puccoon flower we showed her, as the earliest transport of spring in the woods beside the mill-pond, will be found in another book, — perchance in that Browning our eldest used to pore over with such zest.

It is a bad plan to hide away precious things thus, for our old loves so often cease to draw us to their pages. Long years have passed since I opened a volume of my once beloved Noctes Ambrosianæ. Shall I try the experiment now? Henry Rogers in the Eclipse of Faith mentions the curious circumstance of a large sum of money in bank bills being found in a family Bible where they had been hidden under the conviction that *that* book would be unlikely ever to be opened by any one but the secret depositor. Let me not be so fond as to imagine treasure in these lucubrations of Kit North. There will be no twenty-dollar bill found there, I warrant you: never was there one of us so insensate as to slip

money into a book, — we spend all we get too fast for that. But, hey! this is a photograph, long forgotten. Can it be anybody's sweetheart? I would fain hope not, — no, not even a cousin or a friend, let us trust! Indeed, it is hard to remember for whom it is meant.

Is it my Greek books you are looking at? It is ages since I have touched them. Scholarship is out of fashion nowadays. There must come a need for a new Renaissance before Hellenic studies will come into vogue again. But do you imagine that anything striking will be found in these? Let me turn the pages of this Antigone and try a new kind of "Sortes Vergilianæ." Sure enough! there is a flutter of falling paper, — a cutting from an old Times-Democrat, I opine. It is one of the most imaginative of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston's lyrics. My daughter must have put it there, besides recording the verses in her memory, for I have heard her repeat them often. But why put them into the Antigone? It was the nearest book at hand, no doubt, and it was the merest chance that laid our poet's pretty fancies side by side with the tragic lines of Sophocles.

As yet I have said nothing of the marginal notes, the multitudinous scribblings, which now disfigure and now illuminate books. Who is not familiar with them? And with what different emotions do we come upon the different sorts!

When they are the notes of scholars, we welcome them as noteworthy, possibly precious commentaries on the text. I well remember a fine copy of Horace, once in my possession, which had belonged to that eminent scholar and essayist, Hugh Swinton Legaré, and was thickly strewn with notes in his handwriting. Alas, it is now no more, having perished in that Galveston storm already mentioned. I had given it to an appreciative scholar, whose life went out with the downfall of Lucas Terrace; and all his possessions were buried under its ruins.

But, when the inscriptions on margin or blank page of the book you have in hand are the merest rubbish, the silly outpourings of a fool's too ample leisure, you fume with unuttered execrations on his memory, or laugh loudly at his idiocy, as the mood of the moment may move you.

I have an old French Bible, printed at Basle in 1760, which has some interesting matter inscribed on the blank pages of front and back. One of these inscriptions runs thus, — I give the spelling of the original, —

"Cette petite Bible est à moi Jean Bert Si je la viens a perdre Celui qui la Trouvera qui aije la bonté de me la Rendre je lui donneray une Raisonable Trouvieré [evidently a provincial word signifying 'finder's reward,' perhaps originally *trouveuré*] car c'est un Livre pour me conssoller et pour m'aprandre à quiter le vice et m'atacher à la vertú Cesser de mal faire apprandre à bien faire fuir le mal et m atacher au bien quiter lidolatrie du monde pour m'atacher au pur Service de Dieu."

At the back of the book in another hand and in paler ink, now almost illegible, are rhymed verses that constitute a confession of faith, the first line being: —

"J'abjure de bon coeur le Pape et son Empire,"

showing the writer to have been as sound a Huguenot as Jean Bert, the first owner of the book.

Sometimes one has surprises. In the textbook of one of my students I once hit upon a capital caricature of myself.

Educated Mispronunciations.

A BRILLIANT Irishman of Boston says that New Yorkers accuse him of speaking with an "educated mispronunciation." The phrase characterizes excellently a kind of error of speech which is different from vulgar error in that it is proud of itself: vulgar error does not recognize itself as error, and when it does arrive at self-consciousness it is heartily ashamed.

No one objects to the mistakes of an

educated person; they do much to make him human. Often, too, the cultivated person wears his mistakes with a kind of distinction, just as a well-bred body carries with grace an ill-fitting garment. But most odious is the cultivated error that sets itself up — in print — as criterion for the mob. What intellectual snobbery! What narrow provincial urbanity! Some months ago I read a paper in one of the magazines by a cultivated English lady on what she called, with irritating assumption, "the trick of education." Her underlying thought was that between two forms equally correct, the educated person chooses the better. That is an old and obvious idea which I have read in about fifteen textbooks on rhetoric. And because it is old and obvious and still remembered, it is a good idea. My regards to the lady for her nice plea for fine distinctions! But, alas, she falls into the pitfall which was digged, by what Thomas Hardy would call the Spirit of Irony, for the aloof and high-stepping few. Why should she crystallize as correct and preferable downright blunders, of which her particular social class happens to be uniformly guilty?

With easy assurance she informs us that "girl" does not rhyme with "whirl" and "pearl" and "curl." She is a poet, and she ought to know better. But no, she expects us to give up our beautiful lyric about the little girl who did not dress her hair in pompadour. How, then, are we to pronounce "girl"? Listen! "He who says 'girl' to rhyme with 'pearl' has less the trick of education than he who says 'girl' with the vowel of 'care.'" "The trick of education seems indeed to be fond of this vowel — the vowel of 'care' and 'girl.'" It must be a low-down trick. The vowel of "girl" and "care," a long "a," is pronounced like the long "o" in "teeth," and only a few English people can get it.

A little more education (say, in a good university) and a little less "trick of education" would tell this lady that the "ir" in "whirl" and the "ir" in "girl" are the same. A better ear for language, and some study of the physiology of phonetics, would show her that as a plain physical fact of vocal utterance the weak vowels become identical before "r." "R" is a sort of cotton fibre sound which muffles distinctions. Assertion for assertion, by the facts of phonetics, by the ineluctable physics of sound, "girl" must rhyme with "whirl" and "pearl" and "curl." And so it does in all the poets.

If there is a possible better pronunciation of "girl," it is that which I have heard from the strong throats of Scotsmen, who say the word exactly as it is spelled, "gĭrl." It is difficult to manage; you begin as if you were to speak of the gill of a fish, and then stuff in between the "i" and the "l" a good hoarse "r." This pronunciation is historical; it will show you how to pronounce the word "girles" in Chaucer. But here, again, though we have a more reasonable "preference," the natural physiology of sound forbids.

The same lady prefers "in*ex*plicable," "in*dis*soluble," "in*ac*ceptable," to "in*explic*able," "indis*so*luble," and "unac*cept*able." In the first two cases she is right, except that it is not a question of preference. The *only* correct pronunciation is "in*ex*plicable" and "in*dis*soluble." In the third case she is embalming two errors. In the first place, the word "inacceptable" does not exist; she means "unacceptable." In the second place, it is accented only on the antepenult, and no other accentuation is correct. So she is preferring something which is quite wrong.

Cultivated people are delightful when they mispronounce; they give humbler folk a comforting sense of equality. When, however, persons of culture insist on their errors, they are irritating. One of the best readers and speakers I know prides himself on saying "middiff" for "midwife." He fancies that the least usual thing is the best, and he is beauti-

fully misled in this case by "housewife," which *may* be pronounced "hussiff" if one prefers. The pronunciation "middiff" does not exist. I have no quarrel with his error. My quarrel is with his persisting that the only right way to pronounce the word is less preferable. In the same way he prefers "cumred" to "commrăd." He has a right to his preference; but once he cried out in alarm because I said "commrăd," which is also correct. His error in setting down as wrong what he does not prefer is pernicious.

Another critic and philosopher of my acquaintance is irritated by the flat "a" of the Westerner, which sounds like the slap of a shingle against a picket fence. Swinging to the other extreme, my friend carefully pronounces "man" like the German "mann." Oh, blunderer! Oh, earless one! To talk like that and pretend to give lectures on poetry!

The comic papers have already made ridiculous the man who speaks of "chawming weathah." And even cultivated people would pronounce "r" if they could. In the east of America, the letter is obsolete before consonants and at the end of a word. In the west it is multiplied to the vibrations of a thousand telegraph wires. Who is left in the land that can pronounce "carthorse"?

Well, no matter about that; it is beside my theme. My protest is aimed at the chests of persons who call themselves educated, and boast their blunders as part of their education. Consider the lilies! Listen to the mocking-baird! Oh, temporary morals! "The little gayrl refused the unACceptable mann." Would not that make even a Bostonian go west of Worcester and rejoice in the shrill purring of the Chicago "r"? Would not that sentence render even tolerable the New Yorker's "little goil who oiled hoy coils with hair-oil, and watched the little boid sitting on the coib-stone"?

Let us cleave to our preferences, but let us not prefer anything that is positively incorrect. Above all, let us not try to reduce our preferences for what is wrong into law and prophecy for the Common People.

Disagreeable People I have Known Who have Loved Plants.

NOTHING but that awful inductive habit would ever have led me to furnish such a title as this. The inductive process is not natural to me, and I always feel a little mean after using it. I would much prefer to go on the rest of my days in my early, easy-going, and naïve theory that all who love plants must be lovely, and to say of each exception to the rule that it did not count. But of late the exceptions have become so turbulent and numerous that they must be reckoned with and brought into some sort of order. Having for some time been applying a process of induction, severe induction, to my earlier creed, I now venture forth my growing doubts, in the hope — probably entertained by most skeptics — that some one will prove them unfounded.

I own up that, though I have gone on assuming the loveliness of plant-lovers, I have always stood a little in awe of people who were specially successful with plants. Perhaps I ought to say, rather, that I always supposed it to be awe, for of late I have come to feel it rather a subtle instinct of self-preservation which warned me off their borders. I set down also the fact that of the half-dozen plant experts who immediately occur to my mind there is not one in whose presence I could ever become what you would call rollicking, though I do not know that I ever put it to myself in just that way before. For years my first and conventional mental reaction on seeing a window full of geraniums in our village would be that some choice soul dwelt behind them. Yet there was a strange joylessness about the discovery, which I now realize to have been due mainly to a subconscious association of the best geranium windows with the largest amount

of gossip. To this day, a window of geraniums will give me an unpleasant feeling of being watched.

My facts are not all in yet, but from such as come to me I form the conclusion that those who get on best with plants find it, as a rule, rather difficult to keep on good terms with the highest forms of organic matter. You can *snip* geraniums and they will not protest, but human beings on the whole, while confessing many useless elements in themselves, prefer to part with them in a manner less peremptory than would satisfy your flower expert. Is it just possible that some folks take to plants as the only living thing that never seems to answer back?

Something of tartness certainly flavors the communion of the average horticulturist with his kind. A boy falls enraptured of all kinds of people, — hostlers, sailors, carpenters, or tramps, — but I recall only one instance of a boy forming an intimacy with a gardener, while even that instance now lies so dimly in my mind that I cannot vouch for it. I recall that in my boyhood the citizens of our neighborhood who had gardens, and worked in them evenings, were always connected in my mind with something acrid and suspicious. In all this I am not unmindful of Professor Child and his roses, and I still celebrate in my soul the memory of one plant-lover in our village, whose gift to our household was always that of heliotrope and cream, a gift the remembrance of which softens all my reflections of plant experts, making me still hopeful of them no matter how much I may suffer from them. But these are exceptions.

If I were to put in a general law the result of my experiences, I could not do so better than by imitating Charles Kingsley's famous summing up of John Henry Newman's attitude toward truth, and saying "that amiability is not and on the whole ought not to be a prime requisite of people who are devoted to flowers."

Of all people, I should have looked to garden folks as those from whom a genial and encouraging humanity was most to be expected. But all this belongs back in my deductive days. Now I might approach the office of a capitalist with reasonable expectations of a natural and human half-hour, or the sanctum of a scholar or high ecclesiastic without undue awe, or even the neighborhood of a statesman and yet feel calmly about it, as if he were nothing but a human being raised to a slightly higher power; but I should keep an appointment with one who had had success with small fruits or hardy plants (and written a book about it) with most of my natural emotions in full retreat inward. Not even the scientific expert would produce in me the same dread. True, he knows enough to overwhelm me; but there is usually something so delightfully dunderheaded about the scientific expert! I feel as a rule so sorry for him to think that, with so much greater materials at hand than I ever have, he can draw such limited conclusions from it all! Though he would love to make a great broad-chested affirmation he never quite does it, and thus he appeals to my sympathy. I sort of love him and like to be with him.

Perhaps these doubts are corroding my moral nature in thus making me skeptical toward the goodness which once I was so willing to take on trust. Once you get started with distrust, it reaches out into regions where you never dreamed it would go, for here am I after years of familiarity with the Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister, — in which it never occurred to me to feel anything but disgust at that brute of a monk who went about snipping the blooms from Brother Lawrence's plants, — here am I trying to find excuses for the irate brother, and asking myself whether it was not just possible that plants were only Brother Lawrence's way of being disagreeable in the cloister.

Let no one suppose that I hate plants. I am trying my best to dare to love

them. What I rebel against is the hopeless feeling of inferiority begotten in me by these minor nature-lovers in connection with the very things which I hoped would make me feel equal and open and genial. A little crabbed by nature, I had looked toward gardens and garden books as a freeing influence, perhaps the last one left to me, and I am disappointed. I do not carry a chip on my shoulder in this world, but have been willing to be inferior in a hundred different ways. The capitalist does but represent to me the doctrine of election in a way to which I am accustomed, and I never complain of unequal wealth. The four hundred rather interest me than otherwise. But when any one tries to make me feel inferior by means of mignonette and roses and lilacs, I rise up in indignation. There 's Elizabeth, to wit, and her German Garden. When have I ever felt so much like a worm and no man, so scornfully rejected as unfit for the fellowship of flowers, — and pretty nearly everything else, — as after reading that? I could readily believe that part of her story in which her gardener himself appeared one day on the scene, gone stark mad, and I thought of what a well-known historical scholar had told me of the French Revolution, that it was not so much poverty and taxes as it was scorn which brought on the final disaster. A thousand minor French Revolutions burned in my breast. Supposing, in a general way, that I had some affinity for flowers, here was my right called in question by the One Only Lover of Plants and Gardens. Between the temptation to assert my rights and the inclination to turn a floral anarchist, and never again to believe in any one who loved plants, my being was divided against itself. For sheer superciliousness, the kind that brought on the French Revolution, commend me not to the plutocrat, nor the critic, nor the four hundred, but to the lover of plants.

Much of this ardor for flowers seems to me of the sort spoken of by Amiel when, describing some delight, he says, "when once the taste for it is set up the mind takes a special and keen delight in it, for one finds in it

Son bien premièrement, puis le dédain d'autrui,

and it is pleasant to one's vanity not to be of the same opinion as the common herd."

But my earlier assumption comes back to me. The lovers of gardens ought to be lovely, and perhaps there is a way, after all. In spite of the fact that on those evenings when we as a family feel particularly superior to the rest of the world we always select for reading aloud one of the recent volumes on gardens, I say to myself that the soul of man — and woman — has a long time to run, and may yet grow so accustomed to the glory of the plant as to dare to become more agreeable about it. Then, with a new tenderness running through my soul I say also, "Who knows what has driven these people to horticulture? If we knew all we might forgive all." Mr. Birrell has told us how despair of ever settling such difficult matters as Apostolical Succession and the influence of Newman have driven some men to collecting butterflies and beetles. If we but knew what unkindlier and more difficult issues they had fled from we might forgive all to these caustic brothers and sisters who own gardens and have had success with small fruits. Let us lift up our heads, then, all of us who have for the past five years felt so inferior just because we could boast of nothing but an old-fashioned, easy-going love for plants, or could say nothing of Wild Animals Who Have Helped Us. Let us be grateful that life has been so normal with us that we have never been driven to such devices as these.

Confessions of a Woman Lecturer.

THE tribulations of the woman lecturer are many; and the first is her pursuit. Why should she speak in public, if she dislikes the occu-

pation? asks the Sensible Reader. Sensible Reader, the answer would carry us far afield into psychological mysteries. Suffice it to say that even a woman may be so interested in the subjects of her love that she cannot refrain from telling other people about them. Moreover, so extraordinarily prevalent in this queer country of ours is the desire of being lectured to, that the many women beset by appeals to speak may almost say, in the immortal words of Lady Laura Etchingham, "It is expected of us." Be these things as they may, one may shudder, yet accept; one may long for the Ingle and the Stocking, yet be fated to the Platform, the Glass of Water, the Floral Tribute, and the Attentive Throng.

Dim reports I have indeed heard from regions afar of "platform women" who gloried in their shame. There are other women, perhaps a number of them, who yearn toward platform and publicity as toward an unattained Paradise. One such I met once, — a large lady, of sonorous voice. "I know," she said to me, with resonant emphasis, "that my proper sphere would be the Platform. Why else did the Lord give me such an organ? I could fill a hall of ten thousand people with this organ. The only trouble with me is" — she sighed with deep regret — "I think and I think, and I cannot seem to find anything in particular that I could say." "Would that all public speakers, men and women, were so dowered with self-knowledge!" I exclaimed inwardly; but I mused in sadness on the perversity of the little imps who withheld the longed-for joy from this deep-throated lady, while they forced my shrinking self before the footlights!

One, at least, of these feminine victims — or tyrants — of the public, — whichever you choose to consider them, — suffers unspeakable things when she lectures, from the constant presence of a certain Auditor. Whether she face a Woman's Club or a College audience, a Charity Conference, or a University Extension meeting, this Auditor is there. He is a burly man, of not ungenial aspect, in brown coat of antiquated cut, and a snuffy, crooked wig. At one point or another of the address she catches sight of him; terribly often it is when an emotional climax has been reached, and the flushed lecturer, pausing in her flow of words, feels a little tingle return upon her from the hushed, vibrating audience. At such a sweet moment as this — for that the Woman Lecturer has her sweet moments I attempt not to deny — that Auditor rises; his gruff if ghostly tones break in familiar words upon the silence: "Sir," — he always remarks, — though sometimes no Sirs are present, — "Sir, a woman speaking in public is like a dog standing upon its hind legs; the thing is very badly done, but the wonder is that it is done at all." Shall I confess further? I am tormented on the platform — doubtless from the hypnotic suggestion conveyed in these words — by the phantom presence of the little dog to whom my Auditor refers. He is always a black and tan, with one yellow ear. The inevitable desk and frequent floral decorations conceal him from the audience; but I see him. He presses close to my skirts, he rears his tiny figure with mincing grace, he dances precariously about, accenting my periods, and occasionally when my eloquence flags I behold him with horror dropping crestfallen upon his hind feet. Worst of all, miserable and disconcerting fact, his little red jaws follow the motions of my own. Tell me, O my sister lecturers, are you similarly afflicted? Tell me, O Sensible Reader, may not this be called a tribulation?

In the presence of this ghostly accompaniment all minor inconveniences fade away. Yet they are many. Would you learn to know human nature, O ye who do not lecture, put yourselves as speakers at the disposal of a Cause. Not that the knowledge you acquire will be wholly unpleasant. Kindly arrangements will

often be made for your comfort; you will even, I admit, gain as lecturer a hidden joy in a singularly happy sense of fellowship with your brother men. Yet, if I mistake not, you will have occasion greatly to marvel at the expectations of the public. Hold yourself ready to attend a Federation five hundred miles away, — expenses paid one way, no other perquisites, — for the privilege of occupying fifteen minutes in presenting your world-wide theme, — I have even known the limit to be ten. "In order to secure variety," says the note of invitation, "the other addresses of the evening will be upon the Theory of Mental Healing, and the Best Novels of the Past Six Weeks." — Or, it may be, you will be asked to betake yourself in midwinter to a distant village on the Northern seacoast, where a Woman's Club has just been formed: "The Club is not able to offer any fees, but the ladies do so much want to hear you. They wonder if the offer of a week's board at Mrs. Brown's would not be acceptable to you? That would be a very nice arrangement for them, as the lecture has sometimes to be deferred two or three days, since the Club does not try to meet in stormy weather."

But why continue? Many a tribulation turns into joy when one has a sense of humor. And then, there are the compensating Tributes! Space forbids me to cull from my choice collection more than two: "I don't know how to thank you for your lecture," said an effusive hearer to me once. "It was simply the most eloquent mosaic I ever listened to." Better than this, best and most heartening of all, was my experience with a Lady who lives forever in the family annals as my Disciple from Nebraska. She was portly and of majestic mien, and throughout my talk she fixed me with her eye. The lecture over, — I remember that it was a lecture on Shelley, — she made her impressive way through the circle of sympathetic people who always press up to the speaker with comment and question. The circle opened before her; with large gesture she clasped my hand, and gazed on me in silence. A tear welled up in her eye. I returned her gaze, spellbound; the others waited; would she never speak? At last the words came, slow and loud: —

"In the name of your suffering sisters of Nebraska, I give you thanks," she said.

I gasped. I know now that I might have said, "Thank Shelley," but at the time this did not occur to me. Beside, she was going on.

"And now," she continued with fervor, "still in the name of your sisters, I ask you a further favor. I ask you for data."

The lecturer is accustomed to be asked for anything and everything in the way of intellectual wares: "I shall be happy if I have any that can be of service," I replied obligingly. "Data on what?"

My Disciple paused, glancing at the listening group: —

"Data on any subject which you can give will be a boon, indeed, to your sisters in Nebraska."

I caught a twinkle in the eye of a friend, and was lost. Hastily composing my features, I gave the lady from Nebraska an appointment, — she would n't go without one, — and escaped.

The next morning, when she was announced, I went down to find her standing, arms on hips, gravely scrutinizing an engraving of Mona Lisa. She turned to me, the light of appreciation in her eyes.

"I call her *plain*," she remarked, with cheery accent. "Now, how about those data?"

I gave them to her. I do not remember what they were, but I recall that she went away in deep content, the dusty reports of fifteen reform movements clasped ardently, among other matter, to her capacious bosom. I have not

heard from her since, and she sent me no copy of the paper, which, as I discovered, she was proposing to edit for the benefit of the women of her native state.

Contemporaneousness.

Even chemistry, I am told, is not so exact a science as to exclude mystery. Does it not teach that certain widely different compounds are products, in the last analysis, of the same elements, combined in the same proportions? The process of combination, — the electric affinities of atoms, — there is the riddle!

I was reminded of these strange contradictions by reading, in a recent Atlantic, a review of certain books of verse; or, rather, by reading certain generalizations to which the critic's subject leads him. With all the world's masterpieces of poetry to work with, that reviewer's mind evolves a conclusion which satisfies him as logical and just; and here is my humbly anonymous intellect producing, with exactly the same materials, a diametrically opposite result.

He has been dealing with certain "contrasting experiments in poetic drama." The theme of one of these dramas, he says, "has the inestimable advantage of possessing already a hold upon the imagination of the general; an advantage which great dramatic poets from Æschylus to Shakespeare have sedulously pursued, and which the best of their successors down to Mr. Stephen Phillips have continued to pursue;" whereas the author of the other play "is actually trying to interpret the present moment in blank verse," — an effort which compels the bewildered critic "to think there is a real incongruity between their substance and their form." And at last we find him laying down the law thus: —

"No great dramatic poetry, no great epical poetry, has ever dealt with contemporary conditions. Only the austere processes of time can precipitate the multitude of immediate facts into the priceless residuum of universal truth. The great dramatists have turned to the past for their materials, not of choice, but of necessity. Here and there in the dark backward and abysm of time, some human figure, some human episode, is seen to have weathered the years, and to have taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth; and upon this foundation the massive structure of heroic poetry is builded."

But surely the contemporaneousness of all great art is a truth too important to be at the mercy of any one's experiments. The masterpieces of every art — I venture to generalize even more broadly than the reviewer — have been the complete, the ultimate expression of the age which produced them, never in any sense an echo of any other. They express the universal truth through the medium of the thought, the feeling of their own time, and they owe nothing to the past except the basic materials, — the stones and mortar, the words and the singing voice, the vast background of nature and human nature, the dreams, the faith, the aspirations, which belong to all the ages, though they take widely varying forms in their progress through the centuries.

Of course, his protest is obvious: "However expressive of its age the masterpiece may be," he will say, "it turns to the past for its themes." I answer that in a restricted and superficial sense it does sometimes, and sometimes not, but that in a larger and deeper sense it never does. He will confront me then with instances: What of Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear? What of Œdipus, the Prometheus Bound, Faust? What of Paradise Lost, yea, of the Iliad itself, whose heroes lived and fought centuries before Homer sang?

But in every one of these instances, I contend, the theme was strictly contemporaneous, and the characters were the imaginative embodiments of the feeling of the poet's time. Milton's theme was the Puritan faith, and his God, Satan, Adam and Eve were most wonderfully

his neighbors. Homer was the creator of Achilles, Agamemnon, Hector, — yes, of the Trojan war itself; he made the whole epic history out of a contest less poetically promising than the present Russo-Japanese campaign, and in doing it he made use of all the religious imagery and significance with which his high-reaching imagination, and that of his compatriots, enriched the bareness of the theme; in short, he "dealt with contemporary conditions." Would the reviewer contend that Shakespeare found in Hamlet or in Lear a human figure which had "weathered the years and taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth"? If he does, let him strip his mind completely of these great tragedies, and look up the childish old wives' tales which served as the poet's point of departure. Shakespeare took a hint from some foolish ditty; from that point he changed plot and characters to suit the convenience of his strictly modern purpose, to make his work express his own feeling, his own time.

I might ask him about certain other masterpieces of art in which the materials, as well as the general theme and spirit, are of the most absolute contemporaneousness. What, for example, of the Book of Job and the Hebrew prophecies? What of the Parthenon, of the Hermes of Praxiteles? What of the Gothic cathedrals, of Don Quixote, of Molière's comedies, of Velasquez' portraits? What of Dante, whose Beatrice and Francesca he did not find in that "dark backward and abysm of time" where our critic — and so many others, alas! — would locate the treasury of art? For us, but not for the mighty Florentine, these ladies, and other people, his contemporaries, have "weathered the years and taken on certain mysterious attributes of truth." But it was Dante who gave them to time and men's hearts, and all that has been said about them since — even to the well-meaning efforts of Mr. Stephen Phillips himself — has been but echoes of echoes.

Never, with any great poet, was his theme "remote" and "aloof" from his own time. Never has he dealt with anything else but "contemporary conditions." It is only the minor poet who declares himself "the idle singer of an empty day," who finds his age prosaic, and delves forever in the past of old romance, and so necessarily becomes more and more remote, more and more attenuated, in his art. Many a clever and promising poet has gone that way: Mr. Yeats is rapidly taking it; even Mr. Moody is in danger, — may the kind fates turn him back into higher, if rougher, paths! Mr. Phillips has never given evidence of an original or modern mind, but he does not keep his gait along the flowery, artificial path of his choice, — his strut becomes more and more stilted, and his instrument gets out of tune.

The academic temperament which speaks in this reviewer and in many another critic strikes at the vitality of modern art. True, such strokes cannot quite be fatal, because no great poet will stop for any critic. But the poet may be cruelly hampered, heavily impeded, by such misdirected efforts of his contemporaries; he may be compelled to spend much of his time and energy in warding off blows. His joyousness may be baffled and whipped into melancholy; his clear vision may be clouded with bitterness. It is much easier for an artist to pluck flowers along the wayside than to labor in the vineyard, especially when a thousand voices are pleading for the flowers. But the flowers wither in his hands, and only the grapes produce the wine of life. Where should our poets be?

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